Dup W.T.P

The Weekly Anglo-Afri[illegible]

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Poetry.

[From St. James' Magazine.]

A LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

"Carry me across!"
The Syrian heard, rose up and braced
His huge limbs to the accustomed toil:
"My child, see how the waters boil!
The night-black heavens look angry-faced;
But life is little loss.

I'll carry thee with joy,
If needs be, safe as nestling dove:
For o'er this stream I pilgrims bring
In service to one Christ, a King
Whom I have never seen, yet love."
"I thank thee," said the boy.

Cheerful, Arprobus took
The burden on his shoulders great,
And stepped into the waves once more;
When, lo! they leaping rise and roar,
And 'neath the little child's light weight
The tottering giant shook.

"Who art thou?" cried he, wild
Struggling in middle of the ford:
"Boy as thou lookest, it seems to me
The whole world's load I bear in thee,
Yet—" "For the sake of Christ thy Lord,
Carry me," said the child.

No more Arprobus swerved,
But gained the further bank, and then
A voice cried, "Hence, *Christopheros* be!
For carrying, thou hast carried ME,
The King of angels and of men,
The Master thou hast served."

And in the moonlight blue
The saint saw—not the wandering boy,
But Him who walked upon the sea
And o'er the plains of Galilee,
'Till, filled with mystic, awful joy,
His dear Lord Christ he knew.

O, little is all loss,
And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore,
If thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,
Through the deep waters of our way,
The burden that Christopheros bore—
To carry Thee across.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

The Commercial Aspects of Freedom.[*]

The Whole Case Well Stated.

Compactly put, the argument for negro slavery, as it is now presented by its ablest and most candid advocates, appears in the following formula: *Slavery is a divinely ordained institution; and it is the only safe investment which will produce at least fifteen per cent. per annum.*

It would be as [illegible] to [illegible] that it is thought divinely ordained because it brings in fifteen per cent., as it would be absurd to expect a slaveholder to keep his slaves at a loss, and purely from a sense of obedience to a Divine behest. But whatever lingering doubts may trouble a reasoning planter concerning the Divinity which hedges about his slave quarters, he has an unhesitating confidence in the profitableness of negro-owning, negro-breeding, negro-driving, and negro-selling.

The argument of profit seems somewhat selfish, and to bear its condemnation on its face. But slavery has exalted its horn so fiercely, and freedom has whined so pitiably, among us—going about, indeed, like the pig in the fairy tale, with a knife (and fork) under her fifth rib, asking, "Who'll have me?" and not finding a Border State to take her without something "to boot"—that even a merely selfish argument must be met, lest freemen, being merchants and capitalists should seriously ask themselves whether fifteen per cent. can be anything less than divine.

The admirable commercial aspects of slavery have been so repeatedly presented by the ablest advocates of "the institution"; we have been so persistently assured that "cotton is king," and that without slavery there can be no cotton, that it is well to look for once a little at the possible profits of freedom. If, as is urged, our entire national prosperity rests upon the basis of slave-labor, it is only just that we should hesitate before we condemn that by which we live and move and have our daily bread.

Happily for the impartial balancing of this account between free and slave labor, Mr. Sewell, the title of whose work we have placed at the foot of this column, is a man of an eminently commercial mind, who believes entirely in national prosperity, and is content to count very narrowly the profit and loss of a nation's allegiance to the goddess of liberty. "I deem the question (of emancipation) a commercial one," he says, "to be judged favorably or unfavorably by commercial rules, for whatever philanthropists may say to the contrary, it seems to me very evident that a system which would bring inevitable ruin on that portion of a population which controls the elements of civilization, cannot contribute to the moral and material progress of a country." "All other issues are involved in this," he repeats in another place; and we do him but justice when we add, that throughout his interesting work he speaks consistently from this standpoint. We add, also, Mr. Sewell's assurance that "it is not designed, in this work to draw from the results of British emancipation any inference, or to point any conclusion favorable or unfavorable to slave labor in the United States"; and can assure the reader that a book more conscientiously free from theories or speculations of any kind, we have seldom read.

It is now twenty-three years since the last slave became free in the British West Indies. No one will deny that the period is too short to take a fair measure of the results, even if the British government had wisely aided the men to whom it gave the great boon of liberty, instead of leaving them, ignorant, barbarous and vicious as slavery had made them, to the tender mercies of those who had been their task-master, and who instantly and constantly used every means which superior force and intelligence gave them, to reduce this ignorant rabble again to a not illegal serfhood. The generation who were slaves are not yet all departed. Men who were once under the lash of the driver now sit in the legislature of Jamaica. A full half-century would be too short a time to wait for a fair judgment on so vast a change as this, which at one swoop raised over 600,000 men and women from down-trodden slaves to ignorant freemen—and left them there. Not from the next generation, nor the next, will the mark of the iron entirely disappear. Thirty-five centuries have passed since the Israelites smote their oppressors, and to-day Rabbi Raphall yearns for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

But we must take what we can get, and we have no reason to be dissatisfied.

In 1831, under slavery, the British West Indies exported four million hundred weights of sugar. In 1857, after twenty years of freedom, they exported but three million hundred-weights. This is the charge against freedom. "Answer us that," exclaims the pro-slavery theorist; "figures can't lie, answer me that!"

Figures can't lie, and for that reason the answer is given here in Mr. Sewell's always pregnant figures.

> "The Colony of British Guiana, for four years prior to emancipation, exported an annual average of 96,000,000 pounds of sugar, while from 1856 to 1860, its annual average export rose to 100,000,000 pounds. The Colony of Trinidad, for four years prior to emancipation, annually exported an average of 37,000,000 pounds of sugar, while, from 1856 to 1860, its annual average export rose to 62,000,000 pounds. The Colony of Barbadoes, for four years prior to emancipation, annually exported an average of 32,800,000 pounds of sugar, while, from 1856 to 1860, its annual average export rose to 78,000,000 pounds. The Colony of Antigua, for four years prior to emancipation, exported an annual average of 19,500,000 pounds of sugar, while, from 1856 to 1860, its annual average export rose to 24,400,000 pounds. This is a total exhibit of 265,000,000 pounds annually exported now, instead of 187,300,000 pounds before emancipation, or an excess of exports, with free labor, of seventy-seven million, seven hundred thousand pounds of sugar."

And this is of *sugar* only, while, if other articles of export are counted in, as undoubtedly they should be, "the annual balance in favor of freedom (in the four colonies) will be found to have reached already *fifteen million* of dollars, at the very lowest estimate."

Where, then, is the ground for the charge? asks the uninformed reader. Is it found in Jamaica, poor ill-used Jamaica, the glory and ready example of every upholder of slavery; the shame and terror, for a long time, of those who would fain believe that freedom is not only right, but that it *pays?* She alone, "under slavery so prosperous, under freedom so ruined," (as the argument goes) makes the [illegible] deficit.

"A comparison of Jamaican exports in 1805, her year of greatest prosperity, with her exports in 1859, must appear odious to her inhabitants," says Mr. Sewell. "In the former year the island exported over 150,000 hogsheads of sugar, and in the latter year she exported 28,000 hogsheads. The exports of rum and coffee exhibit the same proportionate decrease."

Jamaica is therefore the great debatable ground of the controversy. To an examination of her condition and resources Mr. Sewell devotes a longer time and a greater space, than to any of the others; wisely bringing to his task, also, the experience and information gained in the other colonies. And to the consideration of the causes of her decline and of the present condition of her population, as exhibited by him, we shall devote the remainder of this review.

Let us state the charges that are brought against this fated island and its freedmen. They are: That the produce of sugar, which is the staple export of the island, has fallen off, since emancipation, from over 90,000 hogsheads in 1834, to 28,000 in 1859, with a proportionate decrease in rum and coffee. That the owners of sugar and coffee estates have been ruined and compelled to abandon their properties. That this is occasioned by the idle and profligate habits of the freed negroes, who, having their liberty, will no longer work, the climate and soil permitting them to subsist with no labor properly so called. That such of them as will work, ask such wages as sugar-growers cannot afford to pay and compete in the market with slave-grown sugar. That the entire industry of the island is therefore fatally prostrated, and what was once a prosperous colony is now a ruin. That, in short, free labor if it could be got, is more costly than slave labor; that it cannot that it cannot be got, as the black man will not work unless he is coërced into slavery, and that as a conclusive proof of the growing demoralization of the freed African, may be cited the fact that the black and colored population have actually *decreased* since the year of emancipation.

These are serious charges to bring against the people of Jamaica. Let us examine them by the light of Mr. Sewell's facts and figures.

The island of Jamaica has an area of about four millions of acres, and a total population of 378,000. Of these only 28,000 are whites; the remaining 350,000 are black and "colored." On the day of emancipation there were in the island 380,000 black and "colored" people, and Mr. Sewell says that between 1834 and 1844 there was an annual decrease of "nearly a half per cent." But what was it in the days of slavery? We find by the statements of the planters, published in the Blue Books and official Reports of that day, that after the abolition of the slave trade the annual decrease was at the rate of two and a half per cent.; that the great argument brought forward by these planters in favor of the continuance of the African slave trade was "the unfriendliness of slavery to population;" and that

> —"though 600,000 slaves, at the lowest estimate, were brought to Jamaica during the eighteenth century, it is well known that at the end of that period the slave population of the whole island was not much more than one half of that amount. It was computed by the political economists of the day, that Jamaica required an annual supply of 10,000 slaves to provide against the wear and tear of life; and the statement will appear by no means incredible to those who have examined the statistics of Cuban slavery at the present time. In spite of this immense traffic, ruthlessly and recklessly carried on, Jamaica was never adequately supplied with labor. The slaves were overworked to satisfy their master's lust for gain, and to this the great mortality has been mainly attributed."

There remains yet, however, the positive, though small decrease of the free population; but when we know that that population is scattered broadcast over the Island, averaging only one person to eleven acres; that no less than 50,000 rank as "small proprietors" of from two to five or six acres, living, of course, at a distance from towns; that the Government has made no provision at all for medical assistance for these people; that the educational appropriation for 55,000 children amounts (1859) to £2,950 — less than twenty-five cents per annum for each child; and that the State has turned them adrift, ignorant and helpless as slavery made them, and cared neither for their moral nor their physical welfare, we shall cease to be surprised at this, but know where to lay the blame. Medical practitioners of any kind are few in number, and to be found only in the towns; the man who works for twenty-five cents per day, cannot go ten or fifteen miles for a doctor, whose fee would swallow up a quarter's earnings; and necessarily, "the mortality among children, from want of proper attention, is frightful."

> "The people of Jamaica are not cared for," says Mr. Sewell, indignantly; "they perish miserably in country districts for want of medical aid; they are not instructed; they have no opportunities to improve themselves in agriculture or mechanics; every effort is made to check a spirit of independence, which in the African is counted a heinous crime, but in all other people is regarded as a lofty virtue, and the germ of national courage, enterprise and progress."

But yet "sugar estates are abandoned, because the blacks will not work them."

> "It will be found upon examination that the most prosperous epoch of Jamaican commerce was that embraced in the seven years immediately preceding the abolition of the slave trade. Yet it is a notorious fact, to be proved by parliamentary Blue Books, that even then over one hundred estates on the island had been abandoned for debt."
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> "The exportation of sugar had gradually decreased from 150,000 hogsheads in 1805, to 85,000 hogsheads in 1833."
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> "During the fifty years that preceded emancipation, it is estimated that two hundred sugar estates were abandoned."
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> "While the slave trade was yet in operation, over one hundred properties had been deserted—deserted, too, for the same cause that compelled their desertion in later years—debt, and want of capital."

"But free labor is more costly than slave labor, and the sugar planter cannot afford to pay the price demanded." In the first place, if free labor bears too high a price for the profitable culture of sugar, a thinking man would regard this as evidence that some other branch of industry is more profitable than laboring on a sugar plantation, and resign himself to a state of things which might not be beneficial to him personally, but must be so to the laborers—who are, after all, not created for the special behoof of the capitalist, but more or less for their own enjoyment. But Mr. Sewell believes with the planters, that the sugar culture must be always the predominant interest of the Island, on which its healthy prosperity shall depend. What, then?

This: That from the date of Emancipation to this day—in all the Islands more or less, but in particular in Jamaica—the planters have arrayed themselves against the laboring class; that, holding the power in their own hands, they have sought in every way possible to keep them in ignorance, poverty and dependence; in short, have never changed from that aspect of *enmity* to labor, which is the natural condition of capital in a slaveholding community. If they had been wise men, equal to their great part in this drama, they would have seen their account in fostering by all means the intelligence and industrious habits of the freed men. Instead of that, they invented as a first step the oppressive system known as "tenancy *at will*," by which those who consented to labor for them became at once serfs, little less oppressed, than when they were slaves. Under this practice, "a laborer has a house and land allotment on an estate, for which he pays a stipulated rent; but he is under an engagement besides, as a condition of renting, to give to the estate a certain number of days' labor, at certain stipulated wages, varying from one-sixth to one-third less than the market price. The rate of wages for field labor in Barbadoes is about twenty-four cents per day; but the laborer, fettered by the system of tenancy at will, is compelled to work for his landlord at twenty cents per day. He is, therefore, virtually a slave; for if he resists the conditions of his bond, he is ejected by summary process, and loses the profit he hoped to reap on his little stock."

Is it surprising that the negro, feeling himself for the first time his own man—not unnaturally disliking plantation labor, as reminding him of his former condition ("no inducement could bring a 'colored' man to work on a sugar plantation" to this day, Mr. Sewell says,) and naturally eager to try on his liberty, should be fatally repelled from the task which these aristocrats purposely made as hateful as possible to him? In Barbadoes, where of 106,000 acres 100,000 are cultivated, where land is worth $500 per acre, and where the proportion of population to land is "nearly one and a half persons to each acre," the rascally "tenancy at will" system still grinds the negro down. In Jamaica, which has but one person to eleven acres, the negro did what the white man would have done in his place—set up for himself. Fifty thousand able-bodied men were thus driven from the plantations, and are now small proprietors; and it is a creditable fact that they worked on the plantations till they had earned money enough to buy them a piece of land. "The planters schemed to deprive the independent settlers of their means of livelihood, to destroy their market, and compel them to accept again the shilling a day and the slavery of plantation work, that the master condescendingly offered. It was fortunate for all parties that these schemes proved a total failure."

Of course, it was the best men who were thus repelled, and we are not surprised that Mr. Sewell found the state of morality among those who remain on the estates, as "tenants at will" infinitely lower than among the independent farmers and tradesmen; marriages fewer, births fewer, crimes more frequent, mortality greater, and intelligence and property less.

Sparsely populated, however, as the Island is, and with the prevalent feeling against working on plantations, among the better class of the blacks, Mr. Sewell says: "I do most unequivocally state that, after diligent inquiry, I have been unable to discover a single property abandoned for want of labor alone;" and he found in *the most sparsely populated parts of the Island* estates in flourishing condition, and with no lack of labor. But their owners were men with money, not men with debts.

Planters complained that they could not get men to work steadily for them, and he admits that they had cause for this, the negroes taking certain times to attend to their own property, not unnaturally preferring that to the planters'. But he found men working steadily on the roads—labor infinitely more severe than field work—in the mines, also more severe; and when he inquired of the overseer of the road, this is the explanation: "Well, you see that laborers on the road are paid regularly once a week, while laborers on the estates often have to go two and three months without their wages, and the men do not like that. Sometimes, too, they lose their pay altogether." He instances a case, where twenty men were induced to go on an estate, thirty miles off, by the promise of thirty-six cents a day, "worked three months without receiving any wages, and at the end of the time were paid off at the rate of eighteen cents a day."

> "The planters themselves admit that they can always get men to dig cane-holes—the severest plantation work. But this is a definite and specific job. The negro contracts for the payment of so much money for so many cane-holes, and if he does the work he cannot be deprived of his due, except by open dishonesty."
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> Anxious to get at all the bearings of the subject, "I sought information from the chief commissioner of roads, who has three thousand men under constant employment, and he assured me that they worked diligently for five days in the week—going to market, after their custom, on the sixth, or devoting it to the cultivation of their own grounds. He had no complaints to make of idleness, and instead of there being a deficiency of hands, he could obtain an additional thousand at any time he choose. The men, he said, preferred breaking stones on the road to estate-labor, though the former was much the severer work of the two.
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> "I inquired further of the superintendent of the Rio Grande copper mines, in the parish of Portland—an intelligent, practical, energetic Englishmen, who for eight years has had a large body of men under his command. He told me that, at first, the planters ridiculed his idea of getting labor; nevertheless, in all his experience, he has not known what it was to want labor. If he stood in need of five men fifteen or twenty would apply. These men worked eight hours a day, and for six days in the week—and though some of them had been in the superintendent's employ five or six years, he never had occasion to complain of their idleness. 'They work,' he said, 'like very slaves, stripping themselves to the task; they work harder and more persistently, I am convinced, than if they were forced to it.'"
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> "All the impartial testimony that I could obtain in Jamaica summed up a crushing contradiction to the unqualified pretension of the planter that the negro would not work. And when I asked the negro himself why he preferred the toil of the mine to the comparatively easy labor of the plantation, his explanation was very simple—'Buckra don't pay.'"

"They neither saved labor nor spared ground," says Mr. Sewell of the old plantocracy, and their successors are only slowly learning better by very bitter experience:

> "The obstinate determination of the planters to pursue the old system of management—to regard their laborers as serfs in whom every spark of ambition should be quenched—has been attended, I am convinced, by the worst consequences. The aid of settlers is still steadily refused for the cultivation of the cane, except it be given in the particular way and at the particular time that the planters ask for it."
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> "He refuses to coöperate in any way with a people who will admit no more his patriarchal authority, and will recognize no longer his right to command their services whenever he pleases, and to any disadvantage to themselves. But more than this, the labor that he can even now obtain the Jamaica planter neither economises nor takes any trouble whatever to retain. He himself aggravates and increases the scarcity of which he so bitterly complains. He practically ignores all the mechanical and agricultural improvements of the century. Except in the one particular of steam, introduced at the last hour, his mode of cultivating and manufacturing sugar is the same now as it was in the year 1800. He rides his worn-out hobbies in spite of the demonstration of scientific men that, from the present amount of land in cane-cultivation, with slight additional labor or expense, one hundred thousand instead of thirty thousand hogsheads might be annually produced."

As for the cost of free labor being greater than that of slave labor, we must refer the reader to the work itself for the elaborate and interesting calculations on which the following estimates are based. The figures speak for themselves:

Islands.	Lbs. sugar produced.	Labor force.	Av. lbs. pr laborer.	Cost of ea. laborer pr. annum.	Cost of labor pr. lb.
Cuba	577,200,000	120,000	4810	$144 30	3c.
Jamaica(s)	160,000,000	70,000	2286	100 00	4 37-100
Jamaica(f)	50,000,000	20,000	2500	50 00	2
Trinidad	65,000,000	17,000	3823	66 00	1 72-100
Barbados	68,000,000	22,000	3090	44 00	1 2-5

And, lastly, a few words as to the moral *status* of these people. He found them cheerful, polite to passing strangers, not greedy to be paid for trifling services, but rather refusing money for the fruits they gave him; sober even in their wildest and most noisy festivals, as, for instance, at Christmas, which is the great holiday of the year. "*I do not remember having ever seen a West Indian negro drunk.*" And though their intellectual culture has been so criminally neglected by the government, their "desire to learn cannot be denied, with the fact in view that 200,000 out of a population of 350,000, attend the different places of worship every Sabbath day."

Moreover, the Jamaican negro has two characteristics which are acknowledged to be of the first importance in their bearings on the civilization of a people.

> "He has an invincible dislike to move his household gods. It seems a unaccountable prejudice; but throughout the whole island the people may be found clinging to the plots of ground upon which they were born and their fathers before them, and they are not vindictive. They seem to have forgotten all ancient grievances, and never to have entertained a thought of retribution. The contrast in this respect between the reign of freedom and the reign of slavery, carries its own lesson and its own warning. Twenty-five years of freedom, and not a murmur of popular discontent! Twenty-five years of slavery—I take any period—and what fears and anxieties and actual outbreaks! It cost the government $800,000 to suppress the single insurrection of 1832, during which private property to the value of $6,000,000 was destroyed."
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> Finally, "the latest Blue Book returns give the number of male and females engaged in agriculture at 187,000—more than one half of the population of the island—tending in itself to disprove the assertion that the people are averse to the tillage of the soil; but when the farther fact appears that out of this number 50,000 men, with their families, have elevated themselves to a proprietary rank, it speaks volumes, not merely in their own favor, but in favor of general intelligence and the wholesome progress."
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> "I think the creoles of Jamaica have disproved, by their own acts, the calumny of a hostile interest, that they do not work. The most ignorant work whenever they can get work. There are fully twenty thousand, of both sexes, who work for the estates, and who may still be regarded as a laboring class. There are probably ten thousand who work as domestics. There are three thousand at work now upon the roads, where scarcity and idleness of laborers are made no grounds of complaint. The small proprietors work on their own lands and on the estates also whenever they can. Very large numbers work as merchants, mechanics and tradesmen, and not a few of the ex-slaves of Jamaica, or their children, are members of the legislature, and fill responsible offices under Government. In the Assembly alone there are seventeen black and colored members out of a total of forty-seven. The whole people of Jamaica work; and if their work is often misdirected and wasteful, the blame does not surely rest with the unlettered classes."

Well may Mr. Sewell say, "those who are not afraid of the confession will admit that the West Indian creole has made a good fight"; and we, who have patiently scanned his figures and facts, cannot avoid the conclusion that while the negro has steadily improved, notwithstanding all his disadvantages, the planter is still little better than the besotted would-be-tyrant that slavery left him. We are strengthened in the conviction that slavery injures the white master even more fatally than it does the negro slave—that the former finds it far the most difficult to recover himself from the prostitution of his virile powers and intelligence; and that he retains the spirit of brutal monopoly, the tyrannous and licentious passions, all the evil traits which Jefferson so strongly described as the result of the slave system on the master—long after the negro has turned from those vices which slavery has inflicted upon him. It is a lesson which wise Americans, North or South, will do well to study. In all probability men are now living who will see the end of negro slavery on this continent. To those who are privileged to aid in this great deliverance, the results of West Indian Emancipation may give a stronger faith; while the errors we may now discern in the *manner* of that measure, will serve as a beacon to guide our own experiment to a surer, speedier, and better fulfilment.

Slavery in America.

HOW CAN IT BE ABOLISHED?

LETTER FROM HAYTI.

CAYES, HAYTI, Jan. 10, 1860.

Gentlemen:—A journal, "*The Union*," of which we have been editors, has received your invitation dated Boston, Nov. 2, 1860, made to the officers and representatives of the different Abolition Societies, as well as to eminent men whose names have become illustrious by their having defended the cause of freedom. This document has been republished in its columns, together with an appeal addressed to the intelligent citizens of our country.

The end which you propose is *grand*, it is noble; never has anything more serious or more sacred occupied the attention of the nineteenth century.

With no other merit than that of belonging to a free society, proud of the advancement of the human race, we will indulge ourselves in uniting with you in this work, in here offering you a proof of our best wishes and the tribute of our feeble intelligence.

A year in the natural order, is nothing; in the social order it is sometimes more than a century. We believe that within ten years, Slavery, that leprosy which now devours humanity, which outrages the Creator in his most beautiful work, *must cease to exist*; man formed in the image of God must everywhere be free.

The moments are precious! Time is passing! We must be brief!

We have approached the subject, but we have not yet replied to the question which you propose. You ask—"How can Slavery be destroyed in the United States?"

As Haytians, having constantly present in our imagination the remembrance of 1804, the dawning of our national existence, we are astonished that a Spartacus more fortunate than John Brown, has not yet arisen from the very midst of the slaves of the South, showing them the reality and its triumph. As Haytians and descendents of the martyrs of a glorious independence, we believe that the means to abolish slavery is to oppose *force to force!* the most legitimate war being that which man undertakes for the conquest of his *divine rights*. We do not dread the contest, whatever it may be, having the conviction that the *right* (which is on your side) cannot fail. Philanthropic Europe, and all men, (for slaveholders are not men,) cannot be insensible to the new efforts which you will make for the cause of freedom. The slaves are minors, whom we ought *to hasten to emancipate*, for a breath is sufficient to arouse them, for one sun is too much to shine upon those dreadful scenes of horror that disgrace the United States.

As charitable men, as economists, if we may be allowed to use the last title, misers of human blood, "knowing that each drop of blood which is shed is rather a defeat than a victory gained," whatever may philosophically have been the cause of it, we propose something nearly like the opinion "of a celebrated person[*] of this century" that the slaveholder lose one-half the value of his black brother *of whom he assumes to be the proprietor*, that the Government pay one-fourth of it, and that the black, this same pretended furniture, pay himself, by his labor, one-fourth and thus obtain his enfranchisement.

But first, we would definitely fix the term of slavery. It is our opinion that this is the first step to take, and that this measure should guarantee its future success.

England has indemnified her colonists; so has France also; why cannot the Great Confederate Republic, so rich in itself, do as much? We believe that it is for the interest of the Free States, already in the majority, to prove that the sentiment of humanity among American philanthropists is equal to that of any, *no matter what civilized nation*. Is this sentiment could be shown to be still greater in the bosom of the New World, and *by its native children*, it would in our opinion be all the better. It would be like a lesson which the young American society would give to the old society of Europe.

Your invitation came to us very late. Nevertheless, we ardently wish that you may have been able already to lay the foundation of the noble project which has called you together. At all events, we should be happy to learn that these lines have been agreeable to the committee, and that it has found in them something useful to its important work.

With this hope we beg the committee to rely entirely on our devotion to the cause that it has embraced for the honor of the citizens of the Northern States, and for the glory of the human race. [Signed,]

S. RAMEAU, DULIEVRE,
HALLE AIME, A. DUBREUIL,
D. PROSPER FAUR; and others.

To the John Brown Committee.

LETTER FROM WORCESTER.

WORCESTER, April, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—I have received No. 37 of the *Anglo African*. Its appearance and contents I am much pleased with. It aims to the guidance of the Anglo-Africans of America to elevation, prosperity, and nationality, leaving each and all to choose their own path in which to advance. You propose likewise to inform your readers of the condition and the advancement made by the people generally, a matter of importance of itself, which should send your sheet weekly to the home of every Anglo-African (who is able to pay for it in advance) in the States.

Presuming, therefore, you might wish to know if in the heart of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts we are moving onward through the tide of opposition to which our race is subject more or less, throughout the United States, Permit me to say, that in Worcester there are from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred colored persons. Some are painters, harness-makers, shoe-makers, three or four upholsterers, job cartmen, with a due number of white-washers, paper-hangers, house-cleaners, &c. The best kept bowling saloon in the city, we claim likewise. There are several ladies who carry on the hair-dressing business, and manufacturers of hair work, one teacher of music, needle workers, &c. And by way of encouragement to some, I would say that a colored lady of Worcester, exhibited a crotchet bed-spread of her own make, a few years since, for which she received the highest premium from the committee of the Fair, and sold the same for $50,00.

We have a kind of literary society, composed of about twenty members, ladies and gentlemen, who meet weekly. The exercises consist of reading compositions, and a lecture or address, monthly, by some one of the members, who is appointed by the president of the society. Such gatherings we consider the best motive power for our advancement. They not only unite, originate ideas, create thought, stimulate to action and respect for ourselves, but teach that we should respect each other. B.

A WORTHY TRIBUTE.

The "Garnet Testimonial" came off on Monday evening of last week, pursuant to notice; and, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, was a decided success.

The exercises commenced at an early hour, and were conducted strictly in accordance with the programme. The Rev. M. W. Walker stated the object of the meeting in a few appropriate remarks; after which, Mr. John Peterson read, in a very impressive manner, Paul's farewell address to the church at Ephesus—Acts xx.: 17–38.

The Rev. J. T. Raymond, in presenting the Rev. Mr. Garnet a horn—which, by the by, was filled—made a very stirring address, and by the time Mr. G. took the horn, they were smiling all around.

Mrs. T. G. Campbell delivered a very neat address.

Messrs. J. W. Williams, H. Miller, and P. S. Porter, delivered brief and interesting addresses during the evening.

We noticed in the pulpit and on the platform, the Rt. Rev. W. H. Bishop, Rev. H. M. Wilson, Rev. Mr. Macfarlan, Rev. Samson White, Rev. George Weir, Rev. W. J. Alstyn.

The Rev. Mr. Garnet, in returning thanks for the testimonial, took occasion to pay a very handsome tribute to his wife's excellence in every womanly virtue. The reverend gentleman, in thanking his numerous friends for their regard, and adverting to attempts that had been made to [illegible], remarked that [illegible] "Immediate, Unconditional [illegible] Emancipation; [illegible] Haytian Emigration; [illegible] Negro Nationality."

Rev. Mr. Crummell, who had been absent fourteen years from the United States, regarded this testimonial as a mark of progress. The dark races had been accused of want of respect for their leaders, and therefore incapable of elevation. But this was no test, because history showed that the white races had manifested the same defect under certain circumstances. In illustration, he cited the wars of Roses in England. He said that self-respect was indispensable to elevation, that self-respect implied a respect for those who represent or lead the people. He said that self-respect was difficult here, because our deference is drawn to the ruling race. But this testimonial was an evidence of their having risen superior to those influences. After eight years missionary labor in Africa, he had returned, temporarily, to revivify the germs of civilization. While Europe, India, and China were decaying, Africa was the same now as two centuries ago. The native African is master of his soil. Colored men must be educated not to be ashamed of Africa.—We do not know our race; we are not at all comparable, in the natural elements of manhood, with the native African. He concluded by an earnest exhortation to the people, to respect their leaders, and to teach their children to respect them. As no class of men were so self-sacrificing as the ministry, we ought to sustain their hands and uphold their influence.

The singing was well executed under the conduct of Mr. Robert Hamilton, whose name alone was a sufficient guaranty for that department.

The testimonial consisted of a very neat silver tea service, a Joshua's trumpet, and a gold-headed cane, to Mr. Garnet; and a China dinner service, to Mrs. Garnet, the whole accompanied by a framed scroll, containing a list of the donors.

THE SOUTHERN SATAN.—No finer or fitter words could be found in English literature to describe the hell-drunken intellects who lead the "Dance of Death," to which the insane slave-masters are madly rushing, than the following address of the Arch-fiend to the fallen Angels, who with him occupied the Infernal Regions. We commend it to the incarnations of diabolism who compose the Dahomian Confederate Government:

. . . "but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If, then, his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to prevent that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which ofttimes may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe. . . .
And, reässembling our afflicted Powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most [illegible]
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcements we may gain from [illegible]
If not, what resolution from despair. . .
Farthest from him is best. Hail, horrors! [illegible]
Infernal world! And thou, profoundest [illegible]
Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven!"

RETRIBUTION.—Bennett seems likely to comprehend the character of that element which so long he has used against all humanitarian effort. The Mephistopheles of the American press, will, we hope, yet be compelled to feel the measure meted out to him, which he has so long meted out to others. For a quarter of a century, the *Herald* has denounced Anti-Slavery, incited mobs, and in every way sought to crush out the slave and his friends. It has incarnated in its columns, all the ribaldry, obscenity and fiendishness, with which the "sum of all villainies" has poisoned the nation. Men who are an injury to the human family have no right to life, says Lord Bacon; and we are sure that the quicker James Gordon Bennett and his *confrères* descend into their appropriate [illegible] the better for the moral health of the people. It is indeed a species of poetical justice, to mob the man who has so often incited the mob-spirit against the heroic, yet [illegible] champions of right. If this war [illegible]ing like prairie fire over the North, [illegible] no other result than the hanging of the Editors of the N. Y. *Herald*, *Day-Book*, and *Daily News*; and of those of the Boston *Courier* and Philadelphia [illegible], we [illegible] thank God and take courage.

—There can be no peace without justice.

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[*] The Ordeal of Free Labor in the British West Indies. By Wm. G. Sewell. New York: Published by Harper & Brothers.

[*] M. De Lamartine.

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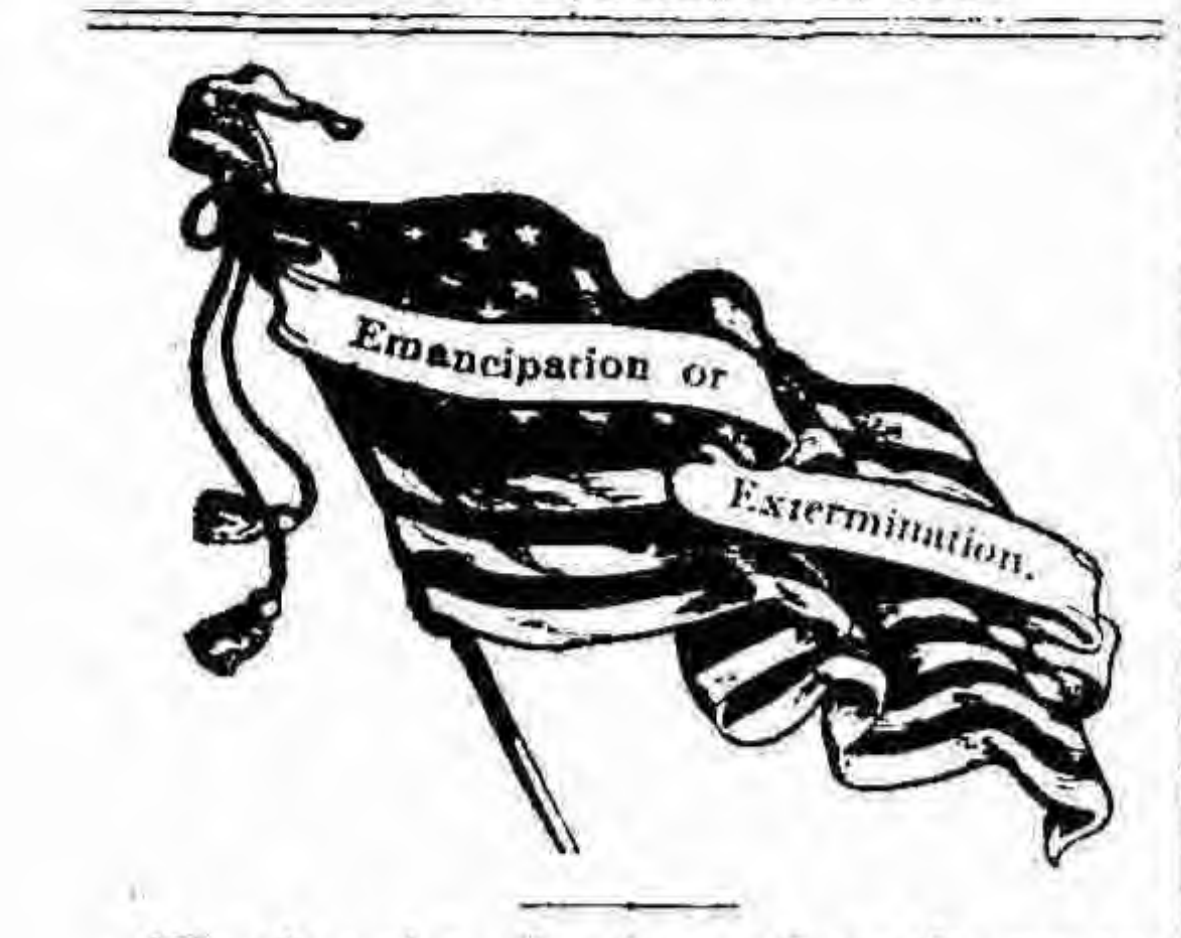

The American flag is our flag; for we are Americans. But the usual interpretation of it, now so popular but so full of prejudice—"the Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws"—is not ours, alas! but that of our bitterest and most malignant enemies. Withered forever be the hand, and paralyzed the arm of the colored American who lifts up either in support of the Federal Flag; until its supporters, seeing the justice of our claims and the greatness of our sufferings, they shall inscribe upon it the glorious motto under which, as we hear, our brethren this week sailed forth, to found a great Negro Nationality in the Antilles—the new watchword of the John Brown Abolitionists—terrible as the desolating breath of the volcano, but beneficent as the genial sunshine of the spring:

"Emancipation or Extermination!"

"HAVE WE A WAR POLICY?"

The free colored Americans cannot be indifferent to the progress of this struggle. Were it simply a question of internal strife, their past history proves too well their patriotic devotion, for doubt to be cast upon their willingness to defend the country which has only curses for them in return. But they have a deeper and more momentous interest in the inception and outgrowth of the war now looming over the land. The dominant class may strive, as a major portion do, to prove that it is this or that which lies at the basis of the difficulty; but *we* know, these liars and drivellers know—and history will indelibly prove, that it is slavery alone which has cast a thunder cloud of civil war over the land.

Not alone are free colored Americans involved in the contest, but their action in the Free States will be representative. They speak for the voiceless. They stand for the dumb and bound Black Samson. While themselves, outcast and rejected in a majority of cases, and in the few exceptions only winning a decent foothold by the veriest sufferance, yet are they the representatives of four millions of their race, bound down in the most despotic bondage. Out of this strife will come freedom, though the methods are not yet clearly apparent. Therefore must colored Americans feel the profoundest anxiety as to both the details and results. It is not to be wondered at that already many of them are enthusiastically advocating the duty of the people to prepare for the support of the Government and its war measures. The [illegible]dence of this enthusiasm will be found in [illegible] portions of our paper, and is seen on all [illegible]ds.

Yet before we take such measures, it will be well to choose our ground, survey the whole position, and see where we best can aid the slave—for this is the primary duty of every colored man, at least. A war of the sections has eventuated, brought about by the arrogance and treason of the slave power. It is not to be supposed that the millions "bowed and bound" in slavery are impassive observers of this internecine strife. Though they may have but confused notions of the state of affairs, they have a clear and decided idea of what they want—Liberty. It is only by the obtainance of this for the Southern slaves, that Northern free colored people can secure any recognition. Then the question of their war policy is simply confined to this one point—how can we so use our strength as to best aid the slave? The duty in this matter is so apparent as not to need argument. It is, therefore, on the question of policy alone, that discussion comes.

The only method yet proposed is to raise volunteer companies, and to offer them to the General Government. A word or two upon this point is sufficient. No Governor would allow colored soldiers to muster into service, and if he did, the General Government would reject such aid. It is the evident intention of the Republicans and the North generally, to make this a white man's war. It cannot be done, because, though a dark-hued man may not now be recognized by the powers that be, yet the fact remains, and will always assert itself, that it is for and against slavery, and that alone. But in view of the evident determination to disregard colored men as personalities, is it wise for them to put themselves in a position to have fresh contumely poured upon them? Therefore, our opinion is against the policy indicated by the movements in this city, Boston, and elsewhere, to organize volunteer companies, to be offered to the Government.

But we have a very positive duty, from which a palpable policy would naturally follow. Our duty, we again repeat, is to aid in making the slave free. Our policy will be dictated by our object. It certainly is not to fight *for* the Government. Let us, however, organize for military purposes, drill efficiently, procure arms, and hold ourselves as Minute Men, to *respond when the slave calls.* This time will come speedily enough. The expected results of the present state of affairs may be retarded by compromise or temporizing, and then those who feel a desire to aid the bond, must strike such a blow as will render peace impossible, until justice is done. Don't let us throw away our strength, waste ourselves in show, hold public meetings, and make speeches for Buncombe. No one wants to spread himself out thin for the purpose of showing his devotion to a Government which rejects him. Let us concentrate—we are none too strong. We need all our energy, our time, our money, our courage, to determine that this golden moment shall not pass by without a manly effort to reap a ripe harvest. We must organize, but let it be for *work*, and let the preliminaries be quietly conducted and efficiently carried forward. For such a work we believe means can be obtained.

This we say, for the benefit of the large majority who desire to aid effectually their brethren in bonds. For those who do not or cannot take up arms, there is work to do. For the large population who are looking to emigration as a means of amelioration, no better opportunity will present itself, to very actively aid in the work of hastening the jubilee of freedom.

The Cotton States will of a certainty be closely blockaded—Cotton will be King no longer. Yet the mills of England will need a supply. Her immense capital will be freely used to create such a supply. Inviting fields of labor are at our very doors—Hayti, the West Indies, Central America, all ask labor at our hands. Those who will not or cannot give back bullets to the South, can from Hayti overwhelm her with cotton bales.

This is then briefly our war policy. To let the Government take care of itself, and give our labors for the slave, and the slave alone.

HOW WE STAND!

Since our last issue, the "irrepressible conflict" has been pushed forward with startling rapidity. The Northern answer is hearty to the President's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers, and drafting them proportionally to the number of enrolled militia from the States still in the Union. The Border Slave States respond by a refusal. Virginia, "mother of States" and slave-breeders, has seceded. Kentucky refuses and preserves an armed neutrality! Delaware has shown symptoms of treachery. Missouri through its Governor throws back a defiance, and in the Border Counties among the old Kansas ruffians, open secession has been proclaimed. The pirate flag has been hoisted in all those counties, and the United States Arsenal at Liberty, has been seized. So much for "Pukedom." Montgomery and the Kansas boys will take care of her hereafter. Tennessee responds by raising volunteers for the Confederate brigand army. North Carolina by ordering the seizure of the Federal forts, &c., in the State. Maryland *nominally* remains in the Union, but is *really* obstructing the passage of the State contingents.

The Northern States respond enthusiastically. Pennsylvania and Massachusetts were the first in the field. New York raises 30,000; Pennsylvania offers 100,000; Rhode Island responds to George N. Sanders by sending 1,000 men commanded by the Governor.

The Mass. Sixth Regiment passing through Baltimore on the 18th, were attacked in the streets by the secessionists. Three of the soldiers were killed, and eight wounded. Of the mob, eleven were killed and a number wounded. The Regiment arrived at Washington. All railroad communication has ceased between Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia, and the telegraph beyond Baltimore is interrupted, probably by order of the Government. The remainder of the Massachusetts contingent has arrived at Forts Munroe and McHenry. Brigadier General Butler commanding, has head-quarters at Annapolis Junction on the Baltimore and Washington Railroad, supported at Annapolis by the New York Seventh. Other regiments are coming up. The mob, aided by the State authorities, is in possession of Baltimore and early demanded the surrender of Fort McHenry. The track has been torn up and several bridges destroyed on the roads leading from Baltimore.

Harper's Ferry Arsenal, was at the commencement of hostilities, in possession of a body of U. S. Infantry, forty in number, under command of Lieut. Jones. The Arsenal contained fifteen thousand stand of arms and a large quantity of ammunition, &c. The secession Virginia volunteers, organized under the Texas thief, McCullough, for the seizure of Washington, numbered some 16,000 men. The Harper's Ferry Arsenal, it was calculated, would furnish arms. Norfolk Harbor was to be obstructed, Fort Munroe to be assaulted, the Ferry seized, the volunteers were to be armed there, and then were to be precipitated upon Washington. Tuesday night 2500 men made an attack on Harper's Ferry. Lieut. Jones set fire to the buildings, and in the face of his foes, retreated across the Potomac, losing three men by the fire of the enemy, making a forced march of thirty miles across the mountains and arriving in Chambersburg, Pa., by morning. In all probability this brilliant movement has saved Washington.

The Federal Capital has now about 5,000 men encamped within it. The heights on the Virginia shore of the Potomac are strongly guarded, as are also the approaches to the same. A body of 5,000 Pennsylvanian troops were the first to arrive in Washington. Large bodies, both of regulars and volunteers, are approaching by way of the West, via Chambersburg, Pa. The citizens of the latter place find their willingness to be the bloodhounds of Virginia, during the John Brown conflict, as not at all likely to save them from invasion by that same nest of pirates.

All news from South of the District is of course completely stopped by Jeff. Davis. What they are, or are not doing is unknown.

It is probable that Washington has been strengthened sufficiently as to be able to resist all the force that can at present be brought to bear. Washington is admirably laid out to resist an attacking army unprovided with artillery, when a sufficient resisting force is in possession. Unless the Government are able to hold the surrounding heights, it can be easily shelled by the beleagurers. It is claimed that the feint of reinforcing Fort Sumter, which compelled the Confederates to open the war sooner than they intended, has saved Washington, by arousing the North, compelling Virginia to secede before she was quite ready, thrown in a sufficient force to protect Washington from sudden surprise, and hurried on reinforcements, forcing the traitors to fight in Maryland, instead of the District. Had Gen. Davis been enabled to have any portion of his seige trains in the neighborhood of Washington, instead of its being at Charleston and Pensacola, he would have been able to have dislodged the Government forces.

In all probability the first battle will be fought in or near Baltimore, and Maryland made the scene of a bloody resistance to the passage of the U. S. forces.

Thus stands the contest at the date of this writing, (Monday.)

P. S. As we go to press, the aspect of affairs have not materially changed, except to become intensified. U. S. Commodore Pendergast, acting under the orders of the Government, has destroyed the Norfolk Navy Yard with all the buildings and materials. He also scuttled the following vessels—line of battle ships: Pennsylvania, Columbus, New York, and Delaware; frigates Merrimac and Potomac; sloops Germantown and Plymouth, and brig Dolphin. The Cumberland, (liner) was towed out. Baltimore is still in the hands of the secessionists. Camps are established at Havre de Grace and Annapolis, Md., so as to keep open the communication between Philadelphia and Washington, via the Delaware Sound, Chesapeake Bay, and Annapolis. Constant skirmishing has taken place. Camps are also established in the Pennsylvania and Maryland borders. Davis is reported at Richmond, Va. 14,000 troops are now said to be in Washington. The heights around are in possession of the U. S. regular troops. Communication is suspended between the North and Washington, except such as comes by Government couriers. A decisive blow may be expected any moment.

NATIONAL HYPNOTISM.

Hypnotism, or the art of producing insensibility by the action of a glittering object on the visual organs, is become all the rage in the French hospitals. Under its influence patients undergo the most painful operations in utter unconsciousness. It seems to us that "ye almightie dollar" has produced the same effect upon the North, for although its lower extremities have rotted off, it appears to be unconscious of the fact, and still talks on about the Union. "Grim visaged war" is upon us, with all its pomp and circumstance, infecting all classes and both sexes, with its death-dealing propensities. Its most pronounced symptoms are, a mania for red, white and blue, and frantic demonstrations over the Flag of our Union.

Mingling, on Sunday last, in the dense crowds that thronged our streets and surged around the departing soldiery, rending the air with deafening cheers and shouts, we heard no voice raised for Liberty—the burden of their cry was Union. We find, too, the N. Y. *Tribune* attempting to prolong the national insensibility, and foster its delusion, by such remarks as these:

> "The War of Independence was made to assert the right of the people to establish a Republican Constitution, and to form a Union and a Government. The present war is waged to maintain that Constitution, that Union, and the Government, against a body of conspirators and madmen, who would overthrow it."

Only this, and nothing more. It might have added, with equal force, and to secure the rendition of fugitive slaves. The War of Independence was made to assert the rights of man; the Constitution, the Government, and the Union, were instituted to preserve those rights. But the Union, so sadly perverted from the intention of its framers, is dead, Laus Deo! and we await the resurrection of Freedom from its tomb, to re-baptize the nation with her sacred fire, and inaugurate the reign of equal and exact justice to *all* men.

We have no fear now for Freedom; we feel confident that she will take "no step backward." On the contrary, we believe that her advance will far exceed the thought or present wish, of many who are loudest in her advocacy. Public opinion, purified by the fiery ordeal through which the nation is about to pass, will rightly appreciate the cause of its political disquiet, and apply the remedy. It will learn that the black man is not the disturbing element in the body politic, but the abnormal condition to which the violation of a fundamental law consigns him. It must be that the key to the solution of the present difficulties, is the abolition of slavery; not as an act of retaliation on the master, but as a measure of justice to the slave—the sure and permanent basis of "a more perfect Union."

RECOGNITION OF HAYTI.

BOSTON, Mass., April 20, 1861.

To the Editor of the Anglo-African:

SIR—England, France, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Austria, the Hanse Towns, the Court of Rome, and Sardinia, have all recognized the National Independence of Hayti.

Hayti has political and commercial treaties with England, France and Rome.

Yours very Respectfully, A. TATE,
Captaine de la Garde de Son Excellence le Président d'Haiti.

—The above note from a Haytian gentleman, in the service of the Government of Hayti, answers numerous letters that have been recently addressed to us—among them our able Philadelphian correspondent, "Banneker."

The following telegraphic despatch will show that our very Christian country has not yet recognized Hayti; but that the practical Abolitionists are determined that Uncle Sam shall do it. We presume that it will be done, if energetic measures are taken—as a tub to the Anti-Slavery whale in the Republican ocean:

WASHINGTON, Friday, April 12, 1861.—Senator Sumner called on Secretary Seward to-day, with Mr. Redpath, Agent of the Government of Hayti, and made known the passage of the resolution of the Legislature of Massachusetts, instructing its Senators and Representatives to use their influence to obtain the recognition of Haytian Independence. Senator Sumner stated that this resolution was adopted on the petition of all the merchants of Boston having trade with Hayti, and added his own personal desires to those thus expressed by the Legislature. He said also that Governor Andrew warmly approved of this policy. It was also suggested that such a recognition was calculated to have a good effect in counteracting the reported Spanish movement against Dominica. The conference lasted some time.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

One of the benefits likely to result from Mr. Lincoln's Administration, its war policy, and undoubted command of the high seas, is the annihilation of the African Slave Trade. This infamous traffic would have long since almost ceased, but for the connivance of past Federal authorities.

Cuba is the only country which buys slaves, and the carrying trade between Africa and Cuba, is done almost entirely in American vessels, built, fitted, frequently commanded, and not unfrequently owned in the United States.

Spain is publicly committed to spare no pains to stop the barbarous traffic in human flesh. Her statesmen declare themselves horrified at its continuance. Yet it is fast increasing. In 1848, 17,000 slaves were imported into Cuba. In 1859, the number was 30,000, and last year it was between 40,000 and 50,000.

The *American flag* is the only one which now covers a slaver. Spanish slavers are lawful prizes to any nation. An American vessel, though laden with slaves, has only to batten her hatches, show her papers and colors, and she cannot be searched. In 1860, not less than 90 American vessels were known to have been sold in Havana, or fitted out in New York.

It is certain that all this will be ended, as the strictest watch will be necessary to keep suspicious vessels in our Northern ports from getting to sea.

EMIGRATION TO HAYTI.—On Tuesday evening, the fine British bark, *Madeira*, of Barbadoes, Captain Morton, cast anchor from Comey's Wharf, in this city, with nearly sixty emigrants for Hayti. She sails for New Haven, where she will take in the New England Colony, of which Rev. J. Theodore Holly is the leader. She carried at her topmast the British and Haytian flags. The Haytian flag was unfurled by Mr. Thomas, a colored citizen of Massachusetts. For the first time in our history, the banner of a Negro Nation has been seen flying in our harbor! The time is rapidly approaching, we doubt not, when it will be seen every week. Speed the day!

The Madeira carried another banner—the private flag of the charterer, Mr. Redpath, and the class of Abolitionists to which he belongs. It was the American flag with the motto—*Emancipation or Extermination!*

So great an amount of baggage was brought by each emigrant, that the Haytian General Agent was obliged to charter the *General Veazie*, of 150 tons, to carry it. The *Gen. Veazie* will sail on Wednesday evening, and go to New Haven, as tender to the *Madeira*.

Boston, April 23, 1861. S.

OYSTER SAUCINESS.—An Eastern caterer, whose tedious effusions we saw fit to stop, suggests that the name of our paper be changed. He does not like the name of *Anglo-African*. He likes *Anglo-Saxon* better. This is the true *esprit de restaraunt*—which is always either fawning or impertinent. Some people must either make mouths at white men or kiss their feet; *we* prefer to do neither, but, taking no thought of color, work zealously and cordially with every one who has the welfare of freedom and of our race in view.

——Communications addressed to this paper must be accompanied by the writer's signature, as no notice will be taken of anonymous letters.

ATTACK ON THE CONSTITUTION.

MEETING OF COLORED MEN.—A notice was issued that a meeting of colored men would be held yesterday evening at 178 Prince Street, for the purpose of tendering their services to the Government during the present war; but was prevented from being held, by Captain Helms, of the Eighth Ward detachment of the Metropolitan police. Capt. Helms assured the parties that he acted under the direction of Superintendent Kennedy, who stated that the Superintendent sympathized with the movement, but dreaded that it might lead to some unpleasantness in New York, as well as exasperate the South. The call was signed by Captain Johnson, Robert S. Williams and N. W. Walker.

The meeting was held subsequently, when above five hundred men tendered their services to the Government.

It is a gross perversion of the term to call that state of society *free*, in which the exercise of constitutional rights depends upon the caprice of some municipal Dogberry, or where personal liberties are wholly at the mercy of a policeman's baton. The Constitution of the United States, the supreme law of the land, guarantees to the people the right peacably to assemble for the purpose of expressing their sentiments. It is the duty of the authorities, both State and Municipal, to *protect* the people in the exercise of their rights, not to *molest* them. And yet, when the colored citizens of the city of New York convened a meeting on the evening of the 22d inst., and hired a hall for the purpose of expressing their sympathy with the Government in this crisis, the Captain of the 8th Precinct, acting under the orders of his superior officer, arbitrarily suppressed the meeting; brutally drove us from the door of the hall we had hired; and trampled upon one of the most sacred rights which the Constitution and Union were formed to secure. Putting aside its most serious aspect, it was a piece of meanness of which every *white man* ought to be heartily ashamed, and one, of which, we are proud to say, no black man would have been guilty.

If we are prevented from defending Constitutional Liberty, no hand of ours shall ever be raised to assail it. Amid all our discouragements we still retain trust in God, and faith in the immutable principles of Eternal Justice.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION NO FAILURE. Read the long article on our first page on Emancipation in the West Indies. The negro who consents to argue that he is not inferior in the capacity of self-government to any other race, as far as *he* personally is concerned, nullifies his logic by doing so. Let a negro tell an Englishman or American that their nations are inferior to the African, and they won't argue—they will only laugh. Shall a colored man, then, *argue* that he is not inferior? Let self-respect forbid!

All the theoretical talk in the world cannot settle these points. Facts alone will do so. Let every colored man and abolitionist therefore, store his mind with *facts* about our race, about freedom, about the effects of slavery, and then only will his talk tell. We intend to **publish a series of articles on this question. Let us again advise our readers carefully to study them.**

TO OUR FRIENDS.—Our circulation is steadily increasing, and we have taken measures to still further augment the value of our journal. We are taking measures to procure regular correspondence from Washington and all the leading cities of the United States and Canadas where our people are; we shall have frequent letters from Hayti, Nassau, and the other West Indies to which our people will chiefly migrate; and by occasional extras and the use of smaller type, will speedily and greatly extend the sphere of our vision and our news. As our paper will be *exclusively* devoted to the interests of the colored races, wherever found, we hope that all our friends, and expressly our own people will exert themselves to "promote our general welfare" by sending in subscriptions as fast as volunteers are dispatched to old Abe. Like a New York omnibus, our subscription list has always room for more.

TESTIMONIAL.—In addition to the splendid testimonial presented on last Monday evening, Mrs. Julia W. Garnet has received a silver cup, chased with gold, from Mr. and Mrs. Holmes; and the Rev. Mr. Garnet a silver cup from a lady and gentleman.

On Thursday evening the 18th inst., a party of young ladies and gentlemen numbering about thirty, took advantage of the temporary absence of Mr. Garnet and his better half, to enter his house and make themselves perfectly at home. On their return the worthy host and his wife were *surprised* to find themselves guests under their own roof; the party aforesaid having prepared a most sumptuous entertainment for them. We learn that the party enjoyed themselves until "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal," the gentlemen going home with the ladies in the morning.

We are requested to state that the subscription books will be kept open till the 4th of May to receive any further contribution that any one feels disposed to make as a testimonial to Mr. Garnet; and that an additional scroll is being prepared for the additional names. Subscriptions may be left with Mr. Titus, Thompson Street, near 4th., or Mr. M. W. Walker, 52 Laurens Street.

HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTIONS OF HAYTI.—Again the press of matter obliges us to postpone our instalment of the History of the Revolutions of Hayti. It will *all* be published during the present year. Keep your files, so as to preserve it.

——We received a call for colored men to volunteer in the present crisis, signed by Dr. Pennington and others. As the meeting has been held, and a notice appears in our columns, its insertion is unnecessary.

AID FOR THE SOUTH.—Block-ade.

VIRGINIA'S PUNISHMENT.

Thank God, the hour of retribution has come. Virginia! Mother of Harlots—Plunderer of Cradles—she who has grown fat, by selling her own children in the slave shambles:—Virginia! Butcher—Pirate—Kidnapper—Slavocrat—the murderer of John Brown and his gallant band,—at last will meet her just doom. The red glare of the torch, the gleam of the flashing steel, the ringing crack of the rifle, the sulphurous smoke of the booming cannon, *all* shall announce to her lecherous heart the terrible blaze of an aroused Democracy. Insolent in her iniquity, Virginia planned to enslave seventy thousand more of the wretched ones, and now seeks to despoil the national capitol and destroy the nation. The cannon shot from Fort Sumter sends sombre echoes throughout her borders. The red flame of the burning arsenal at Harper's Ferry reflects back the light from Charleston harbor. The Alleghanies shall glow in the glare, and fling back the echo from summit to summit, while every ravine and glen prolongs the wild refrain. It will go on swelling in its progress, until the enslaved arise and make of their oppressors one grand hecatomb. Virginia shall drink full of the cup of woes. Aye, down to the dregs and to the last drop therein. It will be the first battle ground of the troops of the Union, while the majestic Alleghanies shall become bristling fortresses for the aroused Helots and their friends—those who have the memories of Harper's Ferry, of the gloomy prison and the scaffold at Charlestown to stir them to puissant deeds for Freedom. God speed the punishment.

MONSIEUR TONSON COME AGAIN!—Mr. Geo. T. Downing is a gentleman for whom we have heretofore entertained as much respect as his abilities would command, and have always regretted that unfortunate propensity of his to open his mouth. Of a fine presence and pleasing manners, he might pass for a wise man, if he would only be silent. But alas! he must be babbling, and every time he opens his mouth, as the Irishman remarked, he puts his foot in it. Pitying his infirmity, and lamenting his propensity to impertinent interference with matters beyond his concern, we pass over his characteristic and inconsequential attempt to disparage us, to express our surprise that so respectable a journal as the *Liberator* should lend its columns to so lamentable a proof of mental imbecility, on the part of a race whom it has labored to elevate. We apologize to our readers for intruding so insignificant a subject on their notice, but as we have never troubled ourselves about the COLOR of Mr. Geo. T. Downing's employers, not concerned ourselves about the duties they may call upon him to perform, it occurred to us, that unless he is a greater fool than we take him to be, he will, in future, follow our example.

Geo. L[illegible], Jr.
New York, April 23, 1861.

——The practical Abolitionists have often been denounced in consequence of voting for Republican candidates in preference to maintaining a "solemn protest" against the pro-slavery features of the Constitution by refraining from all political action. See how the wisdom of their policy looms up now! If Lincoln had *not* been elected, the slave trade would now be a flourishing commerce; the Crittenden propositions would have been incorporated with the Constitution, and all colored men would have been everywhere disfranchised; slavery would have been extended into all the Territories, and the abolition of it postponed for a century. The day for agitation is past; it has done a good and grand work, *but its mission is fulfilled;* henceforth, we need leaders of strictly practical intellects with clear and large and comprehensive programmes of action.

——"One man in the right, is a majority." Frederick Douglas crystalized the heroism that animates practical Abolitionists, in those ringing words. They were forcibly brought to our minds, by hearing a prominent orator say, that, being in the minority, it was no use trying, for colored men to attempt stemming the current. We wonder if he thought *that*, when, but a few years since, as a slave, he fled the land of bondage. Five hundred black men, divided into guerilla bands, and working their way through the mountain Ranges of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, and the swamps of the Atlantic Coast, can do more to destroy slavery, than five-thousand Regulars. It only wants men determined to do or die. White men had this spirit at Harper's Ferry, on that memorable October morn. We want Nat. Turner—not speeches; Denmark Vesey—not resolutions; John Brown—not meetings.

——We learn that the ministerial labors of the Rev. J. G. Carter (Cong.) officiating at East Hampton and Port Patrick, have been blessed by the conversion of sixty souls, forty-eight of whom have united with the Society. Communications intended for him will have to be addressed to East Hampton, Suffolk Co., N. Y.

——A *prior* engagement was nearly fulfilled when Roger A. Pryor, of Va., at the surrender of Fort Sumter, drank a tumbler of *Iodide of Potash*, thinking it to be brandy. Old Nick has had a mortgage on Roger for some time past.

ANOTHER EXTRA.—We publish this week another Extra—containing Wendell Phillips' great speech on the Crisis. We have no space for comments; only time enough to say—thank God for His great gift to us of this pure and resplendent soul.

Home Correspondence.

AGRICULTURAL BUREAU.

NEW JERSEY, April 16, 1861.

To the Editor of the Anglo-African:

SIR,—I took occasion, now some several months since, or a year [illegible], to communicate information in [illegible] chances and prospects in this vicinity, which I thought might be eminently serviceable to many who wish to avail themselves of such. It was in reference to cheap and accessible lands.

I further volunteered to impart additional information if required, through the *Anglo-African*, or to individuals, with notes on the subject of agriculture and country life. More than once I called the attention of the *Anglo* to the subject; but it seems to have been at *that* time beyond the limits of its investigations. But since the new administration announces a more comprehensive and a more extensive range, in the consideration of practical matters of general interest, I may yet hope to make this paper the medium of imparting some facts that may yet be useful, although the lands in question have risen considerably in price, and the chances proportionally diminished. These lands are in the county of Monmouth, about two hours' travel, by steamboat and railroad, from New York, lying directly on either side of the said road, on different parts, running from Port Monmouth to Cape May. The lands which may be bought commence about eight miles from Red Bank, and about the same distance from Long Branch, to which place a branch of the road runs.

At the time I wrote, a year ago, they could have been bought for from $5 to $15, [illegible] now they are worth from $10 to $50. There was a large tract held by one individual, who at that time desired to sell it *all* to colored people, and offered it on reasonable terms. He will yet sell to them, but the price has risen greatly, yet it is cheap to what it will be a year or two hence. There was room here for a large portion of the surplus colored population of the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; they who neither will, nor can, emigrate any further, or at least, neither to Africa or Hayti.

I, sir, am an emigrationist, as I have long been. But still, I believe in doing wherever I am, whatever my hands find to do. It is not surprising that person seeking homes out of cities should accept the only invitations that are offered—abroad.

While upon this subject of getting homes in the country we should be thoroughly posted while there are so many who desire it, and would be so much better by it. The Irish, Dutch, Italians, and Hungarians, ransack every State and County from Maine to Texas, in pursuit of cheap lands and situations of all kinds, by the agency of offices and individuals.

In fact, I know of no object more commendable that could engage the labors of a society among us, than this very matter of getting homes in the country and collecting and imparting agricultural information, or in other words, an Agricultural Bureau, to get homes within the limits of the States, as well as beyond them. One would naturally think that the opponents of emigration would see to this matter. Although an emigrationist myself, still I honestly urge it, seeing as I do, the necessity for it. I would most respectfully commend its consideration to Mr. Smith, "of the manor born," or some one of those elaborate theorists.

In proposing this however, my claims to chiefship are not to be lost sight of. I have no idea of working and scheming, plowing and sowing, all my life, and just as the crop begins to ripen, have a fellow walk in with his machine and clip off all the ripest and best heads. Not I. I protest, Mr. Editor, that I am serious and mean nothing personal.

Mr. Smith, of Saddle Rock, let us hear from you on this subject of an Agricultural Bureau. I am "in for it."

There are in all our large cities hundreds wanting homes in the country, and to be relieved of heavy rents. And almost everywhere among our people is farming most miserably managed. Let not this important interest be any longer neglected. J. N. S.

MEETING IN BOSTON:—A meeting was held on Tuesday evening at the Baptist Church in Southac Street, to consider the propriety of forming a colored American regiment and offering it to the Government. It was largely attended, the audience being much excited and divided on the question. A set of resolutions in favor of this course were introduced. They were strenuously defended by Robert Morris, G. T. Downing, Lewis Hayden, and Rev. J. Sella Martin. Wm. Wells Brown opposed them earnestly but unsuccessfully. A full report will appear in our next issue.

LIBERTY OR DEATH.—A runaway negro secreted himself in Dr. Norwood's stables, Henderson County, Kentucky, on Monday. The doctor, called to visit a patient, went for his horse. On seeing the negro, he demanded his surrender, when the fugitive shot him. The doctor called for his gun, and on Mrs. Norwood bringing it, the negro threatened her with death if she advanced, and she retreated to the house. The doctor died soon after, and the negro escaped; but a hundred citizens went out in search of him, and he is not expected long to avoid capture.

—'Tis a pity that the doctor did not remember the injunction: "They that are whole need not a physician."

THE CLIMAX OF INSULT.—It is reported that the Secessionists of Richmond *placed a negro astride of the statue of Washington!*

—The above, italics included, is from a Boston Republican paper. We don't see any insult in it. Both Washington and the slave were driven by destiny toward the same goal—Universal Liberty.

——The North, having been bitterly humiliated by the capture of Fort Sumter, is determined to make the South "see *stars*." As a preparatory penance, she has rigorously *flag*-ellated herself, and is completely covered with *the stripes*.

DR. J. B. SMITH, of Boston is on a tour to the States of Maine and New Hampshire, and will visit such places in those States where colored persons reside, in behalf of the Haytian Bureau of Emigration.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NASSAU.

Nassau, New Providence, W. I.
March 19th., 1861.

Mr. Editor :—A few years ago this verdant little isle was almost entirely unknown to the busy portion of mankind, partly on account of its extreme smallness and isolated position, it being but a mere speak on the earth's surface. But now universal advancement has extended its benign effects, penetrated these rocky, yet verdurous, shores, and awakened the somnolent inhabitants from the lethargy in which indolence had so long kept them.

The grand incentive is immediate intercourse with America, but lately enjoyed through the medium of steam navigation, an event from which may be traced a gradual but satisfactory development of the natural resources and productions of the Bahamas, and an event to be chronicled in their annals as one from which to date their prosperity.

The progress of two years is highly gratifying to the observer, and amazing to the illiterate nature.

Theorists were not wrong in their speculations when they alleged that an influx of foreigners was the *desideratum* to elevate Bahama to the rank of her sister colonies, and class her as one of the thriving dependencies of the British crown.

But there is a diversity of opinion as regards the real benefit to accrue therefrom to *Bahamians* socially. Some regard it with feelings akin to regret; for in proportion to the progression they are sensible of the departure of those good old English times and customs so dearly associated with pleasant memories. They dislike the peculiarities of sentiments of Americans, and Americans they know will be the principal innovators.

In the aggregate, connection with America is regarded as of infinite importance to the colony *politically*, and as such its succeeding evidences are hailed with delight, but its ameliorating effects upon society are very much doubted.

Hotels have sprung up as if by magic in all quarters of the island, and an enormous sum of money is now being expended by the Government in erecting one. Its site is on a beautiful eminence overlooking the subjacent harbor and offing, and when finished its magnificence will attract general admiration. This edifice is being constructed by Messrs. Howell & Stuart of New York, who have contracted to erect the same for the sum of sixty thousand dollars, untrammelled by custom dues, &c.

Of course the native contractors are indignant at the Government's proceeding in patronising foreigners to monopolize the trade that belongs exclusively to themselves; especially as such a sum as the entire cost of the Hotel, will leave no little *vacuum* in the Public Treasury coffers. But Government, with that admirable prescience that characterises many other transactions, resolved to employ foreign artificers. Whether their design in so doing was to give the Hotel an air *a la mode Americaine*, which would on that account be more attractive to American visitors, or whether it was thought a more expeditious *mode* of proceeding, is yet a matter of conjecture. Certain is it, however, that if the latter were the Government's design the result will prove more than gratifying, for a hastier built structure it will never be Nassau's misfortune to contain.

In addition to this *Fifth Avenue*, Nassau contains the following well filled hotels, viz., Royal Victoria, Karnak, Clifton, United Arms, Hudson's, Johnson's, Farrindon, and Matanzas, besides numerous private boarding houses.

Among recent importations of *novelties* from America is an omnibus, which, *en passant*, I must say something about. It is a fine large-sized vehicle, capable of containing about twenty persons, filled up similar to those on Broadway, and as I had the pleasure of being one of the party who tested its conveying qualities, I may safely add that an easier running, or more comfortable vehicle, it is impossible to conceive, as it rolls almost noiselessly along the white and even macadamized streets of Nassau. The children, who saw its chief attraction in a representation of *one of Christy's minstrels* that adorns its steps, greeted its first appearance with all the warmth of excited simplicity, and wherever it stopped, an increasing crowd of the white-toothed cannaile was the inevitable result.

We had another slave wreck upon our shores, but, owing to its proximity to the island of Cuba, the slavers succeeded in landing their cargo in that place, ere our Government had any intelligence of it.

The rescued Africans who were liberated in our island in August last, and prudently apprenticed to the most eligible masters, are improving in general intelligence, and fast becoming initiated in the mysteries of civilization,

A few weeks ago a Gift Book *store* opened for business in our town, under the grandioquent appellation of "The Great Southern Gift Book Establishment," and caused some excitement amongst the verdant islanders. Their eyes being dazzled by the brilliant lusture of the gifts, it scarcely matters whether the contents of the books are Hebrew or Chinese hieroglyhics, nor can they in their simple-mindedness conceive how the munificent proprietors of these miniature *el doradoes* can afford to circulate literature on such liberal terms.

Amusement-seekers and subjects of *ennui* are delighted at she arrival of L. B. Lent's New York Circus in our town, from Porto Rico, consisting of a large equestrian troupe. According to their advertisement, the performance includes "every imaginable variety of scene and trick riding, gymnastic feats, acrobatic exploits, comic scenes, dancing, singing, and tricks by trained horses and ponies." In addition to this renowned antidote for *ennui*, we have the presence of the family of the Virginia Liliputians, consisting of Major Hiram Walters, fifty years old, thirty-eight inches in height and fifty-three pounds in weight; Miss Roxana Walters, forty-four years old, thirty inches in height, and twenty-eight pounds in weight; Miss Kate Walters, forty-one years of age, thirty-four inches in height, and thirty-seven pounds in weight; and Miss Nancy Walters, twenty-two years of age, and five feet seven inches in height.

We are in expectation of a visit from His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, who is now at Jamaica, where he has been cordially received by the enthusiastic people Though we are sorry that our island was not honored by the presence of the Prince of Wales, after his visit to America, yet we are quite anxious to welcome Prince Alfred to our shores, and our Government intend making such preparations as will ensure a reception worthy of the son of our august sovereign. And I am sure that our populace, with proverbial loyalty, will not allow so distinguished a personage to quit our shores without being duly impressed with their demonstrations of the appreciable honor. I for one, am determined to express my appreciation of the honor (apropos, I am advised to keep my loyalty within the limits of prudence) in a manner characteristic of A Loyal West Indian.

COLORED AMERICANS AND WAR.

We publish, below, a series of extracts from different journals, which should be carefully pondered by our people. We shall make our own comments on them elsewhere; but, as we do not wish to prejudice any mind, we would like our readers to peruse these clippings first, and make his own deductions.

—New Orleans should be occupied, and a strong chain of posts established along the Mississippi. *As it would be a great sacrifice of life to occupy these positions with white men during the summer months, it may become necessary to enlist a certain number of black regiments for this purpose.* and this enlistment under the circumstances, will be perfectly justifiable, and a fair retaliation for the proposed piratical expeditions of the Confederates. There are great numbers of free blacks at the North desirous of responding to the call, and we hope now they will be enlisted, organized, *and prepared to occupy the yellow fever posts in the enemy's country,* during the summer months.—*Boston Traveller, April* 18th.

—If we are victorious, as we shall be occasionally, what shall we do with the prisoners? Shall we let them run, or employ a large force to keep them in safety, to be returned, or paid for at the close of the war? or shall we exchange them for Northern prisoners? Then how shall we prevent a servile war, probably incited by the successors of the Walkers and John Browns. This *black anomaly*, with its two elements, *person and property*—shall we refer the case to ethics or political economy? Then the Slave States, themselves, if conquered, would they return to the Union under any conditions acceptable to the North? In the meantime, what is to be the industrial condition of the parties, and their finances? Some foreign nation may possibly be drawn into the contest, which would end in subdivisions of these States, such as we do not now dream of. Mexico would be a paradise combined to this divided people, for *their* ignorance would be submissive and pacific, much more tractable than *ou* turbulent knowledge and ambition, where every man aspires to high office. I do not wish to live to see what may happen if we have a protracted war; I would prefer to see the Slave States in the peaceable enjoyment of *all* the blessings of slavery. What would be their condition when the slave population becomes double that of the freemen, I will not venture to inquire; but certainly no Government short of an iron despotism will be able to control such a people."—*Correspondent Boston Courier, April 18th.*

—"The letters of marque and reprisal is a war upon private property, and stands in marked and disgraceful contrast with that clause of the President's proclamation, in which he declares that "the rights of private property shall be respected." The next step of the Confederates in rebellion, will be to confiscate all debts from Southern men to Northern creditors. It is strange that they do not see how easily and how terribly this game may be retorted. The action of Davis will, if persisted in, justify the inroad of scores of John Brown crusaders into the Southern States for the express purpose of *setting free the Southern slaves, and arming them against the Southern rebels. The 'property' of the South is much more open to assault, than even the commerce of the Northern States.* No letters of marque and reprisal will be needed, to make the war effective.

"We trust, however, that the Government will not find it necessary to retaliate by so fearful a process. One *thing* is very clear. The President's Proclamation assures the Union men of the South that their rights of property shall not be disturbed. If they stand by the Government, this pledge will insure them complete immunity from the worst horrors of civil war. If they join the rebels, and unite in their warfare upon private property at sea, they will have only themselves to blame, if the Government retaliates by tolerating war upon their property on land."—*N. Y. Times, April* 18.

—"Virginia, as the northermost State of the Southern Confederacy, would have a fate hard enough to bear; but it would be aggravated a hundred-fold in her case, by the efforts which she is, in case of secession, morally bound to make, to subdue her late Western citizens, which will never be permitted by the Federal Government, if its aid should be needed. Nor will this be her only difficulty. Western Virginia has no slaves of any consequence, compared to the whole white population, and it is by no means improbable that it will speedily, of its own accord, in the event of division, proclaim emancipation. In Eastern Virginia, moreover, negroes are not unintelligent, and know the North Star; they also know the Pennsylvania border is not very far distant, and when once war has begun in the State, they will be likely to 'lay down the shovel and the hoe,' 'and hurry off in droves to the Northern paradise they have longed for so long."—*N. Y. Tribune, April 17th—Article on Virginia.*

—"In his Proclamation calling out the militia and convening Congress, as well as in his letter to the Virginia Commissioners, President Lincoln defines distinctly what he intends to do. He simply re-affirms the declarations of his Inaugural Address, but in more decided language, such as the more aggravated form of the Southern rebellion requires. In performing his duty 'the utmost care will be observed, consistently with the objects aforesaid, to avoid any devastation and destruction of, *or interference with property*, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens, in any part of the country. . . . . The war into which the Government is now dragged, is not a war against slavery, not a war against the Southern people. It is a war for the defence of the Constitution, the protection of the whole people, the preservation of the nation."—*Philadelphia Bulletin, April* 15.

—"There need be no mincing this matter. We have it gingerly told to the Southern States, that if they rebel against the Union, and become parties to another Government, their slaves may, and probably will run away, and not be returned to them. This is true, as far as it goes; but it by no means meets the question at issue. It is our right—a right which the Law of Nations under such circumstances confers—whenever we march into the enemy's country, to declare by proclamation, that all who will give us aid, no matter what their color—or *whether bond or free, apprentice or slave—shall have and enjoy our protection, and be protected in the enjoyment of equal rights with ourselves.* Such is our right; and do not let the people of the Border Slave States suppose for a moment, that we shall hesitate to exercise it. If on the contrary, they, or any of them, remain faithful to the Union, as is our duty now, and as it will continue to be under our present Constitution, they are certain to be protected in the possession of their slaves forever; and if any of them escape, they will be returned when discovered, or their full value be paid to their masters. The people of the Border States understand this question; and in our judgment, they will permit their interests to guide their patriotism in a direction favorable to their continuance in the Union established by their Fathers, instead of uniting themselves with traitors in rebellion, against the Government of Washington and his brother Patriots, of the Revolution."—*Courier and Enquirer, April* 18.

—The *Express* (Dog Noble) the same day heads the above paragraphs thus:—

"The civil war, of course, is to assume the form of servile war—*of course, we coolly say*—for the duty of the Journalists is, to foresee as well as to record or discuss."

—"While the people throughout the whole of the Free States are united in their patriotic efforts to sustain the administration, it is humiliating that we have an organ in our midst that recommends that war be made upon the South, by inciting an insurrection of the slaves. Such a horrible, inhuman proposition is enough to chill the very heart's blood of all true-minded and patriotic citizens. As much as we may hate the South for their attempts to destroy the Union, all honorable men will frown down a suggestion that would lead, perhaps, to the massacre of thousands of innocent women and children. Jeff. Davis's piratical Proclamation is a mild recommendation compared to that of the *Liberator*, and if he deserves a traitor's doom, what fate does that man deserve who would entail upon any community or country, whether friendly or at enmity with us, whether at peace or at war, the unutterable woes which would inevitably attend an attempt upon the part of the slaves at the South to gain their freedom by violence and bloodshed! We agree with a cotemporary that 'every white man who is detected in stirring up insurrections among the slaves, will be hung as high as Haman, and if the Federal Government cannot enforce its laws, and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution without resorting to such instrumentalities, we trust it will be thoroughly beaten in every encounter.' The calamities attendant upon war are sufficiently horrible, even if it be carried on according to the usages of modern civilized warfare, without resorting to the worse than barbarous means which some of the most rabid Abolitionists have the hardihood and inhumanity to propose."—*Boston Saturday Express April* 21.

The *Liberator*, (it is only due to its non-resistant character to say,) has *never* recommended a negro insurrection; but, on the contrary, has always advocated the policy of peaceful disunion—to ultimate in peaceful abolition.

—In the accounts of the enthusiasm at Philadelphia, on the arrival of the news from Fort Sumter, we are told that, when opposite Gerard House, the mob amused themselves, while waiting for the flag to be displayed, by riding an unoffending colored man on a rail.

—The colored people of the city are in a high state of excitement, and express their readiness to volunteer whenever permitted to do so. A leading man of them, in a conversation at the State House, expressed the belief that a few companies of colored troops, placed in the Slave States, would soon have an army of thousands of slaves at their back. He hoped, if an extra session of the Legislature should be called, that the word "white" would be struck from our military law.—*Bocton Trveller.*

—To show the feeling with which the condition of the slave is esteemed in this contest, we have only to refer to the fact that the Boston Daily Republican papers refused to publish the noble, stirring and most eloquent oration of Wendell Phillips, which we issue as an extra to our present number. That superb effort of genius, taking ground in favor of the war, and teaching the lesson of liberty from it, these patriotic Republican editors were *afraid* to issue, because Mr. Phillips is an Abolitionist, and it is not desirable that the Administration should be embarrassed by his support. Complimentary to Mr. Phillips, but damaging to the party. "Oh! Shame, where is thy blush?" How much regard does this evince for the enslaved or free colored Americans?

A Suggestion, *by one who believes the Almighty holds a negro in the same estimation as a white man.*—Throughout the Northern States are a large number of young, active and intelligent colored men, who are alive to the fact that the present civil war has grown *out of the existence of slavery in the South*, and that in a short time the North, being convinced that all of our national troubles are to be attributed to that fact, will demand its entire extinction. When that time arrives, it will be time for the colored man to act. In the meanwhile, let them prepare themselves, by organizing, drilling, and making all needful preparations. Let them open communication with the thousands of *fugitives* in Canada, who will rejoice at the prospect of visiting once more the place of their birth.

I would suggest that they adopt a uniform peculiar to themselves, somewhat similar to that of the Turcos in the French Army, which is simple, cheap, and attractive, and allows great liberty of action. In the war of the Revolution, the colored men showed their devotion to the cause of liberty in many a well-fought field, and they will soon have another opportunity of showing that they are worthy of being freemen! Alexander.

——Fifty colored citizens of Rochester, N. Y., will sail for Hayti about the middle of May. They will sail from New York.

Northern Motto.—Stars and Stripes for the Union—Scars and Stripes for the Traitors.

——A slave insurrection is reported in Kent Co. Md. The statement needs confirmation.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

To the Men of the North and West.

Men of the North and West,
Wake in your might,
Prepare, as the rebels have done;
For the fight;
You cannot shrink from the test,
Rise! Men of the North and West!

They have torn down your banner of stars;
They have trampled the laws;
They have stifled the freedom they hate,
For no cause!
Do you love it, or slavery best,
Speak! Men of the North and West.

They strike at the life of the state,
Shall the murder be done?
They cry, "We are two!" And you?
"*We are one!*"
You must meet them, then, breast to breast,
On! Men of the North and West!

Not with words, they laugh them to scorn,
And tears they despise,
But with swords in your hands, and death
In your eyes!
Strike home! leave to God all the rest,
Strike! Men of the North and West!

R. H. Stoddard.

——[By the time this paper is in the hands of its readers, the colony for whom the annexed appeal was made, will have left these unfriendly shores for those of the "Gem of the Antilles." We publish it as part of the history of a movement, far more important in what it suggests, than in the results which to the unobservant there may seem likely to come.

The New Haven Colony is composed of the *élite* of our people; they will do no discredit to the name of colored Americans, which in carrying to Hayti they do not throw aside, but rather bear with a prouder and deeper significance. Hayti is the germ of that coming Nationality, whose wide arms shall reach around these tropic seas, and upon whose zone glisten as stars the sun-permeated, luxurious isles of the Gulf. A Nationality, rising out of sin, sorrow, and suffering, cradled in darkness and desolation, whose childhood was measured by the task-masters lash, and whose manhood was lifted up by the sternest struggle to the full measure of humanity. Such a Nationality our friends have gone to aid in rearing. These movements, insignificant as they appear, give another proof of the destiny for which the centuries keep this continent so mystically veiled from the eye of all the past. That destiny is to prove that in America, there shall be no Geography in Liberty! No Distinctions in Race or Nationality! We bid our brothers God speed.

Our next issue will contain a most interesting verbatim report of the farewell meeting of this colony at New Haven, on the 24th inst.—Ed.]

Appeal for a Farewell Benefit for the Haytian Emigrants from New Haven.—Citizens of New Haven! One hundred and fifty persons of color propose to go forth from your midst on April 25th, to make their future homes in Hayti, in response to a cordial invitation that has been extended to them for this purpose, by the Haytian Government. These emigrants, one half of whom belong to New Haven, are composed of industrious, but poor persons, whose scanty means will prevent them from making comfortable provision for their first necessities after their arrival in Hayti. To aid them in this matter, some benevolent persons have generously opened their hearts and hands with contributions that have been gratefully received by these emigrants, and which they now desire to publicly acknowledge, particularly making mention of the gift of a first-class *sewing-machine* from Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, and of a globe and a liberal supply of slates from the New Haven Slate Globe Company. Nevertheless, further aid is needed; and can be usefully bestowed upon them to meet wants that still remain unsupplied. And it is believed that there are numerous persons in this city who have not been called upon in this matter, who would doubtless gladly contribute to meet these necessities, if they can be reached by some feasible plan by which each one of them can give a small amount to make up an aggregate sum, to be presented to these colonists in the name of the citizens of New Haven. To *attain* this end, a farewell benefit for these emigrants will be held on Wednesday, the 24th inst. Several gentlemen of this city have been invited, and have given their consent to address the assemblage on appropriate themes. Due notice will be given by advertisement of the place of meeting and the names of the speakers. Tickets of admission, 25 cents. Exercises to begin at 8 P. M.

Citizens of New Haven! Descendants of the Pilgrims! You are invited to rally to the hearty support of this *Mayflower* expedition of sable pioneers in the cause of civil and religious liberty, which it falls to your lot to Hayti in the name of New England.

See to it, that the aid and countenance which you give to this undertaking, for the elevation and regeneration of a long down-trodden race, shall be worthy of the generous traditions of this noble land of the Pilgrims.

J. T. Holly, Leader.
Chas. I. Freeman, Secretary.

A Special Meeting of the Young People's Christian Association was held in the lecture room of the Plane Street Church, Newark, on Tuesday evening, April 16, 1861. The President of the Association called the meeting to order, and Mr. D. Jennings was appointed Secretary. The Committee on Resolutions reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, mournful intelligence has been received of the death of our beloved Pastor, the Rev. Elymus P. Rogers, at Cape Palmas, Africa, in February, 1861, and whereas by this sad and deeply afflictive event of Divine Providence we are called to mourn the loss of a faithful and earnest spiritual father, whose labors amongst us ever evinced that he sought our highest interest for time and eternity; whose words of admonition and of hope can never be forgotten, and whose deep and fervent letters were read by all who knew him; and whereas our dear Pastor laid the foundation of this now flourishing Association, known as the Young People's Christian Association, of the Plane Street Presbyterian Church, of the city of Newark, and having himself been connected with the same as a member; therefore,

Resolved, That we consider this dispensation of an over-ruling Power, which, though dark and mysterious, is but the fulfilling of those great purposes which tend to the glory of God and the highest good of His creatures.

Resolved, That the members of this Association wear a crape rosette for three months, in token of that love which they will ever cherish for the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That while we acquiesce in the inscrutable dealings of God towards us, we feel to mourn with her who has lost a kind and devoted husband, and we thus tender our heartfelt sympathies, and pray that He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, may pour into her heart the balm of consolation and fit her to bear this sad bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow of the deceased.

Resolved, That the doings of this meeting be published in the daily papers of this city, and in the *Anglo-African*, of the city of New York.

D. Jennings, Secretary.

A Compliment from an Enemy.—Jeff. Davis advertises in a Mobile paper for 75,000 coffins. He must think highly of the skill of our Northern troops, when he thus shows that he expects each one of them to kill one of his ruffians.

"Long may it Wave!"—The Anti-Slavery Rooms at Philadelphia have displayed the stars and stripes.

CHICAGO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

The following report was crowded out last week. It appeared in the Chicago *Post* on the 7th inst. We are glad to see the Old Guard at work once more. Our only advice however is not to hold any more meetings where reporters can enter, make their committees small and of stern stuff. Above all, stop passing resolutions to petition the President to remove the kidnappers. He won't do it, and the people *must*, one way or the other. Let the endangered people, and all who stand for the right, *act*—not talk or resolve, but *do*. Make the wretches personally responsible. We repeat it. It is the fear of death that alone allows these things to be safely done.

"Pursuant to call, a considerable number of "live men," Simon-pure Abolitionists, met last evening in the office of F. C. Freer, Esq., 51 Clark Street, to consider what is best for them to do in view of the course of the new United States Marshal of this District in arresting fugitive slaves.

Mr. Freer stated his object in calling the friends together. They were all aware of the barborous act of the United States Marshal in arresting a family of colored persons in this city on the 3d inst. He had thought it best to call the Old Guard together to consider what should be done. There were a great many fugitives in the city, and it was evident they were not safe here. He thought a Vigilance Committee should be appointed and means taken to raise money to protect the fugitives or send them to a place of safety. About two hundred dollars had already been spent in sending fugitives from Chicago to Canada since the arrest, which money had been subscribed by about a dozen persons. It was only day before yesterday that a slave woman with her five children had arrived here, poorly clad, and weary with the long journey from Missouri. She had hardly got here when the fingers of the United States Marshal were after her, and she crept for concealment under a stable, where she and her children remained for thirty-six hours in the cold and damp, subsisting upon food furnished to them by stealth. During a portion of the time, the Marshal's imps were pacing back and forth within her sight. Such cases were of almost daily occurrence. The slaves arrived with little clothing and no money. They must be protected here, or provided with the means of going on to a land of freedom. This was one part of his object in calling this meeting.

Another part was to consider whether it was not time to organize as a distinct political party, *coming out from among* the Republican party, which had betrayed the principles it professed towards the Old Liberty Guard. He would like to hear what the friends might have to suggest upon the subject.

Mr. Warner suggested that the subject be divided. On motion, Mr. Freer was then made Chairman, and Dr Haven, Secretary of the meeting.

Mr. Warner moved that a Vigilance Committee of seven be appointed, whose particular business it should be to see that no more fugitives were taken from Chicago by the officers.

Mr. Pinkerton *thought* the Committee should be small; if they had to work against fraud, conspiracy and villany, a small number was better than a large one.

The motion of Mr. Warner was adopted, and the Vigilance Committee was made up as follows: L. C. P. Freer' John Jones, J. F. Temple, Philo Carpenter, Watson V. Coe, William H. Kennicutt, and C. L. Jenks.

The Committee was voted power unlimited, to raise money, to appoint sub-committees, secret agents, *and to do in general such acts as may be necessary to prevent the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law.*

The political part of the subject was then taken up, and Marshal Jones was discussed and cursed in warm terms. Ex-Alderman Abbott was disposed to be inquisitive and asked the chair to inform him what the duty of the Marshal was by law.

The chair said, that technically, the Marshal's duty was to execute the law; but he thought it also the Marshal's duty, when a writ for the arrest of a fugitive was put into his hands, to deputize the Old Guard to serve it!

C. P. Waite thought the Marshal attended to the execution of this law to the neglect of his other duties.

Mr. Hawley spoke in favor of a public meeting to denounce the Marshal. The people of Chicago, he said, were indignant at the outrage recently committed by an officer of this Administration. *They would demand of Mr. Lincoln his immediate removal from office.*

The Rev. A. Waite seconded the movement for a public meeting. He too, thought the people of Chicago had been outraged in the name of the Republican party, and that the Marshal should be removed forthwith.

The Chairman read a paper he had prepared in view of a separate political movement, which was loudly applauded.

Mr. Hawley desired to have a public meeting first, to get the public mind upon matter.

Mr. Schilling, one of the "German element," made some very sensible remarks upon the effect of public meetings in general. In his opinion they seldom amount to much. He was for reorganizing the old Liberty party on the spot.

C. B. Waite *desired to give the Administration a little longer trial.*

Chancellor Jenks said he had just come from a meeting of colored persons, and the spectacle he saw there was enough to make any freeman's blood boil. *All was consternation and terror. Families were breaking up; sacrificing their little property, and preparing to flee the oppressor.* He proceeded to denounce city officers, supposed to be connected with the arrest, and pitched into the Mashal heavily, charging him as guilty of bribery. *He understood that two more fugitives had been arrested to-night.* To put a stop to such proceedings, it was only necessary to have a *funeral*, and he was in favor of having it.

Resolved, That whereas the United States Marshal of this District, by his recent course in the arrest of several alleged fugitive slaves, hurrying them back to a state of slavery, has evinced a mean and atrocious subserviency to the Slave Power, and has outraged the rights of our common humanity; therefore,

Resolved, That the time has come when every friend of liberty should become a committee to attend the steps of said Marshal, and his Deputies, with such physical circumstances as shall effectually put a stop to such outrages.

Resolved, That Republicans do not expect the United States Marshal to manifest an alacrity and love for the nefarious duties that the infamous and unconstitutional Fugitive Slave Law requires.

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed by the Chairman, to draw up a petition and circulate it for signatures, respectfully requesting the President to remove the present United States Marshal, for neglecting his other official duties, and devoting himself with so much avidity to the business of kidnapping colored people and running them into slavery, stopping at no fraud or stealth necessary to carry out his purposes.

The meeting, after appointing a Committee to call a public meeting in Metropolitan Hall, next Monday night, adjourned.

Irish Emigration.—During the sixteen months ending September 1, 1760, the emigration from Ireland to the United States amounted to 1,140, 982 persons,—or at the rate of 2377 a day! That is the way in *which great nations are made now-a-days*; by the introduction in vast numbers and absorption of foreign yet kindred peoples. The foreign vote of this country is estimated to be about one-twelfth of the whole. If the twelve millions of men of African descent now scattered throughout the American continent and the adjacent islands, were animated with this spirit, in ten years they could form a consalidated nation second only in strength to the people of the North. And this seems to be our destiny by the tendency of events in all countries where our people live. Speed the day!

——The Rev. M. D Conway, the young, earnest-hearted, fiery-tongued preacher of freedom in Cincinnatti, lately delivered an able discourse in review of a pamphlet published in that city by the Rev. Sabin Hough of that city, which almost transcends South side Adams in its devilish devotion to slavery. In answer to a statement that in freedom the colored people were beggars, Mr. Conway, who is himself a Virginian and the son of a slaveholder, gives the following valuable testimony:

"A colored beggar, except for help to get himself or his household free, is extremely rare. In this city, twenty suffering white families can be shown, for one colored, —allowing for the disproportion in number. There are several colored families here that I can show any one, who came from the same place that I did in Virginia, and are doing very well here, much better than there, where their homes were among the very best in the State. Some years ago, I myself visited the chief cities of Canada, and their negro-quarters, and learned from their own lips, and those of the Mayors and the Governor, and from my own eyes, the utter falsity of the report that the negroes were a suffering or retrogressive people in Canada—even there, where the climate might justify it. Let this writer go to the colored schools of this city, and the Sunday schools, to see his own slander of this race, and the effects of freedom on a second or third generation refuted."

——The cruel logic of South Carolina is occasionally at fault. The following, from a Montgomery correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury*, shows clearly how, when it trenches upon their interest or ambition, the principles, so called, upon which they affect to base negro slavery, pass away. Slaves are persons, when *it pays*. The slaveholders will find them so to their cost, before long:

"On account of the small size of the future House of Representatives of the Confederate States under the old apportionment, it is not unlikely that it will be altered, so as to afford a larger and more efficient body. It is to be hoped that a full representation *will be given to negroes as persons*, which would partially remedy the evil of too small a Honse."

MARRIAGE.

In Williamsburg, L. I., 18th inst., by Rev. Mr. Manning, Mr. Daniel Johnson to Miss Julia Ann Jackson, both of this city.

DEATH.

In Newburgh, N. Y., after a short illness of four days, William Loyd, 80.

'T is finished—'t is done—the spirit is fled,
The prisoner is gone, the Christian is dead;
The Christian is living through Jesus' love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

Special Notices.

A sailing vessel will leave New York City, on Friday, May 17, for Hayti. Fifty-one emigrants are already engaged for this vessel. Any others intending to go, under the terms announced by the Agents of the Government of Hayti, are earnestly requested to give *immediate notice* to this Bureau.

A. E. NEWTON, Corresponding Secretary.
Haytian Bureau of Emigration, Boston, Ms.

A sailing vessel will leave Boston on Saturday, the first of June, *at twelve o'clock, noon, precisely*, for St. Mark, Hayti, direct. Emigrants intending to go by this vessel, must give the Haytian Bureau of Emigration, in Boston, two weeks notice before the day of sailing. A. E. NEWTON, Cor. Secretary.

Tour through New York.—William Wells Brown will lecture at the following places, in the State of New York, on the Past History and Present Prospects of the Republic of Hayti:

At Albany,	Friday,	May	3.
" Troy,	Sunday,	"	5.
" Schenectady,	Monday,	"	6.
" Amsterdam,	Tuesday,	"	7.
" Mindon,	Wednesday,	"	8.
" Little Falls,	Thursday,	"	9.
" Utica,	Friday,	"	10.
" Rome,	Sunday,	"	12.
" Syracuse,	Monday,	"	13.
" Auburn,	Thursday,	"	16.
" Geneva,	Friday,	"	17.
" Canandagua,	Monday,	"	20.
" Elmira,	Tuesday,	"	21,
" Corning,	Thursday,	"	23.
" Bath,	Friday,	"	24.
" Rochester,	Sunday,	"	26.
" Lockport,	Tuesday,	"	28.
" Buffalo,	Wednesday,	"	29.

Anniversary!—The Ladies' Sinking Fund Society of the 7th Avenue Presbyterian Church, on 7th Avenue, between 11th and 12th Streets, Rev. Henry M. Wilson, Pastor, will celebrate their 12th Anniversary in the lecture room of the above Church, on Thursday evening, May 16, 1861, by suitable music, addresses, festivities, &c., &c. Tickets 50 cents, to be obtained from officers and friends of the Society. Mrs. Esther Schenck, Directress, 100 West 17th Street; Mrs. Caroline Bees, 13½ Le Roy Street; Henry M. Wilson, Guardian, 8 Morton Street. 93—3t

The Zion Baptist Church, Rev. John T. Raymond, pastor, worship in the large and commodious brick meeting-house, in Sullivan street, between Prince and Houston. Services at 10½ A. M., 3 and 7½ P. M.

Summer Style of Gents and Children's Hats and Caps—the most fashionable styles and largest variety in the city. First premium for ladies' riding and children's hats. The clergy supplied at a discount. KELLOGG,
70—1y · 381 Canal Street.

Madame Magnan, 154 Sullivan Street, New York. Home from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M.

"SINEWS OF WAR." As the raising of a [illegible] of in Black Republican [illegible] suggest the [illegible] with a bottle [illegible] as after [illegible] filled with [illegible] grenade, or [illegible] ly fire-eaters [illegible]
CHAS N. MILLER [illegible]
93—1t

BOARDING AND LODGING. [illegible] Brown continues [illegible] pleasant rooms for Lodging [illegible] at 18 Wadsworth Street, Hartford, Ct. Board by the day or week, where [illegible] will be given, and every effort [illegible] house a home to all who may be pleased to patronize her. The public will find [illegible]
93—tf

PURE KEROSENE OIL, [illegible] This cheap and elegant illuminator [illegible] together with lamps, wicks, &c., for [illegible] sale in quantities to suit purchasers, by
CHAS. N. MILLER, Drug [illegible]
93—1t No. 40 Grand Street, New York.

GENUINE HAVANA SEGARS, "La Rosa de Santiago" of Pedro Roger, for sale, wholesale and retail, by CHAS. N. MILLER,
93—1t Drug Middleman, 40 Grand Street.

APARTMENTS TO LET in House 217 Sullivan street. Enquire on the premises. 93—1t

HELP! HELP! HELP! Wanted at Tilmon's Agency for Employment, No. 70, East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Avenue. Spring has come, and now is the time for all first class help who want to get good situations and steady employment for the season. Our spring customers are coming in from both city and country, notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country. The highest wages are offered in this [illegible] help. For cooks, wages range from $9 to $10, $12, and $14; laundresses, from $8 to $9 and $10; housekeepers, from $7 to $8 and $9; coachmen, waiters, farmers, gardeners, and boys to drive; chambermaids and waitresses, from $7 to $8 and $9; seamstresses and children's nurses, from $7 to $8 and $9. As the demand is great for Southern help, all North, East, West and South of New York would do well to call, as no one coming to this office need be out of employment one hour if they are willing to work and will take places. We intend paying every possible attention to business this spring, and all who favor us with their patronage will meet with prompt attention. Particular attention paid to boarding-houses, hotels, saloons, club-houses, and watering-places. Office hours from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.
91—3t L. TILMON, Proprietor.

TO LET. The Convention Hall, 170 Wooster Street, New York, for Church purposes. Apply to G. W. BOGERT,
91—tf No. 13 6th Avenue.

APARTMENTS TO LET. A few respectable families can be accommodated with large, handsome apartments, by applying to
91—2t JOSEPH CROW, 188 East 33d St.

LADIES CAN BE ACCOMMODATED WITH a comfortable home, and private boarding, during confinement, at 407 South 12th Street, Philadelphia. 89—13t

DR. TIEBOUT'S CELEBRATED LINIMENT for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Cramps, Numbness of the Joints, Burns, Scalds, Frosted Feet, Headache, &c. Certificates can be shown from many persons who have been cured by the use of the Liniment. Prepared and sold by Dr. Tiebout, 209 West 15th Street, New York.

PLEASANT R. SMITH, MANUFACTURER and wholesale and retail dealer in WASHING BLUE, INK, SHOE-BLACKING, AND MATCHES, 87 Pitt Street. Residence, 77 Ludlow Street, New York. Keeps constantly on hand a large stock of Yankee Notions—viz: Perfumery, Soap, Toilet Articles, &c. The trade supplied on reasonable terms. 83tf

PAUSE FREQUENTLY, THINK SERIOUSLY, read slowly, and then act decidedly. The original and genuine
BADEAU'S STRENGTHENING PLASTER.
Summum Bonum.
Read all this, as it may prove interesting:—
N. W. Badeau, the inventor of this highly celebrated Plaster, is pleased to announce that, with the aid of machinery, he is now enabled to make such a reduction in the price as to place them within the means of every person. The price has long been a serious objection with many, but so great an amount of labor has heretofore been required in their manufacture that they could not, consistently with his views, &c., be sold for less. This objection exists no longer, and who choose may now obtain them.
These Plasters are prepared for pains or weakness in the breast, side, back, or limbs; also for the gout, rheumatism, liver-complaint, and dyspepsia, and for coughs, colds, asthma, difficulty of breathing, oppression of the stomach, &c., they will give almost immediate and soothing relief, and for pleasantness, safety, ease, and certainty, are decidedly superior to most other remedies. At certain seasons of the year, when coughs and colds are so prevalent, and when so many are afflicted with affections of the breast and lungs, there is nothing in the whole range of the materia medica that can be used with so much safety and certainty as Badeau's Plasters.
The ladies, to whom this portion of the card is addressed, are respectfully informed that the subscriber's opinion of the female mind and character is far too exalted to suppose for a moment that they can be cajoled or flattered to patronise him, but wishes to address them in a few words to their good sense only. They are politely notified that "Badeau's Strengthening Plasters" were prepared with special reference to their favor, and they are most earnestly recommended to such as are troubled with pains in the back, breast and side, or those who are afflicted with coughs, colds, asthma, &c. He is confident that if it were possible to ascertain the names of the ladies who have received benefit by wearing these beautiful plasters, he could present an array which, for modest worth, intelligence, and respectability, would far outweigh his highest recommendations. They are spread on the most beautiful, soft, and pliable lamb's skin, and may be worn by the most delicate female, in all situations, with ease and comfort, for one month.
Persons about purchasing will be particular always to ask for BADEAU'S PLASTERS, then look on the back of the Plaster and see if the signature of N. W. BADEAU be on it, and if not, it cannot possibly be genuine. And if at any time they should be imposed upon, they are advised to send it back to where they purchased it, and [illegible] me of the name and residence of the [illegible] offender.
For sale at all the principal [illegible] United States.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES [illegible] repaired, in the neatest manner [illegible] FRANCIS THOM[illegible]
73—1yr 41 Hicks Street, [illegible]

CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWEL[illegible] fully repaired by W. C. H. Curtis, [illegible] livan Street, New York. Silver-plating and [illegible] gilding neatly restored. 68—tf

TO LET.—The whole or part of house No. 13 Johnson Street, Williamsburg. It contains twelve rooms, besides two basements. It is on the Broadway Railroad, and within fifteen minutes walk of all the ferries. Apply to Edward R. Henderson, on the premises, or to C. M. Fortes, 26 Mulberry St., any evening after 7 o'clock. 85—9t

TO LEASE FOR A TERM OF YEARS—A house containing six rooms, on 15th Street, between 7th and 8th Avenues, Brooklyn. Inquire on the premises.

TO LET.—Apartments in Houses 46 and 48 Varet Street, Williamsburg; several rooms and bedrooms at 97 High Street, Brooklyn; a two-story frame house, containing seven rooms, with lot, in Rahway, N. J., about three minutes walk from the depot, and other apartments in Rahway.
Apply to SAM'L J. HOWARD,
34 Fleet Street or 97 High Street, Brooklyn.

FAMILY BOARDING HOUSE, BY MRS. S. BABCOCK, 68 Sullivan Street, New York. Late 541 Broome Street. 36—tf

BOARDING AND LODGING, BY MRS. S. PLANT, (formerly Richardson,) 69 John Street, Brooklyn. [illegible]

FRANKLIN L. JONES, TAILOR, 162 Mulberry Street, New York. Residence, 65 7th Avenue.

PRIVATE BOARD AT SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y. Mrs. Susan Boxendale [illegible] announcing to the public, that [illegible] to Putnam Street, Saratoga, and [illegible] ate neighborhood of Hamilton and [illegible] which are accessible to our people [illegible] the bath-houses attached [illegible] respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.

FURNISHED ROOMS [illegible] with or without Board [illegible]

A[illegible] [illegible]

Notes on Hayti.

THOUGHTS ON HAYTI.

BY J. THEODORE HOLLY.

IV

The Objects and Method Necessary to a Successful Emigration of the Colored People of the United States to Hayti.

I have promised, in this article, "to point out a method by which an emigration from the colored people of this country, may proceed to Hayti, with benefit to themselves, and with profit to their adopted country." I shall now endeavor to fulfil this promise, in as brief and concise a manner as possible.

When a body of men proposes to emigrate from one country to another, they should not simply seek to better their own condition: but they ought, also, to be desirous of being serviceable to the country whither they may go. Accordingly, an emigration of colored persons from this country, seeking the political boon of Haytian liberty, independence, and national citizenship, should diligently consider what return they can make to their adopted country, for the inestimable privileges that they seek under her flag. This inquiry will develope the *objects* necessary to set on foot a successful emigration to Hayti.

From what has been already set forth, in an incidental manner, in the preceding articles of this series, we may gather the idea that political sovereignty, or national independence, high-toned morality and religion, erudite scholarship, and untiring industry, are necessary to the greatness and prestige of any people. And we have seen that the Haytian people can only be said to possess one of these concomitants of national greatness, viz: political sovereignty. To this, however, I may add that the half-century's independence of that people has seen them make considerable progress in intellectual erudition. Some of the sons of Hayti have graduated with the highest honors, in the Universities of Europe, particularly France, and have thereby shed an imperishable lustre on the intellectual capacity of the Negro race. Thus, then, two of the elements of national greatness, as enumerated above, may be said to be within the present grasp of the Haytian people.

But, on the other hand, we have seen that Haytian society is sadly deficient in the elements of morality and industrial progress. These, therefore, constitute her most pressing wants; and an emigration of colored persons, that shall proceed with a view to supply these national necessities, can be successfully prosecuted "with benefit to themselves, and with profit to their adopted country." And, as I have indicated that education among the Haytians is only in a successful course of development, and thereby implied that something more is still necessary to bring it to completion; therefore, this emigration should also include the idea of perfecting the means of intellectual culture in that Island. Education has only borne its choicest fruits among the upper classes of Hayti, whose sons were able to go to Europe, to enjoy the advantages of her institutions of learning. But, aside from these, there are the sisters of these young men, who cannot, prudently, go so far abroad for their education, and who ought to be cared for by academies and seminaries of learning, at home. Above all these are the great masses of the people, who must be born, live, and die, almost in the same spot; and who need to be cared for by a general common school system, that shall bring the advantages of elementary education home to the doors of the meanest and most secluded peasant of Hayti, in order that every citizen may be animated with a spirit necessary to constitute an independent, self-respecting freeman. Beyond all this, it is also essential to a proper culture of national patriotism, that the education of even the sons of the wealthy should be transferred from the Universities of Europe, to classic halls of learning erected on her own soil. Such are an indication of what is still necessary to complete the intellectual greatness of the Haytians; and how to meet this demand, is a point that may well be considered, by an Emigration Movement from this country, in common with the two needs already set forth. Hence, then, religion, industry, and education, should be the threefold motto and primal objects that should actuate an emigration movement of the colored people setting towards the shores of the Queen of the Antilles.

Having arrived at this conclusion in regard to the objects of emigration, it is only necessary for me to set forth the *method* on which it should be conducted, in order to fill out the outline sketched for this article. On this point, I have only to say that since the Hon. Eli Thayer has mathematically and practically demonstrated the superiority of organized emigration over all preceding methods, in the settlement of Kansas, it would be worse than [illegible] to repeat the unsystematic emigration of [illegible] went to the shores of Hayti, and [illegible]9, which proceeded to the British [illegible]ies. And still more inexcusable [illegible] that heartlessness of purpose and [illegible]ss of intellect, that would conduct an [illegible]tion on the heathenish and graveyard [illegible]em of Liberian Colonization. I say *heathenish* system of Liberian Colonization, because slaves just emancipated on the plantations of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, are sent off by ship loads, steeped in all the ignorance and degradation of slavery, to add to the darkness and superstition of Africa, making her ancient confusion worse confounded, as even President Benson himself has intimated in a recent document emanating from his pen. And I call Liberian Colonization a *graveyard* system, because emigrants have been, and even now are being sent without proper sanitary regulations and accommodations being provided for emigrants who are left to fall victims to the African pestilence.

But to return from this Colonization digression, let me come to speak more particularly of what should be the characteristics of Haytian Emigration. The leading motive and the actuating spirit of this Emigration Movement should be that of *religion*, as in the case of the Pilgrim settlers of New England. The Christian religion is the salt of the earth; it is necessary to the national preservation of any people; and if this element is not soon strongly infused into the Haytian Commonwealth, beyond anything now at work, looking to that end, it will be impossible to ward off the internal corruption of revolutionary parties in that country, or to delay the ultimate decay and annihilation of its political sovereignty. Hence, then, the emigration movement thither, should assume the shape of well-organized religious communities, headed by an educated ministry, and backed and sustained by learned laymen, in sufficient numbers to open up the way for, and lead on, the progressive wants of civilized settlements. Agriculture should be made the chief industrial basis of these communities, and each emigrant should prepare himself to that end. Nevertheless there should be interspersed in all such communities such mechanics and handicraftsmen as may be necessary to supply the immediate wants of such primitive settlements in the line of domestic artizanship. Congeniality of association should be the principle of attraction by which these Emigration parties should be organized; and the persons thus attracted and organized, should settle in locations of not less than twenty-five, nor over two hundred families.

Such being the select principle upon which a successful emigration may be conducted, let me say, in conclusion, that it must be apparent to all who are conscious of the present condition of the colored people of this country, that this emigration should necessarily be very limited at present, and for some time yet to come. Because educated clergymen and learned laymen are a rarity among us, we are deficient in those who are qualified to be the only successful leaders in such an enterprise. Therefore a great preparatory work is necessary to be done in this country, before this movement can be carried on to the full tide of success. Young men must be educated for the Christian ministry, and others must be qualified in the various departments of literature and science. And as fast as they are thus qualified, let them head such emigration parties as I have indicated, composed of the choicest persons, all imbued with the spirit of religion and industry; and let them remove to Hayti and settle down in communities, looking forward to further growth, expansion and development. By this means, Haytian society will become slowly but surely leavened with the elements of moral, scientific and industrial progress. And when that country shall thus be carefully leavened and permeated with these principles, and her political greatness fixed upon a firm basis, by national institutions that cannot be shaken, then a general and *en masse* emigration of the colored people might set to those shores from all parts of the world, like that from Europe to America, without endangering the existence and prospects of Hayti with that retrograde decline, which would certainly ensue, if the general ignorance and barbarism now prevailing among the colored people of the world, were incoherently blended and superadded to that already existing in that country.

[Written for the Anglo-African.]

POLITICAL MATTERS IN HAYTI.

BY HENRY MELROSE.

For the political purposes which are well understood in all free countries, the Republic of Hayti is divided and sub-divided in order to meet the local requirements of the people. The two great divisions into which Hayti is divided are called departments; the departments, again, are still further divided into arrondisements; the arrondisements into communes; and the communes into rural sections. Over the departments no superior officer is placed. Each arrondisement, however, is commanded by a government official, who has hitherto been an officer of superior rank. This office is more political than military. They are, in fact, the representatives of the Secretaries of State; they receive their orders from those functionaries, and are besides entrusted with the superintendance of the high police.

The communes are also commanded by military officers, each of whom is responsible to the commander of the arrondisement of which his commune forms a part.

The rural sections are governed in a similar manner, with the exception that their commanders are officers of the rural police. These officials, in turn, are responsible to the commander of the commune.

In Hayti, there are five departments, viz, the South, the West, the North, the Artibonite, and the North-west; twenty-one arrondisements, and fifty-five communes.

For the purpose of administering justice, the Republic is divided into seven districts. In these districts courts are established which have jurisdiction in all criminal, correctional, and maritime case. Tribunals of commerce have also been established, and extend their jurisdiction throughout the whole of the districts. In every commune there is likewise a police court, which exercises its authority over the entire commune.

The Court of Appeals, or Tribunal de Cossation, is at Port-au-Prince, and, like similar courts in other countries, takes cognizance of appeals from all parts of the Republic.

In order to administer the Finances of the State, the Republic is divided into thirteen financial arrondisements, in the chief towns of which the representatives of the Government reside. Each of these functionaries has under his orders, the Treasury, the Director of Customs, the Government Storekeeper, and Government Overseer, of the district in which he resides.

The revenues of the State are collected from duties on exports and imports, harbor dues, stamps, registry fees, the sales and leases of public lands and buildings, and the "patents" or licenses of merchants. The revenue thus derived averages over two millions of dollars a year. Of this sum between $800,000 and $900,000 are obtained from import duties, and about $800,000 from the tax on coffee.

Hayti, like too many of the Nationalities of Europe, is burdened with a National Debt. Under the Presidency of Gen. Boyer, the the Government agreed to pay France 150,000,000 francs for recognizing Haytian Independence, and as an indemnity for the losses of the colonial proprietors. By this means a national debt was created—much to the indignation of the people. For some years past a proportion of the debt has been annually liquidated, and although it amounts at the present time to eight millions of dollars, it will be liquidated in about eighteen years.

In the time of Boyer, the standing army consisted of 40,000 men; under Soulouque, it was reduced to 22,000; but the prosperous condition of the country has enabled President Geffrard to reduce it to between 10,000 and 11,000 men, and it will be further reduced as soon as circumstances will permit. This fact alone speaks volumes in favor of the present state of Hayti. A large standing army in times of peace, invariably shows that "there's something rotten in the State;" and in proportion as that rottenness disappears, the more prosperous does the State become. With regard to Hayti, this is especially true; for as she is already stinted with regard to population, she thus, by reducing her army, enables hundreds, or even thousands, of her citizens, to return to their homes, to cultivate the arts of peace.

The police force, which is also an armed body, numbers upwards of three thousand men, and in case of emergency, could coöperate with the regular troops.

It should be stated that in Hayti every man is trained to perform military duty; indeed, the law makes it incumbent to do so, from the ages of 15 to 60, inclusive. But the military system differs in many respects, from that which prevails in Europe and the United States. Not more than one-half of the army is engaged in duty at the same time. It is divided into the paid and unpaid National Guard. The paid National Guard includes that portion of the Army which lives under military discipline; and the unpaid National Guard, those who are able to bear arms. Generally, a very small number of the regular troops are in service each week, in their respective garrisons or cantons, and the others are at liberty to work at their respective occupations. On the indication of danger, however, every one of them must be prepared to take the field. The unpaid National Guard is formed on a basis similar to the military companies of the United States. They are drilled and reviewed at certain stated times, but do not perform any regular military duty. In case of actual war, however, they are liable to be called upon to coöperate with the Republican troops

The navy of Hayti is very small, comprising but a small number of vessels. It is large enough, however, for all the purposes that are required of it.

[Written for the Anglo-African.]

RESOURCES OF HAYTI.

COCOA.—The cocoa presents less beauty than utility to its cultivator, for its branches form so many trunks separating from each other to a distance immediately above the parent one, and these bend with their separate branches immediately down to the earth. It seldom, therefore, rises high. Its leaves are long, terminating in a point, and emitting an agreeable smell. In the pistil of a flower blooming from every part, is contained an husk, in the form of a melon, which grows ordinarily to the length of six inches, and the breadth of four or five, composed of several small enclosures, in which the fruit, comprising a number of small nuts, of the shape of almonds, is found. It is propagated from the seed; is green in the early part of its growth, and becomes yellow at maturity. When it assumes a deep hue, it must be immediately gathered and dried; two crops of equal value are annually formed. It requires shade and moisture, and loves the protection of large trees at a sufficient distance, which must also be regarded with respect to its own plants. It requires rather due care, and a few necessary precautions, than a culture either laborious or expensive, and its returns are of the most profitable kind. Cocoa is well known for its nutritious qualities, and the preparation made from it, and both in its primitive form and in that of chocolate is one of the most acceptable articles of diet, which Hayti produces for the delectation of the palates of other nations.

Its commercial value is very great, and it is capable of even larger values, as the following will show. M. de St Mery, in his minutely interesting description of Hayti, written in 1791, says:

"Cocoa is an object of the first consequence in the Spanish part. It is also a native, and is found in a great number of places. According to Valverde,* (from whom I borrow this article), at the time of the discovery of the island, the cocoa was, after the mines and sugar, the most abundant source of the riches of the colonists. In the sixteenth century there was no other cocoa than that of Spanish† Domingo, and this island then provided all Spain with that article. There was even too much, which led the colonists to solicit the Court of Madrid to permit them to transport it into foreign countries. . . . . We yet see in the Plain de la Vega Real, and in other places of the Northern colony, a sufficient testimony of the former utility of this shrub; that is, innumerable wild cocoa-trees growing in the middle of the woods."

At the date of St. Mery's (1790) work, there were fifty-four plantations in the French Colony, entirely devoted to the cultivation of this product. The present annual exportation of cocoa, amounts to 1,200,000 lbs, Haytian, to which must be added 25 per cent., as the difference in the American weight. The following advice relative to this is given by a writer in *Le Progress*:

"The proprietors of plantations which are used for the cultivation of the cocoa-tree or chocolate plant should multiply his plants each year in all localities where this tree can be cultivated. This tree requires a rich, soft soil, elevated and shady places, and a temperate atmosphere. During the first year, while the plant is tender and delicate, it should be protected from the sun by the shade of other trees. They should be planted about fourteen feet apart. In Hayti they begin to bear in four or five years and continue to produce fruit till they are forty-eight or fifty, or even sixty years old. Two or three men are sufficient to take care of a thousand trees, to gather and prepare the harvest. They will produce five or six pounds of cocoa each, which will bring $25 per quintal, so that a thousand trees will bring $1250, Spanish, and this revenue will be permanent for fifty or sixty years."

* The name of a Spanish writer, whose works upon Hayti are of some value.
† The Spanish name of Hayti,

——The State Revenues are drawn from the duties on exports and imports, harbor dues, stamps, registry fees, the sales and leases of public lands and buildings, and the "patents," or licenses of merchants. The State income averages over $2,000,000. Of this amount, about $800,000 are derived from the tax on coffee. The import duties range between $800,000 and $900,000. An immense future income will probably be derived from the exploration of the woods, islands, and mines of the Republic. The national debt contracted for the "Indemnity," and a loan from France, amounts to about $8,000,000; which will be totally extinguished in 1879, by the payments annually made according to the treaty. The paper money in circulation amounts to between two and three millions of American dollars in value.

MILITARY STRENGTH OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH.—By the returns made and published in the Army Register of 1859, it appeared that the total number of all the enrolled militia in the several States, was 2,727,486, of which number 1,629,000 are enrolled in the Free States, and 1,098,000 in all the Slave States. The number enrolled in the seven seceded States, was 350,000.

We have 19,000,000 of inhabitants in the Free States. The seceding States have about 2,700,000 whites, and 2,350,000 slaves. The Slave States combined have a little more than 8,000,000 whites, and about 4,000,000 slaves, the latter being an element of weakness. The seceding States have no navy and can have none. They are not a maritime people, and can neither build nor sail ships. The few vessels they have stolen, are entirely useless to them.—*Boston Journal.*

Books.

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INVITATION.

Hayti will soon regain her ancient splendor. This marvellous soil that our fathers, blessed by God, conquered for us, will soon yield to us the wealth now hidden in its bosom. Let our black and yellow brethren, scattered through the Antilles, and North and South America, hasten to coöperate with us in restoring the glory of the Republic. Hayti is the common country of the black race. Our ancestors, in taking possession of it, were careful to announce in the Constitution that they published, that all the descendants of Africans, and of the inhabitants of the West Indies, belong by right to the Haytian family. The idea was grand and generous.

Listen, then, all ye negroes and mulattos who, in the vast Continent of America, suffer from the prejudices of caste. The Republic calls you; she invites you to bring to her your arms and your minds. The regenerating work that she undertakes interests all colored people and their descendants, no matter what their origin or where their place of birth.

Hayti, regaining her former position, retaking her ancient sceptre as Queen of the Antilles, will be a formal denial, most eloquent and peremptory, against those detractors of our race who contest our desire and ability to attain a high degree of civilization.

GEFFRARD.

CIRCULAR.—No. 1.

To the Blacks, Men of Color, and Indians in the United States and the British North American Provinces:

FRIENDS,—I am authorized and instructed by the Government of the Republic, to offer you, individually and by communities, a welcome, a home, and a free homestead, in Hayti.

Such of you as are unable to pay for your passage will be provided with the means of defraying it.

Two classes of emigrants are especially invited—laborers and farmers. None of either class, or any class, will be furnished with passports, who cannot produce, before sailing, the proofs of good character for industry and integrity.

To each family of emigrants, five carreaux* of fresh and fertile land, capable of growing all the fruits and staples of the tropics, will be gratuitously given, on the sole condition that they shall settle on it and cultivate it, and declare their intention of becoming citizens of Hayti. To unmarried men, on similar conditions, two carreaux will be granted.

Board and lodging, free of cost, will be furnished to the emigrants for at least eight days after their arrival in the island.

The government also will find remunerative work for those of you whose means will not permit you to begin immediately an independent cultivation

Emigrants are invited to settle in communities.

Sites for the erection of schools and chapels will be donated by the State, without regard to the religious belief of the emigrants.

The same protection and civil rights that the laws give to Haytians are solemnly guaranteed to the emigrants.

The fullest religious liberty will be secured to them; they will never be called on to support the Roman Catholic Church.

No military service will be demanded of them, excepting that they shall form military companies and drill themselves once a month.

All the necessary personal effects, machinery and agricultural instruments introduced by the emigrants shall be entered free of duty.

The emigrants shall be at liberty to leave the country at any moment they please; but those whose passage shall be paid by government, if they wish to return before the expiration of three years, will be required to refund the money expended on their account. A contract, fixing the amount, will be made with each emigrant before leaving the continent.

I have been commissioned to superintend the interests of the emigrants, and charged with the entire control of the movement in America, and all persons, therefore, desiring to avail themselves of the invitation and bounty of the Haytian Government are requested to correspond with me.

I shall at once, as directed by the Government, establish a bureau of emigration in Boston, and publish a Guide Book for the use of those persons of African or Indian descent who may wish to make themselves acquainted with the resources of the country and the disposition of its authorities.

I shall also appoint Agents to visit such communities as may seriously entertain the project of emigration.

Immediate arrangements, both here and in Hayti, can be made for the embarkment and settlement of one hundred thousand persons.

By order of the Government of the Republic of Hayti.

JAMES REDPATH,
General Agent of Emigration.
BOSTON, Nov. 3, 1860.

* A carreau is 3 acres and 3½ rods.

CIRCULAR.—No. II.

HAYTIAN BUREAU OF EMIGRATION,
Boston, Jan. 8, 1861.

BUREAUX AND AGENTS.

Under my General Instructions from the Government of Hayti, I have organized the following Bureaux of Emigration, and appointed the following Agents:

GENERAL BUREAU—No. 8 Washington Building, 221 Washington Street, Boston.
A. E. Newton, Corresponding Secretary.
Miss Elizabeth Howard, Translator.

NEW YORK BRANCH BUREAU—48 Beekman Street, New York.
Geo. Lawrence, Jr., Resident Agent.
R. J. Hinton, Corresponding Secretary.

WASHINGTON BRANCH BUREAU.—Henry Melrose, Agent for the Border States and the District of Columbia. Temporary Office, corner of F and 7th Streets, Washington, D. C.

A Bureau will be established in Philadelphia in May.

John Brown, Jr., Agent for the Canadas. Address, care of Isaac Carey, Chatham, C. W.

H. Ford Douglas, Agent for the Northwest. Address, 89 Buffalo Street, Chicago, Ill.

Joseph E. Williams, Agent for Indiana. Address, Indianapolis, Ind.

W. H. Burnham, Agent for Eastern Kansas, and Western Missouri. Address, Leavenworth City, Kansas.

J. J. W. Reeves, Agent for Maine. Address, Portland, Maine.

The "Guide to Hayti" can be had, for the present, of these agents only. It will not be published for the trade, nor be for sale, until the government contract is filled. Agents will distribute the book to intending emigrants gratuitously.

JAMES REDPATH, *General Agent.*

CIRCULAR.—No. VI.

HAYTIAN BUREAU OF EMIGRATION,
No. 8 Washington Building, 221 Washington St.
BOSTON, March 8, 1861.

Arrangements have been made by this Bureau by which Emigrants can sail from Boston and New York in regular Packets, every two weeks, or oftener, for the Republic of Hayti.

Those who go by these packets must in all cases pay their own passage, the price of which will be $18, provisions being found. This is about one-third the usual rates of charge from northern ports.

Whenever any colony of eighty or over, signify their readiness to sail at a designated time, a vessel will be chartered expressly for the purpose of conveying them comfortably and speedily from either Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Washington, to Hayti. Price of passage, same as above.

Children under 3, free; under 12, half-price.

LABORERS and FARMERS going by these chartered vessels, if unable to pay their own passage, can have it advanced to them, *including provisions.* But they must furnish their own bedding for the voyage.

All whose passage money is thus advanced will sign a contract engaging to repay the amount ($18) to the Government of Hayti within three years, in case they take grants of Government lands, or choose to leave the country within the time specified.

Those who do not choose to accept Government lands, but remain over three years in the Island, will not be required to repay it at all.

Emigrants must defray their own expenses in earching the port of embarkation.

Those who go in vessels specially chartered by this Bureau will be allowed to take any reasonable amount of household goods and farming implements free of charge.

Those who go by regular packets will be charged for freight at the rate of ninety ce[illegible] per barrel, or eighteen cents per square foot.

Usual length of voyage, from fourteen to twenty days.

All who design to emigrate are earnestly requested to give this Bureau ample notice of their readiness to sail.

JAMES REDPATH,
General Agent.

CIRCULAR.—No. VII.

HAYTIAN BUREAU OF EMIGRATION,
Boston, March 20, 1861.

Experience has shown that it has become an imperative necessity that a change should be made from the terms of a recent Circular relative to the system of boarding emigrants during their passage to the Republic of Hayti. It was stated that passengers might choose between boarding themselves or paying $8 in advance for their board. The passengers both by the *Janet Kidston* and the *Mary A. Jones*, decided to board themselves; but, in both cases, in a majority of instances, failed to provide for the wants of an ordinary voyage. If this system were continued, a long passage would necessarily result in starvation, unless the Bureau should provide against such a contingency, by laying in a sufficient amount of provisions. To avoid the expense, therefore, the embarrassment and danger attending the present system, after a full consultation with other agents and men experienced in the business, I have come to the resolution to have the ship provide provisions for all the emigrants, and to include the expense of board in the sum to be specified in the contract. That is to say, passengers will either pay $18 for an emigrant's passage, their board being found and cooked for them, or sign a contract to pay that sum after one, two, or three years, as they prefer, *with the important exception, also, that those who may remain more than three years, and decide not to accept of the Government grant of lands, will never be required to repay any amount whatever.*

This arrangement, it is hoped, will overcome the difficulty expressed by many industrious men, but without money, who, living in the interior, have not found it possible to pay their expenses to the seaboard, and then to provide themselves with provisions (as the United States laws require) for at least one month in advance.

The board provided for emigrants will be the navy rations of the United States, minus intoxicating spirits, which will not be allowed in our vessels. The following is the fare:

NAVY RATION FOR EACH DAY OF THE WEEK.

Days.	Bread.	Beef.	Pork.	Flour.	Rice.	Dried Fruit.	Pickles.	Sugar.	Tea. Choice.	Coff. of either.	Butter.	Cheese.	Beans.	Molasses.	Vinegar.	Water.
	oz	lb	lb	lb	lb	lb	lb	oz	oz	oz	oz	oz	pt	pt	pt	gl
Sun.	14	1		½		¼		2	¼	1						1
Mon.	14		1					2	¼	1			½			1
Tues.	14	1			½			2	¼	1	2	2				1
Wed.	14		1				¼	2	¼	1			½			1
Thurs.	14	1		½		¼		2	¼	1						1
Friday	14	1	1		½			2	¼	1	2	2		½		1
Sat.	14						¼	2	¼	1			½		½	1
	98	4	3	1	1	½	½	14	1¾	7	4	4	1½	½	½	7

Every emigrant should be provided with a mattress two feet wide, and bedding, a gallon tin can (for water), a tin cup, a tin plate, knife and fork, a few pounds of soap, and towels, with such extra utensils as may be deemed necessary to hold the daily rations.

As efforts have been industriously made by unscrupulous men to misrepresent the conditions under which emigrants who not prepay their passages, will accept the offers of the Government of Hayti, it is deemed advisable to publish below, in full, the contract to be made with them. The words in italic and within brackets (blank in the original) are filled up to show precisely the terms on which a single man can emigrate. It should be distinctly understood, that no barrier whatever will be put to any man's return, excepting that he shall pay the sum of eighteen dollars before embarking for the United States, if he did not pay for his own passage from this country to Hayti. The Government of Hayti, while they will welcome all visitors, cannot reasonably be expected to pay their passages. Hence this provision.

The following is the contract with the emigrants who do not prepay their passages:

Articles of Agreement.

THIS AGREEMENT, made and entered into this [*first*] day of [*January*], A. D., 1861, by and between JAMES REDPATH, of Boston, General Agent of Emigration, on behalf of the Government of the Republic of Hayti, and [*John Smith*], late of [*Detroit, Michigan*], and an emigrant to Hayti;

WITNESSETH: That said James Redpath, on behalf of the Government of Hayti aforesaid, agrees to provide a passage for said [*John Smith*] from the port of [*Boston*] to the port of [*St. Mark*] in said Hayti, in the [*Brig L'Ami d' Hatti*], leaving the port of [*Boston*] on or about the [*third*] day of [*January*], 1861, upon the conditions hereafter following, viz:

First, said [*John Smith*] hereby acknowledges the receipt of [*a*] ticket of passage from said port of [*Boston*] to said port of [*St. Mark*], in Hayti, and agrees during the term of said voyage to provide [*his*] own bedding, and the necessary utensils for eating and drinking.

Secondly, in consideration of receiving the passage aforesaid, said [*John Smith*] further agrees, that if he accepts a grant of land from the Government of Hayti, under the provisions of the law on Emigration, approved by His Excellency the President of the Republic of Hayti, September 1, 1860, he will repay to the Treasury of the Republic of Hayti the sum of [*eighteen*] dollars, American currency, within [*three years*] from the date of this contract.

Furthermore, that if from any cause said [*John Smith*] sees proper to leave Hayti before the expiration of the term of three years from the date of [*his*] arrival in the Island, [*he*] shall pay the Treasury of the Republic of Hayti the sum of [*eighteen*] dollars, American currency, as repayment of expenses incurred by the agents of the Government for [*his*] passage to Hayti; but, nevertheless, with this express provision: That if [*he*] does remain three years in the Island from the date of [*his*] arrival therein, and does not see fit to accept a grant of land from the Government of the Republic of Hayti, [*he*] shall not be required to repay to the Treasury of the Repulic of Hayti, or any agent of Government thereof, any sum whatever on account of said passage.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the said parties have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year above written.

[L. S.] [*John Smith.*]
[L. S.] JAMES REDPATH.

First-cabin passengers, by Government vessels, will be charged $30 (payable invariably in advance), which will include all the necessities of a voyage to the tropics, and first-rate fare.

JAMES REDPATH,
General Agent.

CALL FOR EMIGRATION.

Men of our race dispersed in the United States! Your fate, your social position, instead of ameliorating, daily becomes worse. The chains of those who are slaves are riveted; and prejudice, more implacable, perhaps, than servitude, pursues and crushes down the free. Everything is contested with us in that country in which, nevertheless, they boast of liberty; they have invented a new slavery for the free, who believed that they had now no masters; it is this humiliating patronage which is revolting to your hearts. Philanthropy, in spite of its noble efforts, seems more powerless than ever to lead your cause to victory. Contempt and hatred increase against you, and the people of the United States desire to eject you from its bosom.

Come, then, to us! the doors of Hayti are open to you. By happy coincidence, which Providence seems to have brought about in your behalf, Hayti has risen from the long debasement in which a tyrannical government had held her; liberty is restored there. Come and join us; come and bring to us a contingent of power, of light, of labor; come, and together with us, advance our own common country in prosperity. We will come by this means to the aid of the philanthropists who make such generous efforts to break the chains of those of our brethren who are still in slavery.

Our institutions are liberal. The government is mild and moderate. Our soil is virgin and rich—we have large tracts of good land, nearly all uncultivated, which only need intelligent workmen to till them. Everything assures you in this country of a happy future. For those among you who possess capital, it will be easy to find at once a place among us. The country offers them immediate resources. They can count on the solicitude of the Government, and on its special protection. Our society is ready to adopt them and prepares for them a fraternal welcome. They will enjoy here all the considerations that they merit; they will occupy the rank that their respectability assigns them—all the things that a blind and barbarous prejudice refuses to them in countries inhospitable to our race.

The poorer emigrants shall have the right to all that their situation demands. The Government will provide for their first necessities, and will take the proper measures to secure to them a quiet and honorable asylum, as well as to facilitate for them the means of obtaining employment.

It is very natural that you should ask, before coming to an unknown country, what are the facilities that will be afforded to you, as well for the satisfaction of your first needs, as for your definitive settlement. This thought has seriously occupied the Chief of the Republic and his Government.

I proceed to state the determi[illegible] to which it has come:

To such of you as are not able to pay the expenses of your passage, aid will be given from the public treasury.

Agents, whom I shall presently appoint in the United States, will be charged to make the necessary arrangements in this respect.

On their arrival here, the emigrants will find lodging gratuitously, where, during the first few days, their wants will be provided for.

Government will occupy itself from this time with providing means to offer to each person, on arrival, either on private estates or the public domains, sufficiently remunerative work.

Every individual, the issue of African blood, may, immediately on arrival, declare his wish to be naturalized: and after one year's residence, he can become a citizen of Hayti, enjoying all his civil and political rights.

The emigrants will be exempt from military service, but their children, when they are of the requisite age, shall be held to perform the service conformably to the laws of the country; that is to say, for a limited time, and by the result of conscription. [*Par suite du tirage au sort.*] This conception does not constitute, in their favor, a modification of the law on the National Guard, of which every citizen must form a part.

You will have power, also, freely to exercise your religion.

I have spoken here only of the members of the African race, who groan in the United States more than elsewhere, by reason of the ignoble prejudice of color; but our sympathies are equally extended to all those of our origin who, throughout the world, are bowed down under the weight of the same sufferings. Let them come to us! The bosom of the country is open to them also. I repeat it, they will be able to acquire, either on the public or private estates, fertile lands, where, by the aid of assiduous labor, they will find that happiness which, in their actual condition, they cannot hope to find.

The man whom God has pointed out with his finger to elevate the dignity of his race, is found.

The hour of the reunion of the children of Hayti is sounded! Let them be well convinced that Hayti is the bulwark of their liberty!

Given at the office of the Secretary of State of the Interior, at Port-au-Prince, the 22d of August, 1859, 56th year of Independence.

The Secretary of State of Justice and of Worship, charged *par interim*, with the portfolio of the Interior and of Agriculture. F. E. DUBOIS.

LAWS ON EMIGRATION.

I.

Law on the Emigration into the Country of Persons of the African and Indian races.

FABRE GEFFRARD, President of Hayti,

By the advice of the Council of the Secretaries of State and the Legislative Bodies, after having considered and declared the urgency of it,

Has rendered the following law:

ARTICLE I. After the promulgation of the present law, five carreaux of land will be granted, free of all charge, to every family of laborers or cultivators of the African or Indian races who shall arrive in the Republic. This grant will be reduced two carreaux when the laborer or cultivator is unmarried.

ART. II. These grants will be delivered, without expense, and with a provisional title, to every family that shall have made, before the proper magistrate, the declaration prescribed by law with the view of obtaining naturalization, and they will be converted into final grants after a residence of a year and a day in the country.

ART. III. The final grants will be given in exchange for the provisional grants only when it shall have been ascertained by the Government agents that cultivation has already commenced on the property granted.

ART. IV. The grantee shall not have power to dispose of his grant before the expiration of seven consecutive years of occupation. Nevertheless, he will be able to obtain the authority to exchange his grant for another property, but only on the conditions, terms, and with the powers abovenamed.

The present law shall be promptly executed by the Secretary of State, of the Interior, and of Agriculture.

Given at the National House of Port-au-Prince, the 57th of September, year 57th of Independence.

The President of the Senate: F. LACRUZ.
The Secretaries: CELASTIN, J. Y. MENDOZA.

Given at the Chamber of Representatives of Port-au-Prince, the 5th September, 1860, year 5th of Independence.

The President of the Chamber:
W. CHANLATTE.
The Secretaries: J. THEBAUD, F. RICHIEZ.

IN THE NAME OF THE REPUBLIC:

The President of Hayti ordains that the foregoing law of the Legislative Bodies be stamped with the seal of the Republic, published and executed.

Given at the National Palace of Port-au-Prince, the 6th September, 1860, year 57th of Independence.

BY THE PRESIDENT: GEFFRARD.
The Secretary of State of the Interior and of Agriculture, F. JN. JOSEPH.
The Sec. of War and the Marine, T. DEJOIE.
The Keeper of the Seals, Secretary of State of the General Police, JH. LAMOTHE.
The Sec. of State of Justice, etc., F. E. DUBOIS.
The Sec. of State of Finances, Commerce, and Exterior Relations, VN. PLESANCE.

II.

Law on the Naturalization of Emigrants of the African and Indian Races.

FABRE GEFFRARD:

On the report of the Secretary of State of Justice, and by the advice of the Council of the Secretaries of State,

Considering that prompt action is demanded in behalf of those who possess the required qualifications to become Haytians, in order to enable them with facility to enter into the immediate enjoyment of the right attached to naturalization,

Proposes the following law:

ARTICLE I. Article 14 of the Civil Code is modified as follows: "All those who by virtue of the Constitution are able to acquire the rights of Haytian citizens, must, during the first month of their arrival in the country, before the Justice of the Peace of their residence, and in presence of two well known citizens, make a declaration to the effect that they come with the intention of settling in the Republic. They will, at the same time, before the Justice of the Peace, take oath that they renounce every other country save Hayti.

ART. II. Provided with the verbal process of the Justice of the Peace, setting forth the declaration that they come to settle in the Republic, and their taking of the oath, they will present themselves at the offices of the President of Hayti, to receive an act from the Chief of the State recognizing them citizens of the Republic.

ART. III. The present law annuls all laws or measures which are contrary to it, and shall be executed with dispatch by the Secretary of State for Justice. Given at the National Palace at Port-au-Prince, the 27th day of August, 1860, the 57th year of Independence. GEFFRARD.

[Then follow the signatures of various officials, as in the previous law. Both of these laws were unanimously passed through both branches of the Legislature.]

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE OF FINANCE.

Those of our citizens in the different localities of the Republic who are engaged in Agriculture, and who, thanks to persevering efforts, have succeeded in giving a certain development to these labors, can, if they desire it, procure for themselves, on the following conditions, such agricultural implements and machines as are used at present in the most enlightened countries, either for the separation of the seeds of cotton, or for the manufacture and refining of sugar.

A foreign company has offered these machines to the Government, which has consented to act as an intermediate agent between this company and the agriculturalists and manufacturers of the country who may need them.

The machines will be furnished at the lowest prices for which they are sold at any place in Europe, and their several prices shall be agreed upon between the purchasers and the government, according to the prices current which it has received from its foreign agents.

A commission of five per per cent. will be added to the price of the machines, to be paid down, and an interest of six per cent., and a yearly payment of a tenth or fifteenth on the principal, which will give to the real manufacturers an advantageous mode of payment.

Those who desire to procure the machines and utensils above named, should, on the appearance of this notice, have their names entered at the Office of the Secretary of State of the Interior and of Agriculture, and present to the high functionary, placed at the head of this department, an exact description of the mills, furnaces, &c., which they will need. These descriptions should minutely and precisely state the dimensions and power of each machine, and should be accompanied, by a well drawn plan, which would enable the company to decide on, and to execute the order conveniently.

When that is done, a contract in due form shall be passed between the Secretary of State of the Interior and the Agriculturalist or the tendering party, in which all the necessary conditions to secure the payment of the interest, and that of the installments shall be stated according to the contract. It is well understood that all the payments shall be made the Government which has become a guarantee for the contracts by virtue of which the machines are to be furnished.

Among the securities that will be required of the purchasers will be the machines themselves, and the plantations for which they are furnished.

The tendering party will be furnished, by the Minister of the Interior, a catalogue of the plans and drawings of the machines perfected for the use of Agriculture and of Industry.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, Jan. 29, 1861.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

"MAN MUST BE FREE!—IF NOT THROUGH LAW, WHY THEN ABOVE THE LAW."

4/13

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communications for the paper must be ad d ROBT. HAMILTON,
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W JOHN BROWN FOUGHT AT HARPER'S FERRY.

was about twelve o'clock in the day n we were first attacked by the troops. to that, Capt. Brown, in anticipation ther trouble, had girded to his side the us sword taken from Col. Lewis Wash n the night before, and with that orable weapon, he commanded his men st General Washington's own State.

hen the Captain received the news the troops had entered the bridge from Iaryland side, he, with some of his men, into the street, and sent a message to Arsenal for us to come forth also. We ned to the street as ordered, when he —"The troops are on the bridge, com nto town; we will give them a warm ention." He then walked around among iving us words of encouragement, in wise:—"Men! be cool! Don't waste powder and shot! Take aim, and every shot count!" The troops will for us to retreat on their first appear ; be careful to shoot first." Our men well supplied with firearms, but Capt. n had no rifle at that time; his only on was the sword before mentioned.

e troops soon came out of the bridge, ip the street facing us, we occupying egular position. When they got with ty or seventy yards, Capt. Brown said, go upon them!" which we did, when l of them fell. Again and again the was repeated.

was now consternation among the s. From marching in solid mar'al ms, they became scattered. Some ened to seize upon and bear up the ided and dying—several lay dead upon ground. They seemed not to realize, st, that we would fire upon them, but ntly expected we would be driven out them without firing. Capt. Brown ned fully to understand the matter, and e, very properly and in our defence, rtook to forestall their movements. The uence of their unexpected reception after leaving several of their dead on ield, they beat a confused retreat into ridge, and there stayed under cover reinforcements came to the Ferry.

the retreat of the troops, we were or back to our former post. While go angerfield Newby, one of our colored was shot through the head by a per who took aim at him from a brick store w, on the opposite side of the street, who was there for the purpose of firing us. Newby was a brave fellow. He one of my comrades at the Arsenal. ell at my side, and his death was ptly avenged by Shields Green, the e of the band, who afterwards met his lmly on the gallows, with John Cope Newby was shot twice; at the first e fell on his side and returned it; as , a second shot was fired, and the ball d his head. Green raised his rifle in tant, and brought down the cowardly erer, before the latter could get his gun hrough the sash.

re was comparative quiet for a time, t that the citizens seemed to be wild terror. Men, women and children for the place in great haste, climbing up s and scaling the mountains. The seemed to be alive with white fugi fleeing from their doomed city. During me, Wm. Thompson, who was return m his errand from the Kennedy Farm, rrounded on the bridge by the rail men, who next came up, taken a pris the Wager House, tied hand and foot, t a late hour of the afternoon, cruelly red by being riddled with balls, and n headlong on the rocks.

te in the morning, some of his prison d Capt. Brown that they would like e breakfast, when he sent word for h to the Wager House to that effect, ey were supplied. He did not order ast for himself and men, as was cur but falsely stated at the time, as he cted foul play; on the contrary, when ed to have breakfast so provided for he refused.

tween two and three o'clock in the oon, armed men could be seen coming every direction; soldiers were march and counter-marching; and on the tains, a host of blood-thirsty ruffians swarmed, waiting for their opportunity to pounce upon the little band. The fighting commenced in earnest after the arrival of fresh troops. Volley upon volley was discharged, and the echoes from the hills, the shrieks of the townspeople, and the groans of their dying, all of which filled the air, were truly frightful. The Virginians may conceal their losses, and Southern chivalry may hide its brazen head, for their boasted bravery was well tested that day, and in no way to their advantage. It is remarkable, that except that one fool-hardy colored man was reported buried, no other funeral is mentioned, although the Mayor and other citizens are known to have fallen. Had they reported the true number, their disgrace would have been more apparent; so they wisely (?) concluded to be silent.

The fight at Harper's Ferry also disproved the current idea that slaveholders will lay down their lives for their property. Col. Washington, the representative of the old hero, stood "blubbering" like a great calf at supposed danger; while, the laboring white classes and non-slaveholders, with the marines, (mostly gentlemen from "furrin" parts,) were the men who faced the bullets of John Brown and his men. Hardly the skin of a slaveholder could be scratched in open fight; the cowards kept out of the way until danger was passed, sending the poor whites into the pitfalls, while they were reserved for the bragging, and to do the safe but cowardly judicial murdering afterwards.

As strangers poured in, the enemy took positions round about, so as to prevent any escape, within shooting distance of the engine house and Arsenal. Capt. Brown, seeing their manœuvres, said: "We will hold on to our three positions, if they are unwilling to come to terms, and die like men."

All this time, the fight was progressing; no powder and ball was wasted. We shot from under cover, and took deadly aim. For an hour before the flag of truce was sent out, the firing was uninterrupted, and one and another of the enemy were constantly dropping to the earth.

One of the Captain's plans was to keep up communication between his three points. In carrying out this idea, Jerry Anderson went to the rifle factory, to see Kagi and his men. Kagi, fearing that he would be overpowered by numbers if the Captain delayed leaving, sent word by Anderson to advise him to leave the town at once. This word Anderson communicated to the Captain, and told us also at the Arsenal. The message sent back to Kagi was, to hold out for a few minutes longer, when we would all evacuate the place. Those few minutes proved disastrous, for then it was that the troops before spoken of came pouring in, increased by crowds of men from the surrounding country. After an hour's hard fighting, and when the enemy were blocking up the avenues of escape, Capt. Brown sent out his son Watson with a flag of truce, but no respect was paid to it; he was fired upon, and wounded severely. He returned to the engine house, and fought bravely after that for fully an hour and a half, when he received a mortal wound, which he struggled under until the next day. The contemptible and savage manner in which the flag of truce had been received, induced severe measures in our defence, in the hour and a half before the next one was sent out. The effect of our work was, that the troops ceased to fire at the buildings, as we clearly had the advantage of position.

Capt. A. D. Stevens was next sent out with a flag of truce; with what success I will presently show. Meantime, Jeremiah Anderson, who had brought the message from Kagi previously, was sent by Capt. Brown with another message to John Henri, but before he got far on the street, he was fired upon and wounded. He returned at once to the engine house, were he survived but a short time. The ball, it was found, had entered the right side in such manner that death necessarily ensued speedily.

Capt. Stevens was fired upon several times while carrying his flag of truce, and received severe wounds, as I was informed that day, not being myself in a position to see him after. He was captured, and taken to the Wager House, where he was kept until the close of the struggle in the evening, when he was placed with the rest of our party who had been captured.

After the capture of Stevens, desperate fighting was done by both sides. The marines forced their way inside the engine-house yard, and commanded Capt. Brown to surrender, which he refused to do, but said in reply, that he was willing to fight them, if they would allow him first to withdraw his men to the second lock on the Maryland side. As might be expected, the cowardly hordes refused to entertain such a proposition, but continued their assault to cut off communication between our several parties. The men at the Kennedy Farm having received such a favorable message in the early part of the day, through Thompson, were ignorant of the disastrous state of affairs later in the day. Could they have known the truth, and come down in time, the result would have been very different; we should not have been captured that day. A handful of determined men, as they were, by taking a position on the Maryland side, when the troops made their attack and retreated to the bridge for shelter, would have placed the enemy between two fires. Thompson's news prevented them from hurrying down, as they otherwise would have done, and thus deprived us of able assistance from Owen Brown, a host in himself, and Tidd, Merriam and Coppic, the brave fellows comprising that band.

The climax of murderous assaults on that memorable day was the final capture of the engine house, with the old Captain and his handful of associates. This outrageous burlesque upon civilized warfare must have a special chapter to itself, as it concentrates more of Southern littleness and cowardice than is often believed to be true.

[From O. P. Anderson's Narrative.]

LETTER OF GERRIT SMITH TO SENATOR BRECKINRIDGE,

PETERBORO, July 23, 1861.

SENATOR BRECKINRIDGE—*Dear Sir:* I have just read your speech of the 16th inst., in the Senate. I do not deduce from it that you are dishonest—but only that you are self-deceived. You know the old story of the gentleman who gave, as his reason for not rescuing the drowning man, that he had never been introduced to him. But the gentleman was self-deceived, if he thought such an unheard-of regard for social forms to be the true reason. He failed to save the man simply because he did not care to save him. And not less groundless is your fancy, that it is owing to your great regard for Constitutional forms, that you do not fall in with the measures for saving the nation. You do not care to save it. Nay, it is evident that your heart has long been set on breaking it up. All who busy themselves in declaiming against the unconstitutionality of these measures, are self-deceived if nothing worse. Their concern to save the Constitution is no greater, but their concern to save the nation is much less, than that of others.

The traitors had got the control of some eight or nine of the States; had captured Fort Sumter; felt sure of Washington; were threatening the large cities of the North; and had, in a word, brought the nation to the brink of ruin. It was in these circumstances that President Lincoln made haste to save it. Shame to you for saying that he "made war!" His steps were not all constitutional, you say. Nevertheless, by such persons as were for saving the nation their unconstitutionality was forgiven if seen—but was probably unseen. Indeed so anxious were they for the life of the nation, that they had neither time nor heart to think of the Constitution. But you, being free from such anxiety, had leisure and composure for surveying the President's departures from the Constitution. Moreover these departures were all the greater in your eyes since they grew out of his honest and earnest endeavor to preserve a Government and a nation, which you were intent on destroying. A loyal man no more thinks of national rules when he sees his loved nation in imminent danger of a violent death, than does a true son think of family rules when he sees an assassin upon his loved father. But you, dear Sir, are in just the mood of mind to call for the rules and the red tape.

* * * * *

You denounce the President as a usurper. Most unjustly so. His words and deeds prove him to be an unsophisticated man. He is over careful to keep himself in unison with the public sentiment, and is too much afraid of taking a step in advance of it. He is a sincere servant of his country. You denounce the President for acting unconstitutionally. I honor him for hastening to save his country, by means, whether constitutional or unconstitutional. Exceedingly rare is the cause in which the Constitution may be put aside. But when, to hold to the Constitution is manifestly to lose the nation, he is both a coward and a traitor who will hold to it. The old Austrian Generals complained that the first Napoleon did not fight according to rule. Nevertheless, Frenchmen did not regret his victories, because they were achieved through the violation of rules. Frenchmen love France; and did you love America more than you love slavery, you would not regret her salvation even though it were purchased at expense to the Constitution. Your joy would be too full to leave room for regret.

This cry of "The Constitution! the Constitution!" is not less disgusting to patriots than was Johnny Hook's celebrated cry of "Beef! Beef!" It is even more so. For Johnny, was entirely sincere. He meant beef when he cried beef. But those who prate of the Constitution mean slavery. The Constitution was made for the saving of the nation. Very guiltily do they pervert it who degrade it to a watchword in their war upon the nation.

President Lincoln has done well. I admit that he might have done better. Not, however, by following your counsels, and, giving himself up to the study of Constitutional limitations, while the traitors were left to complete the destruction of Government and Nation. On learning that Sumter was taken, he should have made a sure and speedy end of the war. He should have "cut it short in righteousness," by proclaiming the freedom of the slaves in all the States which had seceded. This measure followed up as it should and would have been, would have ended the war ere now. Other States would have seen that they could not secede but at the peril of the like proclamation. Doubt not that the North would have sustained the President in it. They were in just the temper for it. The high measure would have harmonized with the storm of their indignation; and ere that storm had begun to subside, that measure should have been put to its nation saving operation.

Other nations agree with the great writers on the "Law of Nations; with Vattel, for instance, who says that in war we have the "right to weaken our enemy, in order to render him incapable of supporting his unjust violence;" "to deprive him of everything which may enable him to make war," and to deprive him of it "in the manner most suitable to us." But we, with rare generosity and chivalry, leave to our enemy his slaves to till his land for him, and build his fortifications. Without the help of his slaves, our enemy could hardly maintain a war against Lilliput. Our last Congress—although the Pro-slavery war was, in point of fact, already begun, though not so admitted by all—not only failed to meet the war, or, if you prefer, the prospect of the war, by providing "for the common defence and general welfare of the United States," but it actually took steps to provide for the protection of Slavery. Our President's first official words were gratuitous assurance of such protection. With such assurance do our Generals enter upon their *friendly* war against the Rebels. And the people of the North, instead of assembling in all their towns and calling on Government to abolish Slavery, and thus stop the war, and save them from the needless loss of tens of thousands of lives, and hundreds of millions of money, feel little power and less disposition to move against Slavery. Whence this infatuation and this paralysis? It is a part of our punishment for having fostered and honored Slavery until at length we have come to regard it as sacred and inviolable—for having served it and fallen down before it until at length we are spell-bound and helpless in its presence. In prosecuting the present war we are almost as much embarrassed by our reverence for Slavery as were the ancient Egyptians in battle by their worship of animals—their enemy ingeniously protecting himself by placing the objects of worship between himself and the Egyptians. The Egyptians were to be pitied because it was their enemy who made this appalling disposition of the sacred animals. We are not to be pitied, because we can, if we will only muster the resolution to do it, hurl Slavery out of our path. The enemies of the Jews were wont to fall upon them on the Sabbath, hoping they would not defend themselves on the day they so superstitiously observed. Our enemies venture to wage a war for Slavery, and even to employ slaves in it, presuming on our long service and worship of Slavery that we cannot have a heart to strike at it.

I thought the war would be very short, because I assumed that the North would soon be sufficiently provoked to tell the slaves that they were free. She will yet tell them so; but I fear she has not yet suffered enough to do it. It may be that the God of the oppressed has much more suffering in store for her before she can be brought to tell them so. It may be that the war must first carry sorrow into thousands more of her families, and much more of ruin to her industrial and commercial interests, ere she will feel constrained to do so. God's controversy with the North is the same as with the South; and "LET MY PEOPLE GO," is the one only condition on which He will consent to end it with either. What has come upon the nation does not astonish the handful of Abolitionists. For thirty years have they been "crying in the wilderness" and in the city that Slavery, if not soon put away in peace and righteousness, would end in blood. How happy had they been listened to! How different from now would have been the condition of our country had William Lloyd Garrison been heeded—that great and good man whom more than thirty years ago God called in his youth and from his obscurity and commissioned to sound a prophet's alarm in the sleeping, alas, still sleeping, ears of the American people! Then would our nation have been united instead of broken up; the blessing of peace upon it instead of the curse of war; not one slave in it instead of 4,000,000; then it had been the glory instead of the shame of mankind; the pattern instead of the warning of the nations. But I repeat that the war may not end very soon. He, into whose ears have ascended the groans of the successive generations of American slaves, and who has bottled up all their tears, may not be content with less than wide desolations in both the North and the South. He may think this needful for a sufficiently conspicuous and enduring monument of the crime and punishment of Slavery—for a sufficiently effective warning to all nations not to oppress His unoffending and helpless poor. Would God that all this might be averted by the instant and penitent abolition of Slavery! Would God such an abolition might not be delayed until He shall say: "But ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate!" I fear, however, that it will. I sorrowfully lay my account with the continued stupidity and infatuation of the American people in regard to Slavery. I even fear that Congress will close the present session without resolving in favor of its abolition.

Pardon my wonder that a gentleman of your very great intelligence should be so anxious to save [illegible] the impending destruction. It could survive it but a short time. The war has already given it death wounds. The shots at Fort Sumpter, being all shots at Slavery, were enough to make the death of Slavery sure. Never more will the cotton manufacturers rely on the South for supplies of cotton—and that is as much as to say that never more will Slavery recover its vitality. From other considerations, also, Slavery has lived out its day. The accursed relic of barbarism is a trespasser on the advanced and advancing civilization of Christendom. It will soon hide itself forever from the sight of earth and heaven,

Very respectfully yours,
GERRIT SMITH.

BARBARISM IN ALABAMA.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

About two weeks before Christmas 1860, the inhabitants of Pine Level, a little town in Montgomery County, Alabama, were startled by the announcement that the negroes on the settlement had planned an insurrection, to take place on Christmas eve. The discovery of the plot was made by a planter, who, being one of those who believe that the negroes must be whipped sometimes with or without cause, had concluded to whip one of his slaves at the above time by way of pastime. It must here be remembered, that for some time previous, and especially, after President Lincoln's election, the Southern press had been doing its best to create an excitement and ill-feeling against the Northerners—warning the people against Abolitionists, insurrectionists, and incendiaries—assuring them constantly that the Northerners intended to put an end to Slavery by sending emissaries to tamper with slaves, and induce them to repeat so-called "JOHN BROWN RAIDS." Thus, the most stirring accounts of Abolitionists and their doings were set in circulation, and were eagerly believed by the frightened slaveocracy. The planter, in thus whipping his negro without cause, except to keep him in due respect of his master's supremacy, was acting according to the custom of the greater number of slaveholders While the punishment was in progress, the poor slave asked:

"Massa, why, do you whip me? I have tried to do right, massa."

"Do you want me to stop?" asked the master.

"O yes, massa, please massa!

The master, continuing the unjust chastisement, said, "Don't you know that I have an excellent reason to punish you? you have done something very bad lately, and I will stop only if you will tell what you have done." The poor slave in his desire to satisfy the tyrant and stop the lashes recalled all his old sins; but the confession of these failed to satisfy his master, and stroke after stroke of the lash was administered. With increasing agony the slave prayed, "O stop, massa, I will tell all you want me to, but I don't know what you want." He was then asked:

"Have'nt you lately been speaking about Mr. Lincoln to the niggers?"

"Yes, massa," was the reply.

"Don't you conspire to make yourselves free?" (continuing whipping.)

"Yes, massa. O massa! do stop; I can't stand it; you kill me."

"How are you going to make yourselves free?"

"I don't know, massa. O massa, stop, massa! They say Mr. Lincoln is a powerful black man, and he will make us all free if we rise!"

"Don't you intend to kill all the whites?"

"Yes, massa, O stop, massa!"

By this time the planter had worked himself into such a state of excitement that he continued striking his slave in the most cruel manner—asking all sorts of questions which his irritated state of mind suggested—all of which his victim would invariably confirm by uttering, "Yes, massa, O massa! don't kill me!"

Not daring thus to deny any question whatever, the slave confessed that he, together with several other negroes whom he mentioned, had conspired to rise on Christmas eve, and that he intended to kill his master with an axe. This confession infuriated the planter; and, after having carefully secured the negro by tying up his hands and feet, he proceeded to impart the disclosures to his neighbors, who of course, believing every word, became equally excited and ran for their guns and pistols—arrested those who were implicated or suspected—and kept the strictest watch over the rest, threatening to shoot down any negro, man or woman, who would dare to disobey any order from a white man.

The so-called conspirators were whipped and examined in the same manner, and of course found no other means of satisfying their torturers than by confessing everything they were asked.

The whipping was continued for four days in Pine Level and on the surrounding plantations; a great number of slaves were implicated as conspirators, and the most contradictory revelations were brought to light, which were made to correspond by a skillful questioning and energetic whipping. Several hundred negroes were thus tortured in a most barbarous manner. Two committees—one on whipping, the other recording confessions—were at work almost day and night during these four days of the horrible scenes which I witnessed. I will relate only a few incidents.

A slave, during the process, was asked by a bystander, "Don't you niggers intend to get married to the white women?" The question after being repeated several times, was at last answ Being asked to giv woman whom he w the wife of Marti be present. Noll barrels of his rev strangely enough, f one of the dense crowd gathered around; he then drew his knife and jumped at him, to "cut the throat of the d——d black son of a——." The crowd, or rather the owner of the slave, held him back, and Noll then went to seek satisfaction by torturing other negroes. This Martin Noll is at present captain of the Pine Level Company, now stationed in Virginia under Beauregard. A Massachusetts man by the name of Baldwin, who was impressed by him in Pine Level, lately deserted from him and sought refuge in Fortress Monroe, and his statement was published in some of the New York papers.

Another negro called Simon, a blacksmith, was implicated by a tortured fellow slave, and as Simon was one of the most intelligent negroes in town (he was very shrewd and could read and write better than the average of the Pine Level Slaveocracy,) he was suspected to be one of the ringleaders.

He was said to have made a key to open Mr. Shaver's dry goods and provision store, where the negroes would seize arms and powder, and as a reward for this key he was to receive the store. The negro, whose enforced confession implicated him, told precisely the spot where the key was concealed; on searching, however, nothing could be found there, nor in his hut or shop, to serve as evidence against him. Yet Simon was tortured. He was undressed, had his hands and feet tied, and his knees were bent in against his chest, and a stick put under them above his arms. In this condition he was rolled on the floor, and received 280 lashes—his blood, of course, flowing in streams ere the punishment was over. When one of the torturing brutes was tired, he would ask his neighbor to take his turn, while others were counting the number of lashes, and shouting in a diabolical way, "Go on; make him tell; go on!" But Simon received the 280 lashes without uttering a word of confession or praying for pity, and the brutes only stopped because they found out if they went on there would soon be an end of his sufferings. When he had a little recovered he was carried away. One Purcell, a young man, bookkeeper with Mr. Clarke, noticing that Simon got sick, drew his knife and held it at his throat, while another member of the chivalry, one Levi Shaver, pointed his cocked revolver at his mouth, both threatening to kill him at once if he would dare to vomit.

Of those who were whipped, almost all, men and women, had their clothing torn off, many being tied up like Simon, others being whipped on both sides, until their bodies presented the appearance of one vast wound.

When the slaveholders thought they were in possession of all the secret plans of the conspiracy, the same were summed up as follows:

During Christmas night, at the sign of the bursting of a big pine tree, the slaves were to rise and slay all the white men and old women; the remaining white women were to be distributed among the negroes; and beside a white lady, every black man was to receive two mules, forty acres of land, the necessary agricultural implements, and $500 in cash. The principal leaders of the insurrection were said to be: William Rollo, a poor white man; Andreas Higgins, a free octaroon; Simon, the blacksmith, a slave; Ike Zang, a ditcher, called "Ditchey," a slave, and uncle Tom, a slave.

William Rollo had been driven from Pine Level four weeks previous to the insurrection, because he was suspected of buying stolen chickens from the negroes, and had gone to Montgomery. Some negroes had said that he was to lead the insurgents from Pine Level to Montgomery, where they would take possession of everything valuable, and where Rollo would be established as the principal storekeeper—all the black folks having pledged themselves to trade with him. This scheme may seem incredible, but was generally believed by the gullible Chivalry, who for months afterward could not find anything ridiculous in it. They at once dispatched two men to Montgomery to capture the chief of the conspiracy, who was so unconscious of the affair that even after having been warned, he made no attempt to escape. Poor Rollo was not a little surprised at being tied up with ropes and dragged along by two ferocious brutes, one of whom was the before-named Martin Noll. Nothing but the confession of the slaves, obtained in the manner described above, was brought as evidence against him; and though the Southern Chivalry exclude negro evidence from all the courts, still a drunken mob (there was neither judge nor jury) condemned him to be hanged in company with the others who were said to be ringleaders.

The gallows was erected in the middle of the town, that the spectacle might strike terror into the hearts of the slaves, and that everybody might participate in the enjoyment. Rollo was placed on a car, and a rope was then put around his neck; he could hear his poor wife screaming, and see her begging the brutes to spare him. She wanted to run to his rescue, but was actually pushed and kicked back—the car was hurried off, and Rollo was left in his agony—while his wife accused his murderers and entreated God to avenge her innocent husband.

During the two or three following days the other so-called conspirators were disposed of in the same manner. Some prayed for their lives and some said that the white folks could do with the poor nigger what they pleased. Simon begged to be released of his pains as soon as possible; he had previously begged to be shot or killed in some manner, and said he was glad but one or two slaves, whom t ended to hang, took them away places, thereby saving their pro other feeling than cupidity pre There never has been investig matter before the court, none was accused, and nobody has be Rollo's wife is now a beggar. of the slaves did not even dare to cent of indemnity. The only the matter was made in some ne townships, where more intelligen once perceived the true state of threatened to interfere if the P mob did not stop their illegal p Still, the excitement lasted till C Of course, the slaves were not a enjoy their holidays as in olde Christmas even the whole white p was on the lookout, fearing that th tree might yet burst. About 12 when the anxiety was at the high somebody imagined that he hea picious noise.

Imagine four to five hundred men, women, and children, m armed, and in trembling expec coming events. At length, to assu selves, they concluded that thr should go out as a reconnoiterin But only two of the Chivalry offere and finally a German shopkeeper J. M—— had to volunteer to mak required number. Well knowing was a humbug, he felt amused at of his mounted companions. Aft miles' ride they came upon a hal guished camp-fire. There the bef tioned Purcell stopped, and remarke chattering teeth, that the niggers mu held a meeting there. He pretend their footsteps distinctly, and slo vanced, cocked revolver in one h bowie-knife in the other. Whe 150 paces distant from the big pi Purcell proposed that one of the re ering party should dismount, an toward the tree as a scout. J. went alone to the tree, of course discovering anything, and stealthil ing a good laugh at his comrades. turning he reported that he had hea a suspicious noise, which had also b case with his trembling comrades. hurried home, reporting the camp-fir footsteps, and suspicious noise (the M——'s opinion made by little pigs bushes). During the whole night Level folks were in dreadful antic an attack; the whites were afrai slaves, and the latter were afraid masters.

Events similar in character, much smaller extent, and not so g credited, happened at Prattville and gaville, near Montgomery. At thos the negroes were whipped until th fessed, and at Autogaville several and one white man were hung.

Hail, Crimson Morn.

We are awakened again from the ber of gloom to behold in the fir of hope, THE WEEKLY ANGLO-AF another orb of promise to light and our path along the steep and rugge of sorrow to that of welcome joy.

We are awakened too in a fruitf son, for 'tis summer. NATURE IS IN ALL HER BEAUTY. The fields are ing with their bounteous blessing from forest and hill echo the rich of nature's sweet songsters to delig grateful senses. Man's heart is lifted up and each succeeding day as he ris greet from hill top the ruddy tint he exclaims, from the gushing full his heart, "Hail, Crimson Morn!"

Yes, nature is kind, though she yields some spots weeds, in others fr flowers. There is a good gardener rules her, and in his own good time the unhallowed weeds from her bur bosom, and plants instead wholesome to nourish and gladden the child earth.

But again we turn from this brigh templation, and a cloud obscures the ance of morn. The songs of the are drowned in the groans of the and the crimson beams are turn crimson floods. Alas! It is the of civilization, now as ever, markin foot-prints in blood. Her irres power subdued two quarters of the and she is marching onward and on with sure and steady step, knowin complexion in the glorious DEEDS of and will continue until the whole shall be relieved of the unhallowed of heathenism and barbarism which a portion of the earth—God's foot Let us arouse from our slumbers and this glorious light. Let us encourag strengthen its power. Let us appoi our watchman on the tower to pro the good news when the cloud shall away and the bright morn shall again on man in his primitive cha otherwise from waking dreams of morn, we sleep again in sorrow.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 10, 1861.

Advertisements for this paper must be [illegible] by the cash.

Copies of this paper can be purchased of [illegible] dealers everywhere.

WHO PAYS FOR THE WAR?

It is assumed very generally that the North will conquer the South. There is difference of opinion as to the time it will take, but not in regard to the result. Two are greater than four, twenty greater than eight, and twenty millions of freemen must whip eight millions of slaveholders.

We [illegible] nothing of the Justice, Humanity, [illegible] &c. &c., which are claimed as make-weights on either side—so far as we can see, [illegible] al reason; nor do we say aught of the [illegible] interference of the Almighty by [illegible] such men as Garrison and Gerritt Smith [illegible] to hope rather than see that this [illegible] emancipation.

[illegible] grant that the North will conquer [illegible] who will foot up the bill? It is usual, [illegible] that the conquered nation pays [illegible]s of the war. That is to say the [illegible]d pay—a thing they never have [illegible] war.

[illegible] the South be made to pay the expenses of this war? The sum will range from [illegible] thousand millions of dollars. But the [illegible] already bankrupt. How can it pay? [illegible] a suggestion to offer,

[illegible] een calculated that the slaves at the [illegible] worth two thousand millions of dollars as property. But that property has de[illegible]l of seventy-five per cent. since the [illegible] they are worth less now than five-[illegible] millions of dollars—as property, and [illegible] benefited by the depreciation.

[illegible] this five-hundred millions of dollars [illegible] of Congress, or proclamation of the [illegible] be suddenly converted into MEN! [illegible] cost the Southern slaveholders five-hundred millions of dollars, and would pay the United States three thousand millions of dol-[illegible]

[illegible] would be a gain of four millions to the people of the United States. Union [illegible] best stripe, dyed in the wool, sub-[illegible] fits of dishonesty in peace, to no [illegible] war, true hearted, strong-limbed and [illegible] the cause of liberty as men alone [illegible] have been baptised in the blood of [illegible]

[illegible] llions who would need and earn and [illegible] clothing, and provisions, and oh [illegible] bought, education, by a steady and [illegible] and joyous outpouring of industrious [illegible] as the South has never witnessed.

[illegible]EEDOM hand in hand with labor
Walketh strong and brave!

[illegible]eed men, the bone and sinew of the [illegible] who have hitherto vainly "prayed God [illegible]t of that banner;" would of them-[illegible] the expenses of the war in money, and in the enduring cement with [illegible]y would hold together forever [illegible] broad fair Empire State with State.

[illegible] see—for one suit per annum of negro [illegible] there would be a demand for one suit [illegible] and one broadcloth; for one coarse [illegible] a dozen; for one chip hat, at least [illegible] and one beaver; for one pair of bro-[illegible] pair of shoes, to say nothing of [illegible]. And when we come down to wo-[illegible]xins"—ki. Why they would require [illegible]zen "Claflin & Mellens" dry goods [illegible] keep up the supply.

[illegible] it is objected, that the masters will not be willing to live in the same states along with their recently emancipated slaves! Indeed! This is no difficulty at all. The masters, by their rebellious acts, by their war and perfidy, [illegible]ited all claim to live in those states at [illegible] only Union men, women and children [illegible] the South, with few exceptions, are [illegible]es! The land of the masters, which [illegible] to the government by the law of con-[illegible] or at least the right of the conquerors [illegible] be bestowed on the slaves by act of Congress; and *then*, if there be any difficulty, [illegible] be settled by the *people* of the slave states themselves—to wit, the emancipated [illegible]

Thus [illegible]ll pay for the war. Let Congress im-[illegible] pass the Act of Emancipation, and the war will be at an end. There will be no more [illegible] of [illegible] hopes and fears, depending on General this and General that. There will be no more [illegible] the *issue* of bat-[illegible] plain. Men [illegible] know what they are fighting for, Christians will know on which side God is, and [illegible] to the battle [illegible]uting freedom! Glory [illegible] vah; [illegible] banners bearing the mot[illegible] ALL" would be a host in them-[illegible] which the hosts of slavery would [illegible] selves in vain.

[illegible]l the war be paid for; otherwise it [illegible]er be a victory to the North nor to [illegible] nor to the cause of humanity.

[illegible]E REV. H. H. GARNET

although the choir was quite slim. The Rev. J. A. Prime then offered prayer. "Blow ye the trumpet blow," was the next hymn sung. After which the Rev. Mr. Garnet announced as his text, the 26th chap. of Acts, verse 6.

In a brief and hasty manner he passed in review the nature of hope, showing its close alliance with faith. He also spoke of the promises made by God, in relation to the seed of Abraham, and his unbounded faith in this and all other promises made by God. And after showing by many examples and incidents, the proneness of the world to persecute the righteous for opinions' sake, gently urged his hearers to cultivate a spirit of charity and tolerance where we are not able to think alike. In this way, and this way only, can we ever hope to become a united people. He said that all his persecutions arose from the fact that he believed what God had said concerning our poor despised and down trodden race, as much as any other promise made in the Bible; and because of the utterance of that belief, many of whom he had expected better things, had sought to crush him. But he trusted that they might yet learn to tolerate, and not only to tolerate, but to defend every man in the free expression of his opinions, provided they were not detrimental to the moral well being of society. He urged his hearers to greater exertions in every line of duty, but he *particularly* besought the people to unity of exertion in the common cause, stating that unless they become more united, they are a doomed race in this land. At the conclusion of the discourse, which occupied about an hour in the delivery, he bade the people farewell. Mr. Garnet, will leave in a few days for England, where he goes to confer with Anti-slavery friends, and also to secure a little rest from his arduous labors. He has kindly promised to furnish us with a letter occasionally.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST

Was very generally celebrated by our people, but being without an organ till within a few days (our first number having been issued on the 27th of July), they had no means of making their arrangements generally known.

THE YONKERS CELEBRATION.

The day being very fine, many of our people wended their way to the boat and barge provided for their accommodation by Messrs. Kenney, Miller, and Nelson, and after a very pleasant sail of about *four* hours we arrived at the place of destination. Everything passed off pleasantly on the passage up. The band discoursed its most lively strains, whilst the wave of many a friendly hand gave us a cheer as we glided along. We regretted to see that some sharpers were permitted to have a gaming table on board, disposing of their brass jewelery at 25 cents per throw.

The meeting was organized at three o'clock, by the appointment of MR. JOS. W. B. SMITH to the chair, and ROBT. HAMILTON, secretary.

The Chairman made a few remarks on taking the chair which were very well received. We regret that we cannot give our readers a report of the Chairman's remarks, as they contained some things which our enemies ought to know, but as they were in unison with the sentiments of our people generally in reference to the war, we will refrain from publishing them at present reserving them for a more convenient season. After the performance of an appropriate piece by the band, the Rev. Dr. Pennington took the stand and after taking one of those rapid glances at the Heros of the black race of which, he alone, of all our public men is the most capable, passed to a review of the duties of the colored men in view of the dangers that envelope the country. The Dr. has been pleased to enlarge on the subject, in a written document, which will be found in another column. At the Dr.'s suggestion three cheers were given for our last hero, Wm. Tilman. The band, at the conclusion of the oration, played "God Save the Queen."

The Rev. J. D. S. Hall was then introduced. The shortness of time prevented him from delivering much of an address, but his and the remarks of Mr. Jeremiah Powers were received with much applause. The company, at half-past five o'clock, were summoned to the boat. This early departure from the ground was caused by the failure, as we understand, of Mr. Griffin and the white man who keeps the bar to fulfil their promises in regard to their quota of the expenses of the celebration. As the same thing occurred last year at Yonkers, we think that it will be some time ere there is another celebration held there.

PIC NIC AT BELLVUE GARDEN.—Prof. Voorhies' Pic Nic on the Anniversary of British West India Emancipation, was a very fine affair. The company began to assemble about one o'clock, as there was to be a promenade in the evening. The crowd continued to increase during the afternoon, who enjoyed themselves by boat sailing, scupping and pleasant walks through the grove; while others were participating in the mazy dance, directed by the Prof. as master of ceremonies, assisted by Messrs. White and Freeman. The company was a pleasant one, and nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the occasion. About four hundred persons, as near as I could calculate, were present. The festivities were kept up until after [illegible] o'clock, when all seemed to regret that the [illegible] separation had come. About six [illegible] H. Townsend addressed the assemblage in a [illegible] well-toned remarks, touching the subject of West India Emancipation, and the state and condition of our own country at the present time—commenting pretty severely upon the system of American ~~caste which~~ proscribes us in the schools, churches, mechanics' [illegible] its remedies, were also spoken of by Mr. T., whose remarks were well received by the audience, and a large number of recruits for the army who were present. After which several patriotic songs were sung by Messrs. Dangerfield, Mannings, Johnson, and Voorhies, the assembly joining in the chorus, accompanied by the band.

P. S. I understand that the Prof. proposes having a moonlight excursion in September; if such be the case, we wish him a bumper, as he is ever on the alert in catering for the public amusement.

EXCELSIOR.

EMANCIPATION DAY IN WILLIAMSBURGH passed off pleasantly and quietly. The celebration, through the enterprise of J. A. Trower, who planned and managed it, was a perfect success. The daily papers of the day after the affair were inclined to represent it as a failure as far as attendance was concerned, but we will assure our readers that we have in our possession sufficient data to show that not less than fifteen hundred persons visited the Park during the day. One dirty little sheet called the "Brooklyn Daily Times," the editor of which, it is reported, (we hope falsely,) to have "contraband blood in his veins." And which (we mean the paper,) has secured an existence by the patronage of the colored people, made a miserable attempt to caricature the gathering, but the effort was so characterized by palpable falsehoods that the sensible portion of its readers were disgusted with it. We would here suggest to the "Times" editor that as his continued blackguarding of the colored people does but a little toward falsifying the report that he is "one of them," it would be well to refrain from it and not bring further discredit on them by playing the blackguard as well as ingrate.

But to the celebration. At an early hour in the afternoon an organization was had, and Mr. Samuel S. Rankins proceeded to read the following letter from Mr. William P. Powell, recently of Liverpool, who had been announced as the orator of the occasion.

NEW BEDFORD, July 30, 1861.

DEAR FRIEND:—Referring to our conversation when we last met as to my participating in the exercises of your first of August celebration, I beg to say that it will be inconvenient for me to be present, as business of importance requires my presence in Boston on or about that date. Under these circumstances I could do no less than to advise you of the cause of my non-attendance.

In the meantime I do not consider my attendance of any great importance, other than to unite with you and others in the grand Hallelujah of this, the West India Negro's Jubilee.

The act of the British Parliament which proclaimed the boon of freedom to 800,000 West India slaves, was one of long withheld justice, and not an experiment. It was the right of the enslaved, and not a privilege. It was the duty of the government, and not one of magnanimity—what a contrast this stupendous iniquity presents in the nineteenth century. Two hundred and forty-one years ago England joined hands with Spain, Portugal, France, Holland, Denmark, and all civilized Europe, (Russia excepted,) and in the name of a crucified Jesus robbed Africa of more than 200,000,000 of her children. Less than one hundred years ago, as a nation that had sinned, grievously sinned before high heaven, and the world's humanity, England humbled herself as it were in sackcloth and ashes, and abolished the infamous African slave trade. Twenty-seven years ago in order to make her former repentance not to be repented of, doubly sure, Great Britain at a sacrifice of £20,000,000 set another example worthy to be imitated by the advocates of negro-slavery in this country, and which adds another bright page in the imperishable book of fame, pre-eminently glorious, I again repeat it by emancipating 800,000 British West India slaves. It is without a parallel in the world's history. It has renovated—given an impetus, and, opened wide the floodgate of commercial greatness all over the world, beyond the comprehension of the most astute political economist. It has reconstructed on a prominent basis the free industry of that little circumscribed gem of the ocean, upon whose imperial dominions the sun never sets! the glory of England, the only safe asylum for the oppressed of every nation (Africa not excepted,) whose proud flag has floated upon the pinnacle of the temple of fame, and withstood the surging waves of time for more than a thousand years, growing brighter and brighter in the glorious sunlight of her progressive free institutions! What has made that speck of earth, that sea-girt isle and secured for her to the end of time, the fear, wonder and admiration of the whole world, "great, glorious and free? I answer. Her freemen—free labor, free thought, free speech—free constitution and her free christianity. England's success, prosperity, and indomitable powers need no encomiums from my humble self. I have seen it in her thousands of stupendous factories and smoked chimneys towering up to the heavens belching forth their lurid light at midnight as signals of remunerated free industry. I have seen her millions of free operatives, agriculturists, mechanics and artisans (the "greasy mechanics, small-fisted farmers, and mudsills,"—so to speak in South Carolina parlance,) on their holiday excursion, dressed in English broadcloths, satins and silks. It is seen in her mercantile marine with tens of thousand ships. It is seen in her mammoth floating batteries of wood and iron, part propelled by steam and manned by tens of thousand of brave tars. It is seen in hundreds of thousand of her invincible soldiers and volunteer corps, who dare to do and die in defence of their country's honor! All! all! speak out in thunder tones the irresistable genius of British freedom.

But how stands the record in our own unfortunate distracted country? Alas! tell it not in heathen lands, publish it not in the [illegible]ds progressive civiliza-[illegible] king—the lords of [illegible] open rebellion with [illegible]nst the best slave-[illegible]hat ever cursed the [illegible] I say that the lords of the lash still live as a terrible power.

The time was when this "vexatious question" could have been calmly discussed to successful results. Even slavery—chattel slavery could have been abolished never to have shook its gory lock into the face of the nation in 1871—by compensation, and the question of non-extension could also have been settled for all times to come, if Missouri had been persistently refused admission into the Union as a slave State in 1819 and 20.

Still even then there were hopes that, the growing civilization of the age would devise some safe and feasible plan whereby American slavery could be ultimately abolished. Hence the organization of the African Colonization Society, an institution which never even as much as pretended to ameliorate the condition of the slave, but if any thing, rendered his emancipation entirely beyond the hope of redemption. For instance—from 1816 to 1861 only 5,770 slaves have been colonized, or within a fraction of just two weeks of this years increase, and less than two and a half slaves per week for the last forty-five years have been emancipated under the auspices of that "Slogomotive" Society.

Now, computing the slaves value per capita the same in 1816 as the emancipated 800,000 West Indian slaves in 1834, at $187,500,000, and hypothecate the computed sum supposed to have been received and expended by the Colonization Society in forty-five years—that is to say $3,600,000 as an emancipation fund, and all the slaves then living, and all born on *or after 1816, declared free*, and the African and inter-state slave trade put a stop to the compound interest together with the principal $3,6000,000 would have increased in 1871, to the enormous sum of $230,400,000, leaving a surplus of $42,900,000 sufficient to have paid for all the slaves in 1816, and to have educated them at the same time. But in my humble opinion the abolition of American Slavery will now be subjected to the laws of physical force, the signs of the times clearly indicate that negro slavery in this country must be abolished, or else there will be an everlasting end to this model republic.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

WM. P. POWELL.

After the reading of the letter, remarks were made by Messrs. Willis A. Hodges and others, at the conclusion of which the "Sir Trower Union Club" sung the "Star Spangled Banner," assisted by the entire audience. Mr. Trower then addressed the audience as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen, we are here to celebrate the emancipation of the slaves of the British West India Islands, which took place August 1st, 1838, Think of *four millions* of human beings bound by the iron chain s of slavery! Oh! If they could call themselves free men and women, if only for a day, what would they not give in exchange for the privilege. It is said that the slaves are better off than the free colored people of the North. Is it because they are worked and driven worse than horses? Is it because their infants are taken from their mothers breast, and the mother sold never to see her child again—the husband separated from the wife? the son from the father? Do you call this faring better than the people of the North? Although you will see slaves in the South, dressed in broadcloth and patent leather boots, with the appendages of gold watch and chain, and if asked, some will say that they love master better than liberty, but go on the plantations and see how they are treated there, and if your heart *don't* ache, it will be because you have no humanity. They will tell you, "Give me liberty, if with only a crust of bread a day,"

In conclusion, let me say to you, sons and daughters of liberty, live in love and unity, the good effects of which I will illustrate. I visited St. Domingo while Boyer was president. The whole island was under his jurisdiction, and the people were loving and united. But how do we find it now? One half in the hands of the Spanish, and the other occupied by the Haytiens. So much for disunion. Let us pray, my friends, that God may hasten on the time when the chains of slavery shall be broken and the captive set at liberty. When fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers who have been sold, never to see each other again, shall have a glorious reunion."

After Mr. Trower had finished his address, the assemblage proceeded to enjoy themselves in every possible manner; the young men and women taking to the dance, for which provisions had been made by securing the services of Prof. Robert H. Brown and band, while the juveniles took to the swings, flying horses, &c. About 6 o'clock Prof. E. G. Hutchinson made his appearance, bringing with him the balloon, the ascension of which the assemblage so anxiously awaited. After but short preparation and the sending off of a small balloon as a pilot, the mammoth one, on which appeared in very large letters, "EMANCIPATION," made its way to the heavens, where its movements were watched by thousands of persons until it was lost from sight. It probably landed somewhere on Staten Island. After this feature of the affair was over, the company began to leave for home, and at eight o'clock the park was entirely deserted.

The Springfield, O., "Evening News" furnishes the following:

Our "colored brethren" had a day of it yesterday. Ward's wood swarmed with them, and the streets were alive with them. At the wood, Messrs. Shelton, Douglass, and others made fine speeches. During the evening the young gentlemen and their partners "tripped the light, fantastic toe," and did various other things. A number of the ladies were very beautiful, and one of our brother editors had his head completely turned—so much so that he spits backwards to-day. Our colored friends "had us" yesterday. The town surrendered. They put up at the Willis, patronized the saloons, visited dry-goods palaces, and made themselves generally prevalent. We hope (and we are pretty sure) that they [illegible] had a good time.

EVERY BARBER SHOP in New Castle, Pa., was closed on the [illegible], masters and assistants uniting in the cele[illegible]tion of the glorious day.

AT CHICAGO.—The people of Chicago, celebrated the day by a pic-nic at Desplains, and in the evening an oration was delivered at Witkowsky Hall, after which there was a ball at the same place, which we regret to say, was broken up by a party of drunken soldiers, who were at first driven off, but subsequently returned with reinforcements, and demolished chairs benches, and &c.

AT PITTSBURGH.—Our colored citizens celebrated the first of August with more than ordinary zest. Celebrations were held at Iron City Park, McFarland's Grove and Breed's Grove. Dinners were served up and addresses delivered at each. All were well attended. The Fort Pitt Cadets were out on parade, having with them two or three contrabands. The "Social Band" was out in full regalia. The day was rather sultry, but all seemed to enjoy themselves.

AT MURDERERS CREEK, ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y.—The celebration took place on the 6th inst., and was well attended, addresses were made by several gentlemen. The guests were well entertained by the people of the village.

AT HARRISBURGH, Pa., there was no regular celebration, but a pic-nic was held in a neighboring woods, which passed of pleasantly.

THE DAY IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.—From the *Providence Journal*, August 3d.

"The Anniversary of West Indian Emancipation was celebrated yesterday in the grove, on Smith's Hill, under the auspices of the colored citizens of this State. The attendance was quite large, and several speeches were made suitable to the occasion by gentlemen from this city and Massachusetts. Elder Edward Scott presided.

THE DAY AT LEFFERTS PARK.—The Sabbath School of the Concord St. Baptist Church (Rev. S. White,) spent the day at this place. The company was not numerous, but they had a very pleasant time. The School was addressed by the Rev. S. White and the Rev. Mr. Bolden of Ohio. There were also addresses by the children.

The people of New Brunswick, N. J., celebrated the day by a Pic Nic in the woods, and an entertainment in the church in the evening, at which time there was some solo singing by Madam Gilbert of this city. Everything passed off very finely, and a large amount was realized from the sales in the evening, which was added to the funds of the church.

THE DIXONION LITERARY INSTITUTION OF FLUSHING celebrated the day by a grove meeting, a full account of which will appear in our next.

A WORD TO COLORED POLITICIANS.

MR. EDITOR: My imperfect performance yesterday at the people's celebration, Fairy Grove, Yonkers, would not allow (on account of the shortness of time, the number of speakers, &c., &c,) me to touch one or two very important points in my general review of our state and condition as a people.

The only question among our colored politicians is:—"ARE WE BOUND BY PRINCIPLES, OR SWORN TO HELP FIGHT THE BATTLES OF THE PRESENT CIVIL PRO-SLAVERY WAR?" Some say yes, others say no.

Pity we had not settled this question before the crisis came upon us. But as it is there is no time to be lost.

1. This is being by the South for the "extension" and perpetuation of African Slavery.

2. The uprising of the North is to "restore the Union as it was," seeing the South has broken it up.

3. In this state of affairs it is obviously the duty of colored patriots to go for the "Union without Slavery, and for emancipation of the Slaves of the South without expatriation from the soil where they now are."

The present session of Congress has voted President Lincoln the large number of 500,000 men, and the equally large sum of $300,000,000 to carry on the war. This shows that there is heavy business on hand.

Now, as to this money it can be got on loan. But the loaners wish to know how their interest on loans will be secured, or by what means the President will be empowered to get the money to pay the interest on borrowed money.

There are two ways to pay national debt, or the interest on such debt.

One is to station your officers at every port of entry, authorized to demand of every incoming merchant or trading vessel so much on her cargo, revenue duties, &c., &c. Another is by DIRECT TAXATION, which means this, to send the government tax collector to the head of every family except paupers, to demand and collect so much of his or her income, wages, &c.

There is now a direct taxation bill before Congress, which if passed into a law, will affect the free colored people of the North, in the same proportion that it will white men, hence whether colored men help to fight the battles of the present, in the field or not, they will be compelled to help to pay the war bills: yes, the direct tax will come to you in many shapes which you will not be able to escape, unless you plead and show that you are living on CHARITY. Let our colored politicians ponder these facts, and decide *what* part we shall take in this struggle.

To say we will sit back in the shade and take *no* part, is unpolitical, unphilosophical, unmanly, and I had almost said, traitorous to our own race. Thousands of those who have fled from the old world, came to escape direct taxation, which in a state and country, burdened with public debt, is a sort of omnipresent tormentors.

[illegible] gentleman, we cannot [illegible] Mark my words, ge[illegible] get out of this terrible scrape, without in some way helping to decide the contest; and I believe that we are on the eve of the grand heroic age of the race, when the last vestige of African Slavery shall be wiped out; and I repeat what I said yesterday, that an army of 25,000 black troops marching from the North west, upon the rear of Jeff. Davis, can recapture king cotton—or take that great gun which has been worth from $80,000,000 to $100,000,000, to the South per annum. And then the race will hold the position of the world. Because if cotton is king in the money market of the world, our race in America has by its blood, tears, and sweat crowned it a king, and are therefore entitled to the benefit of his reign.

J. W. C. PENNINGTON.

August 2d, 1861.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Time has, within the last few months, borne to their long home many of our oldest and most distinguished citizens, but no note has been taken of their demise, beyond that of the church where they were best known, and where their influence was the more clearly felt. Among the long list, the first we have to mention is Mr. John J. Washington of Brooklyn. This gentleman, who had long been connected with the Colored Baptist Churches of this city and Brooklyn, and was also one of the most public spirited men of his day, fell asleep, after a few moments illness, at his residence in Jay Street. The Rev. Levin Smith who was the oldest minister in the A. M. E. Zion Church, (his licence out-dating that of the Rev. Christopher Rush a few days) has also fallen. He was a man of very great usefulness in the church, and such was his popularity at one time that he was chosen Superintendent of the Connexion, but being an extremely modest man, he peremptorily refused to serve. He died last May, much regretted by all classes of the community, and was buried at Rossville, Staten Island. His funeral sermon was preached before the New York Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Church, by the Rt. Rev. Wm. H. Bishop.

HENRY SCOTT.—This gentleman who has occupied a very important and serviceable position in this community for many long years, has also passed from earth. He died after a few hours illness, on the 22d of May, aged 72 years. He was engaged in mercantile business in this city for upwards of 30 years, and retired from business a few years since with a competency. He was, at the time of his death, the treasurer of St. Philip's Church, an office which he had held for the last 30 years, which fact is a sufficient testimony to his integrity.

ARRON L. POYER AND WIFE are both dead. Mrs. Poyer dying first. We do not know the date of her death, but she preceded her husband but a few days. Her incessant watching at the couch of her sick husband, and her daily toil was too much for a body naturally frail to bear, and she sank beneath the load. Mr. Poyer died July 25th, aged 95 years. Thus do those whom we have long looked upon, and learned to love and venerate, for their virtues and their years, pass away leaving naught but pleasant memorics of the good old days of yore.

Letter from New Haven.

New Haven has for the last few days presented a scene of considerable stir, and ~~excited commotion~~ in consequence of the movements of the Connecticut State Volunteers. In the first place the hearts of many deeply and personally interested, were made glad by the return of the 1st and 2nd Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers. Some however of the courageous sons of Connecticut, who nobly offered themselves for their Countrys safety, in these regiments have bravely fallen in the heroic strife. Among these was one colored young man, Francis Welsh who was killed by the "Black Horse Cavalry." There are hearts that feel his loss as keenly as if he had been the bravest officer in the army. Peace be with the ashes of the brave youth who had the courage to brave the dangers of a battle field in which his manhood was not fully recognized on either side, and to die for the maintenance of a set of laws, among which is one that could at any moment deprive him of his liberty. Mr. Hancock of New Haven who went with the 2nd Regiment was captured by the rebels, but fortunately made his escape. On Monday week thousands of our citizens congregated on the wharf, to witness the departure of the 5th Regiment of C. V. They were accompanied by a number of brave colored men—brave because but few free colored men dare go to Virginia and Maryland in times of peace, let alone in time of war, when if captured they will be sure to be killed or sold.

We were quite surprised on Sunday last by the unexpected return to this city of one of the Haytian emigrants, Mr.—— Brooks a member of the "New Haven Colony," who has been obliged to return home to the United States in consequence of ill health. He arrived in the Brig King Brothers. He reports most of the members of colony to have been sick, others to be sick, and some of the old people to have died. He has had the third attack of the fever, and is very much prostrated at present. He says the colonists have removed to their settlement on the President's estate, about three miles from Port Au Prince. He is a carpenter by trade, and found employment when able to work at one dollar and a half Spanish money per day, which is equal to 18 dollars Haytian money. He would have remained if his health had permitted. He thinks that there is great room for improvement in Hayti, and that the people are behind the age in many respects—that the progress of improvement must necessarily be slow, or in proportion to the enlightenment of the masses, since they seem to oppose very improvement [illegible] will interfere with any establishment [illegible] ed branch of labor. They have no canals, no Railroads, no Telegraphs, and many poor roads. He says that the President is a very excellent man, and that the intelligent and respectable Haytians as a general thing make much of the emigrants and treat them with becoming respect. But the [illegible] masses among the poor have not much good heart for the emigrants nor for the emigration movement; still they show no disposition to molest them. They have been heard to make use of expressions to the following import: "I could cut their throats and drink their blood." The Rev. Mr. Holly is holding divine service weekly in a building on the President's estate. There is a large sugar mill in operation on the estate worked principally by Chinamen who are very expert at the business.

The Rev. Mr. Crummell, late from Liberia, spent a Sunday with us a few weeks ago. He preached in St. Luke's Church, morning and afternoon, and in the evening lectured in Rev Dr. Bacon's Church. It was one of his happiest efforts, and I heard this remark in a groupe of gentlemen the next day: "I'd rather hear him than Fred. Douglass."

Mrs. Wilson's recent examination and exhibition was excellent, especially the examination in the department of English Grammar and Geography. Her school is worthy of patronage. NEW HAVEN.

Letter from Hayti.

The following was placed in our hands for publication, by the gentlemen to whom it was addressed.

Port Au Prince, 16 July, 1861.

Messrs. N. R. Ashby & Geo. Lyon, New York.

DEAR SIRS,

I have received your esteemed favor of the 10th ult, per "King Brothers," and have perused with attention the contents. [illegible] my last our political position has suffered, and our safety is precarious. I sincerely hope that the United States Government, will take such steps as will put an end to Spanish aggression, and secure the ~~influence~~ and commercial predominance, which she enjoys in these seas. On the 6th inst., a Spanish fleet composed of three steam frigates and three steam Sloops of war arrived here, and after anchoring sent a note to our Government demanding—1st that the Spanish flag be saluted with 21 guns without answer. 2nd an indemnity of $200,000, Spanish for wrongs and depredations committed on the frontiers.

The first demand was based on the ground that the Spanish flag had been trampled by our people on the frontiers in the village of Las matas, and the second for damages. Thus you will easily conceive that this demand is a crying injustice which constitutes *Le droit du plus fort*. The government refused to comply to these demands, the British and French charge d'affaires and consul General interceded and through their exertions negotiations were on for four days, and on the fifth day the Spanish Admiral sent his ultimatum on shore by the American Brig Bohw, which had appeared before our harbor, not to enter the harbor, thus establishing a blockade which was not legally announced. These demonstrations hurried the French and English Consuls to Government to prevail on the President to accept the demands and that in consideration of nearly fifty millions of foreign interest that would be compromised, the population was determined for war, preparations were being made, severial families had already left the town, carts were about the streets transporting goods and baggage, in fact everything appeared gloomy and the people only awaiting the cannon of alarm to stand like one man to defend this only land of the African Race, when the government yielding to the solicitations of the foreigners and their consuls, ordered the Spanish flag to be hoisted on the Fort St Clair, and saluted it with 21 guns, which was immediately answered by the Admiral's frigate, it is also supposed that government has also agreed to pay a portion of the indemnity asked. Poor Hayti, what an imposition upon her children! We have yet a Spanish frigate in Port, the *Princess of Asturid*, which in all probability will remain here two months, it would appear that Spain dreams of extending her power over the whole Island. Will Republic America remain a [illegible] spectator of these acts of injustice, nothwithstanding domestic troubles? will America allow the stripes and stars of the Union [illegible] disrespected in her teeth? Will in fact America and her people allow Republican Hayti [illegible] crushed by a despotic and superstitious government like Spain, who holds one million of the African Race in bondage? I do not believe that President Lincoln, whose hand, I hope, will give the last blow to slavery, will not open his eyes upon what is going on this side of the world—let us hope so. The emigrants at St. Marc, of the Lawrence association, are doing well. The Rev. Mr. Lewis, a methodist preacher an emigrant, also gave me the most flattering account of their progress.

I see with pleasure your intention of emigrating here, and as you ask my opinion I will say that Hayti is a good field, but much depends upon the manner by which you are introduced in this country. To be candid every foreigner of whatever color has a good deal of trouble to undergo and very often loses money before his experience is made, on account of the erroneous system that prevails and which time alone will destroy, but the principal guide is, to fall in the hands of a man of experience who knows the country, and who will, like a true friend direct your first steps in the country. Commercial or agricultural pursuits better suit you. A cooper cannot gain a living in this country, a distillery may do something having a capital to start with. At all events you decide to come this way I will do all in my power to be of use to you. St. Marc will be a good field; however I would advise you to hold on until affairs are settled this way, because then if you are inclined to come out [illegible] a small invoice of provisions and domestic goods, it will be a good beginning. Provisions are scarce; pork, mess, is worth $500 per barrel, lard, 5 1-2 per lb., flour, $150 per bbl. gold, $15 paper per Spanish dollar.

Very sincerely, your ob't serv't,

F. C. DOMIN[illegible]

Poetry.

THE SLAVE MINGO'S POEM

[The following remarkable poem was sent us from the South by a friend, who informs us that the author of it was a slave named Mingo, a man of wonderful talents and on that account oppressed by his master. While in his slave-prison, he penciled this poetic gem on one of the beams, which was afterwards found and copied. My friend adds that Mingo did escape, at night, but was recaptured and destroyed by the bloodhounds. My friend promises to send other poems of his, which, he says, are in possession of Mingo's aged wife. C. W.]

Good God! and must I leave them now—
My wife, my children, in their woe?
'Tis mockery to say I'm sold—
But I forgot these chains so cold,
Which goad my bleeding limbs, though high
My reason mounts above the sky.
Dear wife, they cannot sell the rose;
Of love, that in my bosom glows.
Remember, as your tears may start,
They cannot sell th' immortal part;
Thou sun, which lightest bond and free,
Tell me, I pray, is liberty
The lot of those who noblest feel,
And oftest to Jehovah kneel?
Then I may say, but not with pride,
I feel the rushings of the tide
Of reason and of eloquence,
Which strive and yearn for eminence.
I feel high manhood on me now,
A spirit glory on my brow;
I feel a thrill of music roll
Like angel harpings through my soul,
While poesy with rustling wings
Upon my spirit rests and sings.
He sweeps my heart's deep throbbing lyre,
Who touched Isaiah's lips with fire.

To Plymouth Rock, ye breezes bear
These words from me, as I would dare,
If I were free: Is not our God
Our common father?—from the sod
He formed us all! then brothers—yes;
We're brothers all, though some oppress
And grind their equals in the dust,
O Heaven! tell me, is this just?
[illegible] is fiendish. No! I will not go
And leave my children here in woe!
God help me! out, bright dagger! gleam,
And find the coward's heart, and stream
With fiendish blood—This night, this night,
Or I am free, or it shall smite
The master and his slave, and we
Will seek the heavenly liberty!
There will my master's bloody lash
No longer lacerate * * *

Note.—The last line was from some cause incomplete; perhaps his feelings overcame him at the conception. I concluded to give it as it was found. C.W.

—*Boston Journal.*

THE NEGRO'S JUBILEE

TUNE—HAPPY HOME.

Send the glad tidings o'er the sea,—
His chains are broke, the Slave is free;
Britannia's justice, wealth, and might
Have gained the Negro's long-lost right!
His chains are broke, the Slave is free,—
This is the Negro's jubilee!

Hail! blessed and auspicious day!
Dear is thy first bright dawning ray,
Which comes, an angel from above,
Herald of freedom, joy and love:
Thy breezes whisper, "Slave be free!"
Now is the Negro's jubilee!

Oh Thou, whose favor long was sought,
What full deliverance hast thou wrought!
The Captive's groan has pierced thine ear,
And thou hast wiped the falling tear;
The curse is past, the Slave is free!
This is the Negro's jubilee!

Our prayers shall now with praise combine,
For freedom poured on every clime:
For holy freedom, gracious Lord,
To join a world in sweet accord;
Then, freed from sin, from error free,
We'll keep a brighter jubilee.

I LOVE IT.

I love it—I love it—the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild,
Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,
Like the thrill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;
Floating off on the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell.
Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world for me.

Aristocracy—One of the *parvenue* ladies of our village, but would-be wonderful aristocratic in all her domestic concerns, was visiting a few days since at Major G——'s, (all know the old Major,) when after tea the following conversation occurred between the Major's old fashioned lady and the "top-knot," in consequence of the hired girl occupying a seat at the table.

"Why, Mrs. G——, you do not allow your hired girl to eat with you at the table? It's horrible!"

"Most certainly I do. You know this has ever been my custom. It was so when you worked for me—don't you recollect?"

This was a "cooler" to silk and satin greatness; or as the boys call it, "codfish aristocracy." After coloring and stammering, she answered in a very low voice,—"Y-e-s I b-e-l-i-e-v-e i-t w-a-s," and sloped.

Unlike Angels.—A vagrant called at a house on Sunday, and begged for some cider. The lady refused to give him any, and he reminded her of the oft quoted remark, "that she might entertain an angel unawares." "Yes," said she, "but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sundays."

"A widow, who had lost her husband, was weeping bitterly for her dear departed. A friend tried to console her. "No, no," said the fair mourner, "let me have my cry out; after that I shant think anything about it."

An Epitaph.—Here is a neat specimen of the laconically narrative and descriptive:

In memory of John Saxe, maker of sausages,
Who was killed with twelve other passen-

The Milwaukee Sentinel says, "A jug of the celebrated Montreal malt whisky has been sent to this office to be tested; as no one connected with the establishment imbibes whisky, we use it for perfume on our handkerchief. When we want to attract a crowd, all we have to do is to go out and shake our linen at the corner!"

As a proof of the fact that girls are useful articles, and that the world could not get along very well without them, a late writer states it as a fact, "that if all the girls were driven out of the world, in one generation the boys would all go out after them."

A **Bereaved** Western widow addressed the pall-bearers at the funeral with, "You pall-bearers, just go into the buttery and get some rum, and we'll start this man right along."

Buying out a Pedlar.

Everybody on the western waters knows Charley D——; at least his acquaintances think they do.

Charley is a little fast: travels the river eight months in the year, and has sometimes been known to engage in a quiet game of brag, or draw-poker, "just for the amusement of his fellow passengers, nothing else." To those who know Charley, it is unnecessary to add, that he generally succeeds in "amusing" them.

But to our story. One sweltering August day, Charley was travelling on one of the dusty thoroughfares known as county roads, in the State of Hoosier. Choked with dust, half melted with the heat, jaded with a hard-trotting horse, that would insist upon waltzing around every black stump at the road-side, and with not a grocery upon the whole line of the road, our traveller was of course in a most benevolent humor.

Somebody had to be victimized, or Charley would not be able to sleep that night. The only question was, who it should be, and that was soon answered.

A short turn of the road brought him suddenly upon a Jew pedlar, whose pack of jewelry was temptingly displayed at the road-side, and who was chaffering with a young Hoosier for the sale of a breast-pin, and assuring his customer "bon his onner," that the article in question was the very counterpart of the pin worn by Queen Victoria at her coronation.

Charley was dressed *a la Hoosier*, and a sharper eye than the Jew's might have readily taken him for what he seemed to be, an unsophisticated denizen of the very ruralest (vide Webster, next edition), of the rural districts. Reining up his horse, he cast an admiring glance at the glittering treasures of the pedlar.

"Why, old feller, you must be right from Californy," said Charley. "I didn't think there was that much real gold in all Hoosier."

"Dere nowsh young man, do you hear dat? Dersh a shentleman ash knowsh golt, hear vot he saysh."

This was addressed to the Hoosier, who had just expressed some vague doubt as to the purity of the metal.

Charley got off his horse, hitched him to a fence-corner, and sitting down by the outspread pack, seemed lost in some abstruse mental calculation.

The Hoosier proved rather a slow customer. The truth was, he had not a cent of money present or prospective, and the Jew had began to suspect as much, so he turned his attention to his new game.

"Vot can I sells you to-day, my goot frent—a pair of earrings vor your sweet'art, or a nice dimont ring vor 'er finger?"

"Diamond! why that's what they cut glass with, aint it?' said Charley.

The Jew entered into a lengthened history of the diamond and its uses, embracing some facts not yet generally known to the scientific world.

"And is all these things pure gold?" asked Charley.

"Yesh, yesh, all de very besht—no jewelers golt, but right from Californy."

"What might you ask a feller for this?"

It was a pin of magnificent proportions, an oval of painted glass about three inches by four, set in a flimsy rim of washed metal, and worth for the Indiana market about fifty cents.

"Vell, my frent, seein' its you, I'll sell it sheap. Zay vive dollars, datsh two dollars lessh dan I solt von to de governor's vife for lasht veek."

Charley stuck it on his shirt bosom, but when he spoke of wearing it to church next Sunday, even the old Jew opened his eyes slightly, and hinted something about its being "more purposed vor a lady to vear."

Article after article was priced by Charley, and expatiated upon by the Jew.

"Well, old feller," said Charley at length, "them's all very well for retail prices; but how much will you knock off for wholesale?"

"Vat you meansh, my frent, by wholesale?"

"I want to buy you out and go into the business myself."

The Jew looked at him for a full minute before he answered. He was taking his measure, and he thought he had it.

Taking Charley confidentially by the arm and leading him out of hearing of the Hoosier, he said to him.

"Vell, now, my goot frent, I will tell you jusht how it ish. I have been in dish bishnes jusht three yearsh, and I have made all so mush monish as I vant. I only vant to shell out my shtock and quit de bishness, and live upon my farm in Ohio, de resht of my life. My goot frent, I vill sell my shewelry to you so sheap as you cannot buy it in New York. You shall have it vor jusht vot it cosht me in the old country. I shall sharge you nossing vor ze carriage, and nossing für ze duties."

"Well that's fair enough, at any rate," said Charley, "but how am I to know what they did cost?"

"Oh, my goot frent, you vill take my vort vor dat, I knowsh," said the Jew with an air of half-injured innocence.

It was now Charley's turn to take the Jew's measure; and after a look, which the latter sustained with a placid smile of virtuous confidence, he said—

"Well, old hoss, you have got an uncommon honest face, that's a fact. Give us your hand; I could take you word for a load of corn, without measurin' it, any day; you'll hav to do the cal culatin', for I aint got no larnin'."

The Jew took another long uneasy look at his customer, but the stolid simplicity with which the latter met his gaze, was too much for his [illegible], and he sat down beside the pack to make an inventory of its contents,

"Just the cost in the old country, remember, old feller."

"Yesh—yesh, jusht de cosht; nossing vor ze duties or carriage."

The Jew drew forth a greasy memorandum book, and opening at a blank page, spread it on his knee preparatory to taking an "account of stock," as the merchants say.

The first thing taken up for appraisement was a flashy watch-chain, which the Jew ventured to value at ten dollars.

"Cheap as dirt," said Charley; "couldn't be made for twice the money in this country."

The Jew winced; he had evidently lost five dollars by not saying fifteen, and he determined to make it up on the next article, which proved to be a breast pin of even more imposing proportions than the one which had first captivated Charley's fancy, and the Jew boldly put it down at fifteen dollars.

"Come, come, old hoss, that's pilin the agony a little too high."

"Bon my onner, my frent, it cost me fifdeen dollarsh, in Barish."

"Too much—too much—say ten dollars, and put it down."

"My goot frent, you vill ruin me—say twelve dollars—come now, 'low me little brofit."

The winning smile with which this was said, conquered, and the pin was put down at twelve dollars.

Two long mortal hours, did the Jew perspire over his task. The sun seemed to have been gotten up especially for the occasion, and never shone half as intensely before, while the wind brought the dust from all points of the compass at once.

At last, the inventory was completed, and footed up some nine hundred and odd dollars. The Jew rolled the pack up, and for the hundredth time wiped the mingled perspiration and dust from his brow.

"Well, what about the leather contraption that you carry 'em in—you'll throw that in I s'pose, won't you."

"Vell, vell, I s'posh I musht do dat,' said the Jew with a pleasant smile.

"How much did you say it all comes to?"

"Nine hundred and vorty doo dollarsh and vivty centh."

"You must throw off the two dollars and fifty cents, and call it even nine hundred and forty."

"Vell, vell, ve vont shtand upon trifles—it shall be ash you say, my frent."

"All right, then, old feller; have you got a pen and ink, about you?"

"Vot vor you want pen and ink, my frent?"

"I want to give you my note for the money."

"Your note? Vot vor I shall vant your note? I vant your monish, not your note; I don't know you."

"Neither do I know you," said Charley, "so there's no advantage on either side. Besides, that's the way I always trade. I was willing to take your word for the cost of the things, and it's darned strange if you can't take my note for the money."

The Jew fairly danced with rage.

"Well, old feller," said Charley, during a temporary lull in the storm, "are you going to stand to your bargain?"

"No—no—no," screamed the infuriated Jew, "give me my monish, and you shall have ze goodsh."

"Young man," said Charley, turning to the Hoosier, "can you tell me where I can find a justice of the peace in this neighborhood."

"Daddy" happened to be a justice of the peace, and the young man gave very explicit directions how to find his house about two miles further on; and mounting his horse, Charley rode off, vowing that if there was any law in the land, he would see whether a man could make a fair bargain and then back out from it.

The young Hoosier is prepared to make his affidavit, that the oaths and curses in which the Jew sought to relieve his overcharged feelings for the next hour, actually killed two young birch saplings that stood near.—*Spirit of the Times.*

A Romance in Real Life.

ADVENTURE OF AN ENGLISH LORD—"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

From the Clinton [Ill.] Transcript.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember a young man named John F. Fenwick, who resided in this place during the year 1859, and who was employed at different times, by the editor of this paper, Mr. Sackett, druggist, and last by Mr. James Stanbury, Clerk of our County Court, who had him engaged in writing in his office. He was a smart, active, intelligent lad, and gave unmistakeable evidence of one who had been well reared. He told several persons that he was a son of a lord—that he had been kidnapped from England and sent to this country, and that if he had his just rights, he would be enjoying life and affluence in his own ancestral halls in Northumberland, England. His statement, however, was generally disbelieved, although everybody with whom he was acquainted gave it as their opinion that there was something singular connected with the lad and his past history.

The facts in the case, which have been since learned from undisputed authority are about as follows:

Some time in the year 1837, Sir John Fenwick (the father of the lad alluded to), while engaged in a shooting expedition on the Cumberland Hills, was thrown from his horse, and was conveyed to the humble cottage of a poor clergyman near by, with a shattered ankle. The clergyman was a widower, with an only child—a beautiful young daughter just budding into womanhood, who attended to the duties of their humble home, and cheered the declining years of a kind, venerable parent. She was unremitting in her kind attentions to the noble guest, and seldom left his bed-side until he was entirely recovered. To make the matter short, Sir John fell in love with the young lady and proposed to her. In reply, Clara (for that was her name), told her noble suitor that she loved him in return, but that she would not leave her father, but would remain with her kind parent, and lend a solace to his declining years. They parted, and after exchanging the lover's usual token:

"With many a vow and locked embrace
Their parting was full tender,
And pledging oft to meet again
They tore themselves asunder."

In the autumn of the same year, the mild and mellow English autumn—fit time indeed for the exit of so pure a soul from its earthly casket, the spirit of the venerable pastor winged its way to the realms of bliss beyond the skies.

* * * * * * *

The marriage was simple and most unostentatious, the ceremony being performed in private by a young curate, in order to escape the ridicule of the bridegroom's haughty relatives—and Clara Seymore became the bride of Sir James North Fenwick of Fenwick Hall. They made the tour of the Continent, and in due time returned to England, when she presented her husband with a boy, the subject of our present sketch. Sir John's friends, instead of contumely and reproach, pretended to greatly admire Lady Fenwick, and congratulated him on his choice. Two of his sisters took their residence in Fenwick Hall, and while pretending an unbounded affection for the victim, were daily and hourly engaged by a malicious talent in poisoning Lord Fenwick's mind against his wife. Poor Clara, all this time, unaware of the cruel, unrelenting course pursued toward her—Lord Fenwick becoming more and more morose and cold to her every day, and she, unaware of the true cause, attributed it to the seeming fact that he regretted having united himself with one as humble as she. In the meanwhile the boy reached the age of seventeen.

Suddenly one day these female fiends threw off the mask in the presence of Sir John, accused her of the most horrible crimes, and alleged that his wife confessed that her son was the fruit of illicit amour between herself and a certain French Count, to whom she was introduced by her husband, when they were sojourning in Venice during the honeymoon.

The lightning does not more surely rift the tallest oak than did this rude shock prostrate Lady Clara. She swooned, and Sir John strode madly from the Hall, his heart and brain on fire. He gave directions to his heartless sisters, to have her and her accursed brat expelled immediately from the Hall. He then threw himself upon his horse and galloped madly to the nearest seaport, and immediately embarked for the Continent.

Of course the unfeeling sisters were not long in executing their brother's command. Lady Clara and her son were immediately driven forth, although suffering from delirium, and were conveyed by the servants to the nearest inn. These villainous women had at length accomplished their vile purpose, which was to keep the magnificent property within their grasp; for they could not brook the idea that one whom they regarded as the offspring of an humbly born young female, for whom their brother had conceived an affection, should ever succeed to their proud title and the broad lands of their father. Thus it will be seen that villainy and treachery triumphed for the time being.

Poor Clara lay at the village inn raving from the effects of brain fever, where she was daily visited by Captain O'Neil—a gallant, warm-hearted Irish gentleman—of Enniskillin Dragoons, who was at the time quartered in the vicinity. He became acquainted with Lady Clara at Fenwick Hall.

When she became sufficiently recovered, he importuned her with much eloquence to go with him to his estate in Galway, Ireland. After many importunities, she at length yielded, for her husband's cold and harsh treatment had utterly obliterated all love she ever felt for him. Luckily, she had possession, beside her jewels, of two thousand pounds. Accompanied by Capt. O'Neil, she proceeded to Liverpool, where she placed her son on the steamer Adriatic, which was about to sail for New York, giving him directions to seek a cousin of her's, named Summerville, a wealthy planter in the interior of Texas. She gave him one thousand pounds, and bidding him an affectionate and tearful farewell, they parted—forever.

She accompanied the captain to his estate on the coast of Galway, where they were privately married. Her health failing, her husband took her to the south of France, in order to recuperate her shattered nerves. Capt. O'Neil dearly loved the yet beautiful Clara.

* * * * * * * *

After a short and pleasant voyage, our young hero arrived in the Empire City, where he immediately took passage in a steamer bound for Galveston, Texas. On his arriving there he purchased a beautiful Indian pony, and by adhering to the directions given him by a merchant of that place, who was acquainted with his relatives, he reached his cousin's ranche on the ninth day of his journey. On discovering who he was, and learning his strange and eventful history, his cousin received him with unbounded affection and kindness. His relative was the owner of two thousand acres of land and fifty negroes, and numerous herds of cattle; he was married to an amiable and intelligent American lady, and his household was gladdened by the presence of his beautiful daughter Estelle.

He spent his time most happily and agreeably at the ranche for about six months, devoting his time to hunting, fishing, and rambling over the flower-bespangled prairie with his charming relative, Estelle, with whom, it is almost unnecessary to say, our hero fell desperately in love.

He was suddenly awakened from his dreams of happiness and pleasure one night by the startling and unwelcome intelligence that the Comanches and a large party of Mexican guerrillas were bearing down to attack the ranche. All hands were immediately mustered to repel the blood thirsty marauders; the defenders numbered seven white men, including our hero and his cousin, and twenty negroes. The attacking party numbered over six hundred guerrillas and Indians. The attack was commenced almost immediately,—the assailants discharged showers of arrows and escopet balls at the defenders, who were stationed in the building, which, however, did little or no execution—the defenders replying with their death-dealing rifles, causing many a tawny savage and Mexican ruffian to bite the dust. But why prolong this fearful scene? Suffice it to say the ranche was carried by storm, after a desperate resistance, and every person, male and female, was butchered except our hero, who was taken prisoner and conveyed to Mexico by the Indians, after plundering and burning the ranche. Our hero shed many a bitter tear over the fate of his darling Estelle, and kind and generous relatives. He remained a prisoner about three months, and, strange to say, although closely watched, was not subjected to any cruel treatment.

One day, the tribe whose captive he was, started out on a marauding expedition, leaving him in charge of an Indian. He was the very savage who had tomahawked his beautiful Estelle! The Indian indulged in liquor freely, soon fell asleep. It was but the work of a moment for our hero to unsheath the scalping-knife from the belt of the sleeping savage, and plant it in his heart. Estelle was avenged! Seizing the Indian's rifle and ammunition, he started off in a northerly direction, and in three days reached the Rio Grande, where he found a canoe and crossed, and very soon reached Brownsville, Texas.

Here he met three Texan drovers, who were about to start with an immense drove of cattle to Carlinville, Macoupin County, in his State. Being short of hands, they offered to hire him to go with them and help them drive. Rendered destitute by being deprived of everything by the marauders, he gladly accepted their offer and went.

Arriving at Carlinville, he determined to return to England, and boldly proclaim his rights. Accordingly he took the cars for the East. While traveling on the New York and Erie Railroad, he fell in with a noble-hearted farmer, named Dreston F. Sappington, of Point Isabel, of this county, who induced him to go to Clinton, for the purpose of studying law with Mr. L. Weldon. Our hero, however, disliked the profession, and as we have above stated, was employed in this office by Mr. Sackett, and lately by Mr. Stanbury. While here, during October term of the Circuit Court, he stated his case to the Hon. Abraham Lincoln, who immediately wrote to the British Consul, at Chicago.

Two days afterward, the British Consul, the Hon. Mr. Wilkins, arrived at this place. After listening to Fenwick's story, and having a long consultation with Messrs. Lincoln and Stanbury, he took him to Chicago and employed him in his office. Meantime, the Consul wrote to England, making inquiries in regard to Sir John Fenwick, but could only hear that he was traveling on the Continent, but could not ascertain the precise spot.

The Prince of Wales, while traveling in this country, it will be recollected, stopped at Chicago. There the Consul introduced our hero to the Prince, who became convinced of the truth of his statement. He accompanied the Prince in his tour through the United States, and went with him to England.

On arriving there, our young hero proceeded immediately to his ancestral hall, where he was informed by the servants that one of his aunts, who had caused him and his mother so much trouble and unhappiness, was now on her death bed, attended by her brother Sir John Fenwick. He entered the chamber of death! The ghastly vision of the dying woman became still ghastlier when she beheld the boy whom she and her sister had so deeply wronged. She immediately confessed that the tale they had invented to blast the reputation of Lady Clara and ruin her innocent son, was without foundation—that Clara was a good and true wife till he drove her away and spurned her. Lord Fenwick folded his long lost son to his heart, and shed tears over him, The woman died in a few moments after making the confession. Her sister is at present the inmate of a convent, and strives to atone for her black-hearted treachery, by fasting, penitence and prayer.

* * * * * *

In a quiet, sequestered vale, near a sweet little village, in a province in the south of France, are two graves, over which is engraved the following simple inscription:—

SACRED
to the
Memory of
CAPTAIN EDWARD O'NEIL,
and his
DEAR WIFE CLARA.

Sweet and simple memento! May they sleep tranquilly. The soft southern wind sighing with a mournful cadence through the willows and tall grass, is a fit requiem.

Clara died of consumption a short time after her arrival in France, despite the tender care of her husband, and the exertions of skillful physicians. A short time after her death Capt. O. unintentionally insulted a French officer, which led to a challenge; they met and fought with small swords. The combat was desperate and prolonged, for they were both splendid swordsmen. O'Neil at length stretched his antagonist lifeless at his feet, and he was borne to his residence mortally wounded. Previous to his death, he gave directions to be buried with his wife, in the manner stated above. Having no heirs of his own, he willed his immense and valuable estate to his wife's son, John N. Fenwick.

* * * * * * *

Our young friend is now in Fenwick Hall, (as the following letter sent to us will testify), living in ease and affluence, receiving all the care and kindness lavished upon him by a now affectionate father.

* * * So you may imagine my feelings at present.

"To those persons in Clinton who doubted my statement and ridiculed me, I have no unkind feelings. I entertain toward the people of Clinton a lively feeling of gratitude for their many kind acts and favors. To Robert Lewis, Esq., I desire you to return my most sincere thanks. Tell him I still have the boots he presented me, which, together with the gold pen from Charley Dennet, I shall keep in remembrance of them, and my once humble condition in life.

"My best regards to my ever good friend, Mr. Stanbury, to whom I send in a package a breast pin. My love to Mrs. C——, and the children. I have many times since I left your roof thought of them and longed to see them.

* * * The package I send you I hope will entirely clear you of debt, and make you independent in life.

"Tell Al. Blackford I will send him a splendid Manton fowling piece by the next steamer. He has my likeness, which I would be glad to have left with Miss Julia C——.

"Yours, as ever,
JOHN NORTH FENWICK, Bart."

Reader, we have done. Is not "truth stranger than fiction?"

What Does It Mean.

A Galveston, (Texas) paper says that Horse Head, the six-foot nigger who assists Wild Cat in governing the Seminole African colony, opposite Eagle Pass, has arrived in Matamoras, and is daily to be seen sunning himself in the promenades of that place.

Horse Head is in Matamoras for the purpose of hunting up the free niggers, with the design of establishing a highly-perfumed colony, somewhere near the Indian-Nation, and in close proximity to the Box colony, Wild Cat desires to create the "irrepressible conflict" in Mexico, and is putting a negro establishment alongside of the whites in Durango; and time, he says, will develop which is the natural slave, his nigs or Box's whites. We learn that this colony will probably number five or six hundred.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

SOOTHING SYRUP

Every mother should be prepared to act in the capacity of both nurse and physician to her children she can, if she will, discharge these duties much better than any one she can employ. If she does not, she ought to know that there is a Medicine prepared by an old nurse and female physician which has stood the test of many, many years, and is the most perfect thing on earth for children teething; it also cures Wind Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, and is sure to regulate the bowels. We say to every mother, do not let your own prejudices, or the prejudices of others stand in the way of the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP certainly does, as the name implies, "soothe" the little sufferer into a quiet, natural sleep, from which it awakes invigorated and refreshed. And for the cure of diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Wind Colic, &c., we have never seen its equal.

We have always been, and still are, opposed to the practice of drugging infants. This article has no deleterious effects whatever, and from our own experience (we speak advisedly) we have every confidence in it, and can heartily recommend it to all mothers. Take our advice—use it—and you will as strongly recommend it to others as we have to you.

When we say that MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP acts like a charm, we do but reiterate the language of every person who ever used it for their children, for all diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery and Diarrhœa, Wind Colic and Cholera Infantum. It will produce quietude and rest, relieve all suffering, and the infant will awake invigorated and refreshed, and not with the dull and stupefying effects of preparations of opium.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States.

During the thirty years of unprecedented and increasing popularity of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, innumerable "Cordials" and other nostrums, prepared by pretended M.D.'s, have sprung up and lived but a mushroon existence, the SOOTHING SYRUP has been constantly increasing in popularity, and become a household word, and

THOUSANDS OF MOTHERS THANK
MRS. WINSLOW

for the health of their children, by the use of her invaluable article.

PRICE 20 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

For sale by
THOS. HAMILTON,
48 Beekman St., N.Y.

TIME, MONEY, AND LABOR SAVED,
BY USING
B. T. BABBITT'S
SUPERIOR FRENCH
CHEMICAL ERASIVE SOAP,

Made and improved by the Original Inventor of the German and Austrian Chemical Erasive or Detersive Soap, of which the *real* and *genuine article* has, since its first introduction to the American public, been most favorably known, as the *Best* and *Cheapest* Washing Soap in the market, and with the present improvement, which is not known to any other manufacturer, we Challenge the World to produce a better article.

1. One pound of it will accomplish as much as three pounds of any other soap.
2. But one quarter the time and labor are required to do the same amount of washing, as with the best of family soap.
3. It does not injure the most delicate fabric; will tend to set the colors, and wash cleaner than any other soap in use.
4. Clothes need no boiling, and but little rubbing with the hands, thus avoiding their wear upon the wash-board.
5. Paints, Grease, Tar, and stains of every description vanish as by magic, before its wonderful, searching, erasive powers.
6. It is invaluable to Machinists, Printers, Painters, and all others using Inks, Oils, etc., for washing hands; it does not chap them (like other soaps,) but will cleanse and soften the skin.
7. It may be used in hard or soft water, and is adapted for use in all climates.

Put up in one pound bars, sixty bars in each box.

For sale by the bar or box by
THOS. HAMILTON,
48 Beekman Street.

MEDICAL.

THE BEST MEDICINES IN THE WORLD!!!

The following invaluable medicines may be obtained of
THOMAS HAMILTON, 48 Beekman St.

DR. CLARKE'S
VEGETABLE SHERRY-WINE BITTERS,

Are composed of Sarsaparilla, Dock-root, Rheubarb, Thoroughwort, Dandelion, Prickly Ash, Bark, &c. they should be taken not only in the Spring, but at all seasons of the year, as they operate directly on the liver, removing from it all coating of morbid matter, and restoring it to its normal action; also opening the bile ducts, causing the requisite flow of bile so essential to good health. Their influence upon the kidneys, also, is advantageously felt; at the same time they operate upon the blood, cleansing it from all impurity or taint of any kind. Humors of long standing are eradicated from the blood, thereby speedily curing jaundice, headache, weak stomach, sore eyes, nervousness, and other chronic diseases arising from impurity of the blood.

The palatableness of these bitters renders them agreeable to every one, and being composed entirely of vegetables, they may be used by all classes of people with safety.

Sold for the low price of 25 cents per pint bottle.

DR. CLARKE'S
SUGAR-COATED HERB PILLS.

These pills are made mostly from a valuable herb that grows on the proprietor's farm.

Warranted to cure Bilious Stomach, Bilious Bowels, Bilious Colic, Bilious Fever, and all diseases which arise from a bilious state of the system, viz, Jaundice, Headache, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Weak Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, and a host of diseases too numerous to mention, as their number is legion.

Warranted to cure diseases peculiar to the female sex.

Warranted at all times safe and efficient.

Warranted for a gentle family physic [illegible] an equal in America, operating without pain.

Warranted not to contain calomel, aloes, gamboge, colocynth, or other drastic poisonous drugs, which always do the system more hurt than good, and by their continued use are sure to cause a derangement of the liver, bring on costiveness, and its inevitable consequence, piles, and dyspepsia, and finally break down the constitution, and cause the victim to drag out a miserable existence. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wily poison. Your life is your own,—preserve it. Take a simple herb, sure in its effects, but safe and pleasant,—no wrenching pains, no ill effects, and made pleasant to take by a fine coat of sugar. Children love them, ladies admire them, fools and wise men cannot do without them, doctors prescribe them,—and every body takes them. Yes, every body; from the honest farmer and mechanic to the most learned philosopher. And why? Simply because they are good, excellently good; and will do you good.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

DR. CLARKE'S COUGH AND CROUP SYRUP.

It is the most wonderful, effective and extraordinary medicine for the lungs ever used by man. It is perfectly safe and pleasant to take, and gives relief immediately. Thousands have been cured by its use, and tens of thousands will be again. All who use it pronounce it to be the best lung remedy ever discovered. Common coughs and colds are dispelled by the use of only a few doses, and children can be cured of croup at once if taken in its first stage. Long-standing diseases require perseverance, but a cure will be guaranteed. No medicine before ever possessed such excellent healing and curative power for the lungs. It seems, with almost magic power, to dispel the most severe cases of cough and throat ail.

Vocalists and public speakers should not fail to keep a bottle on hand at all times. A small quantity taken occasionally renders the voice beautifully clear and the lungs extremely strong. Words cannot fully express the great benefit to be derived from the use of the world-renowned remedy. Delay not, but procure a bottle at once. Use it if needed, and if not, keep it till necessity requires its use, as all, sooner or later, are overtaken by some unpleasant affection of the lungs or throat.

Price, 25 Cents per Bottle.

BOOKS.

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CHURCH NOTICES.

Zion Baptist Church, Sullivan street, near Houston. The congregation of this Church is on the increase, but there has not yet been any increase in the church. The labors of the pastor seems to be highly appreciated, many of our citizens being attracted to the place by his very eloquent discourses.

A. M. E. (Bethel) Church, Bridge street, Brooklyn. At the expiration of the term of service of the Rev. Mr. Speaks, the Rev. Edmund Cosby, took charge of the church, until the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Kane. This gentleman who, in early life was taken by his parents to the west, now returns eastward again with a mind well stored with practical knowledge, and which has been greatly improved by diligent study in the Wilberforce University, at Xenia, Ohio.

We have not had the pleasure of hearing him preach, but we learn that his sermons bear the evidence of deep research.

The Concord St. Baptist Church, Brooklyn.—This Church is now in the enjoyment of peace and quietness. Some time since there was some difficulties between the pastor and some of his parishioners, but since the settlement of these troubles, nothing has occurred worthy of note. The Rev. Sampson White, is still the pastor.

St. Paul's Congregational Church, Hudson avenue, Brooklyn. This Church has long been without a pastor. After the Rev. G. W. Levere withdrew, the Rev. John B. Reeve, had charge of the church for a while, but having a call from the Central Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, which he had accepted, ere he entered on his charge at St. Paul's Church, he was compelled to leave. The Rev. Eli N. Hall, has been engaged, to fill the desk, and this he is doing very successfully. There has been quite an increase in the church since he has been there.

Siloam Presbyterian Church, Prince St., Brooklyn. This Church has been very fortunate in the choice of a pastor. On the recommendation of the Rev. A. N. Freeman, the late pastor, the present pastor, the Rev. Chas. H. Thompson, who was then a student at Oberlin College, was called to the charge of the church. We have had the pleasure of listening to one of his discourses, and we were highly pleased, not only with the matter and its arrangement, but also with the manner of de[illegible] [illegible] [Sabb]ath-school of the church gave [illegible] [illegible]ie on the 31st of July, which [illegible]ded, and passed off finely.

[illegible]st Church, Williamsburgh.—[illegible] [u]nder the pastoral charge of the Rev. James Hamilton. By his faithfulness and gentlemanly bearing, as a pastor and a man, he has won to himself troops of friends. The church is very fully attended, and is at peace within its borders.

Zion Church, Williamsburgh.—Many of the friends of this church, will be pleased to hear that it is in a very prosperous state. The administration of the Rev. Moses Manning, has been of very great benefit to it. We think that the Williamsburgh friends have been very fortunate in securing the appointment of this gentleman to the charge of their church. Messrs. Manning and Hamilton frequently exchange pulpits, and this has a very beneficial effect upon both churches.

St. James, P. E. Church, Williamsburgh.—The Rev. Mr. Taylor, still officiates at this church, but we are not able to report any increase in the congregation, one great drawback to the church is, that it is never open in the evening.

Slavery and the War.

The following petition to Congress from the New York Republican Central Club [illegible] [m]eeting:

[illegible] [th]e the establishment [illegible] Slavery has been [illegible] [dist]urbance and crime; [illegible] [belie]ve that the present conflict will prove to be irrepressible so long as slavery exists, inasmuch as it is the sole cause of the present war and consequently will generate future war; and whereas we believe it is the duty of Congress to resort to every Constitutional method of saving the nation and future generations from the enormous debt and loss of life with which we are now threatened; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we believe that a large majority of the people of the North will faithfully sustain those members in Congress who vote for improving the present constitutional opportunity of delivering the nation from the great curse of slavery. And, in view of the formidable opposition and awful loss of life at Manassas Junction, we hereby petition Congress not to leave Washington until they shall have either passed in substance the proposed law of the Hon. Seth C. Pomeroy, for the suppression of the slaveholders' rebellion by abolishing Slavery in the seceded States, amended, if thought best by compensating the Union slaveholders out of the confiscated property of the rebels, or abolish the Fugitive Slave Law as pertains to said seceded States.

"*Resolved*, That copies of the foregoing be transmitted by our Secretary to the [illegible] and Speaker of the [illegible] [illegible]es, with the request [illegible] [bo]th House of Con[gress]."

Another Vessel Saved through the Agency of a Colored Man.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune at Fortress Monroe, writing under date of July 28th furnishes the following:—

"The gunboat Albatross, Capt. Prentiss, came into the roads a few days since with the Enchantress and her prize crew, recaptured after she had been taken by the privateer Jeff. Davis. The following account of her last cruise may not be uninteresting:

The Albatross, after leaving her first prize with Commodore Stringham, proceeded to sea again on the 18th of July, and on the following day arrived off Oregon Inlet, on the coast of North Carolina, where she saw a rebel steamer towing a schooner. The Albatross immediately gave chase, but the steamer, being of light draft, was able to get out of the way, under [illegible] of a large battery commanding the [illegible] and took her position [illegible] a sand[illegible]. The Albatross opened fire on her, she returned, but her shot [illegible] [with o]ne exception, which just [illegible] stack of the Albatross [illegible] the port bow, but the Albatross [illegible] no injury. After she was [illegible] [st]eamer took a safe position further [illegible] was another steamer that took [illegible] in the engagement. Finding it [illegible] to attempt pursuit or a landing, the [illegible] [c]ross [illegible] for Cape Hatteras, speaking and boarding several craft on the way. She found the [illegible] strongly fortified with batteries. In the Harbor were six vessels and three steamers, and a light ship which was supposed to be a floating battery. Heavy guns were mounted on either side of the channel. Not being able to enter, in consequence of these fortifications and steamers, the Albatross put to sea again. This was on Sunday, the 19ht. After sailing two or three hours southward and eastward, she sighted a vessel, and gave chase, and soon fetched up to what proved to be the Enchantress, captured by the privateer Jeff. Davis, six days out from Boston, to St. Jago, and in possession of a prize crew of five rebels and a negro belonging to the schooner before she was taken. On speaking her and demanding where from and whence bound, she replied, Boston for St. Jago. At this moment the negro rushed from the galley where the pirates had secreted him and jumped into the sea, exclaiming "they are a privateer-crew from the Jeff. Davis, and bound for Charleston." The negro was picked up and taken on the A. The prize was ordered to heave to, which she did. Lieutenant Neville jumped aboard of her, and ordered the pirates into the boats, and to pull for the Albatross, where they were secured in irons. Two of the prisoners are Charleston pilots, one is from Boston, and two from Brooklyn—one of the latter has a brother in Fortress Monroe, and the other has a brother on the Roanoke. Prizemaster Tunis D. Wendell was ordered on board the schooner, which was taken in tow by the Albatross, and arrived in Hampton Roads on Wednesday, the 22d. The Albatross will shortly proceed to Philadelphia, or New York, for repairs to her machinery. The vessel has now a reputation which is a terror to the Rebels, on sea and coast, as a fighting craft which they had better give a wide berth to.

A correspondent of the Liberator, writing from Newburyport, Mass., says of the Enchantress:

"She was owned by Messrs. Benjamin Davis, Atkinson Stanwood, John T. Page, E. Manson, E. M. Reed, R. Plumer, E. Evans, J. B. and W. J. Cresy. She was built on our river, of one hundred and sixty tons burthen, and as good a vessel as ever sailed from this port. Captain Devereaux, the commander, is a very capable man—one in whom the owners have entire confidence. She left Boston, bound to St. Jago, and when one hundred and fifty miles south of Nantucket Shoals, while on his course, came in sight of what he supposed was a French brig, with French colors. From his appearance, Captain D. supposed he was bound to New York. As he came along very near to make inquiries, Captain D. chalked on his quarter what he supposed this Frenchman wanted to ascertain—viz: the longitude. When near enough to throw a biscuit on board, up jumped some one hundred men—the "long-tom" was uncovered—ports were opened—and down came the French flag, and up went the Confederate! As the Enchantress was unarmed, and had a crew of only eight men and boys, what else could the captain do but submit to the one hundred, all armed, and ready for a fight! The E. was a clipper, and the fastest sailor in the States; and, with the least suspicion on the part of the Captain, could easily have sailed the piratical craft out of sight."

Exodus of the colored population of Hampton, Va.

The removal of Government stores from the village commenced early in the evening. It was the occasion for fresh rumors, among which was one that the village was to be shelled by the Fortress, and probably burned, which rumor I suspect had rather more foundation than some of the earlier ones. An indescribable panic ensued among the colored population, which all at once appeared to swell beyond all previous calculation. The streets swarmed with the terrified people. In less than half an hour the exodus commenced. The tide that for hours after poured over Hampton Bridge toward the Fortress, the scenes that marked the flight of the remnants of the population of the once great and aristocratic village, I will not undertake to describe. The moon made the night almost light as day. Between 8 and 9 o'clock the long wagon train of the Albany regiment turned into the main road leading from the Fortress to Hampton, which already swarmed with fugitives. They were principally on foot, the men and women, the latter greatly preponderating, carrying bundles big as hogsheads, containing the entire household effects of a family. Some were wheeling barrows containing a wagon-load. Children were straggling; those that were capable of carrying anything had some article or other of economic housekeeping; all fleeing as from instant peril. Women were shouting to men heavily laden to hurry up, and men urged women similarly encumbered not to lag behind the grotesque cavalcade that stretched the entire distance from Hampton to the fortress, their place of refuge. The scene was one seldom beheld anywhere. It was at once ludicrous and melancholy. But when to it was joined the camp train of kicking, baulky mules and fractious horses, with shouting, cursing, rollicking drivers—here a large wagon in the gutter, and there another stalled and half upset—it was quite past description. It was well toward night when the fugitive train began to dwindle. Some lingering, lame ancient Uncle Ned or Joe, who, though as deeply impressed with the sense of danger, was yet late in setting out, or unable to keep pace in the flight, formed the rear of this remarkable exodus. It was beyond midnight when I strolled through the streets of the village. The guards had generally been withdrawn, and save the main one, the streets were all quiet and desolate. Here and there in the neighborhood of the batteries and the bridge, squads of soldiers, who knew the rebels were little likely to make their appearance, or if they did were ready for them, lounged in door-yards or sprawled on the green grass, and were singing excellently well as a general thing in the German tongue, songs which the scene was so well calculated to inspire, while here and there others sang glees of the sea, that gave you to [und]erstand that the Naval Brigade had not [re]treated. With a friend I visited [illegible] of two Union families absent, where the negro [illegible] great and small, old and young, [illegible] [illegible] certain [illegible] gave us to understand that an extemporized prayer-meeting was going on. We were not intruders for they were in [illegible] of trouble," and pressed us for that assurance which, with unbounded and noisy faith, they were praying for. We told them to go to bed, keep quiet, and that it would be all right. We had the satisfaction of being believed with a thankfulness that for once it was a luxury to give advice. We went to another house, where there were two female servants alone. They, too, had been in "heaps of trouble," but, more philosophical if not more trusting, had come to the conclusion 'dat ef de Secesh ded come dey couldn't help, and dat war no use crying." Thus convinced, they had placed a chair against the door as a barricade, and gone to bed and were sound asleep when we knocked. "Do yes think, massa, dat dem Secesh will come for sure?" We told them not to be alarmed, which appeared to be perfectly satisfactory. We strolled through shaded streets from which the moonlight was almost barricaded by the meeting branches. Large fine mansions with doors and windows open, and which three months ago were tenanted by Virginia aristocracy, evidenced the unusual desolation. Now and then might be seen the flicker of a light carried by a marauding soldier exploring garret and cellar for something that had escaped previous search. Passing out of the village and over the bridge, we took our way to the fortress on foot. The road was yet traveled by fugitives, doubting or belated, and occasionally by a regimental sutler's cart, who with an eye to business had lingered for the last cent's worth of trade. In the neighborhood of the fortress the Babel scene which reigned when we left, had relapsed into something like quiet. The fugitives who had found refuge under the guns of the fortress, lay sprawled and scattered over a wide space in the shadow of its frowning walls. Soldiers, weary with the excessive labors of the day, lay in groups in the open air. The wagonways, and every foot of space not otherwise appropriated, were crowded and jammed with wagons with mules tied to them. Beside our particular friend, the burly and hard-working Quartermaster, and his faithful wagon-master, few were stirring. The sentinels slept at their posts, and cared little whether we knew that the countersign was "Rich Mountain" or "Bull Run."

The Contraband Question.

A LETTER FROM GEN. BUTLER.

Headquarters Department of Va., }
Fortress Monroe, July 30, 1861. }

Hon. Simeon Cameron, Secretary of War—Sir—By an order received on the 26th of July from Major General Dix, by a telegraphic order from Lieut. Gen. Scott, I was commanded to forward, of the troops of this department, four regiments and a half, including Colonel Baker's California Regiment, to Washington via Baltimore. This order reached me at two o'clock, A. M., by a special boat from Baltimore. Believing that it emanated because of some pressing exigency for the defence of Washington, I issued my orders before daybreak for the embarkation of the troops, sending those who are among the very best regiments I had. In the course of the following day they were all embarked for Baltimore, with the exception of some four hundred, for whom I had not transportation, although I had all the transport force in the hands of the Quartermaster here, to aid in the Bay line of steamers, which, by the same order from the Lieut. General, was directed to furnish transportation. Up to and at the time of the order I had been preparing for an advance movement by which I hoped to cripple the resources of the enemy at Yorktown, and especially by seizing a large quantity of negroes who were being pressed into their service in building the intrenchments there. I had five days previously been enabled to mount, for the first time, the first company of Light Artillery, which I had been empowered to raise, and they had but a single rified cannon, an iron six-pounder. Of course everything must and did yield to the supposed exigency and the orders. This ordering away the troops from this department, while it weakened the posts at Newport News, necessitated the withdrawal of the troops from Hampton, where I was then throwing up intrenched works to enable me to hold the town with a small force, while I advanced up the York or James river. In the village of Hampton there were a large number of negroes, composed in a great measure of women and children of the men who had fled thither within my lines for protection, who had escaped from marauding parties of rebels who had been gathering up able-bodied blacks to aid them in constructing their batteries on the James and York rivers. I had employed the men in Hampton in throwing up intrenchments, and they were working zealously and efficiently at that duty, saving our soldiers from that labor under the gleam of the mid-day sun. The women were earning substantially their own subsistence in washing, marketing, and taking care of the clothes of the soldiers, and rations were being served out to the men who worked for the support of the children. But by the evacuation of Hampton, rendered necessary by the withdrawal of troops, leaving me scarcely five thousand men outside the Fort, including the force at Newport News, all these black people were obliged to break up their homes at Hampton, fleeing across the creek within my lines for protection and support. Indeed, it was a most distressing sight, to see these poor creatures, who had trusted to the protection of the arms of the United States, and who aided the troops of the United States in their enterprise, to be thus obliged to flee from their homes, and the homes of their masters, who had deserted them, and become fugitives from fear of the return of the Rebel soldiery who had threatened to shoot the men who had wrought for us, and to carry off the women, who had served us, to a worse than Egyptian bondage. I have therefore now within the Peninsula, this side of Hampton Creek, 900 negroes, 300 of whom are able-bodied men, 30 of whom are men substantially past hard labor, 175 women, 225 children under the age of 10 years, and 170 between 10 and 18 years, and many more coming in. The question which this state of facts present are very embarrassing.

"*First*—What shall be done with them? and *Second* What is their state and condition?

"Upon these questions I desire the instructions of the Department.

"The first question, however, may perhaps be answered by considering the last. Are these men, women and children slaves? Are they free? Is their condition that of men, women and children, or of property, or is it a mixed relation? What their *status* was under the Constitution and laws we all know. What has been the effect of rebellion and a state of war upon that *status*? When I adopted the theory of treating the able-bodied negro fit to work in the trenches, as property liable to be used in aid of rebellion, and so contraband of war, that condition of things was in so far met as I then and still believe, on legal and constitutional basis. But now a new series of questions arise. Passing by women, the children certainly cannot be treated on that basis; if property, they must be considered the incumbrance, rather than the auxiliary of an army, and, of course, in no possible legal relation, could be treated as contraband. Are they property? If they were so, they have been left by their masters and owners, deserted, thrown away, abandoned like the wrecked vessel upon the ocean. Their former possessors and owners have causelessly, traitorously, rebelliously, and to carry out the figure practically abandoned them to be swallowed up by the winter storm of starvation. If property, do they not become the property of the salvors? but we, their salvors, do not need and will not hold such property and will assume no such ownership; has not therefore all proprietary relation ceased? Have they not become thereupon men, women and children? No longer under ownership of any kind, the fearful relics of fugitive masters, have they not by their masters' acts, and the state of war, assumed the condition, which we hold to be the normal one, of those made in God's image. Is not every Constitutional, legal, and moral requirement, as well to the runaway master as their relinquished slaves, thus answered? I confess that my own mind is compelled by this reasoning to look upon them as men and women. If not free born, yet free, manumitted, sent forth from the hand that held them never to be reclaimed.

"Of course if this reasoning thus imperfectly set forth is correct, my duty as a humane man is very plain. I should take the same care of these men, women and children, homeless and unprovided for, as I would of the same number of men, women and children, who for their attachment to the Union had been driven or allowed to flee from the Confederate States. I should have no doubt on this question, had I not seen it stated that an order had been issued by General McDowell in his department, substantially forbidding all fugitive slaves from coming within the lines, or being harbored there. Is that order to be enforced in all military departments? If so, who are to be considered fugitive slaves? Is a slave to be considered fugitive, whose master runs away and leaves him? Is it forbidden to the troops to aid or harbor within their lines the negro children who are found therein, or is the soldier, when his march has destroyed their means of subsistence, to allow them to starve because he has driven off the rebel master? How shall the commander of regiment or battalion sit in judgment upon the question, whether any given black man has fled from his master, or his master fled from him? Indeed, how are the free born to be distinguished? Is one any more or less a fugitive slave because he has labored on the rebel intrenchments? If he has so labored, as I understand it, he is to be harbored. By the reception of which, are the rebels most to be distressed, by taking those who have wrought all their rebel masters desired, masked their battery, or those who have refused to labor and left the battery unmasked.

"I have very decided opinions upon the subject of this order. It does not become me to criticise it, and I write in no spirit of criticism, but simply to explain the full difficulties that surround the enforcing it. If the enforcement of that order becomes the policy of the Government, I as a soldier, shall be bound to enforce it steadfastly, if not cheerfully. But if left to my own discretion, as you may have gathered from my reasoning, I should take a widely different course from that which it indicates.

"In a loyal State I would put down a servile insurrection. In a state of rebellion I would confiscate that which was used to oppose my arms, and take all that property, which constituted the wealth of that State, and furnished the means by which the war is prosecuted, beside being the cause of the war; and if, in so doing, it should be objected that human beings were brought to the free enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, such objection might not require much consideration.

"Pardon me for addressing the Secretary of War directly upon this question, as it involves some political considerations a well as propriety of military action.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"BENJAMIN F. BUTLER."

Liberty to the Captive—Preach it!

"Wake, wake the song, and strike the lyre,
Each breast be filled with patriot fire,
As pledge we now, both heart and hand,
To Freedom's own, our native land!"

Preach it?—Yes, preach it louder than ever. Now is the time, the set time. No time was ever more opportune, more favorable, more important than the present, to preach freedom, liberty to the captives, "cry aloud, spare not, lift up your voice like a trumpet." Thunder it out, flash it out. God is preaching it in thunder tones. He waited long and patiently for ministers to open their mouths for the dumb, why did they refuse? God preaches freedom, the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound. He has always preached thus, declared positively, "he that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death." And he always will preach thus, till *every* yoke is broken, and the oppressed go free. "Let my people go," is sounded louder and still louder in the ears of every one; the voice is in every breeze, every zephyr, every whistling wind, in sunshine, the gentle shower, in the storm, in hurricane, the still small voice. The thunders *thunder* it; the lightnings flash it; the earth quakes it; the heavens declare it; the sun, the moon, the starry firmament the heavens above, the earth beneath, all nature cries: —"Loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free, break every yoke."

"Long, too long, have we been [illegible]
O'er our country's sin and shame;
Let us now, the time redeeming,
Press the helpless captive's claim,
Till exulting,
He shall cast aside his chain!"

Preach it! yes, preach it, pour in the truth burningly, scorchingly, the liquid flame of God's word. Preach it by word of mouth, the sword, the bayonet, the forty-pounder. Preach it as God preaches it.

"Blest Freedom, still thy sway extend.
O'er all the earth thy bl[illegible],
Break every tyrant's galling chain,
Rule all the land, rule all the main.
Then shall be heard from shore to shore,
In thunder tones, like ocean's roar,
The nation's shout as loud they sing
The praise of God, their only King."

Golden Rule.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

Colorphobia in Jamaica.

Kingston, Jamaica, July 5, 1861.

There's great dearth of news here. Excepting the case of the Rev. Robert Gordon, there's nothing that will interest your readers. The Bishop of this Diocese is likely to get into bad odor, in consequence of his unjust conduct towards that clergyman, now resident in the city of Kingston. The Rev. Robert Gordon is a black, a native of Jamaica, and a minister of the Church of England. He obtained ordination in Canada by the Bishop of Huron, about three years ago. Mr. Gordon was employed by the Colonial Church Society, and his services were deemed by those among whom he labored as efficient and attended with a pleasing measure of success, as letters testimonial and other documents in his possession show. It is to be expected that a black native of the tropics, and one resident for upwards of a quarter of a century in the Island of Jamaica, should find the habits of a Northern people unsuited to his tastes, and the rigors of a wintry climate trying to his constitution. Mr. Gordon stood the first winter well, but his health afterwards declined, and there appeared no other alternative left him, if he would preserve health, than to quit the frosty region of Canada. He sought, naturally enough, the congenial region of his native land. In returning hither, he fully expected employment as a clergyman, there being many localities where he might be advantageously employed; moreover, it was in Jamaica that he had fitted himself for a life of usefulness; all his considerable information had been acquired here, and here, above all places in God's earth, he was free to do all good. But Mr. Gordon has found great difficulties, for opposition of a formidable kind has beset him. There's a body of whites in Jamaica who are virulently prejudiced against even the educated blacks, and this body is composed of the old slaveholders, and they openly declare that the black clergyman would be better employed in digging cane-holes than in preaching. The Bishop has been influenced so far by this dominant party as to deny employment to the black priest, and to keep him in suspense. Mr. Gordon received his clerical honors at the hands of a Canadian Bishop; but, previous to his application in that quarter for ordination, he had constantly and solicitously sought ordination in his native land, but without success, having been then opposed by the same party which now urges the Bishop to deny the black man bread. During his earlier struggles to obtain a footing in Jamaica, Bishop Courtenay gave him the promise—reluctantly given, to be sure, but still formally made—of an appointment in the Church here; a promise he never redeemed, and now declares he never will. Mr. Gordon, in spite of hope deferred, and malignant opposition, has triumphantly compassed his cherished wish in now presenting himself to his countrymen for employment as a full and accredited Priest of the Church of England. By a course of deferential conduct to those over and around him, he has succeeded in winning the sympathies of the public, and the whole Jamaica Press is thundering at the gates of the Episcopal Palace for the admission of the black priest into the charmed edifice; and unless Bishop Courtenay gives due heed to the demand, his personal character and high social position are at stake.

We, here, are all watching with intense interest current events in America.

Success to the Anti-Slavery cause!

N. L. E.

From the Liberator.

Colored Citizens of Canada.

At the recent city election in Toronto, C. W., the colored citizens have borne quite a prominent part through the agency of lectures, public meetings, questioning of candidates, and activity at nominations and at the polls.

During a speech of William J. Watkins, Esq., of Rochester, New York, he referred to the Anderson case as having furnished the colored people with an admirable test to show them who were their friends, and the reverse. He showed that it was the opposition members of Parliament who had battled for the rights of humanity assailed in the person of the colored man Anderson, while the ministry and their supporters took a very different course—the Premier of the Government and the Chief Justice having done their part towards sending him back to be burned alive. As he saw a considerable number of the colored electors present, he should have something to say particularly to them, because he thought that they, he might almost say above all other people in the Province, ought to see to it that they occupied the right position, and that they gave no aid or comfort to the enemy. (Cheers.) The eye of the whole world was upon the colored men of the United States and of Canada, and it was their duty to take that course which would refute the absurd and wicked allegation of their natural, mental and moral inferiority. (Cheers.) These white men, said Mr. Watkins, cannot do it for us. The Hon. George Brown, with all his brilliant eloquence, cannot do it. We, colored men, must do it for ourselves. (Cheers.) The colored man must stand up before the nation, and prove by the development of all that is within him, that he is a man in every sense of the word. (Loud cheers.) They could not do this, if they committed suicide by voting aid and comfort to the enemy. (Cheers.) Mr. Watkins proceeded to complain that the colored citizens of Toronto had been most grossly misrepresented and libelled in a paragraph which had appeared in that morning's Leader.

An interesting correspondence between A. T. Augusta, M. D., a colored citizen, and Adam Wilson, Esq., was also published, relative to public questions involving rights of the colored people in Canada.

N.

ALLEGED ATTEMPT TO ENSLAVE SIX COLORED MEN.

On last Monday morning six colored seamen presented themselves at the office of Marshal Murray, and stated that they were part of the crew of the Robert C. Wright, and were charged with [illegible] ashore by their captain. [illegible] them in custody until the arrival of Mr. Commissioner Osborne, when they made the following statement:

The brig sailed from this port bound to Aspinwall with a cargo of coals. The crew consisted of the master, two mates, and the six colored men, who hailed as follows:

Charles Darling, aged fifteen, West Indies; Jose Cardez, aged twenty-five, Chili; Obra Walker, aged nineteen, Bermuda; Lorenzo Thompson, aged twenty-two, West Indies; Charles Ranny, aged twenty-two, Jamaica, West Indies.

From Aspinwall, the brig proceeded to Trinidad to get freight, and from thence to Cuba; but in consequence of the civil war at the South, the Spanish merchants were very cautious, and refused to make shipments under the United States flag. The captain then ran for Cardenas, and subsequently made up his mind to put into Baltimore, Maryland. The men put in a demurrer to this, as they supposed it was intended to sell them into slavery.

Symptoms of insubordination bein gapparent, and fearing that he and his officers might be murdered while asleep in their berths, the captain ran before the wind to New York; and gave up his crew to the authorities on the charge of intending to make a revolt, mutiny, and murder. This morning they were arraigned on the charges, but no prosecutor appearing, they were discharged, and went on their way rejoicing.

The following is the statement of one of them named Charles Ranny:

We sailed from this port on the brig Robert C. Wright, Garland master, having signed articles for a voyage from New York to Aspinwall, thence to Cuba, and to return to the United States. On the voyage out we were civil and worked hard, but were threatened with shooting, and the captain said if he had us in Baltimore we should go up in the country, and he would walk the streets like a gentleman. We supposed he would sell us. The second mate ran away at Aspinwall. As we could get no cargo in Cuba or Cienfuegos, the captain said he would go to Baltimore, and then commenced his promise of licking and selling us.

We told the captain several times that we did not want to go there, but he said it was none of our business where we went, and that he would do as he pleased. He said that he would give Charley Simpson and the cook a free passage to go North, but he would sell the rest of us down South. We talked the matter over forward, and came to the conclusion we would not go South, but would come to New York.

At that time we made no display of force and had no arrest of any kind. The mate threatened to cut us with a cutlass, but the captain finding we were firm in our determination to come to the port of New York, said if we would do our duty he would come here. We do not think we have done wrong, believing that if we were taken to Baltimore we should be sold for slaves.

The brig Robert C. Wright is rated A 1 1-4, 190 tuns, built in Baltimore in 1855, and is owned by J. Randall. She has no cargo.

After the prisoners were discharged, ex-Judge Beebe took the necessary steps to libel the vessel for the wages of the crew, claiming one month and a half, at twelve dollars per month. Thus the affair stands at present.

Anglo-African War Items.

A Boston correspondent of the New York Tribune in a recent letter says:

"A mulatto from Westchester County, New York, came into a recruiting office in State Street yesterday, and said he had come all the way from home on purpose to enlist, for he had heard that in Massachussetts colored men were received in the army. He was turned off, of course, because Congress is so select in its tastes that it will not employ yellow men to fight yellow men. I don't see as the poor fellow can serve his country, and the cause of freedom unless he can contrive to get captured by a privateer, and then slay the prize crew and bring his vessel into port, as your black hero, Tillman, did."

We are personally acquainted with the individual referred to, and will confidently predict that before many months have expired, we will hear of daring deeds performed by him.

A correspondent of the Syracuse, (New York,) Standard, writes:

Several companies of negro cavalry charged on Sherman's battery, and were met with grape and canister. Then they were greeted with shell of two seconds fuse, which exploded just at the proper time.

Hon. Kennedy Marshall, of Pittsburg, who was in the woods near Bull Run, during the conflict, saw six slaves, who said they escaped from one of the rebel batteries. They said that the rebels have thousands of negroes with them who do all the work, cutting down trees, making fortifications, and working batteries; that several whole regiments are made up of them, but so far have been kept in the rear, and not put in fight except to work the batteries. While talking to them a company of calvary dashed by, and the negroes screened Mr. Marshall from them by their bodies, and assured him that all the negroes would aid us if they had a fair chance—that it took nearly an equal number of whites to watch them.

The Legislature of Tennessee has passed an act "for the relief of volunteers," which authorizes the governor to impress all the free negroes of that State, between the ages of fifteen and fifty years, being sound in mind and body. These "volunteers" are to perform such menial services in the camp as may be required, and to receive therefor regular rations, with eight dollars per month as wages.

Governor Moore yesterday telegraphed to Richmond, to offer the services of fifteen or twenty, or as many more if needed, of the free colored women of this city to act as nurses.—N. O. Crescent.

The Richmond Examiner says that among the prisoners here is a free negro, who came as a chaplain to one of the Connecticut regiments.

The Examiner has been sold.

A member of one of the [illegible] regiments relates that at the battle of Bull Run he encountered a stalwart colored man, belonging to the Secession ranks who was arrayed with a heavy broad sword and rif[le] [illegible] head, with such force that the woodwork of the rifle with which the white soldier was defending himself, was completely severed, whereupon the soldier retreated.

A slave man, belonging to Major B[illegible] of one of the Alabama regiments, was [illegible] for two boxes of cartridges, one of which he accidentally dropped in the water, [illegible] was afraid to mention the fact on delivering them. A soldier on opening the [illegible] supposing that they had been wet intentionally, immediately shot the slave dead.

After the battle of Bull Run on the 18th ult., while the Northern troops were in pursuit of the rebels, they overtook a colored man by the name of James Blake, belonging to the rebel army. He immediately informed them that Beauregard was only a short distance ahead, and could be easily captured; but they not crediting Blake's story which was truthful, Beauregard got away.

Cool.—The following resolution was offered in the rebel congress at Richmond by Mr. Vedder of Virginia: read it and see if you have ever seen any thing in its line, to equal it in coolness:

"*Resolved*, by Congress, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into and report on the expediency of prescribing by law, while the facts are fresh and susceptible of proof, some uniform mode of taking, authenticating, and preserving the evidence of the abduction or reception by the enemy of slaves, with their age, sex, and value, owned by any citizen of the Confederate States, to the end that indemnity may be hereafter exacted from the enemy."

Referred as directed.

Return of Fugitives.—The Annapolis *Gazette* of Thursday says that a few days since three negroes came up the bay in a small boat, landed at the Naval Academy and asked to be sheltered there. Colonel Roberts immediately delivered them to the sheriff of Anne Arundel county, to be dealt with according to law.

PERSONAL.

Some stir has been created in Williams[burgh] through the efforts of parties trying to c[illegible] Mr. E. B. Bundick of Secessionism. O[ne of] them has made an affidavit in relation to [a con]versation, between Mr. B. and others. [Mr.] Bundick has published a card in the Daily Times in which the following sentence occurs: "Now anybody who knows me, knows I am as good a Union man as lives."

We are pleased to announce, the venirable Rev. Christopher Rush, is recovering from his late illness, but its effects are yet seen in his feeble step and slightly tremulous voice. He preached in Zion last Sabbath, but it was painfully evident that it required a great effort on his part to do so.

Rev. E. W. Blyden of Monrovia, is now in Boston, arranging for his passage home, to Africa. We regret much that Mr. B's. visit is to be so short, and would be glad to learn that he had been induced to prolong it.

Mr. John T. Magruder of Washington, D. C. after an absence of ten years spent on the Pacific coast is now in this city, the guest of our friend Mr. J. H. Brooks.

We received last week a hasty visit from the Rev. A. N. Freeman, of Hartford, Ct. We are pleased to announce that he is in the enjoyment of his usual good health.

Rev. Amos G. Beman, passed through this city last Saturday, on his way to Greenport, L. I.

A. P. Smith will commence a tour through New Jersey, about Sept. 9th, prepared to lecture on the following subjects: The War, its Causes, Progress and probable effects: Means of Elevation, or on due notice any other subject of interest. No compensation required beyond traveling expenses. Address, immediately, A. P. Smith, Saddle River, Balgen Co., N. J.

Special Notices.

N. Y. African Society for Mutual Relief.—The members are earnestly requested to attend the meeting of the Society on Monday next, August 12th, at the old hall No. 42 Baxter Street.

It being "Election Night," the meeting will commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

J. J. ZUILLE, Sec.

MARRIED.

Johnson—Freeman.—In Williamsburg, N.Y. by Rev. Moses Manning, James Johnson of Baltimore, Md. to Miss Sarah Ann Freeman of this city.

Groomer—Coles.—In Williamsburg, L. I. on Thursday, August 1st. by Rev. Moses Manning, Morgan Groomer of Newtown, L. I. to Mrs. Frances S. Coles of Philadelphia.

Brooks—Skinner.—In this city, on Monday, July 29th, by the Rev. H. H. Garnet, John H. Brooks of Washington, D. C. to Miss Fannie Skinner of this city.

Brown—Garrett.—In Washington, D. C. On Thursday evening, August 1st, by the Rev. D. W. Moore, Alfred L. Brown to Carrie Garrett, all of Washington, D. C.

DIED.

Died—at Lascahobas, Hayti, June 2nd, Mr. William H. Carter, from Stonington, Conn. aged 40 years. He leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss, and a large circle of acquaintance. He was ever an affectionate husband, and a kind father and died in the triumph of faith.

Died.—In Williamsburgh, L.I. of summer complaint, Rebecca, infant daughter of Rev. E. H. and Clarissa Mathews, aged 4 months.

Poyer.—In this city, July 25th, of old age, Aaron L. Poyer, aged 95 years.

Brown.—In Newark, N. J. July 29th, [illegible] Brown in the 67 year of h er age.

Amberman.—In this city, July 19th, of dropsy, Henry Amberman, aged 48 years.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts.,

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE [illegible] Side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few [illegible] and Gentlemen, at her residence 18[illegible] Suffolk [illegible] Terms very moderate.

BROWN'S POPULAR [illegible]

The undersigned takes [illegible] friends and the public [illegible] cently fitted up his SALOON [illegible] pared to furnish them with Ice Cream, Fruit, and other Delicacies.

BENJ. F. BROWN,
70 Ble[illegible]
between Broadway & Crosby St.

WA[illegible]

The Weekly Anglo-African.

"MAN MUST BE FREE!—IF NOT THROUGH LAW, WHY THEN ABOVE THE LAW."

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48 Beekman st., New York.

THE EMIGRATION QUESTION.

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me briefly to review the criticisms of a correspondent in reference to my article on emigration to Hayti, the land of promise discovered by Mr. Redpath.

The assertion that "arrangements have been made by which getting into Hayti is very easy indeed, but that getting out of Hayti is not so certain," is dogmatically pronounced "sheer nonsense," &c. A brief comparison will show whether my position is tenable or not. The passage to Hayti, we are told, is free; but those introduced at government expense (see official reply of Mr. Simon,) for three years at least, will not be permitted to leave without buying the privilege at a cost equal to that of the passage, amounting to from $18 to $25 per head. To this must be added a similar sum for a return passage. Here, then, is the difference alluded to; the emigrant may go to Hayti FREE OF EXPENSE; a return can only be effected at the heavy cost of from $38 to $50 each person merely for the permit and passage, to say nothing of incidental expenses. The wages, as paid by the government in small dollars, being about 30 cents a day, a laborer with a family of four or five persons must have about as much chance of getting away as a Georgia plantation slave.*

The effect of obtaining full possession of those land gifts (to which, by the way, my previous communication did not allude in the remotest manner,) is somewhat similar to that of the "free passage," and, working in the same suspicious manner, virtually mortgages the body of the recipient for seven consecutive years, that being the length of time the emigrant must occupy his "free gift" before the law gives him power to dispose of it. (Emigration Law, Art. 4th, Guide p. 124.)

To the question "Who can guarantee us that before one-fifth of that number (100,000) can be landed on those shores, the sentiment, if not the actual rallying cry of the natives, will be Hayti for the Haytians?" our critic, Mr. "Pennsylvania," replies by saying: "Downright absurdity!" "Mr. Smith is evidently profoundly ignorant of the causes which led to the K. N. excitement in this country, and of the difference of the Constitutions of Hayti and the United States!" Now with all deference due to superior wisdom, I take the liberty of saying Constitutions have little or nothing to do with the matter. The movement in our country adverted to, existed not by the sanction of the Constitution, but in utter disregard of the letter and spirit of that instrument. "But," continues Mr. "Pennsylvania," (evidently supposing no opposition can be manifested except through a Know Nothing society): "Numbers of our citizens (natives) banded themselves together for the purpose of putting a stop to what they considered an evil in the political system; but in Hayti no such evils either real or imaginary can possibly exist!" The evils, so termed, as can be abundantly shown by political documents, were the enjoyment of the rights of citizenship by foreigners, exercising the elective franchise, holding office, &c. If these evils, so called, cannot exist in Hayti, let me ask why not? What is it that will forbid foreigners, or emigrants, from participation in political affairs?

But, I affirm it without fear of successful contradiction, the causes of hostility to foreigners, culminating in the Know Nothing party, were only partly political. A peaceful and plodding industry, joined with economical habits, which made them successful in business, a religion differing from that of the natives as much as Romanism differs from bigoted Protestantism, their alleged "clannishness," &c., &c., these had more effect in turning against them the bitter hostility of the lower orders of one population than anything else. Can any one say that these causes, always potent with an ignorant people as the Haytian "sans culottes" are admitted to be, will not exist in Hayti? The first certainly will if promises are realised, the second the emigrants will carry with them, the third, clannishness, will result in an intensified force from settling in communities as proposed by the leaders of the movement. Such are the facts, clear and irrefutable; the inference I leave to others.

Next, after having attributed to me absurdities with a perfect looseness, all drawn from his own remarkably fertile imagination our Pennsylvanian friend, turns to climatology in which science he displays considerable skill in doing what a Pennsylvanian would probably try to do in Hayti—keep in the shade! Quoting from a widely circulated puff, he informs us with as much *sang froid* as possible, that during the hottest hours of the hottest season, the thermometer stands at a maximum of 98 degrees (only blood heat,) in the coolest place, i. e., in the shade; but how hot it is in the sun our cool and shady Pennsylvanian saith not! The "Guide," however, admits 120 or 121 in the sun, which is 8 or 9 degrees above fever heat, (p. 58.) Even in the winter, at Cape Haytian, in the extreme northern part of the island, from November 1st, 1860, to February 12th, 1861, the thermometer ranged in the shade from 77 to 88 degrees, a temperature equal to the hot July and August weather of this country. (Aug. Af. Emigration Organ, No. 42.) And Mr. Redpath, writing one of his "Tribune" letters from Gonaives, Feb. 7th, in the winter of '59, says:

"At 5 o'clock in the morning of last Wednesday, Feb. 3, we started from our boarding-house at Cape Haytien, our knapsacks on our backs and umbrellas in hand. A more delicious temperature than that of Hayti early in the morning and in the evening at this season of the year, it is impossible to conceive.

"But from 9 o'clock till 4, umbrellas are a necessity, and cool breezes and shady spots a decided luxury."—Visit to Hayti, Letter 4th.

Excellent farming country that "terrestrial paradise" must be! and how those "necessities" must facilitate the laborer in his operations on the free farms.

I shall waste no ink in replying to the epithets "Mr. Pennsylvania" hurls so thick and furiously from behind the mask of an assumed name, except to say that the charge of croaking might with much more propriety have been brought against his emigration friends. They are the men who are continually preaching despair in the ears of our people, who would scare us from the country with the everlasting "croak" of "we can be or do anything here;" but who, to do them justice, consider themselves capable of working miracles, and that without any great exertion, if some Government will only be kind enough to spoon-feed them.

Yours, unterrified, and firm in the faith that Slavery is not immortal, that wrong is not invincible, A. P. SMITH.

SADDLE RIVER, *N. J.*, Aug. 5th, 1861.

P. S. The above, as near as I can recollect, with a slight addition in reference to climate, is the communication suppressed by the gag law of the organ of the Haytien Bureau, now the Pine and Palm. A postscript added to the letter asked the question, if justice required the publication of the Holly Articles, whether for the same reason it did not require the publication of the famous Redpath Letters, Visit to Hayti?
A. P. S.

* The anecdote illustrating this point which was given in a preceding communication was from Little Dorrit, not Bleak House, as a clerical error made me say.

A GLIMPSE OF AFRICA.

BY J. H. B.

It was the twenty-third day out from Norfolk, that the long wished for cry was heard, land, ho! land ho! With beating hearts all rushed to see it, and there in its quiet grandeur we beheld the far famed, but now desolate Africa. As I gazed on that noble land so fraught with historical interest, I could but feel a longing that there should have been present a worthier representative, to behold and record her beauteous aspect. We too often do this great country injustice, in writing or speaking of it. We confine ourselves to its torrid zone possessions, and mention but its deserts of burning sand, hot fevers and scorching suns. We lose sight of her garden spots, her oases; we deprive her of Egypt and all her Mediterranean coast, even her south eastern cape, and think, and speak of Africa as but a waste, a great desert of sand. What would America be thus deprived? *Less than Africa* for there would be left naught but sand and yellow fever, and the great and beautiful America, would shrink into the miserable beach sand of the Floridas. What would great Asia, or proud Europe be; what their aspect, where their delightful climes and charming scenery, if they were thus divested of their garments: oh! who would desire to rob them of their beautiful possessions or reduce their ancient renown? Yet we write and speak of poor Africa as wanting all these divine gifts. Do we then glory in her robbery? But as I stood gazing on those glorious mountains, I thought of her grandeur, her glory now passed away for its day. It should be excusable in me, in feeling indignation at the many robberies and injustices done this great country. Oh! is there not blended with the love of country and home, the boast of beautiful possessions? How gladdens the heart at the mention of some noted spot, or great city of its own native land. With what glowing delight is read the bright page of one's native land's history. All people and nations have looked with tender regard upon the granduer the beauty and magnificence of their native country, should the poor African, be denied this boon? Should he be kept in ignorance of his country's once great fame, or made to believe the untruths of this age?

Noble land! I will study of thee as a beautiful painting. Not thy dark shades only, but the bright and glorious union of colors that makes the beautiful whole.

We look upon Fulton as the great inventor of steam vessels, yet comparatively how feeble his efforts to the present steam floating palaces that with unimaginable speed travel over the bosom of the ocean. We nevertheless are indebted to Him for them all. His great mind conceived the idea, started the new principle, and gave origin to that improvement of which we would have known nothing but for the start he gave us. Who now can enumerate the blessings and advantages of that great discovery. Who would withhold honor from the name of this great benefactor? Let us then deal as fairly with a once great nation as we do with Fulton. Where is the mortal who could enumerate the blessings and advantages of the discovery of the science of astronomy and navigation. These two sciences alone should be enough to beget a love and reverence for the country and people of their origin. The prosperity and exalted position of the ancients are nearly all traceable to the advances of poor Africa.

And, kind reader, where will you see evidences of a greater nation or country? Take the mighty Nile—study the history of its shores—take the great cities that have survived colonies of their making, and give poor Africa her merited share of fame and glory, and thus repay her by your acknowledgements, the debt of gratitude so long withheld.

Compare her present state with countries and kingdoms of much more recent date—give her but justice and what generous and noble heart would not say, Africa should be honored, Africa must be rescued, for to her we owe our present enlightened position, our boasted civilization. We write and speak of Africa's once glorious position with a light heart and careless hand. We seldom allow ourselves the time or privilege of thinking of the future, or comparing the probable lot of our cities to the present of those of Africa.

Yet the course of human events would justify us in so doing. I cannot, therefore, as we are passing through this renowned strait (Gibraltar,) refrain from giving my thoughts to the future of the glorious and boasting cities of to-day.

The great London, Paris and New York may yet see the day of rapid decline. Wars and foes may reduce them, and as in imagination I see some lone traveler or searching historian amongst their ruins; I ask if there will be shown as great evidences of a once glorious country as is presented by the now degraded and despised Africa? Oh! may they be treated more justly and for past good services be gratefully remembered. Fare the well, noble land! Steam reality breaks in on my future contemplation of thy claims. But there shall ever be rendered in my memory thy deeds of nobleness, thy benefit to the human race. Thy name shall sound sweetly on my ear. My boast shall be to speak of thee as a whole. My prayer thy restoration of greater glory, and having the light of divine religion, mav thou be repeopled by thy legitimate race and the influence of thy genial climes spread over the world, restoring in renewed splendor thy kingdoms and thy people and make again familiar to the world the once renowned name of Africa.

THE BLACK SAXONS.

BY MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Tyrants are but the spawn of ignorance,
Begotten by the slaves they trample on;
Who, could they win a glimmer of the light,
And see that tyranny is always weakness,
Or fear with its own bosom ill at ease,
Would laugh away in scorn, the sand-wove chain,
Which their own blindness feigned for adamant.
Wrong ever builds on quicksands; but the right,
To the firm centre lays its moveless base.
J. R. LOWELL.

The following story which is very suggestive at this crisis, is strictly true. The Southern gentleman, who visited the swamp in disguise, and heard the speeches of the passed slaves, repeated them as nearly as he could recollect, to a friend of Mrs. Child, and she committed them to writing. The incidents occurred during the war of 1812, when the probability of the British landing on our coasts was much talked of.—EDS. INDEPENDENT.

Mr. Duncan was sitting alone in his elegant furnished parlor, in the vicinity of Charleston, South Carolina. Before him lay an open volume—Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest. From the natural kindliness of his character, and democratic theories deeply imbibed in childhood, his thoughts dwelt more with a nation prostrated and kept in base subjection by the strong arm of violence, than with the renowned robbers, who seized their rich possessions, and haughtily trampled on their dearest rights.

"And so that bold and beautiful race became slaves!" thought he. "The brave and free-souled Haroldа, strong of heart and strong of arm; the fair-haired Ediths, in their queenly beauty, noble in soul as well as ancestry; these all sank to the condition of slaves."

These thoughts were passing through his mind, when a dark mulatto opened the door, and making a servile reverence, said in wheedling tones, "Would massa be so good as gib a pass to go to Methodist meeting?"

Mr. Duncan was a proverbially indulgent master, and he at once replied, "Yes, Jack, you may have a pass; but you must mind and not stay out all night."

"O, no, massa. Tom neber preach more than two hours."

Scarcely was the pass written before another servant appeared with a similar request; and presently another; and yet another. When these interruptions ceased, Mr. Duncan resumed his book, and quietly read of the oppressed Saxons, until the wish for a glass of water induced him to ring the bell. No servant obeyed the summons. With an impatient jerk of the rope, he rang a second time, muttering to himself, "What a curse it is to be waited upon by slaves! If I were dying, the lazy loons would take their own time, and come dragging their heavy heels along an hour after I was in the world of spirits. My neighbors tell me it is because I never flog them, I believe they are in the right. It is a hard case, too, to force a man to be a tyrant, whether he will or no."

A third time he rang the bell more loudly; but waited in vain for the sound of coming footsteps. Then it occurred to him that he had given every one of his slaves a pass to go to the Methodist meeting. This was instantly followed by the remembrance that the same thing had happened a few days since before.

We were then at war with Great Britain; and though Mr. Duncan often boasted the attachment of his slaves, and declared them to be the most contented and happy laborers in the world, who would not take their freedom if they could, yet by some coincidence of thought the frequency of Methodist meetings immediately suggested the common report that British troops were near the coast, and about to land in Charleston. Simultaneously came the remembrance of Big-boned Dick, who many months before had absconded from a neighboring planter, and was suspected of holding a rendezvous for runaways in the swampy depths of some dark forest. The existence of such a gang was indicated by the rapid disappearance of young corn, sweet potatoes, fat hogs, etc., from the plantations of many miles round.

"The black rascal!" exclaimed he; "if my boys are in league with him"——

The next morning he asked his slaves with assumed nonchalance whether they had a good meeting.

"O, yes, massa; bery good meeting."

"Where did you meet?"

"In the woods behind Birch Grove, massa."

The newspaper was brought, and found to contain a renewal of the report that British troops were prowling about the coast. Mr. Duncan slowly paced the room for some time, apparently studying the figures of the carpet, yet utterly unconscious whether he trod on canvas or the greensward. At length he ordered his horse and drove to the next plantation. Seeing a gang at work in the fields, he stopped; and after some questions concerning the crop, he said to one of the most intelligent, "So you had a fine meeting last night?"

"O, yes, massa, bery nice meeting."

"Where was it?"

The slave pointed far east of Birch Grove. The white man's eye followed the direction of the bondman's finger, and a deeper cloud gathered on his brow. Without comment he rode on in another direction, and with apparent indifference made similar inquiries of another gang of laborers. They pointed north of Birch Grove, and replied, "In the Hugonot woods, massa."

With increasing disquietude, he slowly turned his horse toward the city. He endeavored to conceal anxiety under a cheerful brow; for he was afraid to ask counsel, even of his most familiar friend, in a community so prone to be blinded by insane fury under the excitement of such suspicions. Having purchased a complete suit of negro clothes, and a black mask well fitted to his face, he returned home, and awaited the next request for passes to a Methodist meeting.

In a few days the sable faces again appeared before him, one after another, asking permission to hear Tom preach. The passes were promptly given, accompanied by the cool observation, "It seems to me, boys, that you are all growing wonderfully religious of late."

To which they only replied, "Ah, if massa could hear Tom preach, it make his hair stand up. Tom make everybody tink weder he hab a soul."

When the last one had departed, the master hastily assumed his disguise and hurried after them. Keeping them within sight, he followed over field and meadow, through woods and swamps. As he went on, the number of dark figures, all tending toward the same point, continually increased. Now and then some one spoke to him; but he answered briefly, and with an effort to disguise his voice. At last they arrived at one of those swamp islands, so common at the South, insulated by a broad, deep belt of water, and effectually screened from the mainland by a luxuriant growth of forest trees, matted together by a rich entanglement of vines and underwood. A large tree had been felled for a bridge; and over this dusky forms were swarming like ants into their new-made nest.

Mr. Duncan had a large share of that animal instinct called physical courage; but his heart throbbed almost audibly as he followed that dark multitude.

At the end of a rough and intricate passage there opened before him a scene of picturesque and imposing grandeur. A level space, like a vast saloon, was enclosed, by majestic trees, uniting their boughs over it in fantastic resemblance to some Gothic cathedral. And here in this lone sanctuary of nature, were assembled many hundreds of swart figures, some seated in thoughtful attitudes, others scattered in moving groups, eagerly talking together. As they glanced about, now sinking into dense shadow, and now emerging into lurid light, they seemed to the slaveholder's excited imagination like demons from the pit come to claim guilty souls. He had, however, sufficient presence of mind to observe that each one as he entered, prostrated himself till his forehead touched the ground, and rising, placed his finger on his mouth. Imitating this signal, he passed in with the throng, and seated himself behind the glare of the torches. For some time he could make out no connected meaning amid the confused buzz of voices and half-suppressed snatches of songs. But, at last, a tall man mounted the stump of a decayed tree, nearly in the center of the area, and requested silence.

"When we had our last meeting," said he, "I suppose most all of you know, that we all concluded it was best for to join the British, if so be we could get a good chance. But we didn't all agree about our masters. Some thought we should never be able to keep our freedom, without we killed our masters in the first place; others didn't like the thoughts of that; so we agreed to have another meeting to talk about it. And now, boys, if the British land here in Carolina, what shall we do with our masters?"

He sat down, and a tall, sinewy mallatto stepped into his place, exclaiming with fierce gestures, "Ravish wives and daughters before their eyes, as they have done to us! Hunt them with hounds, as they have hunted us! Shoot them down with rifles as they have shot us! Throw their carcasses to the crows, they have fattened on our bones; and then the devil take them where they never rake up fire o'nights. Who talks of mercy to our masters?"

"I do," said an aged black man, who rose up before the fiery youth, tottering as he leaned both hands on an oaken staff. I do; —because the blessed Jesus always talked of mercy. I know we have been fed like hogs, and shot at like wild beasts. Myself found the body of my likeliest boy under the tree where buckra* rifles had reached him. But thanks to the blessed Jesus, I feel it in my poor old heart to forgive them. I have been a member of a Methodist church these thirty years, and I've heard many preachers, white and black; and they all tell me Jesus said, Do good to them that do evil to you, and pray for them that spite you. Now I say let us love our enemies—let us pray for them; and when our masters flog us, and sell our piccaninnies, let us break out singing—

"You may beat upon my body,
But you cannot harm my soul:
I shall join the forty thousand by-and-by.

"You may sell my children to Georgy,
But you cannot harm their soul;
They will join the forty thousand by-and-by.

"Come, slave-trader, come in too;
The Lord's got a pardon here for you;
You shall join the forty thousand by-and-by.

"Come, poor nigger, come in too;
The Lord's got a pardon here for you;
You shall join the forty thousand by-and-by.

"My skin is black, but my soul is white;
And when we get to heaven we'll all be alike;
We shall join the forty thousand by-and-by.

That's the way to glorify the Lord."

Scarcely had the cracked voice ceased the tremulous chant in which these words were uttered, when a loud altercation commenced; some crying out vehemently for the blood of the white men, others maintaining that the old man's doctrine was right. The aged black remained leaning on his staff, and mildly replied to every outburst of fury, "but Jesus said, do good for evil."

Loud rose the din of excited voices, and the disguised slaveholder shrank deeper into the shadow.

In the midst of the confusion, an athletic, gracefully proportioned young man sprang upon the stump, and throwing off his coarse cotton garments, slowly turned round and round before the assembled multitude. Immediately all was hushed; for the light of a dozen torches, eagerly held up by fierce revengeful comrades, showed his back and shoulders deeply gashed by the whip, and still oozing with blood. In the midst of that deep silence he stopped abruptly, and with stern brevity exclaimed, "Boys! *shall* we not murder our masters?"

"Would you murder *all*?" inquired a timid voice at his right hand. "They don't all cruelise their slaves."

"There's Mr. Campbell," pleaded another, "he never had one of his boys flogged in his life. You wouldn't murder him, would you?"

"O, no, no, no," shouted many voices; "we wouldn't murder Mr. Campbell. He's always good to colored folks."

"And I wouldn't murder my master," said one of Mr. Duncan's slaves; "and I'd fight anybody that set out to murder him. I aint a-going to work for him for nothing any longer, if I can help it; but he shan't be murdered, for he's a good master."

"Call him a good master if ye like!" said the bleeding youth, with a bitter sneer in his look and tone. "I curse the word. The white men tell us God made them our masters; I say it was the devil. When they don't cut up the backs that bear their burdens; when they throw us enough of the grain we have raised to keep us strong for another harvest; when they forbear to shoot the limbs that toil to make them rich, there are fools who call them good masters. Why should they sleep on soft beds, under silken curtains, while we, whose labor bought it all, lie on the floor at the threshold, or miserably coiled up in the dirt of our own cabins? Why should I clothe my master in broadcloth and fine linen, when he knows, and I know, that he is my own brother; and I, meanwhile, have only this coarse rag to cover my aching shoulders?" He kicked the garment scornfully and added, "Down on your knees, if ye like, and thank them that ye are not flogged and shot. Of me they'll learn another lesson."

Mr. Duncan recognized in the speaker the reputed son of one of his friends, lately deceased—one of that numerous class which Southern vice is thoughtlessly raising up to be its future scourge and terror.

The high, bold forehead and flashing eye indicated an intellect too active and daring for servitude; while his fluent speech and appropriate language betrayed the fact that his highly educated parent, from some remains of instinctive feeling, had kept him near his own person during his lifetime, and thus formed his conversation on another model than the rude jargon of slaves.

His poor, ignorant listeners stood spellbound by the magic of superior mind; and at first it seemed as if he might carry the whole meeting in favor of his views. But the aged man leaning on his oaken staff still mildly spoke of the meek and blessed Jesus; and the docility of African temperament responded to his gentle words.

Then rose a man of middle age, short of stature, with a quick, roguish eye, and a spirit of knowing drollery lurking about his mouth. Rubbing his head in uncouth fashion he began: "I don't know how to speak like Bob, for I never had no chance. He says the devil made white men our masters. Now dat's a ting I've thought on a heap. Many a time I've axed myself how 'pon arth it was that jist as sure as white man and black man come togeder, de white man sure to git he foot on de black man. Sometimes I tink one ting, den I tink anoder ting; and dey all be jumbled up in my head, jest like seed in de cotton afore de put in the gin. At last I find it all out. White man always git he foot on de black man; no mistake in dat. But how he do it? I'll show you how!"

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he took out a crumpled piece of printed paper, and smoothing it carefully on the palm of his hand, he struck it significantly with his finger and exclaimed triumphantly, "Dat's de way dey do it! Dey got de knowledge! Now it'll do no more good to rise agin our masters dan put de head in de fire and pull him out agin. When I was a boy I hear an old conjuring woman say she could conjure de devil out of anybody. I ask her why she don't conjure her massa, den; and she tell me, 'O nigger neber conjure buckra—can't do't.' But I say nigger can conjure buckra. How he do it? Get de knowledge! Dat de way. We make de sleeve wide, and fill full of de tea and de sugar ebery time we get in missis' closet. If we take half so much pains to get de knowledge, de white man take de foot off de black man. Maybe de British land, and maybe de British no land; but tell your sons to marry de free woman dat know how to read and write; and tell your gals to marry de free man dat know how to read and write; and den, by'm-by, you be de British yourselves! You want to know how I manage to get de knowledge? I tell you. I want right bad to larn to read. My old boss is the most begrudgfullest massa, and I know he won't let me learn. So when I see leetle massa wid de book, (he about six year old,) I say to him, What you call dat? He tell me dat is A. O, dat is A! So I take old newspaper, and I ax missis may I hab dis to rub my brasses? She say yes. I put it in my pocket, and by'm-by I look to see I find A; and I look at him till I know him bery well. Den I ask my young massa, What you call dat? He say dat is B. So I find him on my paper, and look at him till I know him bery well. Den I ask my young massa what C A T spell? He tell me cat. Den, after great long time I can read the newspaper. And what you tink I find dere? I read British going to land! Den I tell all de boys British going to land; and I say what yo do 'spose British land? When I stand behind massa's chair I hear him talk, and I tell all de boys what he say. Den Bob say must hab Methodist meeting, and tell massa Tom going to preach in de woods. But what you tink I did toder day? You know, Jim, massa Gubernor's boy? Well, I want mighty bad to let Jim know British going to land. But he lib ten mile off, and old boss no let me go. Well, massa Gubernor he come dine my massa's house, and I bring he horse to de gate; and I make my bow and say, massa Gubernor, how Jim do? He tell me Jim bery well. Den I ax him he Jim good boy? He say yes. Den I tell him, Jim and I leetle boy togeder, and I want mighty bad to send Jim something. He tell me Jim hab enough of eberyting. O, yes, massa Gubernor, I know you bery good massa, and Jim hab everyting he want; but when leetle boy togeder dere is always sameting here (laying his hand on his heart.) I want to send a leetle backy to Jim. I know he hab much backy he want, but Jim and I leetle boy togeder, and I want to send Jim someting. Massa Gubernor say bery well, Jack. So I gib him de backy done up in de bery bit o' newspaper dat tell British going to land! And massa Gubernor himself carry it! And massa Gubernor himself carry it!"

He clapped his hands, kicked up his heels, and turned somersets like a harlequin. These demonstrations were received with loud shouts of merriment; and it was some time before sufficient order was restored to proceed with the question under discussion.

After various scenes of fiery indignation, gentle expostulation, and boisterous mirth, it was finally decided, by a considerable majority, that in case the British landed, they would take their freedom without murdering their masters; not a few, however, went away in wrathful mood, muttering curses deep.

With thankfulness to heaven, Mr. Duncan again found himself in the open field, alone with the stars. Their glorious beauty seemed to him, that night, clothed in new and awful power. Groups of shrubbery took to themselves startling forms; and the sound of the wind among the trees was like the unsheathing of swords. Again he recurred to Saxon history, and remembered how he had thought that troubled must be the sleep of those who rule a conquered people. A new significance seemed given to Wat Tyler's address to the insurgent laborers of his day: an emphatic and most unwelcome application of his indignant question why serfs should toil unpaid, in wind and sun, that lords might sleep on down and embroider their garments with pearl.

"And these Robin Hoods and Wat Tylers were my Saxon ancestors," thought he, "Who shall so balance effects and causes as to decide what portion of my present freedom sprang from their seemingly defeated efforts? Was the place I saw to-night, in such wild and fearful beauty, like the haunts of the Saxon Robin Hood? Was not the spirit that gleamed forth as brave as theirs? And who shall calculate what even such hopeless endeavors may do for the future freedom of this dnwn-trodden race?"

These cogitations did not, so far as I ever heard, lead to the emancipation of his bondmen; but they did prevent his revealing a secret which would have brought hundreds to an immediate and voilent death. After a painful conflict between contending feelings end duties, he contented himself with advising the magistrates to forbid all meetings whatsoever among the colored people until the war was ended.

He visited Boston several years after, and told the story to a gentlemen who often repeated it in the circle of his friends. In brief outline it reached my ears. I have told it truly, with some filling up by imagination, some additional garniture of language, and the adoption of fictitious names, because I have forgotten the real ones.

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*Buckra, is the negro term for white man.

From the Mexican Extraordinary.

MEXICO MAY BECOME A NEGRO NATION.

A certain class of people in Mexico look with satisfaction upon the civil war that is now raging in the neighboring Republic to the North. They regard it as the certain humbling of a power that threatened the nationality of Mexico, and, therefore as an omen of the secure future of this country. Let us look at this matter as it is. Let us stare facts in the face. The continuance of the civil war naturally will result in the emancipation of most of the negroes of the slave States. If the war goes on the spirit of liberty will get abroad among the slaves; but as they are not capable of offering a bold front to the superior talent of their masters, they will seek liberty by revolts and flight. Their natural asylum will be Mexico, on account of its convenience and the consideration and sympathy here enjoyed by the negro race. Besides, the climate and soil are both favorable. Here the negro can hope to have a future; while at the North he is certain to remain the servile, as both the climate and institutions of the Northern people place a barrier to his rising much above the social station he enjoys in the slave States.

If the civil war at the North continue, Mexico will assuredly be overran by the slaves from the Southern States. Let us reflect upon the consequences of an inundation of refugee slaves from the United States. The slave population of the South is four millions, something near the actual population of the republic of Mexico at the present day. Should those millions of slaves come into Mexico, they will naturally fall upon the low lands of Tehuantepec, Tamaulipis, Vera Cruz, Oajaco, Nueva Leon and Coahuila. Meeting with a cordial reception, as they are pretty certain to find, they will very soon amalgamate with the Mexican population, and at no distant day become imbued with the revolutionary and discontented spirit of the country. They will control the districts they at first settle in, and carry their aggressions upon others that attempt to coerce them, and it is not impossible they may succeed in creating a negro dynasty in Mexico.

☞ Marriageable young women are in great demand out West. A Jersey man writing from that section, to his father, says "Suppose you get our girls some new [illegible] and send them out here."

☞ A man speaking of a [illegible] West says it is a perfect [illegible] though most all the people there [illegible] ague, yet it is a great blessing [illegible] only exercise they take.

Terrible Bowie-Knife Work.

After the battle had been raging for some hours, according to the account of a Zouavian hero, he saw an immense body of Mississippians, accompanied by some (believed to be) Baltimoreans, rush furiously over the Confederate ramparts. They at once saw the conspicuous uniform of the Zouaves, and made at them. The Mississippians, after approaching near enough, sent a terrible volley from their rifles into the Zouave ranks. This done, they threw their guns aside and charged onward until each contending enemy met face to face and hand to hand in terrible combat. The Mississippians, having discarded their rifles after the first, fire fell back upon their bowie-knives. These were of huge dimensions, eighteen to twenty inches long, heavy in proportion and sharp, or two edged at the points. Attached to the handle was a lasso, some eight or ten feet in length, with one end securely wound round the wrist. My informant says, when these terrific warriors approached to within reach of their lasso, not waiting to come in bayonet range, they threw forward their bowie-knives at the Zouaves after the fashion of experienced harpooners striking at a whale. Frequently they plunged in and penetrated through a soldier's body, and were jerked out, ready to strike again, while the first victim sunk into death. On several occasions the terrible bowie-knife was transfixed in a Zouave and the Zouave's bayonet in a Mississippian, both impaled and falling together. So skillfully was this deadly instrument handled by the Mississippians that he could project it to the full lasso length, kill his victim, withdraw it again with a sudden impulse and catched the handle unerringly. If by any mischance the bowie-knife missed its aim, or fell to the earth, revolvers were next resorted to, and used with similar dexterity. The hand to hand closing in with both pistol and bowie-knife, cutting, slashing, carving, and shooting almost in the same moment was awful beyond description. Blood gushed from hundreds of wounds until, amid death, pitiful groans and appalling sights, it staunched the very earth. My Zouave champion says himself and comrades did hard fighting, stood up manfully to the murderous conflict, but never before knew what undaunted bravery and courage meant. He felt no further ambition to engage in such rencontres. Having been shot through the wrist by a revolver, after escaping the fearful Mississippi weapons, and disabled from further active participation in the struggle, he willingly retired to reap the glory won, convinced that to fight against Mississippians with bowie-knives and pistols, after receiving a volley of their sharp-cracking rifles, is no ordinary fun.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

THE WAR.

We are pleased to announce to our readers that "the work goes bravely on." Every day brings nearer the auspicious moment when the government will be obliged to decree the emancipation of the slaves. In vain does it try to elude the issue. In vain does it seek to secure the loyalty of the slave-holders of the South by returning fugitives to them. But all its efforts fall stillborn for the simple reason that God works against it, because IT WILL NOT DO RIGHT. Nay, so far is it from doing so, that it has actually forbidden its servant, the Provost Marshal of the city of Washington, to permit even the free men, who went from the North with the troops, from leaving Washington with them, unless they can produce free papers! Now as many of these men went South without such papers, of course they will be detained until they can be produced. This is another of their expedients adopted to propitiate the South, but we thank God that it will do no good. The South is honest in its deviltry. It is fighting for slavery, and it intends to make a clean sweep of the Federal Government if it can. It utterly despises the trimming and compromising course of its foes, and will set them an example of prompt and manly action if it ever gets the power. But we believe this will never be. We believe that the nation will be saved in spite of its rulers, and that liberty shall yet be proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land. We bid our poor oppressed brethren to take courage; you have long prayed that God would show his power in your deliverance; have faith to believe, he will do so, and you shall soon see the manifestations thereof.

When we recollect that the South is fighting foy slavery, and that the Federal Government professes not to be fighting against it, and yet has been compelled to award liberty to such slaves as are found fighting against itself, may we not exclaim with the poet,

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform."

Indeed so various are His manifestations, and in so many unanticipated ways does He make His determination in regard to the oppressed appear; that faith, unbounded faith, is all that is required of us in reference to the matter.

One cheering fact in reference to this war is that the slaves are in possession of all necessary information in regard to it. We have had the pleasure of talking with many fugitives from the South, and they all tell the same story. They pray continually for the success of the armies of the North, and long for their appearance among them.

The following is an extract of a letter from the New York *Tribune*, dated Welden, N. C., August 3d:—

"Were I so disposed, I might fill your columns with alarming statements upon almost every conceivable exciting topic, and fully as 'reliable,' doubtless, as the stuff of which a great deal of 'news' is made now-a-days. Whether the 'old men see visions' and the 'young men dream dreams,' and so fabricate their 'facts' out of imaginary data, I cannot tell with certainty, but presume not altogether. Of one thing I am sure: that the negroes, whose cunning and duplicity are wonderful, have a pretty fair idea of what is going on, and only await the word to work fearful mischief. Somehow or other, by some secret telegraph which cannot be detected, whatever one learns is speedily communicated to the rest. They hang about groups of whites, their countenances unutterably stolid, or grinning with stupid indifference, as if they neither heard nor understood, and catch up everything that is said. They all know of the negro Tilman and his deeds, and they recollect Fremont and John Brown. Indeed, their opportunities for getting information are vastly better than those of the poorer class of whites. So ubiquitous are the negroes in a Southern household, that neither the table, the parlor, nor the sleeping room, has any secrets from them, and they are remarkably shrewd at drawing inferences. Many masters, with infatuated and idiotic folly, have actually called their slaves together and given them long pretended 'explanations' of the pending troubles, and told them bug-bear stories of what the Abolitionist in 'Old Abe's' army would do to them if they ever got them in their clutches. But a slave is not so gullible as what is known in the South as a 'mean white man' (who may be imposed upon in this way), and he sees through a lie as well as anybody, though he has sense enough to disguise his unbelief and not 'let on' that he knows better. So ripe, already, are these pariahs of labor for revolt, that a Nat Turner would now succeed, and the miserable failure of '31 would be, in '61, an inevitable triumph. That this trying crisis of the 'institution' will pass without a Spartacus I do not believe. Meanwhile, patrol duty is diligently performed night and day, and the strictest vigilance is sedulously exercised; yet there are frequent reciprocal butcheries of whites and blacks, and continual slave escapades, some of the fugitives being caught after much trouble, but most of them eluding all search. The swamps which cover fully one-tenth part of the State, with its nearly fifty thousand square miles, afford an impenetrable covert to the runaway. I have heard of a case, near Plymouth, where a gang of negroes was accidentally discovered in a marsh, within six miles of town, some of whom had disappeared thirteen years before. Not long ago, a planter named Woodruff, living in Northampton County, near here on the railroad, was murdered by his slaves. In Bertie County, a Mr. Askew, a bachelor, fell a victim to a conspiracy of between thirty and forty negroes (as appeared by the confession of one of those implicated), who, after brutally killing him with an axe, set fire to his house, in the ashes of which his blackened remains were found next day. But I will not flood you with these horrors."

Where is Charles O'Conor?

In the present internecine strife, when the shout has gone forth "to your tents, O Israel!" when every body is forced to show hands and take sides, it would seem that Mr. Charles O'Conor, is "letting things severely alone."

His soul is with the South while his body is in New York. Looking straight at his case, the facts show him to be either a coward or a traitor. He either laks the courage to join the rebels, or remain at home giving them secret aid and comfort. There is no middle ground.

Whilst the leaders of the great democratic party north have, by voice, pen, or sword, thrown themselves into the front ranks of the defenders of the Union, the whereabouts and whatabouts of this great 'Saul among the prophets' are as much in the dark as his birth place and parentage. He lives, but gives no sign. He has no word of cheer for the Constitution and the Union, which gave fair field and free scope for the industry and will, which amounting in his case almost to genius, won his way to the very top of his profession. He has no word of cheer for his gallant countrymen who rushed to their death at Bull Run, their rude faith in the institutions which had fostered them showing in glorious contrast to his sneaking silence. He has no word of rebuke for those Southern traitors not only to the Union and Constitution and to his party, but to *him*. The miserable dog yet crouches and fawns upon his cruel and haughty masters.

There are two ideas of Mr. O'Conor which have been faithfully ventilated by events. First, he urged the people of the North to educate themselves into the doctrine that slavery is really a blessing to the negro, and a divine institution. Since April last Northern men have held immense mass-meetings in slave territories, in the very presence of the divine institution, and yet they "don't see" the divinity which stirs within man-stealing. On the contrary, a very hard-headed Democrat, chairman of one of the mass-meetings held at Fortress Monroe (a kind of protracted meeting by the way)—a democrat who had hitherto fell down and worshipped the "Domestic Institution," saw things so differently that he went to work and has almost succeeded in educating the government at Washington into the belief and conduct that negro slaves are MEN and WOMEN! And this may be the secret of the recall of Ben. Butler—God bless his cock'd eyes! Government has been forced to pull wool over them.

So too, the men in ranks who have composed the body of this great mass-meeting "don't see" the divinity of the institution of slavery. Their experiences and observations teach them —in spite of their prejudices—to regard negro slaves as men and brethren. And if the authorities at Washington had exerted half the vigilance against Southern traitors in their midst, half the ingenuity in detecting and punishing them, which they have exercised in preventing the fraternizing of Northern soldiers and Southern slaves, they would be in better position to-day in point of fact, and would stand higher in the estimate of good and true men!

A shame, if not a curse, will forever rest upon those who are using the entire force of the Government of the United States either to return slaves who have escaped from masters whether disloyal or not, and to prevent Northern soldiers from bringing home with them the brethren baptized with them in the field of battle! Whilst Charles O'Conor is silent, a shame on the Secretary of State who upholds his impious doctrines.

The other idea of Mr. O'Conor ventilated by events, is the natural inferiority of the negro. Let the events of this war speak on this point. Let Charles O'Conor, the learned, the eloquent, the successful, the intellectually great, socially great, politically great, professionally greatest among white men, be compared with William Tilman the ignorant, down-trodden, of common intelligence, socially a pariah, politically a non-entity, (except in the state of his adoption a plain citizen,) a common cook by profession, and—a negro! In all which makes the true man, in all which makes up the real patriot, in all which upholds the government which has fostered the one and barely protected the other, which is the greater, Charles O'Conor or William Tillman? Is there in all the earth a negro meaner than Charles O'Conor? If such could be found the Five Points would vomit him forth and the Tombs would refuse to receive him.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST

At Harlem, N. Y.—Reader were you ever at a pic nic, where the gentlemen were far less numerous than roosters in a barn yard? Well we assure you that such a sight was presented at a private pic-nic at Harlem on the 1st inst. Having heard some days previous that something of the kind was on the tapis and that Madame M of 17th street and Madame O. of 11th street, were at the head of the affair, we endeavored to secure a nice little nook at H., where we could see without being seen. This we succeeded in doing. Now we cannot make a long story of it, we cannot tell you how neatly the ladies were dressed nor to what spot they went to enjoy the pic-nic, but we are permitted to say that two of the dear creatures turned orators on the occasion. As our lady readers may desire to know what they said, we do not think that we are violating the rules of propriety in giving an epitome of each speech. Miss McQ., of Florida, having been elected president, arose and with much grace, said "Ladies and gentlemen, (there were two gentlemen present) we feel very grateful that we are permitted to assemble to celebrate this glorious day. Although we may not be under our own vine and fig tree, yet there are none who dare molest, or make us afraid. When I recollect the state from whence I came, and all the southern states, and think of the dreadful condition of our brethren and sisters there my heart sinks within me; but when I turn my eyes toward the islands of the Caribbean sea, and remember what God has done for the people there, how he has emancipated 800,000 of them from the most galling servitude, I lift my heart in gratitude to Him for these great mercies shown, and ask with you, that His power may be made manifest in our own land, and that the slave may yet go free." At the conclusion of the presidents, remarks, a splendid repast was served, to which ample justice was done. At the removal of the cloth, Mrs. O., by the request of the ladies made a few remarks, she said "It was not without much diffidence she attempted to say a word at this time, nevertheless she felt pleased in joining with them in the celebration of this glorious day." When we recollect that this day 1838, witnessed the complete enfranchisement of 800,000 human beings—that the family tie, which had long been at the caprice of white villains, was cemented that day, never more to be broken, that all the blessings of civilization were brought, for the first time, to the doors of the enslaved; truly we have great reason to rejoice that we have lived to witness these things, and to join with the enfranchised in the celebration of the act which brought such transcendant blessing in its train." These addresses were received with much applause. At the conclusion of exercises, the company sought pleasure, in roaming in the fields and visiting the observatory of Mr. Morris, and returned to their homes at twilight well satisfied with the exercises of the day.

Spy.

At New London.—Mr. Editor:—You cannot imagine how glad I am, that the "Anglo" still lives. There is nothing like having a paper of our own, in which we may have the privilege of a free discussion on all questions that may arise, that reflect on the interests of our people. May success crown your indefatigable efforts, and may the "Anglo" under your skillful management continue, as heretofore, to be the leading paper of the "colored American people." A grand celebration in honor of the British West India emancipation of 1838, came off in this city, and Groton, on the 6th. It is well-known that the 1st of August, is the day to celebrate, but it being impossible to celebrate on that day, it was deferred until the 6th. The morning being very pleasant, the people assembled at Darts Hall, New London, at nine o'clock, where prayers were offered in behalf of our oppressed land and nation. The people then proceeded to the ferry, for Groton: on their arrival at Groton, a grand procession was formed, headed by the young men's martial band, all under the direction of chief Marshall, John Morris, Esq. With the Star Spangled Banner unfurled to the breeze, the procession marched to the grove, a pleasant piece of woods, about one and a-half miles from the ferry. An incident worth relating occurred a day or two before the celebration. "A captain of one of the home guards of Groton, called on a lady member of the committee, and asked her if she thought there would be any objection on the part of the committee, to having the home guard of Groton, act as an escort on the day of our celebration. The lady told him, she did not think there would be any objection on the part of the committee, to having them march with us; but there was one thing certain, that if they were allowed to march with us, they would have to buy their own dinners. The captain absquatulated. On our arrival at the grove everybody seemed to have commenced their enjoyment for the day. A party of youngsters even took the liberty of going in bathing, before the eyes of the assembled multitude, but I can assure you they were soon routed; on seeing a gentleman approaching, carrying a long stick, a general stampede took place among them, and in five minutes from the time this individual made his appearance, there was not one to be seen. At about half-past ten o'clock the assembly was called together, and Rev. Geo. Rice, was appointed chairman. Mr. Rice, on taking his seat thanked the assembly for the position they had assigned him, and though he thought himself incapable of presiding over so vast an assembly, he should endeavor to do so to the best of his ability. Mr. Rice then introduced to the assembly, the "New London glee club" which discoursed some very fine music. After which some very eloquent speeches were made by the Rev. Messrs. Dennison and Baily of Groton, and Messrs. Hewitt and Greenman, of Mystic. After which Prof. Wm. F. Johnson, of New York, was introduced as the orator of the day. Wilbur G. Strong, Esq., of Newark, N. J., was to have delivered the oration, but owing to the non-arrival, Mr. Johnson was secured in his stead. The oration was a capital production and gave general satisfaction. Next came the dinner, and a capital one it was too. Then the war had actually commenced. If you had been present to have seen the manner in which chicken fricassee, was made to retreat, you would have thought we had some desperate "knife and fork" chargers present. The dinner over, some excellent music was discoursed by the glee club. Some of the young folks then retired to another portion of the grove, and engaged themselves in the terpsichorean art. The meeting was then adjourned. Notwithstanding the opposition the committee had to contend with, everything passed off pleasantly and they returned with the ready exclamation, Veni, Vidi, Vici.

THE EVENING.

In the evening an entertainment was given at Darts Hall, New London, at which Prof. Wm. F. Johnson, gave a lecture and exhibition by aid of the camera obscura, subject, Anti-slavery. The audience seemed much pleased with the lecture and exhibition, and signified, accordingly, with frequent applause. After the termination of the lecture and exhibition, the benches were removed, and the hall was left for the enjoyment of the young folks. Tables were bounteously spread with ice cream and refreshments, and the general appearance of things showed that the ladies, as usual had been actively engaged in preparing to entertain their guests on this jovial occasion. Allow me before closing, to say a word in reference to the ladies of whom there was a fair representation from all the adjoining towns as well as from New York and Jersey city. It would be almost impossible for me to designate to you the belle of the evening. Indeed the ladies all looked fine, but in the eyes of many fortune seemed to favor Miss P. S—n, of Norwich, Connecticut. On the approach of the small hours the company disbanded, highly delighted with the evening entertainment.

Wide Awake.

New London, August 12th, 1861.

From another Correspondent.

At Groton.—Mr. Editor:—We hail with joy, the return of the Anglo-African and I offer for its columns a brief account of the celebration which took place here on the 6th inst., to commemorate the glorious events of emancipation in the British West India Islands.

At nine o'clock according to programme, we met at the hall, designated on the New London side of the river. The audience was not large. The meeting was organized by calling Mr. J. Hall, to the chair. The object of the meeting was stated by the chairman, when remarks and prayers were offered by several persons in behalf of our enslaved land and nation. Much favor was evinced by the little band. At eleven o'clock exercises were closed and an effort was made by the marshal, to form a procession to march a short distance to the ferry, for Groton. This being entirely new in this part of Connecticut. Many young Misses took flight, fearful of being exposed by the march to the unpleasant gaz of white spectators. This peculiar feeling rendered a regular procession impracticable, but we all succeeded in reaching the boat in safety, and Groton side was gained, the company then marched to the ground selected by the committee, one mile distant a beautiful spot for the occasion. So a promiscuous and fair audience gathered in which Norwich, New London, Stonington, New York and Brooklyn, were represented. Three hours were spent in the scups, walking, chatting and such amusements as the various parties desired.

At three o'clock the meeting was called to order by electing Rev. G. Rice, of Bridgeport, to the chair. Oration by Prof. W. F. Johnson, additional speeches by the Rev. Mr. Mathews, of Groton, Rev. Mr. Dennison, of Mystic, Rev. Mr. Baily, Mr. Thomas Greenman, of Mystic Bridge, Rev. Hewit, of Yale College, who also acted as reporter for some prominent newspaper. Prof. J. J Brayton's band of colored young men of N. L., having volunteered their services, were in attendance. A vote of thanks was offered in behalf of the committee of arrangements, the band, and to employers of steamers, Commonwealth and Plymouth Rock, who actively encouraged and sustained the movement.

After the benediction, the company were supplied with a sumptuous dinner, served up by the committee. Prominent among which was Mrs. W. A. Ward of Groton assisted by Mrs. Brayton, Mrs. Dickerson, Mrs. Livingston, of Brooklyn, and Mrs. Jordon: Mr. W. A. Ward, Mr. J. Anderson, Mr. J. Brayton, Mr. J. Clark, Mr. W. Livingstone, of steamer Plymouth Rock, caterer, Mr. W. Maclin and Mr. C. Taylor, of steamer Commonwealth. The whole affair was presented in the highest possible manner. The speaking was of the highest order throughout The dinner would have served well an epicure. The day was lovely, the sun shone in radiant splendor. One white citizen went away quite delighted, speaking of the civil and excellent manner with which the whole affair was conducted. Should a celebration be set apart for this neighborhood next year, I have no doubt the gathering will be immense.

Frank Glide.

Groton, Connecticut, August 9th, 1861.

At Detroit.—The *Daily Advertiser* of the 2nd says:

Celebration of the Colored People.—Yesterday was observed as a general holiday by the colored people in this city, and they mostly turned out, dressed in holiday attire, to do all possible honor to the anniversary of a day so interesting to their race. In the morning the Essex was chartered for a trip to Belle Isle, where a pic-nic was held. The excursionists returned in the afternoon, when the colored military company, numbering some thirty or forty, in uniform, paraded up Woodward avenue to their armory. The balance of the party went home. In the evening the festivities were recommenced, and continued until a late hour.

At Utica.—The day was celebrated by holding a pic-nic in the grove near Forest Hill Cemetery. Those who witnessed the affair, pronounced it the gayest of the season.

At Clifton Springs, N. Y.—The celebration (says the Canandaigua *Times*,) was in all respects a decided success. "There was not as many out as usual upon such occasions, owing we presume in a great measure to the closeness of money matters, but enough were there to make it a pleasant affair for all who participated. The address of Mr. Johnson was a fine production, and the people were so well pleased with him that he was called out again at 3 P. M., to give them more of his eloquence. Mr. Johnson has few superiors on the stump. A ball was held in the evening, at which all seemed to enjoy themselves hugely."

At Watkins, N. Y.—The *Havana Journal* of the 3rd inst., says:

The colored people celebrated the 27th Anniversary of the West India Emancipation, on Thursday last, at Watkins, as per previous notice. The attendance on the part of the colored people was very small, but they were favored with a goodly number of spectators from the surrounding country. We heard a portion of the oration delivered by Frederick Douglass, with which we were highly gratified. He has but few equals as an orator.

At Leavenworth, Kansas.—The *Times* of the 2nd inst., contains the following:

The colored men and women of Leavenworth had an interesting celebration, at Fackler's Grove, yesterday, to commemorate the anniversary of West India emancipation. Speeches were made by Messrs. Overton, Burnham, Morris and Hanson, which are highly spoken of. A dinner closed the festivities.

Letter from Paterson.

Paterson, N. J., Aug. 9, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—The first number of your paper bearing a name endeared to us by a thousand associations, has made its appearance here, and is meeting with the favor of all our people sufficiently intelligent to appreciate a good newspaper. Long live the Anglo-African!

Our church here, I may inform you, is inactive, owing to the dull times, I suppose; that, at least, being the reason why many of the mills have stopped running. A Sunday-school however, numbering thirty-five or forty scholars, is in full blast under the careful superintendence of Mr. J. Stephens. The Librarian's duties are effectually performed by Mr. A. Wanmaker. Miss Josephine Jackson and Miss Josephine Freeland, both teachers of ability, assisted by other ladies attend to the instructions of the children.

Our day school is taught by Miss Halsted, a white lady, long and favorably known to our people in this place. The number of scholars is about forty, and the progress they are making is commensurate with the advantage enjoyed. No fault can be found with anything except irregularity of attendance, for which the parents are greatly to be blamed.

I will now and then send you a letter about doings in Paterson. But long letters except from big places like Philadelphia, or about important subjects, I consider an abomination, and wont trouble you with them.

Occasional.

Letter from Eatontown.

Eatontown, N. J. Aug 6th, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—

Alow me a space in your columns to express my joy at the re-appearance of your valuable Journal. The loss of it has been much felt by us. I pledge you my cooperation. Our quarterly meeting came off last Sabbath, more interest was manifested on this occasion than for some time past. The Rev. James Howell preached in the afternoon and evening, to crowded houses, the place being too small to seat the number in attendance. In the afternoon Rev. Thomas A. Davis, pastor in charge, baptised three infants; in the evening five persons came forward for prayer, and one was happily converted to God. On Monday evening prayer meeting was held in the church, conducted by the pastor and four others happily experienced a change of heart. Our people are quite alive to the interest of the church. A Sabbath School has been commenced again, and quite a large number of children attends. There is not any day school in this place at present. I learn there is soon to be a house erected for that purpose. Miss Benson the former teacher, who now has charge at Middletown Point, is very much missed from amongst our people.—Middletown Point is not a whit behind the age. The people of said place intend to hold a grand Fair on the third Saturday of this month at Union city, for the benefit of their church.

UNION.

A PETITION.

The following form of petition was handed us for publication by Rev. Dr. Pennington, who informs us that he will soon take measures to have it extensively circulated for signatures preparatory to the meeting of the next Congress. We are very glad to witness this movement, but we are not entirely destitute of hope that slavery may be abolished ere the assembling of Congress. We know not what a day may bring forth.

Petition.

To the Hon. the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

The undersigned, Free Colored citizens of these United States, believing that African Slavery as it now exists at the South, is the prime cause of the present Crisis and that permanent peace cannot be restored until said cause be removed, most respectfully petition your honorable body to take such measures, or enact such a law as may, in your wisdom seem best for the immediate abolition of African Slavery.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

Cotton and Sugar Culture in the West Indies.—Emigration to Jamaica.

To the Editor of the "Anglo-African."

Sir:—In answer to inquiries which have been made by parties desirous of settling in Jamaica I would state that when in England I had frequent interviews with proprietors of West India estates, who are anxious to promote the immigration of industrious colored Americans to the West Indies. To any parties who wish to go thither, and who would prefer Jamaica to Hayti as their future home, I have no doubt the offers made by these gentlemen would be acceptable. I would not think it advisable to divert the attention of those who have made up their minds in favor of Hayti, whose generous and hearty invitations deserve all praise, but to those who are favorable to Jamaica, the fact they will be welcome there will be gratifying.

If a sufficient number of settlers would go to either of those islands to stimulate "cotton and sugar culture," an immense impetus would be given to the cause of emancipation.

The following extracts of letters received by me on the subject will show the prevalent feeling among West Indian proprietors.

London, Dec. 19th, 1860.

"Dear Sir—Messrs. B. & Co. forward to you an extract from Mr. Chapman's letter of 24th October, offering land at a low rate to emigrants from the Southern States, and will correspond with you on the subject. Mr. Vicker, of Bell Isle estate, Westmoreland, is also willing to sell land cheap for their use, and both are willing to provide labor for any that may choose to emigrate to the respective islands of St. Vincent and Jamaica.

If a number would charter a vessel to carry them to Savannah le Mar, St. Vincent, or St. Kitts, they will be sure of finding employers. None but the steady, working class should go, except those desirous of purchasing land and becoming settlers.

I am yours, truly, R. D."

The rate of wages in Jamaica, &c., is from 28 to 40 cents "per task," as I understand, and an industrious man can accomplish two or two and a-half tasks per day. Taking the lowest of these figures, a laboring man could depend on regular employment at 50 cents per day. This with the ground which would be given for his own use, and the lodgings provided, would be equal to one dollar a day here, the difference of cost of provisions, &c., being considered. Mechanics of course command a high rate of wages.

Cotton culture is now receiving an impetus through the operations of the "Jamaica Cotton Company," to which I will again refer.

If sugar could be largely exported from the West Indies, to compete against Cuba, and cotton to rival the Southern States, slavery would receive a deadly wound in its vital point. Any inquiries on those points will be answered, and further information afforded, by addressing letters to your care. I am yours, truly,

T. BOURNE.

Letter from a Colored Sailor of the Star of the West.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: I deem it my duty to inform my fellow-countrymen that I am once more among them, and now enjoying the air of a free country, in the land of the free and the home of the brave, and hail the Stars and Stripes with three times three. I left New York on the 12th of March, on the steamship Star of the West, bound for Brazos, a port in Texas. Arrived there after a passage of fifteen days, sailed from there on the 25th for Indianola, arrived on the 26th, laid off in the stream seven miles for three weeks. On the fourth week Captain Howes left the ship for Powder Horn. He returned to the ship on the following evening, and brought word that the Federal troops would be on board the next evening at 12 o'clock; but instead of that, the steamer Rusk brought down Confederate troops, and we were made prisoners of war, and taken to Galveston, and received there by a Confederate captain and engineer. Then started for New Orleans, and were received at Fort Butler amid cheering of soldiers and firing of guns. When we arrived in New Orleans, we were taken from the ship, under a heavy escort of infantry, to the railway station, and then forwarded to Mobile City, and from there to Montgomery, the Capital. We arrived there after three days' passage, and were received by the War Department and taken before the Hon. Jefferson Davis, and his order was to take the "two niggers" and sell them, and appropriate the money to the commonwealth. The idea of sending "free niggers" through here as prisoners of war on a parole of honor was ridiculous. I was then taken by a man named Pink Williams, transferred to his plantation; the other colored man was sold to another party in Wetumke. I staid with Williams three weeks, I then made my escape, taking with me the slave girl Sarah, placed there to watch me. I went to Mobile city, where I shipped in an English vessel bound for Liverpool, taking the girl with me. The other colored man is still held in slavery in Montgomery city. I arrived home on Saturday morning. I am willing to ship again and serve the United States.

I remain your humble servant,
Walter Eugene Murray.

Any one wishing to see me, can do so by calling at No. 169 Church street, New York city.

New York, Monday, August 12, 1861.

THE CONTRABAND QUESTION.

The following letter has just been dispatched to Gen. Butler by the Secretary of War:

Washington, August, 1861.

General:—The important question of the proper disposition to be made of fugitives from service in the States in insurrection against the Federal Government, to which you have again directed my attention, in your letter of July 20, has received my most attentive consideration. It is the desire of the President that all existing rights in all the States be fully respected and maintained. The war now prosecuted on the part of the Federal Government is a war for the Union; for the preservation of all Constitutional rights of States and the citizens of the States in the Union. Hence no question can arise as to fugitives from service within the States and Territories in which the authority of the Union is fully acknowledged. The ordinary forms of judicial proceedings must be respected by military and civil authorities alike for the enforcement of legal forms. But in the States wholly or in part under insurrectionary control, where the laws of the United States are so far opposed and resisted, that they cannot be effectually enforced, it is obvious that the rights dependent upon the execution of those laws must temporarily fail—and it is equally obvious that the rights dependent on the laws of the State within which military operations are conducted, must be necessarily subordinate to the military exigencies created by the insurrection, if not wholly forfeited by the treasonable conduct of parties claiming them. To this the general rule of right to services forms an exception. The Act of Congress, approved August 6, 1861, declares that if persons held to service shall be employed in hostility to the United States, the right to their services shall be forfeited, and such persons shall be discharged therefrom. It follows, of necessity, that no claim can be recognized by the military authority of the Union, for the services of such persons, when fugitives.

A more difficult question is presented in respect to persons escaping from the service of loyal masters. It is quite apparent that the laws of the State under which only the service of such fugitives can be claimed must needs be wholly, or almost wholly, suspended. As to the remedies by the insurrection and the military measures necessitated by it, it is equally apparent that the substitution of military for judicial measures for the enforcement of such claims must be attended by great inconvenience, embarrassments, and injuries. Under these circumstances it seems quite clear that the substantial rights of local masters are still best protected by receiving such fugitives, as well as fugitives from disloyal masters, into the service of the United States, and employing them under such organizations and such occupation as circumstances may suggest or require. Of course a record should be kept showing the name and description of the fugitives; the name and character as loyal or disloyal, of the master, and such facts as may be necessary to a correct understanding of the circumstances of each case, after tranquility shall have been restored. Upon the return of peace, Congress will doubtless properly provide for all the persons thus received into the service of the Union, and for a just compensation to loyal masters. In this way, only it would seem, can the duty and safety of the Government and the just rights of all be fully reconciled and harmonized.

You will, therefore, consider yourself instructed to govern your future action in respect to fugitives from service by the premises herein stated, and will report from time to time, and at least twice in each month, your action in the premises to this Department. You will, however, neither authorize nor permit any interference by the troops under your command with the servants of peaceful citizens in a house or field, nor will you in any way encourage such servants to leave the lawful service of their masters. Nor will you, except in cases where the public good may seem to require it, prevent the voluntary return of any fugitive to the service from which he may have escaped.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

To Maj.-Gen. Butler, Commanding Department of Virginia, Fortress Monroe.

Meeting in Williamsburgh.

The Committee appointed some days ago at a meeting of the colored citizens, held in the church of Rev. Wm. J. Hodges, on Broadway, made their report last Monday evening, 12th inst., to a crowded audience (many of which was white.) The report is substantially as follows:

The committee appointed to investigate the charges made against Mr. E. B. Bundick, as to his making use of secession language, respectfully report: That in order to fully and fairly investigate said charges, they called upon the following gentlemen, in whose presence the language spoken of was used: The first gentleman upon whom your committee called was Mr. M. Wooley, the well known liquor dealer in South 7th street, who stated that he expressed in conversation with Bundick the hope that the colored citizens of the Free States would unite to form regiments of their own to aid the general government in suppressing the unjust and uncalled-for rebellion of the slave-holding Secession States. Bundick replied that he was opposed to the action of the Government, and hoped no colored man would countenance it. Bundick became very angry, said he was a Secessionist, and expressed his indignation in terms entirely unfit for your committee, out of respect to the meeting and themselves, to report. The statement of Mr. Wooley was corroborated by his son, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. John Loughran, and a Mr. Plowdan and others. Mr. Plowdan states that on his remarking that he did not like the idea of the colored men of the South aiding Secession, Bundick said, "They were right, and if he was South he would do the same." Your committee cannot believe that these statements are malicious or void of truth, but do believe that the community ought to be made aware of them, and judge whether the report as to Bundick's being a traitor is correct. The conduct of Bundick and his friends in endeavoring to prevent the report of your committee, is deemed by them as going far to confirm them in the opinion that the charges are entirely true.

The report of the committee was unanimously accepted, and the meeting passed a resolution condemning Mr. Bundick as a disgrace to the colored citizens of this city, and entirely opposite in his language and principles from them. After some desultory conversation the meeting then adjourned to next Monday evening at the same time and place. Signed,

Wm. J. Hodges, Chairman.

Aug. 13. Wm. A. Gibbs, Secretary.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Paul's Congregational Church, Flat Bush.—This Church appears to be in quite a prosperous condition. The building has been enlarged and now presents a good appearance. The Pastor, Rev. Geo. W. Levere, has established a Sabbath school which now numbers about 50 scholars and which he superintends himself. This evidence of success is very gratifying, and it is very evident that the pastor's hands must be sustained by a willing people, or success could not attend him.

A. M. E. Zion Church, Jersey City.—Since this society has been given into the hands of the Rev. John P. Thompson, new life seems to be imparted into the church. This gentleman is stationed at Newark, N. J., and has the oversight of the church at Jersey City. Having the assistance of Mr. W. G. Strong, he keeps the pulpit well supplied, and by this means secures the well wishes of the people. Mr. Strong is quite a favorite in the little church.

We understand that the Rev. Jas. N. Gloucester of Brooklyn, has been appointed to officiate at Shiloh Church, during the absence of the Rev. H. H. Garnet, who is expected to sail to day for England.

As Mr. Gloucester, has been officiating at the church in Troy for some time, this will be rather sad news there

THE RESCUED FUGITIVE JOHN ANDERSON.

From the Montreal "Transcript," August 9th, we learn from letters received by the Africa, that Anderson's presence in England has been made the pretext for injudicious ill-founded appeals to the philanthrophic; which have elicited remarks in the London "Anti-Slavery Reporter" of the first ult.:

The arrival of John Anderson in England demands at our hands a declaration, that the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Societies are in no way responsible for his coming. There is a prevalent impression that the contrary is the case. So far from this, however, the Committee did not, from the first, consider it desirable that he should come, and John Anderson's friends in Canada were of the same view. That, as a free man, he was at perfect liberty to visit this country, or any other, is unquestionable; but the prudence or the desirability of such a step are wholly different questions. It is only right to state, that his person was perfectly safe in Canada, for even had his pursuers felt disposed to re-arrest him, a new act of the Canadian legislature gives special power to superior authorities in all similar cases John Anderson has also himself informed us that friends came forward most generously with offers of assistance, not only in money, but a considerable quantity [we believe a hundred acres,] of land, in fee simple, so that he was in no actual necessity of leaving Canada. We regard his doing so as a great mistake. Those who have taken him by the hand can only hope to obtain help for him by converting him into an object of morbid curiosity, while the damage done to the anti-slavery cause by such an exhibition may be extreme. In his person, every right of human nature had been outraged, and he was a fit object of sympathy. His life was menaced, and we took steps which unquestionably resulted in his release; and on his arrival we offered to get up a special Committee, to make a private appeal, or a public one through the press—as that Committee might decide—with a view to obtain funds to enable him to provide for himself in future. Whatever his reasons may have been for declining our offer, we are bound to respect them. We do, however, consider it most unwise that his presence in this country should be made the pretext, by third parties, of promoting their own objects. Whatever is due to John Anderson should be done for him alone; and we may be allowed to express a hope, that the gentlemen who have apparently taken him under their protection will disconnect the effort making for him, from any and every other, even though it be suggested that the funds collected will be employed to build schools in Canada.

ARREST OF TWO NEW-BEDFORD MEN ON A CHARGE OF FITTING OUT A SLAVER.

The New Bedford, Mass., "Standard" says:

"Deputy United States Marshal S. H. Bicknell, of Boston, arrived in this city last evening, having in his possession warrants for the arrest of Mr. Albert S. Bigelow, a wholesale liquor-dealer on South Water street, and Mr. Andrew H. Potter, of the firm of A. H. Potter & Co., outfitters, also doing business on South Water street. Mr. Bicknell called upon City Marshal Terry, and made him acquainted with his business, who at once promised him his co-operation.

"At about 8 o'clock this morning Mr. Bicknell waited upon Mr. Bigelow at his place of business, and requested his presence in Boston to answer a charge of fitting out the ship Brutus, at this port, as a slaver. Mr. Bigelow announced his readiness to accede to the officer's demand, and they then proceeded to the Marshal's office. After a short tarry, Mr. Bicknell, Mr. Bigelow, and Officer Howland waited upon Mr. Potter at his store, who, upon being notified of the charge against him, also expressed his willingness to accompany the officer. All three went to Boston in the mid-day train.

"The Brutus sailed from this port August 29. 1860, being cleared by Mr. Bigelow, ostensibly for a whaling voyage, under command of Capt. E. S. Devoll, who left her off the Western Islands and returned home. At that time she was suspected, and the agent stated that she would be discharged and reloaded under the inspection of a Government officer. Her sails were unbent, but nothing more was done. After a few days, her sails were again bent, and she proceeded to sea.

"Some time since, we published a statement of a young man named Jerome Colburn, of Belchertown, who was on board the Brutus, and who stated that they succeeded in leaving the coast of Africa with 600 negroes, landing 500 of them in Cuba. The vessel was also sold in Cuba, and the crew dispersed."

ANOTHER SLAVE-TRADER IN CUSTODY.

The Boston "Traveller," has this account of another case:

"A man named John Jones, alias John Dowdall, has recently been arrested on suspicion of having been a mate of a vessel engaged in the slave-trade. About a year since, the brig Mary Frances was fitted out in New York and cleared for Wilmington, N. C., and from thence she obtained a nominal charter to the West India islands, and from thence she sailed to the coast of Africa, took on board five hundred negroes, and succeeded in landing them safe in Cuba. The master and all hands then dispersed to parts unknown.

"Recent inquiries by the United States Marshal at New York, led to the knowledge that John Jones, the mate of the vessel was in this vicinity, and with the aid of officials here he was arrested for the minor offense of serving on board the Mary Frances voluntarily when fitted out as a slaver.

"That being a bailable offence parties interested in the slave-trade sent to Boston to release him on bail, with ample sureties, but before he could be released a warrant was issued by Assistant District-Attorney Lothrop, charging him with shipping slaves, which is a capital offense. On this he was arrested, and is now in custody in this city.

"The evidence against him is said to be of the most conclusive character. It is not yet known whether he will be proceeded against here or at New York. The witnesses are at present in New York. The prisoner is about thirty-five years old, and unmarried, we believe, but has friends residing at Chelsea. He also has acquaintances in this city, among whom he has borne a good character heretofore.

"The investigations in reference to the slave-trade shows that during the past year parties in New York fitted out about one vessel a week for this purpose. Occasionally they fitted out a vessel at Boston and New Bedford. It is believed now that their trade will be wholly broken up.

STEALING SLAVES AROUND FORTRESS MONROE.

Negroes who have recently sought refuge within the Federal lines agree in representing that there are bands of kidnappers scouring the country for miles around. These land-pirates systematically steal all the able-bodied, saleable negroes they can, and run them off to the Southern markets and pocket the proceeds. This system of land-piracy has, according to representation, been carried on to a considerable extent. So that, between the flight of negroes and the stealing by the land-pirates, the owners of this species of property in this region are likely to fare badly. This fact illustrates the morals of the Rebels, and their proclivity for the slave-trade. In this section property in slaves some time since ceased to have any real value. The standard of valuation is completely broken down, and sales of slaves are not heard of. The relation of master and slave does not exist, and it involves no one in the charge of Abolitionism to predict that there is hardly any likelihood of its ever being revived. This state of things must necessarily have a radical effect in landed and every other species of property related to labor. Indeed, every other kind of property has but little more real value than that in negroes. If the lands in this part of the State are ever again culticated, it must be by free labor. Some of the finest estates in Virginia were in this part of the State. Nearly all of them are now abandoned, and running to waste, master and slave having alike fled, but generally in opposite directions.

Whenever this portion of the Old Dominion again puts on the air of thrift, it will be in other hands. It is scarcely probable that the former, or rather present proprietors will return to cultivate the soil or pursue business. The disruption of society is perfect. The surface of the country has been burnt over, so to speak, and to a certain extent literally. This, therefore, will at some time or other become a field for new settlers. The soil is excellent, the climate perfectly healthy, and there are many attractions both to the enterprising man and him who would lie at his ease. What is to follow the fact that the owners of the soil are almost wholly active participants in the rebellion, and how that fact will be made to effect titles, ownership, and proprietary interests, is a question yet to be answered. At present there is no such thing as bargain and sale, or the assertion of ownership over property of any kind. When, if ever, it will be resumed, is a question that cannot be determined now.—Correspondent of N. Y. Tribune.

SECESSION LIES.

We clip the following from the Baltimore Exchange, a violent Secession Journal:—

Our Negroes.—The quartering of large bodies of Northern troops in and around Baltimore has not been without its effect upon the "contraband" population. In every regiment which has stopped in Baltimore since the commencement of the war, there have been low, unprincipled wretches who have affiliated more with the negro than the white population, and the consequence has been that some of the most disgusting and disgraceful scenes have been enacted in the streets of our city.—Among them, a Massachusetts soldier has been seen walking along a public street at noonday, carrying an umbrella over a coal-black negro woman; soldiers have been seen embracing negro sweethearts upon the streets, and have endeavored to get them into the railway cars. Free negroes are constantly brought from the North with new regiments, and our laws in respect to their presence are neither regarded nor attempted to be enforced by those claiming authority.—Many of our negroes have become utterly contaminated by association with the creatures who are quartered here, and for the first time in the record of our State, miserable female negroes, in gaudy dresses, may be seen flaunting our thoroughfares even after midnight. Mr. Dodge surely knows that this is not allowable.

Contrabands in Luck.—Since the battle of Bull Run numerous desertions from the Federal army have taken place, and not a day passes but numbers of the runaway soldiers are to be seen in the lower counties cautiously en route for their Northern homes. They take the first opportunity for changing their dress by exchanging their uniforms for any kind of clothes, and as illustrative of this, we give the following incident:—A few days since a wealthy and prominent planter in Prince George's county on riding out to one of his fields where several of his negroes were at work, was greatly surprised to see, hard at work plowing, several men dressed in full Zouave uniforms. He had heard that slaves were to be confiscated, but had no idea that the Government was also going to confiscate his plantation.

Having a slight desire to know what had become of his negroes, he concluded to approach one of the Zouaves and make the inquiry. With this object he rode up to one of the ploughmen, when his astonishment was much increased to find that in the red breeches was one of his favorite negroes. As the master rode up the negro lifted the tasseled red cap from his head and with a broad grin, said, "Master, what does ye think of dis ere rig?" "Why, you rascal, where did you get it?" "From one of dem fellers what got so mightily scared at de Bully Run fight. I jist swapped my worse every-day suit for dis one. Dar was no gittin away from him, sir,—he fell dead in love with my linsy." Two other negroes had also changed clothes with deserters and were in full uniform.

The Tide Rising.

Read the following proceedings of the Central Club, held Tuesday evening last. At the stated meeting of this Club, held at Cooper Institute, Mr. Sinclair Tousey presided, and Mr. Oliver opened with some remarks on the following subject, which was laid over the previous evening:

Resolved, That the surest and quickest way of ending the rebellion, and establishing a permanent peace, is to declare immediate and unconditional emancipation.

Mr. Oliver proposed adding, "Wherever rebellion exists." His argument was, that the Union, with Slavery in it, was not worth preserving. But the only way of really preserving the Union, was by emancipation. For even if the South was "subjugated," Jeff. Davis and his crew woulp but return to Congress, and raise again the old question of Slavery. Congress had now the power to abolish Slavery, as the South had departed from the protection of the law. The speaker's sentiments were, that the negro had as much right to own the master, as the master his negro. As a point of fact, he stoutly denied, on the authority of his own observation, the accepted notion that white men could not live at the South, and work where negroes do.

Dr. Kennedy, of Syracuse, announced that he had found it necessary to change his platform, and he believed that the Republican party, if it intended to exist any longer, must henceforth have abolition on its platform. He had come to the conclusion that slaves must be liberated wherever they can be found. The war could not be terminated honestly on the present platform, nor would God permit it to be so terminated. All the European and civilized nations were against the United States with Slavery in it. The speaker read extracts from Lord Shaftsbury's late speech, to the effect that England could never sympathize with either of the leading political parties so long as both clung firmly to Slavery.

Dr. Gould offered a substitute more radical still, being a recommendation that President Lincoln should proclaim emancipation by martial law. This was opposed. One member denounced the Club for "eternally" passing resolutions which must eventually split the party.

After speeches by E. Webster and others the resolution was passed and the meeting adjourned.

ANGLO-AFRICAN WAR ITEMS.

A correspondent of the Albany *Evening Journal*, in writing of a trip to Fairfax C. H. says: "Nowhere did we find any sign of kindly recognition except from the poor slaves, who are rapidly learning, through the insane hatred of their masters, to look upon our troops as that great Army of Deliverance for which they have prayed so long. One old negro, who came to assist us in arranging our harness, which had given way, said to us, with an expression which I wish I could reproduce for you, 'We's bin lookin' for you dis long while—we knowed you was a comin'—dey cut down de trees and put 'em in de road to keep you from getting along, but I knowed you would go right over 'em.' 'Who is your master?' said I. 'Oh he's Massa Howard; he's a Major down there,'—pointing towards Fairfax—'he's a dreffil 'cessionist: he blacked a man all over with ink and put tar on his head, 'cause he voted for Lincoln down to Occoquan—but bress de Lord, I guess he's a runnin' now!' and he chuckled all over with satisfaction.

"Soon after leaving him we came upon the obstructions which he had spoken of. Immense trees had been cut down and placed on both sides of the road, making it impassable except through a small opening which could evidently be commanded by cannon, and such was its position that it could have raked our men terribly as they came up."

N. P. Willis, in a recent letter from Washington, writes: "Following my leader across the camp, I stood for a few minutes near a bevy of tall and handsome negro girls, who were selling cake and candy to the Zouaves—their large baskets and showy bandannas mingling very artistically with the fez caps and red shirts of the busy soldiers. 'Well girls,' I ventured to ask after a while, 'how do you like these strange boys?' But the reply was most significantly prompt, 'Fust rate!' said the merriest looking one in the party 'they pay!' And complimentary as this was to the Zouaves, I could not make out for a certainty who it was she intended should suffer by the comparison; though it was close to the spot where the Zouave sentry was shot from behind a tree. The girl's previous trading was probably with gentlemen who lived by taking advantage."

The Elmira (N. Y.) Gazette reports the following from Mr. S. G. Stryker of said place, one of a party of excursionists to Washington: "While at Alexandria, he saw a 'slave-pen,' on which was a sign-board and painted in large letters, 'Brooks & Co., Dealers in Slaves.' On nearing the 'pen' for closer inspection, he espied three Southern Slaveholders from South Carolina, imprisoned therein, who had been captured from the rebel camp the night previous. It was a novel sight to see slave-holders shut up in the very pen in which their slaves were confined for sale, and from all appearances they felt keenly the awkwardness of their position in thus being gazed at by the 'detested Northern Yankees.' They looked, to use the remark of one of the company, as if they could 'bite a tenpenny nail in two.' Mr. Hutchinson asked one of the prisoners a question, and was answered that he could receive no information from them. Mr. Hutchinson replied that he expected as much, as they came from a country where they had no information to spare."

The Detroit (Mich.) *Advertiser* in speaking of the return of the 1st Michigan regiment says: Three contrabands were brought home with the Regiment, as these *articles* expressed a desire to try life in a free State for a few weeks, to see if they liked it. If they find that the blessings of freedom are not what has been represented, they will return with the reorganized regiment. Of these, two were under the care of Lieutenant Throop, of Company A, and the other of Lieutenant Sanger.

A Minnesota boy, at Manassas, was rushed upon by four colored soldiers—full-blooded Africans; three were shot by Zouaves, the fourth attempted to pin him to the ground with his bayonet, which he parried, which gave a slight wound upon his thigh, and run into the ground its whole length, and, before he could extricate it, the boy shot him through the body, which was so near that the blaze of the gun set his clothes on fire.

A colored man by the name of John Bell, connected with one of the Rhode Island regiments, was arrested in Washington on the 2d inst, on the charge of assaulting a newsboy.

The Richmond (Va.) Examiner says that a colored man by the name of Dick Langborn of Lynchburg, shot one Federal soldier and knocked down another, and finally made both prisoners.

SUMMARY.

The Washington (D. C.) Star of the 7th instant says:—Yesterday morning, about six o'clock, when the guards were turning the colored prisoners into the yard to get water, one of them, William Woodward, escaped the guards by way of the aisle running into the yard, where there is a low wall, which he jumped and escaped. Mr. Fayman, the newly appointed guard, was sitting at the guard-room door, having in his charge the key of the door to the cell range. In closing the door the spring did not catch in the lock, and thus the door was left ajar. Discovering this fact, a count of the prisoners was made and one of them, this man Woodward, found to be missing. Search for him was made directly, and the guards around the city notified to intercept him. Woodward was awaiting trial for the murder of a member of the New York Seventy-ninth [Highland] Regiment. He is well known to be a most desperate fellow. His body and head have been pretty well marked in the conflict he had with the old Auxiliary Guard fifteen years ago, so that most of them could easily identify him. We hear that the guard Fayman has been dismissed, and Johnson Simonds appointed in his place.

About five years since a man named Mike Reynolds was arrested and committed to the Hudson County jail, on a charge of having committed a rape on a colored servant girl, residing in Mr. Gregory's family at Weehawken Hill. Before the trial came on, Reynolds succeeded in escaping from prison in the guise of a female. He returned a few days since, and was arrested for committing an outrageous assault and battery on Mr. Stanton and family at Washington village. Mr. Gregory hearing of his arrest has taken measures to have him tried for rape at the coming fall term of Court.

On returning from a pic-nic at Schenectady, on the 23rd ult., a little colored boy named White was standing on the track of the Troy Railroad, at the second crossing of the Aqueduct road, when the six o'clock train came along. The engineer blew his whistle, and made every effort to stop the train, but in vain. The boy did not seem to hear the whistle, and was struck by the cow-catcher, and thrown above the top of the smoke stack and instantly killed. An inquest was held on the body by Coroner Peters, and a verdict rendered in accordance with the above facts.

A colored woman at Keokuk, who had charge of a white child left by a worthless white woman, who abandoned her offspring to follow the army, sold the child, a few days ago, for $8worth of wood.

A colored boy named John Hazard, fourteen years old, was struck by a locomotive and instantly killed, between Waterloo and Geneva, on Thursday, 1st instant. The boy went to Clifton, from Waterloo on Wednesday night, and was returning when killed. It would seem that he got tired out, and laid down on the track to rest himself, with his coat as a pillow under his head. It is supposed he was struck by the locomotive while asleep.

A colored man named John Caldwell was shot and almost instantly killed on Saturday, the 20th of July in Trappe district, Maryland, by a white man named Trice, who was immediately arrested and lodged in Easton jail, to await an investigation by the Grand Jury.

Messrs. Payne and Roe, two Liberians of about eighteen years each, arrived in London on the 11th ult., from Monrovia, to be educated by the liberality of Samuel Gurney, Esq., M. P. They are promising youths, and it is expected will do much credit, in the course of time, to Liberia.

A young white woman, about twenty years old, calling herself Ann Barber, says the Port Tobacco [Md.] Times, of the first inst., was yesterday apprehended and brought before Dr. Franklin, Justice of the Peace of this village, on the charge of being in the houses of free negroes and slaves under suspicious circumstances. She gives a poor account of herself, says she knows no one in the county, is looking for employment. She was committed to jail for a further examination.

Jeff. Meads, an aged colored man, residing near Cockeysville, Md., was found on Saturday, 3rd inst., near his house. He had just returned from Baltimore, and in half an hour afterwards was found dead. He was probably better known, among a certain class of people, than any one of his color throughout Maryland, or any other Southern State, being a most successful raiser of game chickens.

Captain Avis, the jailor of John Brown was killed at the battle of Bull Run. A correspondent of the Milwaukie Sentinel, says, "I was told by a well-informed negro that while Brown was in jail, there were suspicions afloat that Captain Avis was in league with the abolitionists, and plotting to release the prisoners. Accordingly a plot was laid to try him, but he was found to be true to the South."

The Trenton (N. J.) Gazette of Aug. 10th says; "The body of an unknown colored man was found in Whitaker, James & Darrah's basin yesterday afternoon. He was about 5 feet 8 inches high, and apparently about forty years of age. Coroner Larue held an inquest on the body, and the jury rendered a verdict of accidentally drowned."

On Thursday, 8th inst., a colored seaman named Samuel Williams, was accidentally knocked overboard from the sloop Pointer of Providence, while passing Sand's Point, near the head of Long Island Sound, and although a boat was lowered, and every effort made to save him, he was lost. He was thirty-five or forty years old, and leaves a wife and several children residing on Cain street, in that city.

A runaway slave secreted himself on board the transport steamer City of New York, which arrived in Providence Friday morning 9th inst. with the wounded and disabled Rhode Islanders, from Washington. When he first showed himself, the steamer had proceeded well on her way down the Potomac. The captain promptly hailed a Philadelphia steamer bound to Washington, and put him on board, to be returned to his owner—said to be a strong Union man. Some objection was made by one or two more of the passengers on the steamer to the action of the captain, but it did not avail.

The Oconto (Wis.) Pioneer states that the body of a colored man named Pete, was found in the road a few miles above Menekaune not many days since He was formerly employed about the hotels in Fond du Lac and Oshkosh, but had recently been taken to Menomounce to do some light work, when he strayed off and died, having been unwell of late. Pete was formerly a slave. His back was literally covered with lashes, and there was a brand on his left hip of the letters "Va." He was buried the next day in the burying ground at Menomonee.

The Albany Times of the 12th inst. furnishes the following: "Some excitement exists at Kinderhook just at present. Fears are entertained of a serious riot. It is all occasioned over a squabble had among some white and black boys while in bathing, where the former threatened to drown all the negroes under nine years of age in the village. The colored people of the place have taken these threats up, and have become greatly excited ever the matter. They are greatly enraged, and parade about with a great deal of 'blood in the eye."

A colored boy named Dainson, living on Happy Alley, Baltimore, was fearfully injured about 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, by falling from a wagon at the Fell's Point market. He received a severe contusion upon the side of his head.

The cook at the Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George, died Friday 9th inst. from hemorrhage, caused by a cut from a goblet thrown at him by a colored waiter in a quarrel.

Sheriff Wheeler of Baltimore county, has received from Governor Hicks the death warrant of Perry Kennard, who was convicted in Howard County Court, of an outrage upon Mrs. Cronine, of the twelfth district of Baltimore county. The day fixed for the execution is Friday, the 13th day of September.

The Baltimore Clipper, of August 6th, says:—On Sunday morning Mary Alice Bond, a fugitive slave, was arrested in this city and returned to her owner, John G. McCullough, Esq., living in Havre de Grace, Maryland. The fugitive had been in this city for the past two months.

The Chicago papers are discussing with warmth, editorially and by correspondents, the action of the board of education in admitting a colored person to the Normal department of the high school.

On Monday 5th inst., a colored seaman named Bruce fell from the deck of a vessel in Montreal harbor into the hold, being killed instantaneously.

Alexander Gale, of Elkton, Maryland, who was convicted at the May term of the Circuit Court of Baltimore county, of the murder of James Evans, on the 25th of November, 1859, was sentenced to be hung on the 6th of September next. Both parties were colored men.

Salt water day for Monmouth county, New Jersey, will be held at Union city. A dinner will be served at the Pic-Nic House, said place.

THE TOPHET CADETS.

Attached to the King of Dahomey's army there is a troop called "Amazon Guards." The West African "Herald" thus describes them:

"The Amazon Guards, as they have sometimes been styled, are the most extraordinary troops that we have ever heard or read of. They are 3,000 in number, all females, and display such a degree of ferocious blood-thirstiness and hardihood as to bear a greater resemblance to a host of mad tigresses than to human creatures. They utterly despise death; they show no mercy to any living being in war; they are mad after blood, and seem not to know what fear means. They are in fact a group of devils, so to speak, whose hideous wildness of manner, and the savage madness of whose demeanor in times of excitement are so appalling and inhuman, as to have led many well judging persons to opine that these dreadful creatures are periodically subjected to the influence of some species of drug which has this effect. The dress of the Amazon consists of a pair of loose trousers, and upper garment covering the breast, and a cap. They are armed with a gun, knives, and daggers; some have blunderbusses, others long elephant guns, while the remainder carry the ordinary musket. In their military exercises they display good discipline, as well as wonderful dexterity and agility."

Just Like Them!—An old woman met in the street a friend whom she had not seen for a long time.

"O, my friend:" she cried, how is it since I have seen you? Was it you or your sister that died some months ago? I saw it in the paper."

"It was my sister," replied simplicity; "we were both very sick; she died, but I was the worst."

CAMP MEETINGS.

A camp meeting will be held at Sea Grove, Rockaway Beach, L. I., commencing on the 27th day of August, and closing on the 3rd day of September. The meeting will be under the pastoral charge of Rev. Peter C. Coster, associated with Rev. H. A. Thompson, Rev. J. P. Thompson, Rev. George Washington and others.

A camp meeting will be held in Gerrys woods, Jerusalem Avenue, about four miles from Hempstead. It will commence on the 15th inst., Rev. J. Long, who is the minister in charge will be assisted by the Rev'ds. David Stevens, J. B. Trusty, M. Manning, J. M. Myers, P. C. Coster and preachers James Seaman and John Washington.

Fair from Hunters Point, to the ground 75 cents.

A camp meeting is now being held in Mickle's Woods, near Centreville, New Jersey, under the supervision of Rev. Mr. Evans, of the Colored Baptist Church of Kaighnton.

The colored people will hold a camp meeting at North Spring Grove, one mile west of Media, Pa., commencing on the 15th of August. It will be under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Woodyard.

DIED.

Died.—In this city, of consumption, James Tunis, aged 37 years.

Grason.—At Rochester, N.Y., on the 4th inst., Congo Grason, aged 108 years.

Special Notices.

Information Wanted in regard to Alexander or Sandy Hogan, son of Betsey Hogan. He left the service of Mr. Jenkins in Baltimore, in June, 1859, and came to the North to solicit money to purchase the freedom of his wife. He is believed to have been in Birmingham, N. Y., about five weeks ago. Skin light brown. An aged mother is anxious to ascertain his whereabouts, and will be grateful for information sent to Wm. Still, 107 North-Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Anti-slavery papers please copy. 3t.

A. P. Smith will commence a tour through New Jersey, about Sept. 9th, prepared to lecture on the following subjects: The War, its Causes, Progress and probable effects: Means of Elevation, or on due notice any other subject of interest. No compensation required beyond traveling expenses. Address, immediately, A. P. Smith, Saddle River, Bergen Co., N. J. 3t.

Rev. J. N. Gloucester, will preach Sabbath afternoon and evening, in Shilogh Presbyterian church, corner of Prince and Marion—Sermon in the evening the "Jewish Temple as rebuilt by Nehemiah" illustrative of the Spiritual Jerusalem of whom Christ is the eternal author and founder.

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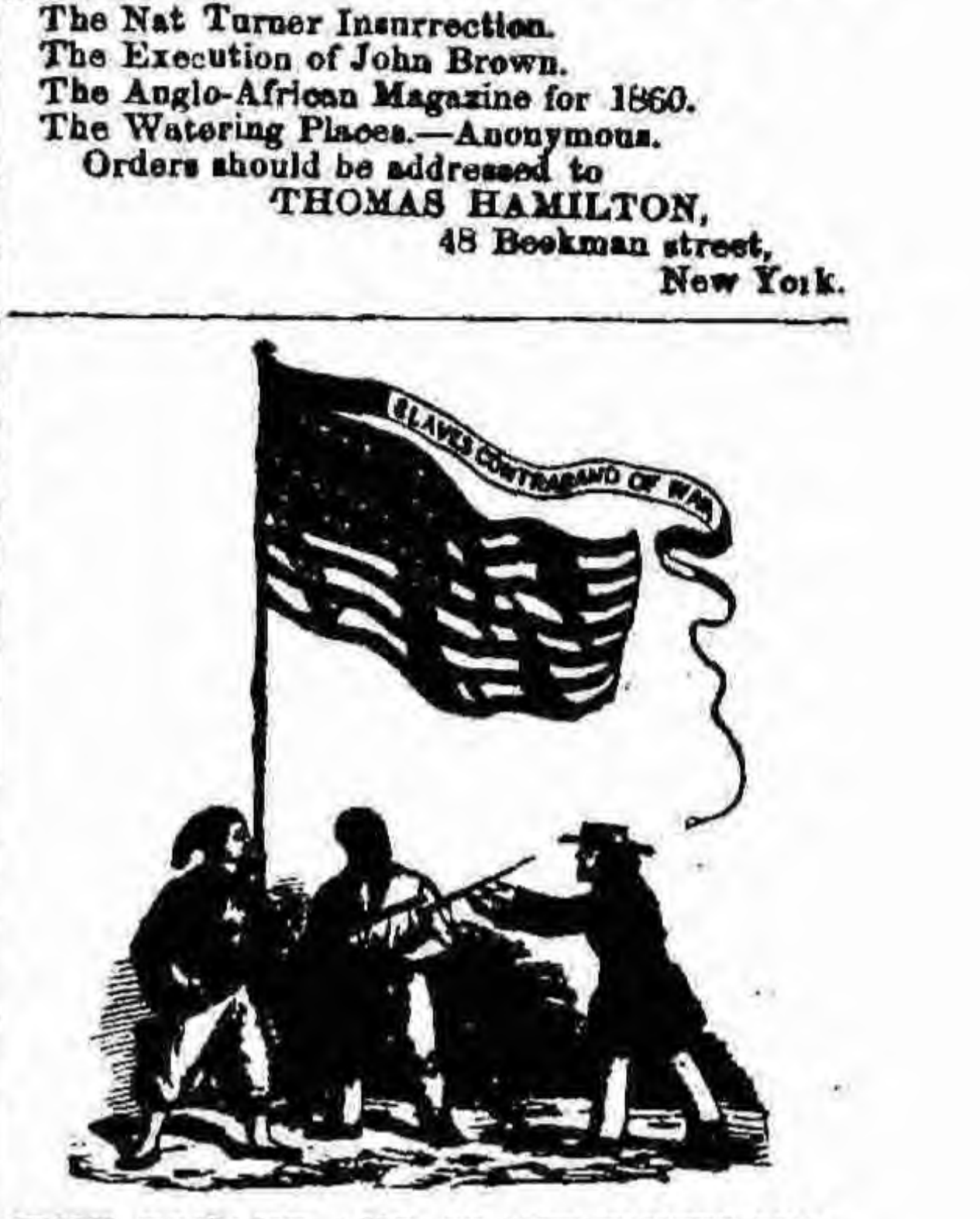

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The undersigned takes the privilege to inform his Friends and the public generally that as he has recently fitted up his SALOON anew, he is now prepared to furnish them with

Ice Cream, Fruit, and other Delicacies.

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WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts. 1 tf.

Poetry.

THE POLISH PATRIOTIC HYMN.

The *Times'* Warsaw correspondent says—The singing of the National Hymn still continues. Indeed, though of Roman Catholic origin, and containing prayers for the dead, it has been recently sung during divine service in the churches of both Lutheran and Calvinist Protestants, and, with omissions, in the Jewish synagogues. To give you some idea of its character, I venture to send you a version of it in English—full of defects, I know, but still conveying the sense of the original. It was composed, I am told, by a Polish Bishop in the reign of Alexander I., when the Polish nation began to entertain hopes of a renewed national existence, from the clemency and liberality of the Emperor after the events of 1815. The last two *stanzas* are a recent addition. The music is plaintive and touching:

O! thou who didst o'er Poland oft of yore
  Cause streams of glory and of power to flow!
Who didst with Thine own shield her children guard
  From woes that else had been their overthrow—
Here at thine altar, Lord, we raise our voice to Thee;
Grant us our Country,—grant us liberty!

Thou who Thyself didst grieve o'er Poland's fall,
  Those who upheld her cause Thyself didst aid,
And who, to prove her valor to the world,
  Didst lend her brightness from each passing shade,—
Here at thine altar, Lord, we raise our voice to Thee;
Grant us our country,—grant us Liberty!

Give back to Poland all that erst was hers;
  Make fruitful all her desert fields again;
Let joy and freedom flourish here once more
  Oh, cease to punish; Lord thy wrath restrain!
Here at thine altar, Lord, we raise our voice to Thee!
  Grant us our Country,—grant us Liberty

Thou who canst break the iron rod of kings
  With but a touch of thine Almighty hand,
Confound the machinations of our foes;
  Some hope in our dark souls again command.
Here at thine altar, Lord, we raise our voice to Thee;
Grant us our Country.—grant us Liberty!

Almighty! on thy will alone depend
  The fate of empires and the lot of man;
Save us from out the bondage of our foes;
  Of Poland's sons bless thou each deed, each plan.
Here at thine altar, Lord we raise our voice to Thee.
Grant us our Country,—grant us Liberty!

Arise, O Lord, exert thy sovereign might;
  Cause battles, massacres, defeats, to cease;
In Freedom's loving bonds all peoples join
  Beneath the sceptre of thine angel, Peace!
Here at thine altar, Lord we raise our voice to Thee;
Grant us our Country,—grant us Liberty!

Almighty! by the wounds of Him who died,
  Bless all departed ones for whom we grieve;
Deign but one look on us in bondage chained,
  Vouchsafe our prayers to hear, our alms receive.
Here at thine altar, Lord, we raise our voice to Thee!
Grant us our Country.—grant us Liberty!

And now, when drowned once more in Sorrow's tears,
  For sons and brothers fall'n we lift our cry.
Who round their brows the Martyr's thorns have twined,
  And traced in blood the path of Liberty.—
Here at thine altar, Lord, we raise our voice to Thee;
Give back our Country,—give us Liberty!

MUSIC IN THE AIR.

There's music in the air,
  When the infant morn is nigh,
When faint its blush is seen,
  On the bright and laughing sky.
Many a heart's extatic sound,
  With its thrill of joy profound,
While we list enchanted there
  To the music in the air.

There's music in the air,
  When the sultry noontide beam
Reflects its golden light
  On the distant mountain stream;
When beneath some grateful shade
  Sorrow's aching head is laid;
Sweetly to the spirit there
  Comes the music in the air.

There's music in the air,
  When the gentle twilight sigh
Is lost on evening's breeze
  Its pensive beauties die;
Then, oh! then, the loved ones gone
  Wake the pure celestial song;
Angel voices greet us there
  With the music in the air.

There's music in the air,
  When the clear full moon is high,
Reflecting mellow light
  Through the earth and azure sky;
When we feel that purer joy;
  Heavenly things our thoughts employ,
As wafted from some region fair
  Comes the music in the air.

There's music in the air,
  When the chilling winds blow cold,
When freezing gales go by
  And winter's gloom unfold
When the world around is drear,
  As seen through sorrow's dimming tear,
What can then dispel each care
  Like the music in the air.

There's music in the air,
  When the heart is wrung by grief;
When no kind friend is nigh
  To give unasked relief,
Then how sweet to feel and know
  That while the murmuring breezes blow,
The heart its silent grief may share
  With the music in the air.

LOVINA REYNOLDS.

OR

THE TRAPPER TRAPPED.

BY JOHN E. DAVE.

In the year of 183– I had business in the northern part of Illinois. I had been traveling a very rough road all the day, and when night came, both myself and my horse were pretty near exhausted. The setting sun proclaimed that darkness would soon overspread the land. I had traveled a great distance without the first sign of any habitation; but now I saw between the thick foliage which grew alongside the path a distant light. I rode into the bushes, and the sight of a log cabin welcomed my eyes. I dismounted, tied my horse to a tree and approached the cabin. I knocked at the door, and no answer being returned I knocked again; this time it was answered by a man who looked more like a demon than a human being. I asked him if he could accommodate me and my horse for the night. "Certainly," said he, and he departed to look after my horse, after having asked me to walk into the house.—While he was looking after my horse, I amused myself by looking about me. The house was neat in the inside, and I suspected that other hands than his had been at work there. He presently returned and announced to me that supper would soon be ready. This was good news to me, for I was very hungry just then. I thanked him for his kindness; he then departed to get supper ready. I could not rest easy until I saw that my horse was properly taken care of; I therefore went *to the stable to satisfy myself on* that point. I found him in a very comfortable place, and having assured myself that he had enough to eat, returned to the house. I sat there thinking of past adventures, when the door of the room in which I sat was opened, and a young girl entered the room, bearing in her hand a note, which she, in a whisper, requested me to read. She was a beautiful girl of seventeen summers, *with a countenance as blooming* as a rose. I opened the letter and read as follows:

"MY UNKNOWN FRIEND:—You are not safe in this house. My father (as I am forced to call him,) intends to murder you to night. He will give you a good supper; but do not, as you value your life drink any of the wine which he will give you because it is drugged; but you can eat as much as you like *of the food. Finding that he cannot* drug you, he will ask you to sleep in the north chamber, which is the chamber, of death. Under the bed is a trap door, which you will see, as it has a spike in the middle. He will try to make you think I am dumb, but I am not. Beware of him. Do not go on the bed during the night.

FROM YOUR FRIEND.

She then left the room, leaving me to my own *reflections. I gazed around the room,* and seeing the spike in the centre, I knew that the chamber of death was directly over my head. I shuddered at the thought, and resolved to be on my guard. I sat down to study a plan not to escape, but to "bite the biter." What could be his object in letting me down in this room; sure, thought I, there must be another trap leading to the cellar. I raised the straw carpet, which *covered the floor of the room, and discovered* a large trap which was composed of the whole floor. I then knew his whole plan of operation. He was to remove this trap, touch the spring, and let the bed down to the cellar. I had just finished my observations when the door opened, and the host announced that supper was ready. I followed him to the kitchen, and, being very hungry, was soon engaged in discussing *the quality of the venison steak*, to which I did ample justice. My host commenced the conversation by informing me that his daughter was dumb; "she has been dumb since the day of her birth."

I asked him if he would honor me with his name.

"Certainly," said he "It is Zeke Mullin, and my daughter's name is Isabella. I have some very excellent wine, will you have some?"

Saying this, he went to a closet and took down a bottle of wine which he sat down on the table. I cast a look at the girl, and saw *something* in her looks which convinced me that this was the wine spoken of in the note. He offered me a glass of the wine."

"No, I thank you," said I, "I never drink wine.

As he returned to replace the bottle I noticed a scowl on his dark features, which told that he was disappointed.

I arose from the table much refreshed, and immediately retired to the other room. I sat there an hour, absorbed in deep thought when the door opened and my host entered. He sat down and conversed with me a long time, and seemed very sociable, notwithstanding his rough looks and coarse voice. He asked me what business I pursued. I told him I was a drover, just returned from Chicago, where I had been with a large drove of cattle, and had made a successful sale of them. I saw his eyes sparkle as I said this. He said that I was very young for a drover, but he doubted not but that I was an experienced one. I told him that by the death of my father, I had been the sole heir of his property, and had taken up his trade.

"You were very lucky to find my cabin," said he, "for there is not another cabin for twenty miles on this road; but you have found very comfortable quarters for the night, and I should like to have you stay with me as long as you please."

"I should like very much to stay with you, but my business will not let me."

I knew that he was a most consummate villain, of the deepest dye, besides being a murderer and a kidnapper. I would have finished him on the spot, but that I had a better fate in store for him. He asked me if I wished to retire. "Yes," said I, "as soon as I visit the stable." I went to the stable under pretence of seeing to my horse, but that was not my object this time. I was now satisfied that he meant to take good care of the horse, and had only to take good care of myself. Entering the stable I looked carefully in all the boxes for a piece of rope. I at last found one to suit me. It was ten feet long and of just the right thickness. I put the rope out of sight and entered the house.

My host asked me if I was armed. I told him that I was. "Will you let me examine them," said he. "Certainly," said I, and handed them to him. He examined them sometime, and asked me if I would let him show them to his daughter. I followed him to the door, which he left partly ajar, and saw him draw the bullets from my pistols. He then returned and gave me the pistols, saying, at the same time, that his daughter thought them very beautiful.

Isabella at this moment came in, bearing in her hands two lamps. She glanced at the ceiling and then at the floor. I understood what she meant. She then set the lamps on the table and retired. I now asked permission to retire, saying that I was tired with my journey; but I had another object in view. He showed me the way to my chamber, and, after bidding me good night, retired. I was in the chamber of death. I knew that I must work very quick and quiet to make my plan successful. That the girl had saved my life there was no doubt, for, had she not warned me, I should have drank the wine, and been asleep long before this—the sleep of death. Taking the cord from my bosom, I proceeded to attach it to the secret spring under the bed, so that by a single pull of the cord it would let the trap down. Having done this I proceeded to the bed, and after having rolled the clothes in such a manner as to have it look like a human being, I looked at my pistols and found the caps wet. I then loaded them again, and placed them in my vest pocket, ready for instant use. I was now prepared to bite the biter, and was very confident of success. I had not to wait long, for the girl soon entered the room. She made not the slightest noise as she came in. She said that she was glad that I was on my guard. I showed her the plan that I had made for trapping him. She shuddered at *the thought*, but when she thought of the wrongs she had suffered at his hands, she thought that it was no more than right that he should suffer for his dark deeds. She asked me if I meant to kill him. I told her not; but that I should deliver him to the nearest magistrate. I asked her a great many questions about her past history, but of it she remembered but little. She remembered having lived in a large town, and *about a little garden, but it was so long* ago she could not remember much. She knew that Zeke Mullin was not her father, but she had not tried to escape from his power, because she had no other place to go to. She said she would like to go home to her parents, if she could find them.

"I will find your home for you," said I.

"A thousand blessings upon you for those words," said the fair creature.

"*Is there no token by which some clue* to your parents may be obtained?"

"Yes," said she; "I have a ring which I have had for a long time; if you will wait I will get it."

She returned very soon, having in her hand a small but costly ring. I examined it very carefully, and found a small spring, which I opened, and discovered a name in very small letters. Louisa E. Reynolds *was the name on the ring. At the mention* of that she seemed to recall her past life. She knew that it was her own name.

In my haste to communicate the name to her I had forgotten to read the other letters on the ring. They were, "Chicago, Ill." I now assured her that I could find her parents as soon as we arrived at Chicago. I then asked her if there had been many persons murdered by Mullen? She said that there had been three to her knowledge.

"Is there any money about the house?" I asked.

"Yes," said she, "there is some in the cave near by; but do not get it until he is in confinement. I cannot stay any longer," she continued, "but I hope that when we meet again it will be under very different circumstances."

She then departed. As she went out, I saw tears stealing down her cheeks. She had been gone but a few minutes, when I heard a step upon the stairs. I crouched down behind the door so that he could not see me, for I knew that it was Zeke who was coming. He came to the door, and listened. Finding that all was still, he looked in. The bundle of clothes had done its work—seeing them, he supposed that it was his victim. He entered the room. The moon's rays shone directly upon the trap; and, as he approached the bed I could see the fiendish expression which rested upon his face. I cared not for the worst now! I only thought of the joy of Lovina's parents, when they should behold their long lost child. I had taken the precaution to throw my coat over the spring; so that he would not discover my plan, and it was well that I did so, for on looking for the *spring* he saw the coat, and advanced to take it up. I thought for a moment, that all was lost; but he did not discover me. He stooped down upon the trap, to remove the coat—now was the time! I pulled the rope, and the trap fell, carrying my would be murderer to the room below. I hastened down, to open the other trap, but when about half way down I met Lovina, who said that Zeke had opened the other trap, so that I might go to the cellar without stopping; and that Zeke himself, had joined his victims, in the cellar. I secured the trap in such a manner, as to leave no means of his *getting out*, I knew that he would have to stay there as long as the magistrate saw fit.

Leaving Lovina at the cabin, I harnessed the horse which Zeke owned, and rode to the nearest house. I knew not in which direction the nearest house lay, but I doubted not that I could soon find one. After riding about half an hour, I came to a small cabin, I knocked at the door, and after waiting some time it was opened by a woman apparently in the prime of life. I inquired for the nearest magistrate, and was told that he lived about a mile distant, down a cross road, which the woman pointed out to me.

Arriving at the magistrate's house, I found him at home, and harnessing a fresh horse, we started for Zeke Mullen's. After a smart gallop, we reached the cabin. Zeke was greatly surprised at the change that had taken place in a few hours; and on seeing the magistrate he became raving mad. He was speedily handcuffed.

During my absence Lovina had been talking with him. He had promised to give her freedom and a large amount of money, if she would release him; but Lovina was firm; money was no object compared with seeing her parents.

Henry Stephens—that was the magistrate's name—asked Lovina what had been the reason of Zeke's keeping her a prisoner; and she said that he wished to make her his wife, but that he had not yet succeeded.

I asked Lovina if she could get some supper for Mr. Stephens. She went down into the kitchen, and soon returned, saying that the supper was ready.

At the table, Mr. Stephens asked me to see the wine which Zeke had offered me. After examining it carefully for some time, he said that it was poisoned, and that had I taken it, I could not have lived an hour.

I again thanked Lovina for the service she had rendered me; and told her that I would not rest until I had found her parents.

The next morning was a glorious one, and seemed fitted for the occasion. Mr. Stephens, having the care of Zeke, conducted him to the county jail, there to await his trial for murder at the next term, and Lovina and myself started on our way to Chicago, which was about thirty miles distant. About noon we reached a farm-house, and after spending an hour in refreshing ourselves and our horses, we started again, and reached Chicago, after riding about two hours. We stopped at an inn for supper and lodgings. Obtaining a directory, I began to search for the name of Lovina's father. At length I found the name of Charles Reynolds, who resided in Harbor Street. I told Lovina of this, and she said that was her father's name. I promised to take her there next morning. She could not sleep that night; she was thinking of finding her parents, and was impatient for the meeting. Morning came, and after breakfast, we set out for Harbor street. Lovina remembered the house, and was going in without knocking, but I prevented her, telling her to be patient. I knocked, and the door was opened by a servant girl.

"Is Mrs. Reynolds within?" I asked.

"Yes," said the servant; "shall I show you to her?"

"Yes," I replied.

We were admitted to the parlor, where Mrs. Reynolds was sitting. She instantly recognized Lovina. After the excitement of the meeting had subsided, I ventured to ask, how Lovina had been stolen away. Her mother said that one day she had been sent to a store for a few things and she did not return. Supposing that she had been drowned, they caused the river to be dragged *for her body, and at last had given her* up for lost.

I continued at Miss Reynolds' home for a month, and during that time our friendship had ripened into love, and before the year was passed, we were married.

A few words more and I have done. Zeke Mullen paid the forfeit of his crime upon the gallows. I am now happy with my wife and children. But often when the gloom of night is gathering around us, our minds revert to the exciting scenes of the murderer's cabin, on the prairie. What accidental points often decide man's destiny for weal or woe.

Selling a Thin Horse.

A jocose Boston auctioneer was called upon one day by a country dealer from Vermont, who wished to dispose of his horse. He was one of those distinctive characters peculiar to the section, with a countenance strangely indicative of both simplicity and shrewdness.

"I say," said he, "I want to see the auctioneer that auctions off horses here on Saturday."

"I'm the individual," said the auctioneer; "what can I do for you?"

"Well I've got a horse I want to sell, provided I can get enough for him; don't want nothing more than value neither. He's a good one, though just now he's a little thin; but I reckon he ought to sell pretty smartly."

"Very good; will you have him advertised?"

"Well, I guess I don't know about that—what do you tax?"

"*One dollar first insertion; fifty cents for* every time after."

"That's tew dollars for three times; I reckon that you may put him in the newspaper once, stranger, and after that let him slide."

"Very good; what color is he?"

"Rather brown than otherwise."

"Is he sound?"

"Sound! Oh, sound as a dollar—shouldn't *like to warrant him, though!*"

"All right; I'll advertise and sell him on Saturday. Have your 'critter' at the mart by twelve o'clock."

"I jest want to tell you Mr. Auctioneer, I should like to have the animal limited at fifteen dollars, but you may let him go at five."

"Exactly; and you won't take a great deal more than is offered for him, will you?"

"Well, I'm not dispositioned to be hard, anyhow I calculate not."

Saturday came, and one dollar and a half was bid for the animal brought up by the horse dealer.

"Go on, gentlemen, I have only one dollar and a half bid for the horse; how much more do I hear? One dolllar and a half—going—going—"

"Sell him, sir, he's dying!" whispered the Vermont horse dealer into the ear of the knight of the hammer.

"Gone," shouted the auctioneer, and down went the old horse at a dollar and a half.

After the sale, the horse dealer was the first one up to the desk to settle.

"Well, I reckon it won't take long to settle up this little trade of mine about the horse," said he.

"Not long," said the clerk, "there's your account of sale; you have to pay us just fifty cents more than the horse brought."

"Political destruction!" exclaimed the Vermonter, with humorous affectation of astonishment. Then with a satisfied manner he continued, "It's cheap enough! I couldn't gin him away at no price, and it would have cost tew dollars and a half to bury him. Just a half a dollar saved.—Good morning, Mr. Auctioneer. Cheap enough!"

☞ An Irishman being asked in court for his certificate of marriage, showed a big scar on his head about the shape of a shovel, which was satisfactory.

A Woman's Adventures.

From the Chicago Times.

Harriet Colburn was charged with disorderly conduct. The particular offense was quarreling with a negro with whom she lived. There was a history attached to her case—one of those histories of real life which occasionally come to light in a Police Court, and almost surpass belief in their strange details. Twelve years ago she was the daughter of a Southern planter at Nashville, Tenn. Her mother was a Creole, but was the lawful wife of her father. At thirteen she ran away from her home with the son of a New York merchant, named Clifford, and was married to him.

Within a year she was a mother and a widow, her husband having died in California, whither she had accompanied him. She came home and returned to her father's house, where she was kindly received. She remained there a year or two, and during her stay assisted four of her father's slaves to escape, through sympathy for their desire for freedom. She married again with her father's choice. Her husband proved to be a drunkard, and she obtained a divorce from him. She married a third time, still with the consent and advice of her father, and was again deceived. Her last husband, whose name she now bears, proved her ruin. He was a Mississippi gambler, and for twelve months she accompanied him up and down the river, dressed in boy's clothes, and passing for his brother.

She finally left him, driven away by constant abuse, and threw herself upon the world for support. Her first effort was as brakesman, in which capacity she served on the Chicago and Burlington Railroad for three months. This was six weeks ago. From that she drifted into the vortex of sin, which every unprotected woman finds in a large city sooner or later. She went down hill till the lowest round of the ladder was reached. She met, accidentally, with one of the slaves whom she had aided to escape years before, and has lived with him ever since in unlawful connection. This negro is HER FATHER'S OWN SON by a slave woman, and by natural ties is her brother. There is no law, however, which sanctions that relationship.

She was *intelligent*, and showed by her conversation that she had seen better days. Traces of former good looks were visible, and a strong, robust frame proved that dissipation had as yet had but little effect upon her body, but her mind was, what the minds of all fallen women are, a wreck and a ruin At the early age of twenty-four, she is a shameless woman, which is the lowest of God's creatures. She was sent to Bride*well for twenty days.* She stormed a little, but the necessity was inexorable, and she went up as brazen as any of them.

Ingratitude to Parents.

An old proverb says that "a father can more easily maintain six children than six children one father." Luther relates this story:

"There was once a father who gave up everything to his children—his fields and goods—and expected that his children would support him. But after he had been some time with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him: 'Father, I have had a son born this night, and there, where your arm-chair stands, the cradle must come, will you not, perhaps, go to my brother, who has a larger room?'

"After the father had been some time with his second son, he also grew tired of him, and said:—'Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head; won't you go to my brother, the baker?'

"The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he found him troublesome, and said to him: 'Father, the people run in and out here all day as if it were a pigeon house, and you can't have your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?'

"The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself: 'Yes, I will do so; women have softer hearts.'

"But after he had spent sometime with his daughter, she grew tired of him, and said she was always so fearful when her father went to church or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs, and at her sister Elisabeth's there were no stairs to descend, as she lived on the ground floor.

"For the sake of peace, the old man assented, and, went to his other daughter. But after some time she too was tired of him, and told him by a third person that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with the gout, and her sister, the grave digger's wife at St. John's had much drier lodgings.

"The old man himself thought she was right, and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter Hellen. But after he had been there three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather: "Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth, that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father digs."

"These words broke the old man's heart, so that he *sank back* in his chair, and died in a moment."

☞ WHEN TO TAKE YOUR HAT.—Young man, a word. We want to tell you when to take your hat and be off. And mind what we offer. It is:

When you are asked to "take a drink."

When you find out that you are courting an extravagant or slovenly girl.

When you find yourself in doubtful company.

When you find that your expenses run ahead of your income.

When you are abusing the confidence of your friends.

When you think that you are a great deal wiser than older and more experienced people than yourself.

When you feel like getting trusted for a suit of clothes, because you have not the money to pay for them.

When you "wait upon a lady just for the fun of it."

When you don't perform your whole duty, and nothing but your duty.

☞ "Sancho," said a dying planter to his slave, "for your faithful services, I mean now to do you an honor, and I leave it in my will that you should be buried in our family ground!" "Ah, massa," replied Sancho, "Sancho no good to be buried; Sancho rather have de money or de freedom; besides if de devil should come in de dark to look for massa, he might mistake and take de poor negro man."

☞ Among the many anecdotes of Buena Vista one beats all others:—An Arkansas soldier, wounded, asked an Irishman to help him off the field. The latter did so by enabling him to mount, and strapping him to his horse, riding himself before. During the ride the poor Arkansian had his head shot off, unknown to his companion. Arriving at the doctor's quarters, the Irishman was asked what he wanted.

"Brought this man to have his leg dressed," he said.

"Why," replied the doctor, "his head is off."

"The bloody liar!" exclaimed Mike, looking behind him, "he tould me he was only shot in the leg."

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

SOOTHING SYRUP.

Every mother should be prepared to act in the capacity of both nurse and physician to her children: she can, if she will, discharge these duties much better than any one she can employ. If she does not, she ought to know that there is a Medicine prepared by an old nurse and female physician which has stood the test of many, many years, and is the most perfect thing on earth for children teething; it also cures Wind Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, and is sure to regulate the bowels. We say to every mother, do not let your own *prejudices, or the prejudices of others* stand in the way of the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP certainly does, as the name implies, "soothe" the little sufferer into a quiet, natural sleep, from which it awakes invigorated and refreshed. And for the cure of diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Wind Colic, &c., we have never seen its equal.

We have always been, and still are, opposed to the practice of drugging infants. This article has no deleterious effects whatever, and from our own experience (we speak advisedly) we have every confidence in it, and can heartily recommend it to all mothers. Take our advice—use it—and you will as strongly recommend it to others as we have to you.

When we say that MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP acts like a charm, we do but reiterate the language of every person who ever used it for their children, for all diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery and Diarrhœa, Wind Colic and Cholera Infantum. It will produce quietude and rest, relieve all suffering, and the infant will awake invigorated and refreshed, and not with the dull and stupefying effects of preparations of opium.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States.

During the thirty years of unprecedented and increasing popularity of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, innumerable "CORDIALS" and other *nostrums, prepared by pretended M.D.'s, have sprung* up and lived but a mushroom existence, the SOOTHING SYRUP has been constantly increasing in popularity, and become a household word, and

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"MAN MUST BE FREE!—IF NOT THROUGH LAW, WHY THEN ABOVE THE LAW."

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All communications for the paper must be addressed ROBT. HAMILTON,
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Poetry.

YIELD NOT THE RIGHT.

Yield not the Right
In Freedom's fight;
The rallying cry renew,
Ye patriots who have fought and won,
And yet the war is but begun;
Humanity in you
Still trusts; be true!

Yield not your Right
In Freedom's fight;
Our Country is not free,
While yet one soul that seeks to gain
Bare justice seeks that boon in vain;
While on our nation rests the stain—
The blighted curse, ah me!
Of Slavery.

Yield not the Right
In Freedom's fight;
Though traffic's sordid crew,
Like their base prototype of old,
May barter principle for gold;
Or like their wares be bought and sold:
An uncorrupted few
Remain still true.

Yield not the Right
In Freedom's fight;
Though craven spirits may,
In fear desert our noble stand,
While rebels, threatening fire and brand,
(Vain braggarts) the base deed demand;
Shall we like slaves obey?
Vile thought, away!

Yi[illegible]t the Right
[illegible]dom's fight,
[illegible]r motto be,
[illegible]er, while remains
[illegible] one slave in chains;
[illegible] courses in our veins;
Until, as well as we,
All men are free.

Yield not the Right
In Freedom's fight,
Should warlike hosts assail;
But let our Country's echoes swell
The cry, "To arms? the foe repel!"
Sound Freedom's pæan, Slavery's knell!
God and the Right prevail!
Freemen all hail!

"THE CONTRABANDS."

In the various camps in and about Fortress Monroe are some 900 runaways who are supplied with army rations, and to whom government is already indebted about $1000. A correspondent of the Independent who recently visited the camps is happily impressed with the respectful and ready manners of the contrabands. He writes:

"Dr. Bellows remarked—and observation agrees precisely with my own—that 'they are the pleasantest faces to be seen at the post.' I have watched them with deep interest as they filed off to their work, labored steadily through the long, hot day: a quiet respectable, industrious, but depressed folk, with far more agreeable expressions than one could ever see in a low white laboring class. Somehow there was to my eye a weird, solemn aspect about them, as they walked slowly along, as if they, the victims, had become *the judges in this awful contest, or* as if they were the black PARCÆ disguised among us, and spinning unknown to all the destinies of the great Republic. I think every one likes them. They are good natured as the day is long, always respectful and ready to serve, and very industrious. The little ones and the boys are full of the infinite drollery of the race, and the greatest amusement of the soldiers is in cracking jokes upon or frightening the young 'Walter Scotts' or 'Washington Irvings' or 'Pompeys' who are scattered about through the regiments. The older make capital servants, hospital help, and laborers. So far from *being idle, the Sergeant who is detailed as* their superintendent says that 'fifty of them will do more work in a day than a hundred of the white men he used to have.'—They do not shirk or loaf. 'It's true' he said, 'they have a kind of *sacred feeling* 'bout Sunday, and don't like to work that day, so the Colonel gave orders to work them as little as we could, and we don't have to do as much as the others.'

There is a 'boy' in the Quartermaster's office, about 25, a fine-looking fellow.—'Well, my boy, where did you live?' 'On the Eastern shore, (of Virginia,) sah.'—'What made you leave?' 'Cos they was goin' to take us South, sah, when this broke out. They did take some—sah, dey tink no more of s'p'rating us than if we was cow and calf!' 'But you think you do have some *feeling* about *it?*' He simply rolled his dark eye around with a kind of watery glimmer in reply. 'You see, sah, oder would hab come tew, but when you gen'l'men hab done takin' de sea here, we could't git no skiffs or such.' 'Did you know about the war?' Yes, sah—we knew all about it—we knew it was for the colored people.'

'What did your masters say about us?' 'They said how you was damned Yankees, that said you meant to free us, but you would shoot us all or sell us to de South.' 'Did you ever read the Bible?' 'No, sah, cannot read—but we done hab Bible readin' ober there till lately, and now they don't hab none.'

To another, a young fellow, I said, 'Your master was kind to you—why don't you want to go back?' 'I should like to see a massa so kind,' was his reply, 'that I'd like to go back to him!' Of another, one of our party asked, 'Were you ever whipped, Washington?' 'Yes, sah—often.' 'Why?' 'Cos massa got the power!' Another, an old man sitting in front of a fire, with the sun's rays at 90 deg. beating on his head. 'From the Eastern shore, massa—they was goin' to make me serve the batteries.' 'Yes, we'd heard all about the war—we knew it was to free de slaves—and we didn't want to go and be shot on the batt'ries by our friends.' 'Did you ever hear of John Brown, uncle?' 'Yes, sah' (with side look of uncertainty). 'They say he was a bad man, don't they?' 'Yes, massa, some say so and some says he was a good man, and died for de right—I tink he died for de colored people, sah.' 'But do they hang good men?' 'Yes, sah—some times.' 'And they once hung the best Man on the cross—didn't they? 'Yes, sah, de Life of the World,' said the old man with an expression of indescribable solemnity. We spoke of the Bible; he couldn't read, but his words of simple thankfulness that he could hear it, were most touching. 'I do so love to hear of de Lord,' he said, 'and we know afore he's come again, de colored people will not be slaves any more. There's nothing in de Bible 'bout man bein' property.' (Manifestly the Southern version of the Gospel had not reached his benighted mind.) He said they had no Bible reading in camp, but they did want it so. I felt as he spoke that no metropolitan pulpit could give half the satisfaction to the soul as the unfolding the Word of Life to these poor, ignorant, simple creatures.

I find but few of them can read. One boy said he had learned from a white boy, and his 'massa tried to raise the debble wid the boy for it, but he couldn't, cos he was white.'

Their great fear seemed to be lest they should be sent back. They said they would certainly be hung or burnt if they were. We ventured to assure them that that could never be.

The Administration or Government that would dare to send back the poor runaways who had trusted in the great causes of the war, to their merciless masters, would deserve a place with the kings of *Dahomey or the corsairs of Tripoli.* It would be a disgrace blacker and more damnable than even the poltroonery of the worst days of the North ever reached. No, that could not be.

It is a mighty question; and yet, on a limited scale, is solving itself at Old Point in a very satisfactory way. But how will it be when the armies have 6,000 or 60,000 instead of 600? No one yet can say. The decision of 'contraband' is only an ingenious dodge, and but a temporary expedient, for the North does not allow the possibility of the right of property in man by any general law. We can only see that the *poor creatures can never be returned;* that without an act of emancipation martial law frees them, for the State laws are unknown within the lines of the armies, and only martial law and United States law prevail, neither of which can recognize property in man. Wherever the Stars and Stripes float in the advancing march of our armies, they float over *freemen.* The Government of the United States cannot hold a slave, and the rebel has lost, during the occupation by the troops, all his local rights.

As to our brave volunteers hunting back runaway slaves, there is not a man mean and base enough to be found in the whole *three hundred thousand to* do it; and if there were, he would soon be drummed out of the regiment."

THE CHILD IN THE GRAVE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

There was sorrow in the house—there was sorrow in the heart; for the youngest child a little boy of four years of age, the only son, his parents present joy and future hope, was dead. Two daughters they had, indeed, older than their boy—the eldest was almost old enough to be confirmed—amiable, sweet girls they both were but the lost child is always the dearest and he was the youngest, and a son. It was a heavy trial. The sisters' sorrowed as young hearts sorrow, and were much afflicted by their parents grief; the father was weighed down by their affliction, but the mother was quite overwhelmed by the terrible blow. By night and by day had she devoted herself to her sick child, watched him, lifted him up, carried him about, done everything for him herself. She had felt as if he was a part of herself. She could not bring herself to believe that he was dead—that he should be laid in a coffin and concealed in the grave. God would not take the child from her, O no! And when he was taken, and she could no longer refuse to believe *the truth, she exclaimed in her wild grief:* "God has not ordained this! He has heartless agents here on earth! They do what they list—they hearken not to a mother's prayers!"

She dared in her woe, to arraign the Most High; and then came dark thoughts—thoughts of death—everlasting death—that human beings returned as earth to earth, and then all was over. Amid thoughts morbid and impious as these, there could be nothing to console her, and she sank into the darkest depths of despair.

In these hours of deepest distress she could not weep. She thought not of the *young daughters, who were left to her;* her husband's tears fell on her brow, but she did not look up to him—her thoughts were with her dead child recalling every reminiscence of the lost one, every syllable of his infantile prattle.

The day of the funeral came. She had not slept the night before, but toward morning she was overcome by fatigue, and sank for a short time into repose. During that time the coffin was removed into another apartment, and the cover was screwed down with as little noise as possible.

When she awoke she arose and wished to see her child. Then her husband with tears in his eyes, told her, "We have closed the coffin; it had to be done!"

"When the Almighty is so hard on me;" she exclaimed, "why should human beings be kinder?" and she burst into tears.

The coffin was carried to the grave. The inconsolable mother sat with her young daughters. She looked at them, but she did not see them, her thoughts had nothing more to do with home, she gave herself up to wretchedness, and it tossed her about as the sea tosses the ship which has lost its helmsman and its rudder. Thus passed the day of the funeral, and several days followed amid the same uniform, heavy grief. With tearful eyes and melancholy looks her afflicted family gazed at her. She did not care for what comforted them. What could they say to change the current of her *mournful thoughts.*

It seemed as if sleep had fled from her forever; it alone would be her best friend, strengthen her frame and recall peace to her mind. Her family persuaded her to keep her bed, and she lay there as still as if buried in sleep. One night her husband had listened to her breathing, and believing from it that she at length found repose and relief, he clasped his hands, prayed for her and them all, then sank into peaceful slumber. While sleeping soundly he did not perceive that she rose, dressed herself and softly left the room and the house, to go—whither her thoughts wandered by day and *by night—to the grave that hid her child.* She passed quietly through the garden, out to the fields, beyond which the road led outside of the town to the churchyard. No one saw her, and she saw no one.

It was a fine night; the stars were shining brightly, and the air was mild, although it was the first of September. She entered the church-yard and went to the little grave; it looked like one great boquet of sweet scented flowers. She threw herself down and bowed her head over the grave as if she could, through the solid earth, behold her little boy whose smiles were remembered so vividly. The affectionate expression of his eyes, even upon *his sick-bed,* was never to be forgotten. How speaking had not his glance been when she had bent over him and taken the little hand he was himself too weak to raise. As she had sat by his couch, so now she sat by his grave, but here her tears might flow freely over the sod that covered him.

"Wouldst thou descend to thy child?" said a voice close by.

It sounded so clear, so deep, its tones went to her heart. She looked up, and near her stood a man wrapped in a large mourning cloak, with a hood drawn over the head; but she could see the countenance *under this. It was severe, yet encouraging;* his eyes were bright as those of youth. "Descend to my child?" she repeated, and there was the agony of despair in her voice.

"Darest thou follow me?" asked the figure. "I am death."

She bowed her assent. Then it seemed all at once as if every star in the heavens above shone with the light of the noon. She saw the many colored flowers on the surface of the grave move like a fluttering garment. She sank and the figure threw his dark cloak around her. It became night—the night of death. She sank deeper than the spade could reach. The church-yard lay like a roof above her head.

The cloak that enveloped her glided to one side. She stood in an immense hall, whose extremities were lost in the distance. It was dusk around her; but before her stood, and in one moment was clasped to her heart, her child, who smiled on her in beauty far surpassing what he had possessed before. She uttered a cry, though it was scarcely audible, for close by, and then far away, and afterward near again came delightful music. Never before had such glorious, such blessed sounds reached her ears. They rang from the other side of the thick curtain—black as night—that separated the hall from the boundless space of eternity.

"My sweet mother! my own mother!" she heard her child exclaim. It was *his* well known, most-beloved voice; and kiss followed kiss in rapturous joy. At length the child pointed to the sable curtain.

"There is nothing so charming up yonder on earth, mother. Look, mother! look at them all! That is felicity!"

The mother saw nothing—nothing in the direction to which the child pointed, except darkness like that of night. She was with earthly eyes. She did not see as the child whom God had called to himself. She heard indeed, sounds—music, but she did not understand the words that were conveyed in these exquisite tones.

"*I can fly now mother,*" said the child, "I can fly with all the other happy children, away even into the presence of God. I wish so much to go, but if you cry on as you are crying now, I cannot leave you, and yet I should be so glad to go. May I not? you will come back soon, will you not dear mother?"

"O, stay! O, stay!" she cried, "only one moment longer, let me kiss you and hold you in my arms."

And she kissed him, and held him fast: Then her name was called from above—the tones were those of piercing grief. What could they be?

"Hark," said the child, "it is my father calling on you."

And again, in a few seconds deep sobs were heard as of children weeping.

"These are my sister's voices," said the child. "Mother, you have surely not forgotten them?"

Then she remembered those who were left behind. A deep feeling of anxiety pervaded her mind, she gazed intently upon them, and spectres seemed to hover around her, she fancied that she knew some of them; they floated through the Hall of Death, on toward the dark curtain and here they vanished. Would her husband, her *daughters appear there? No; their lamentations* were still to be heard from above. She had nearly forgotten them for the dead.

"Mother, the bells of heaven are ringing," said the child, "now the sun is about to rise."

And an overwhelming, blinded light streamed around her. The child was gone, she felt herself lifted up. She raised her head and saw that she was lying in the church-yard upon the grave of *her child.* But in her dream God had become a prop to her feet and a light to the mind. She threw herself on her knees and prayed: "*Forgive me, O Lord, my God,* that I wish to detain an everlasting soul from the flight into eternity, and that I forgot my duties to the living thou has graciously spared to me!"

And as she uttered this prayer it appeared as if her heart felt lightened of the burden that crushed it. Then the sun broke forth in all its splendor, a little bird sang over her head, and all the church bells around began to ring the matin chimes. All seemed to have drank in faith and holiness, she acknowledged the might and the mercy of God; she remembered her duties and felt a longing to regain her home. She hurried thither, and leaning over her still sleeping husband, she awoke him with the touch of her warm lips on his cheek. Her words were those of love and consolation, and in a tone of mild resignation, she exclaimed, "God's will is the best."

Her husband and her daughters were astonished at the change in her, and her husband asked her, "where did you so suddenly acquire this strength—this pious resignation?"

And she smiled on him and her daughters as she replied, "I derived it from God by the grave of my child."

From the Watchman and Reflector.

THE SUNDERED FAMILY.

"Suppose ye that I came to give peace on earth? *I tell you nay, but rather division.*"—LUKE 12: 51.

There was civil war in the land, and the cities of the border were rent by domestic factions, and misruled by a self-constituted police. Members of the same family frequently became opposite partisans, and a man's foes were they of his own household, but the stroke of this fearful spirit of division fell nowhere heavier than upon the Brumley family. The oldest son, Ralph, had lived long enough away from the home-roof to wear out, in a measure, the sympathies of his childhood. He was a man of earnest soul and pratical good sense, and though he *still retained the political opinions of his ancestors,* his Northern residence and obersvation had disciplined his heart to a manly hatred of human slavery. And now the struggle was come. The curse had festered in the land for centuries, and although two-thirds of the country had shaken loose from it long ago, the corrupt remainder continued in the same national fellowship, and by common consent all the people assumed the credit of the sin; some with a fatalistic recklessness, many under a solemn protest; and here, at last, the question came up to be settled, whether this unholy alliance should be perpetuated, and men who nurtured a system of unrighteous bondage be allowed to make laws for a country of equal rights!

There was found to be poison at the heart of the government, and treason at every court of power. The story of it ran back many years, and the discovery astonished all who read, but indignation was added to astonishment when honest men traced every secret act of treachery and official unfaithfulness to the adherents of slavery. Desparing of any further concealment, these bitter-souled partisans had rushed to the public strongholds and struck an overt blow at the government whose ruin they planned so long, and only lacked time to make sure. Forbearance was now at an end, and freemen swore upon their swords that they would no longer pay the price of peace. *Ralph Brumley espoused the cause of the* government, and cheerfully accepted the sacrifice it cost him. His father was a Christian and a man of clear views, and notwithstanding the surroundings that influenced his action, he could not but rejoice at the position taken by the young patriot. The old gentleman had never been a warm defender of slavery, and though he owned a few slaves himself, he took care that they should differ as little as possible from ordinary hired hands. His wife and daughter sympathized with him, but his younger son, Frederick, a lordly stripling, and a true scion of the aristocratic school, possessed all the spirit of the slave-master. When therefore, his brother Ralph joined the defenders of law and liberty, he was prompt to show his indignation by enlisting in the army of the rebels.

Now from every side the country resounded with the noise of war. In the field, fighting men mustered by hundred thousands, and at home traitor and patriot fled from each other as if the spot of a plague had appeared in their foreheads—"Five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three, the father divided against the son and the son against the father."

Georgiana, the sister of the young Brumleys, was betrothed to a lieutenant, a native of the North, but impressed, while a resident on the slavery borders, into the service of the rebels. Attempting to make his escape from his forced allegiance, he was retaken and shot. The young lady received notice of his fate in a letter from a brutal Southern official on the morning of the very day set for her marriage.

Angry words were uttered by old Mr. Brumley, and his neighbors heard them, and interpreted them to the prejudice of the traitor-cause; as a consequence, he was warned to leave the State within a certain number of days, on peril of confiscation and imprisonment.

The family were strongly attached to their homestead. The father had lived on it from his infancy; alterations and repairs at the suggestion of Mrs. Brumley had made it at last a home exactly to her mind. There she had borne and reared up her children. There one pet daughter had died, and the churchyard was in sight where she buried her. There, for thirty years, she had presided at the regular merry-makings of Hallowe'en Christmas and New Year, and there she had rejoiced at the festivities of her "silver wedding." There her favorite garden plants bloomed,

"Her early visitation and her last."

There the magnificent elm, which had numbered two centuries, spread its branches over the long dooryard-settle, and showed, half-hidden among its lower foliage, a dozen nest-like seats, wont to be inhabited on sultry days; and *there friends*—old-time friends—of the Brumley family, had visited them again and again, and called them happy. Sorrowful, and hopeless of ever possessing again their beloved inheritance, father, mother and daughter packed together what valuables they could secure and sought refuge in a more loyal city.

It was the evening after a day of hard fighting. The last ranks of the victorious army were just marching with rolling drums up the sides of a valley never before disturbed by sounds of battle, and all that remained of the "horrible tempest" which had raged there since noon, were the groans of wounded men by the brook at the bottom of the ravine. The troops of the government, that had gathered at the first cry, like the old Hebrews, when in their first tribal war the eleven clans rushed to avenge on Benjamin his outrage of Levi, armed to the teeth, had moved that day upon the rebel lines, and carried all before them. In a panic of guilty fear the enemy had fled,

"As the locusts of old Zion fled before God's hurricane,"

and terrible was the shout of the chase behind them, like the cry of the divine avengers in Hosea:

"Blow the cornet in Gibeah!
The trumpet in Ramah!
Cry out all Beth-aven!
After thee, O Benjamin!"

As the sun was setting over the valley on the farther rise of which the insurgents had made their last stand, two men on the deserted battle-field crept out from a pile of slain and dragged themselves to the little brook to drink and die; sun-burnt and begrimmed with blood and dust, they lifted *their ghastly eyes to each other's faces,* and then a glance at the soiled uniforms revealed to both the fact that they were enemies.

It mattered not, however, to them, for *their* civil war was over, and the mediator Death had set on both their foreheads the seal of perpetual armistice.

"Ha, good fellow," said one, "we're finished for this world. 'Twas a brave struggle, and by your looks, you fought well. Let's shake hands on it before we go. God only knows what good can come of countrymen shedding one another's blood." And slowly and feebly the two soldiers crawled near and clutched each other's chafed hands, in sign of fellowship, "Good-bye, comrade," said the first speaker, huskily.

"Fred!" gasped the other, as he dropped on the green bank, exhausted with his last greeting—and they knew that they were brothers.

Fred exerted his failing strength to throw water in the face of the dying warrior, and succeeded in calling him back a little to life. He held his canteen to his lips, and the wounded man drank long and eagerly.

"Bless God, my brother," whispered he, "that we can die together, if we must die. I hope you see things as I do, now. But for slavery we might have lived long and been a comfort to each other."

"May the curse of the Eternal fall on the villainous institution!" sobbed the impetuous Frederic.

"IT WILL!" said his brother. "The time has come. Last day in camp, our chaplain preached from "I came not to send peace but a sword." He told us that it wasn't God's will that good and evil should dwell together always. There was peace, he said, when the "sons of God" lived and thrived with the daughters of men, in the days of the old antediluvian glory, till sin bred a quarrel out of its own pleasure, "and the earth was filled with violence," and then the flood came and took them all away. There was peace between true religion and false religion, till Jesus Christ came and wouldn't let the alliance flourish any longer; then there was peace between true Christianity and the "scarlet beast," but the sword of the reformation came and took the wheat from among the tares, and here at home there has been peace long enough between corruption and the holy laws of liberty, and the sword of revolution is going to peirce through our own souls, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed. O, Fred, the war is going to *purify* us! It will bring out secret traitors, and tell us who are our friends! It will uncover the root of the evil of the last twenty years. Give me your hand Fred—you must live and kiss my wife and children for me. Don't fight your country any more"—— He stopped, and his eyes grew glassy, and his left hand groped feebly for his knapsack. In vain Frederic offered him water, for in a moment the life was fled. They came with litters for the wounded, and found the young rebel kneeling over his charge. He muttered a *few low words and fell prostrate on the* bosom of his brother, and that night Ralph and Frederic Brumley went away together in a tumbrel with the dead. T. B.

South Framingham.

From the Massachusetts Teacher.

SCHOOL GOES WRONG—WHERE'S THE BLAME?

In many cases, surely, the teacher causes the school to "go wrong." This will happen so long as unsuitable persons are employed to teach.

The cure is—be wiser next year. But, paradoxical as it may seem, schools do sometimes "go wrong," simply because the teacher goes right.

In proof of this let us note some of the "wrongs," which the teacher, if fit for his work—knows ought to be righted. First, then, no sane or sensible man needs to have it proved to him, that habitual tardiness and irregularity of attendance, are evils in themselves sufficient to sap the thrift from *any school. Scores of our schools* are yearly crippled, and nearly worthless, from this cause. How shall this wrong be righted?

To take a case. A band of strays come lounging in, mayhap, in the midst of a recitation. The teacher asks: "Moses, why are you late?" With a prodigious longitudinal extension of the face, Moses whines out: "I come as soon as I coo-ud;" and an equally gratifying response comes from Sam, and Bill, and Mary Jane, and somebody's "dear Mehitable." I think I hear some one say—who knows all about it—why don't you demand excuses from the parents? "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," said a famous brag, of whom we read, to which, you will recollect, the shrewd rejoinder was, "But will they come when you do call for them!" "Aye, there's the rub!" Will the excuses come when called for? It is one thing to demand them, quite a different to get them. It is a mournful fact, to which every teacher of experience can bear witness, that parents are often too indifferent to the welfare of the school even to write excuses for their children. Here, then, is one reason why the school "goes wrong." The teacher cannot correct the evil, "where's the blame?"

Habitual absence is another evil equally fatal and common, and for which the parent is wholly responsible. As a general rule, the parent has no moral right to keep his children from school a single day. A term of school is like a ladder, of which each day is a round. When you have struck one-half the rounds from your child's ladder, do you expect him to climb?

Again, if the teacher is fit for his work, his constant aim will be to transform disorder and sloth into strictest order and cheerful work.

How shall this be done? "By moral suasion, of course," our wiseacre replies. But does not everybody know, that in most schools, there will always be some scholars whom persuasion and argument fail to reach; and to whom all your words, kindly or otherwise, are but "mouthfulls of spoken wind?" Such cases not unfrequently occur. Reluctantly and sorrowfully, the teacher punishes some gross offender; straightway what a fluttering in the family roost!

Down comes the enraged paternal, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, it may be, and after spewing out enough of his ire to afford temporary relief, and having frightened (?) you considerably with such phrases as—"put you through,"—"extent of the law," and the like verbal trash, away he stalks, larding his conscience with the pious reflection that he has "done the district a great service."

In vain the teacher urges, that he only demanded obedience to some reasonable regulation. Thenceforth, this man is the teacher's foe, and will do him and his school what harm he can. Of course, the school goes wrong. Where's the blame? Illustrations might be multiplied showing how schools do sometimes "go wrong" in spite of the teacher. But enough. The fact is, the school should be a "company concern," not a mill, where the teacher is hired and left to grind alone.

Parents are, equally with the teacher, responsible for a good school; and there are communities in which a really good school would scarcely be tolerated. For instance a good school cannot be kept where the rank heresy prevails, that a teacher should not chastise the scholar.

What treatment do these reformers suggest for offenders? "for it must needs be that offenders come." One offers expulsion; but, is it not better to save a limb than to amputate it? Would you set this wilful lad or that silly miss—just emerged into the awful dignity of teens—adrift, when Solomon's receipt might save them? Another very wise man thinks "a school should be made so attractive that the discipline will take care of itself." I have heard men who were doubtless partially sane talk thus; but, if as Solomon says, "much study is a weariness of the flesh," I confess myself puzzled to see how it can be so fantastically tricked out, as to become pastime for lazy boys and girls. There is much nonsense talked in relation to this matter. Hear Dr. Johnson:

"Until you can fix the degree of obstinacy of the scholar, you cannot fix the degree of severity of the master. Severity should be continued until obstinacy be subdued and negligence be cured."

When the long-looked-for Millennium dawns, I suspect corporal punishment may be properly dispensed with. But, inasmuch as that delectable period would seem to be at least several years distant, is it not, on the whole, best to follow Solomon and common sense a little longer? Let me not be misunderstood. That teacher is not *fit to teach who relies mainly upon the rod* to secure obedience. He should rule rather in the hearts of his scholars, than over them. He should be a kind and genial man, ever ready to speak a pleasant word to his pupils, but he shoud be an inflexible man, too, not allowing his requirements to be departed from "the ninth part of a hair," with impunity. When compelled to punish none will sorrow more than he. The moral-suasion heresy not unfrequently breeds in this wise. A school has happened to be kept without striking of a blow. It may or may not have been a good school. Suddenly the conclusion is drawn that corporal *punishment* is a "*relic of barbarism;* and that all schools can and ought to be governed by the sovereign power of love. "Lame and impotent conclusion!" Domine Sampson would say, "*Prodigious!*" What successful teacher has not sometimes kept a school "without striking a blow?"

The truth is, the teacher must be a man of expedients. With one end in view,—the welfare of those committed to his charge,—he must wisely vary the means of *accomplishing it,* according to the circumstances of the case. Committed to any special hobby of school government, he will speedily run off the track. Switches are as necessary in school economy, as in railroading. Finally, if you would have a good school, get a teacher of ability, pluck and energy, work cordially with him, and the school won't "go wrong." A. H. D.

HORSE-SHOE SUPERSTITION.

The horse-shoe was of old held to be of especial service as a security against attacks of evil spirits. This virtue may have been assigned, perhaps, by the rule of contraries, from its being a thing incompatible with the cloven foot of the evil one, or from the rude resemblance which the horse-shoe bears to the rays of glory which in ancient pictures are made to surround the heads of saints and angels: or, finally, from some notion of its purity in passing the fire. This latter supposition receives some countenance from the method resorted to for the cure of horses that had become vicious, or *afflicted with any distemper which village* farriery did not understand; such disease was inevitably attributed to witchcraft, and the mode of cure seems to imply the belief that the imperfect purification by fire of the shoes which the animal wore, had afforded an inlet to malevolent influences. Accordingly, the horse was led to the smithy, the door was closed and barred, the shoes were taken off and placed in the fire, and the witch or warlock was speedily under the necessity of removing the spell under which the animal suffered.

We have further proof that the efficacy of fire constituted a part of the virtues inherent in the horse-shoe, in the manner of reclaiming bewitched milk. All who have the management of a dairy know that at certain seasons of the year butter will not "come" from cream, nor milk be converted into curd, with the same ease as at others. The modern reasoners on the causes of things look upon this as being occasioned by the sort of food the cattle take; but all the farmers' wives of the last century knew perfectly well that it was the effect of nothing else but *some person's evil eye,* and took their measures accordingly. On the return of the milkmaids from the loaming with the milkpans upon their heads, when *the foremost took down her vessel,* in order to pass under the doorway, the mistress was ready to drop a horse-shoe, red hot, into the milk.

It was necessary that the ceremony should be performed at the instant when the young woman was lowering the pail, and as it was further required that no one should be aware of the good dame's intentions, the troop of milk-maids were often thrown into the utmost dismay by the sudden bubbling and hissing, and the screams of their companions more immediately concerned. The loss of the whole meal of milk was the usual consequence, to say *nothing of the work created for the cooper* by the crash of tumbling cogues; but these were matters of inferior importance, the future productiveness of the milk being an ample set off against any lesser mischances—and that, it need scarcely be added, was invariably secured.

A horse-shoe was commonly nailed upon the doors of the houses, but this was not at all times a sufficient protection, as in summer the cows were not driven home at *night,* but milked in the field, and shut up in an open enclosure. When people began to be half ashamed of superstition, instead of nailing the horse-shoe on the outside, they fixed it on the inside of the doors, both of dwelling-houses and farm offices, and in that situation it may at this day be detected in many parts of the country. Thus the devil, though not openly defied, might come to burn his fingers if he attempted an entrance.

Sailors are, or were, for the most part careful to have a horse-shoe nailed to the mizzen mast, or somewhere on deck near midships, for the protection of the vessel.

The *Chinese* have their tombs built in the shape of a horse-shoe, as we are informed by Capt. Hall, in his voyage to Loo Choo, which is regarded as a branch of the superstition prevalent among ourselves.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased at the news-dealers everywhere.*

THE RESERVE GUARD.

Colored men whose fingers tingle to pull the trigger, or clutch the knife aimed at the slaveholders in arms, will not have to wait much longer. Whether the foe attack Washington and succeed, or whether they attempt Maryland and fail, there is equal need for calling out the nation's "Reserve Guard"—the forlorn hope which will march to "Liberty or Death." In piping times of peace we blacks are branded as mere imitative animals—aping the white man. Now there is just one point in which we have never imitated the white man, on the contrary, have set him an example, which it would be well for him to be able to follow—we mean our conduct in battle. There is yet to be recorded in history the instance in which the negro has made Bull Run time, or ever fled from the field of battle. There are occurrences related in the revolutionary war in which black regiments were entirely cut up, as at Red Bank and Groton; but no instance in which they threw down their arms and fled from even a pursuing foe.

This nation knows this fact: even our bitterest reviler, the principal editor of the *Times*, in the darkest hour of this war spoke of the free blacks as a species of reserve guard on whose valor and devotion the country might safely rely. And we think the hour is rapidly approaching in which this reserve must be called out.

In the event of the capture of Washington, even the pur-blind administration will be able "to see" the necessity of calling upon all able-bodied men to rally to save the nation. There will be an italicised call for *all* men to rally. Recruiting officers will be completely oblivious of the color of a man's skin, or the texture of his hair.

And on the other hand, in the case of a repulse of the rebels, and a march into the South, the reserve guards will be equally needed. If slavery is let alone the North cannot conquer the South. It is a physical impossibility for the Northern army to conquer master and slave united, which means masters and slaves armed.

The slave will put no faith in the white man's army; but they would put faith in an army composed in part of black regiments. There is no concealing the fact that in marching into Virginia or any of the seceded states, our army marches into a *hostile* country, in which every means will be used to impede their way and cut them off. To subjugate the South, while *all* the inhabitants are hostile would require two millions of men at least, which is more than the North can spare. But, to subjugate the South, *with* [illegible] is easy work for the troops already in the field. The government is awaking to this fact, and in a few months will welcome black regiments; because *with* such, they are sure of the cooperation of the slaves, whom it will be their business to set free, arm, and organize.

The staid government paper, the *National Republican*, speaking of the supposed intention of the rebels to cross the Potomac for the purpose of invading Lower Maryland, says, according to the *Evening Post*:—

> "That a rising of the negroes is much more probable than a demonstration by the secessionists, and *threatens* a forcible emancipation if the slaveholders of that region do not remain loyal."

Hurrah for EASTERN SHORE! Eastern Shore, Maryland. Who among us does not know some brave and desperate hard handed man or woman who have sprung from Eastern Shore. We will risk our life on the assertion that there can be raised in twenty four hours, and drilled and equipped in as many days, two regiments of men on Eastern Shore, who will march on a bee-line thence to New Orleans, whip any rebels who may dare face them, and squelch out the rebellion entirely!

But these regiments could not be raised without the presence and countenance of the reserve guard, composed in part of Eastern Shore men, now in the North.

If then, the time is manifestly approaching for the enlistment of the reserve guard, it is well that the guard itself shall be ready. They do not require much drill—only one-half what the people on the other side of the blanket have had; we only require to be taught how to *move* in column or otherwise. But there is another sort of preparation. Let us be prepared to fight, and ready to fight when we are assured what we are fighting for. On the ground of the highest patriotism alone, let us go forth to battle—not to save the government as it *was*, but to uphold it as it ought to be. Let no black hand lift a musket, or draw a sword, unless it be for immediate emancipation. It would be false to the white men of this land if we aided them on any other conditions. To aid them in putting down rebellion, while slavery is upheld, is nothing other than to help them tie the rope around their own necks and handing the end to Jeff. Davis, & Co.

The safety of the people is the supreme law: and this people can only be saved by doing away with the slave system henceforth and forever. The position which we recommend to our people therefore is one upheld by the soundest sense and highest patriotism. We live in solemn times: let us live up to them, and, if need be die for that great cause to defend which it has pleased God to call us into existence.

THE WAR—ANOTHER STEP TOWARDS ITS SUPPRESSION.

Perhaps there is no one act of the slave-holding government of the South that better manifests its madness than that of their leaders in expelling all persons from the South who do not sympathise with, or take an active part in their outrages. Davis' proclamation gives them forty days in which to make their exit. Now the effects of this act may easily be seen: if these people are driven out, they cannot take their slaves with them, and hence they lose all title to them, the Federal Constitution having no clause in it for the return of such slaves—it can only return fugitives. This act will have another very beneficial effect; it will greatly simplify the duties of the general government. Heretofore one of the main difficulties has been the presence of Unionists in the enemy's country, and the duty of so acting as to do them as little damage as possible; but this act relieves it of all such necessity. Hereafter whenever it sees a head it may hit it, well-knowing it to be that of an enemy. Hereafter there need be no return of fugitives because their masters are Union men. Hereafter oaths of allegiance and a discharge may be dispensed with, because the men who are driven from the South will not be satisfied with anything short of an active participation in the war, that they may regain their lost homes, and bring swift vengeance upon their enemies and their country's foes. Now the fact that this has been brought about by the action of the madmen of the South themselves is most wonderful. Surely they must be doomed to destruction if our government is honest in the prosecution of the war.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL PIC NIC of the Union (15th Street) Church, took place on Thursday, August 8. Owing to the increased interest in the excursions of this school, the board of teachers found it necessary to make more extensive preparations, so there was added the handsome barge Cleveland. The weather was quite unfavorable, however, upon the arrival of between two and three hundred persons, the teachers determined to risk the weather, and pushed off up the river to Yonkers. The strong and rather cold breeze gave life and zest to the sports of jumping the rope, marching, singing, &c., which was well kept up on the double-decked barge.

There were also two fine refreshment tables, well loaded with the good things necessary for the occasion, which were sold at very moderate prices. Arriving at Yonkers the dock was literally blockaded with vehicles of almost every conceivable kind, and a brisk business immediately commenced. Great haste for Fairy Grove was manifest in every movement. The hurrying train of conveyances had not proceeded far before a lively and stirring scene occurred. One of the large wagons crowded with passengers broke down and at once emptied the whole of its contents into the street, but through kind Providence no one was hurt except the owner of the wagon, who suffered severely—for having already collected the current cash from each passenger when his wheel came off, and as he had not gone far and could not go any further each one demanded his money. To this he readily assented, but it would be vain to say he was not wounded. Arriving at the Grove all was life and glee. The lively sport of the Sabbath School children and their innocent glee seemed to have in it a magic spell, for their teachers, their parents, and all parties present seemed to be inspired with the spirit of youth. There was present a number of young men who had been to the seat of war and had returned safe. Some of them had been attached to this school and of course their presence was particularly agreeable to the teachers and to their early associates. One of the features of this Sabbath school excursion worthy of notice is this: that after the sporting and playing, jumping and singing, &c., there always comes on a spontaneous concert of singing religious hymns. This takes place in the large saloon. Locked arms and marching round, all parties join in the singing, the sound of which, at a distance, would remind the hearer of a camp meeting. There was no religious service after leaving the school-room in the morning—except at the dinner-table, which Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, proprietors, had provided for sixteen persons according to arrangement. At 2 o'clock, dinner being ready, the teachers repaired to the dining-room. The Pastor, Rev. Richard Wilson, was invited to take the head of the table, and the special officers of the school took their seats on either side. P. S. Porter, Superintendent, Ellen Lake, Female Directoress and Treasurer, Nathaniel Lake, assistant Superintendent, Ellen P. Anderson, Female Assistant, and the rest of the teachers in turn. When all had taken their place, the Pastor addressed the throne of grace in an impressive manner, and then the good things provided received special attention.

That table was, perhaps, the most important point of the whole excursion as it was the connection between the present generation and the one just coming after, for the teachers are of different ages, from silvery grey down to sweet sixteen—amongst whom are some promising young misses who have grown up in the school and have been promoted to the teacher's board, and are making themselves useful. The dinner being over, the Pastor pronounced a benediction.

A large number of persons came up in the cars through the day to join in the festivities and came down with the school in the afternoon, which took pleasant leave of Yonkers about 5 o'clock, arriving safe in New York a little before night, after enjoying as pleasant a time as heart could wish. The Superintendent showed me a letter from Mr. Wm. Anderson, one of the teachers of this school, who is now on board of the U.S. ship St. Louis in the Gulf of Mexico, sent to Mrs. Anderson his wife, who is also a teacher, from which the following is an extract:—

"On the 6th inst., we discovered something coming from the direction of the shore, about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, many were the conjectures as to what it meant. The Huntsville which is with us on the blockade and keeps her steam up all the time, soon got under way and bore down upon it to see what she was. All hands were anxious to see what the boat contained.—The U. S. Steamer Huntsville came up with it in due time and found it to be a boat or rather a box with three colored men in having made their escape from bondage and from the servitude of the rebels. When the boat came along side the Huntsville, the whole crew rushed to the side to see what and who they were and to assist them to get on board. As soon as they learned that they escaped from the rebels they gave a loud huzza! and seemed to be as glad as the fugitives were themselves, they took them and clothed and gave them some food of which they were without four days. The three men were filled with joy for their escape was a narrow one, but one of great risk. After they got on board, their boat was hoisted on board the Steamer for the general inspection of the officers and crew. This boat although roughly put together exhibited great ingenuity, the material used in the building was some pieces of veneered wood, supposed to be a portion of the cabin of the charred hull and pieces of plank which they hid in for two days and one night. Their tools were an old jack knife and a piece of iron to drive the nails. The rebels a few days ago had set on fire the above mentioned ship. After they got their boat built they launched her, put in it about two barrels of sand and a large peice of iron for ballast: Two of them are bricklayers; one of the bricklayers is quite an intelligent man, he stated that he had been employed in building a house for the Cabinet of Jeff. Davis, in the Capital of the Southern Confederacy. The first Lieutenant of the Huntsville asked him if he should send him back how would he act? he pointed to the Stars and Stripes at the peak and exclaimed "that flag will not allow you to do so:" Tears involuntarily filled the eyes of Doctor Barclay; the man was willing to come under, and fight for a flag under which he has been oppressed, yet showing a love for it his master never knew or had. The sails used for their boat were the curtains from the lighthouse on Sand Island.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at Home.

To know and estimate great men correctly, we must see them at home. For the last fourteen years I have known the subject of these lines as a man greatly distinguished for learning, philanthropy, eloquence and wit; but had often heard him spoken of as exceedingly difficult of approach by the less favored and gifted brethren of his own profession. But in the face of these expressions, and acting under my rule never to agree that a man ought to be hung until he is tried and condemned, I resolved to see him, and then say on. Accordingly, Saturday afternoon, April 13th, 1861, at 4 o'clock, I called at his residence. Going up the steps two fine boys about ten and twelve years old, and "twice as natural as life," came within a hair of elbowing me until I grasped the bell-pull. The boys looking me full in the face, I said "Is your father in?" (for they were so decidedly Beecher that I felt perfectly safe to venture such a question.) The answer was, "Yes, sir, walk in." I had scarcely passed the lintels of the night-door when I saw a middle aged lady whose firm but open countenance evinced that for the sake of God and humanity her mind and heart were daily freighted with the interests of her family. This noble woman I booked in my mind as Mrs. B. By her side stood a venerable saint whose well-spent life I thought might have been justly counted by eighty-five winters. Not with words, but in silence (to my mind the most sacred eloquence) he appeared to be invoking a parting blessing on children and grand-children. I was instantly reminded of Solomon's golden description of Christ's Trophy, in whose presence I felt very small. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the ways of righteousness." I was invited into the parlor. Mr. B. occupied a chair in front of a sofa containing two gentlemen of learning and high position, with whom he seemed much engaged; his hands placed on his knees, his face just enough flushed to indicate fine health, his very hair continually floundering about, gave signs of much intellectual vigor. The whole mental batteries seemed to be assuming position for action on the coming Sabbath morning. Done with the graduates of Andover, he turned to SPES. The first full view that I obtained of his countenance convinced me that Mr. B.'s universal and most admirable success was in some degree owing to his consciousness that God had made him the driver of an immortal engine, composed of the most happy association of moral sensibility, physical courage and mental endowments. Mr. B. is certainly very peculiar in that he makes no effort either to exhibit or suppress his greatness. My dress was different from what the members of my profession generally wear. I think his impression was that I looked slightly rough for a minister. Though my settled conviction on this subject in regard to Rev. B. is that he believes it is the man who adorns the clothes; not the clothes that adorn the man. My business with him was very important, though this interview was not intended by either to be final in regard to the subject upon which *we* met. He gave me many of the sharpest ingenious looks which I ever received during one interview from a created being. I said but little, because I thought my cause safer in the hands of a man who reads as he runs, resting on its own merits. To my agreeable surprise he said he was ready and most happy whenever the time arrived to give his influence and aid to the object which I presented.

SPES.

Letter From New London.

New London, Aug. 19, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:

Having a little leisure time I thought I would improve it by sending you a few items of interest from this city. Since my last, much has transpired which might interest some of your readers, but as my time is very much limited, I must be as brief as possible.

Several of our celebration visitors are still in the city, enjoying themselves in the best possible manner. Our esteemed friend, Mr. John Peterson, of New York, made a flying visit to our city last Friday from Norwich, where I understand he is sojourning for the present. The first company of volunteers recently attached to the 2nd Connecticut regiment, arrived home on the 8th inst.; they brought with them three "contrabands," who are now in this city. I understand there is a project in contemplation of effecting a colored Methodist Church organization in this city. As to the result of this undertaking it is impossible for me to say. There seems to be a great deal of opposition on the part of the people. The people have always been worshipping in white churches, and seem rather opposed to separating from them now. Although I am not of that persuasion myself, I should be glad if they succeeded in establishing a church in this city. A social party was given in this city on the evening of the 14th by some of our enterprising young men. It was a capital affair, and thoroughly eclipsed anything previously given in this vicinity. Having received a cordial invitation to be present, I proceeded to the hall at an early hour, where I found everything progressing finely, *a la beau monde*. There was a larger attendance of ladies and gentlemen than on any previous occasion. Everything here was harmony—excellent music, cheerful faces, and pretty girls. The ladies all looked *sweet*, and notwithstanding the short time I spent in the hall, I experienced a great deal of pleasure. Everything passed off pleasantly, not the least thing occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion. The committee deserve great credit for the able manner in which every thing was conducted. Miss F—— E——s, of Norwich, was undoubtedly the belle, notwithstanding the gay manner in which the ladies were all attired. The company dispersed about 3 o'clock, A. M. the next morning, much elated at the manner in which they were entertained.

WIDE AWAKE.

Letter from New Bedford.

New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 12th, '61.

MR. EDITOR.

I congratulate you on becoming a mouthpiece through your new series of the Anglo African, for our people in these United States. It has been a sore thing to the Anglo-Africans of this city to be without a paper edited by one of our own race. We were much disappointed at the sudden transformation of the previous Anglo into an emigration paper, whose principles are to use every effort to transport us from the so called land of Freedom to the wild Pine and Palm of Hayti; nevertheless, as it has had a few columns now and then somewhat interesting to us we continued to take it for a while, but alas the editor announced to us in a way of his own that no discussions on the Pines and Palms of Hayti, would be printed in his Pine and Palm of Boston. If the scheme was a just one would it not bear inspection by any and all? I answer that it would; but as it would not bear the inspection of men who were to decide whether they would emigrate to the Pines and Palms of foreign countries or not I concluded it was a money making scheme combined with a desire to clear the Northern States of colored men. I wish to ask what is the greatest desire of the slave's friend? Answer: to keep his slaves at home unmolested. What is the next greatest? Answer: to rid the Northern States of Free colored men so that in a case of emergency the North cannot call upon them to assist her in the present struggle, neither can they (the colored men of the North,) incite their slaves to insurrection. Then if the emigration scheme is to clear the North of colored men it surely must be in conjunction with the "Bloodsuckers" of the South. So colored men beware of all schemes to get us out of the way, for ere long the shackles of the oppressed must be severed, and the fiendish slaveholders reap what they have been sowing for many years. Though it may look gloomy now, our prospects grow brighter and brighter. If these remarks are an intrusion on your valuable sheet pardon me, but your paper is hailed with so much joy that it would seem to me amiss if I did not inform you of its welcome here. Among the visitors at Salem Church yesterday from Brooklyn, were Mr. Isaac H. Hunter, Jr., and Lady, Miss Addie M. Hamilton, Mrs. Newton and others whose names we could not learn. Prof. T. S. Boston is also stopping here at present. Rev. Alex Crummell lately from Africa, preached in Salem Baptist Church yesterday afternoon, his sermon was highly appreciated by the congregation, he having given also some very interesting details of his missionary labors in that country. On Tuesday evening he will lecture on Africa, after which there will be a collection in the vestry of Salem Church which no doubt will be a fine affair and of which I will furnish you an account.

WYCOFF.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Departed this life, in this city, July 12, Wright Seaman, aged 72 years. Mr. Seaman was born in the State of Connecticut, but removed to this city about 45 years ago, and resided here till the day of his death. Having been afflicted for a long time, death came not suddenly upon him. The standing of Mr. Seaman in this community will be understood, when we state that he was employed in one place for 40 years.

REV. RICHARD YOUNG CLIFT.—This gentleman died in this city, August 10th, of consumption, aged 37 years 11 months and 9 days. He joined the A. M. E. Bethel Church in 2nd Street, about 20 years ago. He was first licensed to preach and was afterwards ordained in this church. He has been an Elder in the church about 13 years, and has been appointed to many different stations during that time. He died in full hope of a blessed immortality.

Gen. Fremont on Fugitive Slaves.

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
ST. LOUIS, Aug. 10, 1861.

To SAML. L. GLOVER, Esq.—*Sir:* I am instructed by Major-General Fremont to say to you in reference to the two slaves that were taken from certain "Union men" in the north-western portion of the State, by Col. Turchin of the 19th Indiana Volunteers, that portion of the State being then and now in a state of insurrection, the slaves having been brought to this city with the regiment, afterwards detained in the Arsenal, and afterwards escaped beyond recovery; and most of the circumstances occurring before their arrival in this city, that he would suggest to the claimants of the slaves, that they prove their claim and the fair value of the slaves, as well as their own position as open, active friends of the General Government, having all properly affirmed to before some legal authority, that said documents be transmitted to him, when he will forward them to the Government at Washington, with his recommendation that the claim be paid. And he further desires me to say that he cannot consent that this should be considered as a precedent for the settlement of similar cases where the circumstances may materially differ.

Very respectfully,
E. W. DAVIS, Capt. and Sec.

Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Church—Allegheny District.

The thirteenth annual session of this body convened in the Mission Church, Avery street, Allegheny, Pa., on the 27th ult.—Rt. Rev. Peter Ross, Superintendent of the Third District, presiding, assisted by Rt. Rev. Joseph J. Clinton, Superintendent of the First District. Conference opened with singing, "And are we yet alive," and the usual services.

In addition to the transaction of other business the following reports were received and adopted from the Committee on Education:

We your Committee deem the subject of education one of importance; next to religion it is the great lever in the Christian church. The success of the church depends greatly upon a thoroughly educated and pious ministry. Therefore,

Resolved, That this Conference deem the subject of education an important one, and we will do all that is in our power to promote an active, pious and intelligent ministry.

Resolved, That the several ministers be directed to be found often in their own study, in the lecture room, in the Sabbath and day schools.

Resolved, That each minister set apart an evening during each week, in their several charges, for the purpose of giving lectures upon intellectual topics.

Resolved, That the ministers, where they have the opportunity, attend Preachers' Association.

Resolved, That it shall be the duty of each minister to establish Sabbath Schools in their several circuits, or stations where they have not been organized.

Resolved, That in the examination of candidates yearly, we will not give our vote for the ordination of unqualified men, and we trust that our Superintendent will not set apart any for Holy orders who are in any way unqualified.

From the Committee on Temperance:

WHEREAS, we are as much as ever convinced of the necessity of strenuous efforts for the suppression of intemperance, especially at this period when the excited state of our country is producing an alarming increase of said evil; and, whereas, there is no evil more to be feared than this which undermines religion and morality, destroying whole families, and spreading desolation over the land; therefore,

Resolved 1st. That it is the duty of each member of the church to see that the discipline of this church is carried out upon this subject.

2d. That we respectfully, but earnestly, request each elder to preach a sermon upon the subject at least once a quarter.

On motion the report was adopted.

The following persons were elected officers of the Literary Association for the ensuing year:

President—Rt. Rev. J. J. Clinton; Vice President—Rev. S. T. Scott; Recording Secretary—D. B. Matthews; Corresponding Secretary—Wm. Johnson; Treasurer—I. J. Whiten.

The following are the appointments for the ensuing year:

Stations—Mission Church, Allegheny City, Isaac J. Whiten; St. Louis and Chicago Mission, D. B. Matthews, in his charge, H. L. Newburn.

Circuits—John Wesley Church, Pittsburg, Washington and Waynesburg, Charles Wright; New Castle, Bridgewater, Sewickley, Darlington and Hookstown, Nelson Williams; Brownsville, Uniontown, Connellsville and George's Creek, Wm. Johnson; Lewistown, Huntingdon and Milroy, Prince G. Laws; Hollidaysburg, Bedford, Johnstown, Indiana and Blairsville, S. T. Scott; in his charge, Wm. Hamilton.

Missions—Salem, Alliance, Lima, Cleveland and Ravenna, Joseph Armstrong; oversight to be supplied; Cincinnati and Mount Pleasant, Peter B. Tollman.

Transfer—Thomas James, transferred to the Genesee District.

The Superintendent appointed the following persons to write essays and present them at the next Annual Conference.

Church History, D. B. Matthews. Church Discipline, I. J. Whiten. The Bible, Wm. Johnson. Morals, Nelson Williams. Natural History, S. T. Scott. Temperance, P. B. Fulman. Superannuated Preachers, C. Wright. Missionary Enterprise, Jos. Armstrong. The Power of Prayer, Wm. Hamilton. Self-knowledge, P. G. Laws.

The Conference adjourned to meet on the fourth Saturday in July, 1862, at the Mission Church, Allegheny City, Pa.

Owing to part of the report having been miscarried, we are unable to give in full the proceedings of this body, but will if the missing portion comes to hand.

The Fugitives at Fortress Monroe.

We call attention to the following lengthy but interesting letter from the special correspondent of the Cincinnati "Gazette." There are one or two ideas in it with which we cannot agree, nevertheless we ask our readers to give it an attentive perusal:

FORTRESS MONROE, Aug. 11.

WALKS AND TALKS AMONG THE "CONTRABANDS"—THE AFRICAN SLAVE IN THE LIGHT OF HIS OWN TESTIMONY.

The assemblage of 1,000 slaves in and around Fortress Monroe, representing collectively all degrees of character and capacity common to the race, and the great mass of whom would never under other circumstances have attempted an escape from Slavery—the whole now awaiting the decision of the Federal Government as to their future status, and placed in a position the most favorable for obtaining their unbiased, unbought, and unintimidated testimony upon the vital questions agitating the public mind in relation to them—presents a new and interesting spectacle in our history, and a phase of the great social problem which may well arrest the attention and excite the deep concern of all classes of our countrymen. Those who flippantly talk about "letting the nigger alone" and want the agitation of the Slavery question stopped, take a very narrow and superficial view of the providences of God as well as the constitution of human nature. The Creator never intended that Slavery or any other evil should be "let alone," and he has so constituted us that we must agitate that which the promptings of reason and justice teach us is wrong. This agitation can no more be stopped than the course of the winds or tides can be changed, for the necessity for it is implanted deep in our common natures, and must go on until the institution is either abolished or brought into the course of extinction within the earliest practicable period. Progress is the law of our being; and though we may seem to stand still or retrograde at times, in the grand cycles of ages, the great movement of humanity has ever been and still is onward toward a higher and nobler civilization. No better evidence could be afforded of a national pause or retrograde than the cessation of the agitation of the Slavery question; and it should be the hope of every friend of his kind, that be the consequences what they may, it may never cease to be agitated until there is nothing of it left to agitate.

The history of the past clearly shows that as we advance in knowledge and intelligence, and the sentiment of justice, and a clearer perception of the right become developed in men slavery grows more abhorrent in all its features. Thus the anti-slavery feeling has been steadily and rapidly on the increase throughout the Free States since the foundation of our Government, and will in time become so universal that future generations will look back with astonishment upon the fact that, in this our day, any considerable number of men could have been found to advocate its extension and perpetuity.

It seems to me that either a systematic course of deception has been pursued by the Southern people in their representations to those of the North as to the condition, feelings, and capacities of the slave, or that habit, prejudice, and self-interest have blinded them to the truth. The latter supposition is doubtless the fairest in the general; and allowance should also be made for the deception under which they themselves are to some extent laboring, ignorance on the part of the slave of any better state, and a sense of his own interest and welfare in his present one, operating to induce him to conceal any aspirations in that direction. But reason, justice, science, analogy—a rational view of the purposes of God, and our knowledge of the nature of man, as founded upon all past history, observation, and experience—alike teach us that he was created to be free; that freedom is an indispensable condition of the proper development of the faculties with which his Creator has endowed him; and that the theory that Slavery is the normal state of any race is false and inhuman, and a libel upon the Author of our being.

Since my arrival here I have embraced every opportunity of endeavoring to satisfy myself upon some of the leading points concerning which such wide differences exist, so far as might be done from the testimony of the slaves themselves, from actual observation of them, and from careful inquiry into their real opinions and feelings; and, as I before remarked, the circumstances were never before so favorable for obtaining these as are here presented, freedom of intercourse being unrestrained and their expression untrammeled by either fear or favor, and the position in which they are placed being peculiarly calculated to afford us a fair and reliable test as to the truth or falsity of the various doctrines prevalent, so far as they are competent by word or deed to settle them—and I don't know that any of our wise men are more so. Furthermore, the average of intelligence and capacity here represented may be regarded as furnishing a standard fairly applicable to the race throughout the country, the apparent mental inferiority and weaker aspiration for liberty, if such there be, in the plantation negroes of the extreme South, being attributable to their more isolated existence, more careful exclusion from the light of knowledge, greater ignorance, and deeper degradation, rather than to any native difference.

Without going into the detail of conversations which extended to nearly or quite a hundred of them, the evidence, in my humble judgment, goes to establish the following facts and conclusions clearly and incontrovertibly:

1. When asked if they prefer freedom, with all the chances and uncertainties of self dependence, to slavery, with a certainty of support, their answers were invariably and without exception in the affirmative. This applies equally to children old enough to begin to think and to the aged and infirm, as well as to those in the prime of life. As a rule I found the strength of this desire, other things being equal, (for of course it was modified more or less by the kind of masters they happen to have had and the treatment they had received) to be in proportion to intelligence and capacity. Many of them, who acknowledged having had as good masters as they could wish, still said they would rather die than to be sent back into slavery. Nor did I find that they had any fanciful notion about living without work or enjoying easier times in a state of freedom than in one of slavery. They said they expected to work, and were willing to do so; many of them that they liked to work and could not be contented otherwise—a palpable and self-evident truth, for nature so constituted us all that we cannot be happy without occupation.

2. I am told by those under whose direction they are, and my own observations bears it out, that they work as willingly and efficiently, and perform as great an amount as white laborers, while they are much better adapted by nature, as every one knows, to endure the intense heat of the climate. Their native element is a Southern temperature, and if they were free, necessity, interest, and preference alike would induce the great body of them to remain where they are, or gradually emigrate further Southward if inviting regions were held out to them, instead of overrunning the North, as many persons suppose. The laws of supply and demand would regulate their movements just as they do those of other races, and as long as their labor continued to be in demand at the South, they would of course remain there and follow the pursuits to which they are accustomed.

I saw no indications of the negro laziness which so many contend is characteristic of them, and hence that they require masters to make them work. I believe the reverse to be the truth. But admitting such to be the case in servitude, it only proves that as with all the rest of mankind industry is quickened by the stimulus of necessity and self-interest, and that uncompensated labor does not afford that stimulus.

3. While it is an admitted fact that nature has constituted the negro the intellectual inferior of the white man, I failed to discover anything to lend the shadow of confirmation to the oft repeated assertion that these people are incapable of taking care of themselves or earning their own livelihood. On the contrary, they exhibit upon the average a degree of native intelligence, and quickness and aptitude for learning, wholly inconsistent with this theory. It is not to be expected, of course, except by those who recognize no power of development and progress in humanity, that, having been brought up in abject servitude, deprived as far as possible of all opportunities of information, and accustomed to depend wholly upon others, they should at once exhibit those self-sustaining qualities which education, habit, and circumstance have given the white man. But under like conditions and in proportion to their endowments, they are just as capable of acquiring those qualities of supporting, elevating, and improving themselves and of attaining happiness and prosperity in their appropriate sphere. If I mistake not, there is no class of people in the North among whom there are fewer beggars or dependants upon public charity than the negro population. But conceding that they would be no better off, or that they would be even worse off, as freemen than slaves, does the value of freedom consist wholly in what we eat, drink and wear? And yet this is the sum total of the shallow, grovelling and beggarly philosophy which plants itself upon this argument.

4. They have a pretty correct idea, and I think had before they came within the Fedral lines, what this war is about. Like many others, I was laboring under a different impression, but I am inclined now to believe it is erroneous with regard to the great mass of them throughout the South. They understand the question at issue better than we have given them credit for. They do not regard the war as for the abolition of slavery, but with the prophetic instinct with which we are all gifted, there is a vague foreshadowing in their minds that it will finally lead to that. They seem to have no definite idea as to what the Federal Government is going to do with them, at least, if they have any, they do not express it. They apparently rest in implicit confidence that the result, whatever it may be, will be for the best, and await it without any visible anxiety or uneasiness. But their sympathies are all with the Government. I found this also evinced in a very marked degree on my return from Centreville the day after the defeat near Manassas. I met a number of them on the road, and an air of sympathy, sorrow, and dejection was plainly discernible on every countenance. And every one expressed their regret at our defeat when I asked them how they felt about it, and said such was the universal sentiment among them all.

5 There is a general idea prevailing at the North that the negroes of the thickly settled slave districts of the South will take advantage of this war to rise against the whites, and this is relied upon as an element of weakness in the enemy. Such are the views undoubtedly entertained by our leading statesmen, by the Administration, and by our commanding Generals, as evidenced by the several proclamations announcing a determination to crush out all insurrections; although this policy is manifestly rapidly on the wane as the war progresses. Its effect has been to give us greater confidence in our success and an underestimate of the strength of our opponents, thus weakening our efforts and increasing the probabilities of a long conflict. Now, although heretofore holding this opinion, somehow or other a closer insight into the negro character, as well as the tenor of his own evidence, has essentially changed my views and led me to think that this belief is totally fallacious. I apprehend the fact to be that slaves in all the districts where they are in sufficient numbers to justify the possibility of a successful insurrection, are so accustomed to subordination, are under such strict guard and discipline, possess so little of the boldness, daring, and self reliance necessary for such a movement, and are withal so harmless in disposition, that the occurrence of such an event is exceedingly improbable, if not impossible. The time may come, should slavery continue to exist, when the crowding of it together and forcing out of the white element may give it the explosive character, but the latter forms too large a component part at present, even where the disproportion seems to be the greatest. The prevalence of this belief in an impending insurrection is pregnant with mischief to us, for the reason before mentioned, and I half suspect that it is a part of the policy of the Secessionists to encourage it for this very purpose, since there is obviously an advantage to them in so doing. In nearly or quite every case where real fears of an insurrection have existed, (and heretofore these have always been of a local and not general character,) I am satisfied they have sprung from the heated and distempered imaginations of certain nervous and excitable people, such as are to be found in every community. So complete is the habit of subordination and obedience to which these slaves are trained, that very few of them now in and about Fortress Monroe left their homes until their masters had not only forsaken them, in their alarm at the approach of the Federal troops, but until they were either starved out or were brought by our advance within the Federal lines. Many of their masters, unable to make any disposition of them, in the exigency, told them to do the best they could for themselves; still most of them remained until necessity drove them to leave. Now having tasted the sweets of liberty, nothing could induce them voluntarily to return.

But habit had grown so [illegible] as to render it a second nature, stronger for a time than the first, and under the want of the development of the capacity for thinking and acting for themselves, even the love of liberty failed to rise superior to it. The sooner we banish all idea of a negro insurrection, the better for us, and the sooner will this rebellion be put down. The truth is, the slaves of the seceded States constitute at this time a powerful element in favor of the rebels, by enabling them to turn out a greater proportion of the white population to carry on the struggle, while the slaves perform the agricultural operations, and every slave of a Secessionist in those States capable of doing any species of labor, whether his master be an active or passive participant in the rebellion, furnishes aid and comfort to the enemy, and is contraband in the light of property, and should be treated as such by the Government. No distinction can properly, or should be, made between those who perform the usual home labor and those who work on the fortifications, for all alike furnish the enemy aid and comfort. Time will demonstrate this view to be the correct one.

The current of events is rapidly forcing to an issue the momentous question whether human Slavery or this Government freighted, as it is, with the best hopes of man, shall be held as the more sacred; whether, assuming that this gigantic and iniquitous rebellion will be suppressed, the cause of it, and of all our present woes—all claim to its protection having been forfeited by the seceded States, and outside of them the difficulties to be met being of comparatively easy solution—shall be allowed to remain, to the peril of our future stability, peace, prosperity, greatness, and territorial unity, which are of infinitely more importance and value to us than all the money ever invested in human flesh. While we may survive the bitter fruits of its first bearing, if we leave the tree standing its roots and branches will spread and it will ultimately produce another and larger crop. Its seeds were sown in crime, and its growth has been nourished at the expense of all the national virtues. Slavery is now, as it ever has been, true to itself. It has strictly fulfilled the course of nature, and will continue to do so despite all human enactments. In the results now before us, we are paying the penalty which inevitably sooner or later attaches to all violations of the moral law, either with nations or individuals. And so long as we persist in violating them, we must expect to pay that penalty. If Slavery is right, it is consistent with the freest and most perfect form of Government, and the highest progress in man; if it is wrong, it must ultimately perish or that Government must become a despotism and that progress cease. To this end time works its way with fixed and unalterable certainty. The longer the existence and the greater the magnitude of the evil, the heavier the account which it will accumulate against us, the settlement of which cannot be escaped. But if Slavery is right, why did God implant in the breast of every human being the instinct for liberty? For it dwells in the humblest slave as well as in the most favored white man, and grows and expands with a knowledge of its object. The highest appreciation of liberty is only compatible with the highest intelligence, but educate and elevate the slave, and just in that proportion will he learn to value this inestimable and God-given right. Does weak and impotent man assume that the ordinances of heaven contradict themselves? And must he set at defiance the great truth that all human beings, whatever their color, are endowed with infinite capacities, and capable of infinite progression? And must any race forever be deprived of exercising this divine prerogative? How [illegible] be the moral sense of a people who have adopted as the standard of their faith, upon whose sacrificial altar the freedom of speech and of thought, and even the rights of conscience, must be offered up, under the severest pains and penalties, the miserable and impious dogma that that system is divine which allows human beings to be bought and sold as cattle, separates husbands, wives, and children, deprives them of the privilege of even learning to read and write, drives them to the field in droves, works them under an overseer and the lash, houses them indiscriminately in dark and narrow pens, and doles out to them at certain intervals the same never-varying allowance of the coarsest food and raiment; a system, in short, whose security lies in the ignorance and degradation of its subjects, and which forever debars them of the hope of bettering their condition, and whose tendency is to crush out the Promethean spark with which every human soul has been touched from Heaven, and which was born to kindle and expand only in the glorious atmosphere of freedom. And is it not manifest, so far as we can now read the signs of the future, that their final disenthralment, and the vindication of the eternal principles of justice, must come from a source independent of that where this hopeless infatuation and moral death prevail?

J. G.

PROBABILITIES OF SLAVE INSURRECTIONS IN VIRGINIA.

From the New York Tribune.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 14, 1861.

The probabilities of negro insurrection are not more anxiously canvassed in the North than they are painfully apprehended in the South. Before giving the special advices that I have on this topic from the South, I will say that Southerners *do not* much apprehend at any time a general and concerted uprising of the slaves. In a long residence in Eastern Virginia, I have never heard any one express a fear that there might be possible a blow of the slaves throughout the South for their liberty. One alarm, and *only one*, I remember *in my* boyhood; it turned out to be a panic with but little foundation, though while it lasted it was terrific to witness the pallor and agony of the neighborhood. But the excitement at the time was entirely local, and there seemed to be no suspicion that there was any State movement or even one involving slaves outside of a county. It will be remembered that even in the Nat Turner insurrection, the largest ever known in the South, the suspicion did not go beyond a section of the State, and the evidence did not, in the end, justify even that. By this I mean that the experience of the Slave States has furnished reason to believe that "no general and concerted insurrection in the South will ever take place." Beside the obvious reasons arising from the usual inability of slaves to write or correspond, the difficulty of traveling to any great distance, the liabilities of those found in any kind of conference, the absence of the pecuniary and other means of conducting important affairs, the impossibility of any slave being absent for any length of time without its being noticed—beside these, there are some reasons arising from the temperament and character of the African race itself which would prevent it. They are an extremely cautious people. Reckless to the last extreme when roused, they are until then wary and not self-reliant. To this it may be added that in every group of any great size that could be got together, some one would be likely *to prove an informer.* Much of this has been the result of plantation training; for, of course, it would little consist with the exigencies of the farm or household for tale-bearing to be taught and preached as anything but a virtue. Whenever a group of whisperers get together each *one* has a temptation to gain high favor by betraying the rest. It is not saying anything against the race itself to say that, without being entirely conscious of its criminalty, the Southern negro is very apt to be treacherous. And here allow me the episodic reflection that the closing paragraph of the Secretary of War's late order to Gen. Butler concerning fugitives, namely, that they should not, except in cases where the public good seemed to require it, be prevented from voluntarily returning to the service from which they have escaped, seems to me fraught with disaster. The rebels allege that they paid $100,000 for some intelligence from Washington; if the above order from the Secretary is carried out, the next piece of information will not cost them so much. Indeed, there is reason to think that the plaintive melody "Carry me back to Ole Virginny" has already been the cover of some shrewd plans. It is absolutely certain to my mind that no negro would ever wish to return, but with some ulterior design, to the certain punishment for examples sake, which his penitence would not, in one case of the hundred avert.

But to resume: these considerations, and especially the impossibility of trusting any large number of negroes without great risk of detection, a thing plainly seen by both Turner and Denmark Veasey, is likely to prevent any simultaneous or concerted insurrection throughout the Southern States, and indeed in any one State. But insurrections in various neighborhoods, which may spread like conflagrations, are not only possible but at this moment threatened through many portions of the South. Your North Carolina correspondent has given you the indications in that State. From the Cotton States I have a bit of information which I cannot give, save so far as it informs you that the negroes of the plantations, *cotton* and *sugar*, are keenly alive to some of the issues involved in the present war. The reason why I do not give you this item is that it would defeat a plan on the part of the negroes, which, while not involving the loss of a single life, contemplates a stroke of poetic justice so grand that history will applaud it as a vindication of the wisdom and humanity of that race. This I will not do. But I propose to mention two points of Virginia where there is now a very feverish state of both negroes and whites—the causes of which are significant.

Virginia, like Tennessee, is divided into three parts—Eastern, Middle, Piedmont and valley, and Western. In the last there are very *few* negroes. In the Piedmont country, both sides of the Blue Ridge, embracing the line of Manassas, there are great many negroes, but very [illegible] slave labor than in Eastern Virginia. [illegible] traveler through that region will [illegible] groups and families of [illegible] but most frequently will see as many or more whites than negroes at work in the field. This has seemed to me a change of late years, and one chiefly attributable to the settlements of Northern men throughout the valley, and in London, Fairfax, Prince William, and in Fauquier Counties. Their thrift with free labor has excited a competition which slave labor is unequal to, and gradually more and more whites have been introduced into the farm. There is also nothing in the soil and climate of these regions which particularly invites slave labor. And yet the census shows no diminution of the slaves in the piedmont. It is because this has become the great human harvest-field for the plantations of the far South. The piedmont is the slave-trader's chief bailiwick. Vast sums of money are made here by regular and systematic slave breeding for the Southern market. This, as you may at once infer, makes the yoke of this region hard and galling. Year by year parents watch the growth of their children knowing that they cannot be used at home, that there, each will be only another mouth to feed and *back to clothe,* knowing that as soon as the year of noblest promise and strength comes only to make their eternal severance more sure. Now, this is a source of immediate gains to many complacent men of the piedmont, no doubt; Slavery is always good at clutching the advantage of the hour: not good at apprehending the advantage of the years: the results is that there is all through the piedmont, and especially about Manassas, and about Warrenton, a most discontented, muttering, and inflammable negro population. If John Brown had made his appearance here, instead of in the region where the slave-yoke is perhaps lightest, he would have had more to help him than the arsenal whose locality seems to have decided him.

Now, I have reason to know that the negroes of this region have of late given cause for the most feverish anxiety. Some of this may be born of the cowardice which conscience makes, for there is scarcely a slave that could not confront his master with a grievance which, between whites, would justify homicide; but imagination must be but a small part of the apprehension. I learn that many of the largest slaveholders near the Junction informed Gov. Letcher that he could not have an army too early there for internal reasons, and that they still more dread the departure of Beauregard from their vicinity. That the negroes have any plot formed in this region, I cannot find, and very much doubt. Fear is cunning, and, in this region, the well-known reasons for rebellion have made Fear chronic, so that the whites have sharpened eyes. But there is no doubt that where our army has advanced and occupied the country, there have been indications of a rebellious and angry feeling of slaves toward the masters which our own reporters have forborne, with insufficient reason, as it seems to me, to publish.

A common error may here be corrected. It is generally supposed that the negroes on the cotton and sugar plantations of the far South are more degraded, ignorant, and obtuse, that they are also less posted in public matters, and consequently that there is less chance of insurrection among them, than among the slaves of the Border States. This is an utter mistake. It has for many generations been the invariable custom to send to these Southern plantations every negro of the Border States who at any time shows a desire for freedom, or who has run away and been arrested—it being supposed that the number of overseers necessary on those plantations makes it unimportant whether the slave is restive or otherwise. The consequence is that there has been a gradual accumulation in the far South of the most inflammable and intelligent negroes; and any serious insurrection will be much more apt to come from them than from their more comfortable Border-State comrades. Only the imminent danger has prevented it thus far; and even this perpetual vigilance has not prevented many threatening scenes.

It was not a hundred miles from where the Rebel Army is now encamped that I once went to visit an old Virginia friend. We had known each other in boyhood. He had married and settled down on a farm well stocked with negroes. He then invited me to visit him—not without mentioning that he had heard of my un-Virginian heresies on the Slavery question; but he wrote, "*that* subject we can sink in the river Styx." I went, and found him pleasantly environed, and happy. Old times were talked of. In the evening, when we sat talking of the old school-scenes, his beautiful bride sitting near, Slavery not yet distantly alluded to, nor in all our thoughts, a groan was heard outside the door, and the exclamation: "O my God!" The husband started—the young wife was out of the door in an instant. There was a noise—a moaning voice replying to an eager, quick one; what they said, undistinguishable. Presently the door of the parlor was burst open, disclosing in the hall, sitting on the floor with her head on a chair, and sobbing violently, a light mulatto woman. The young wife of my friend stood before us, pale as a sheet, and deeply stirred. Scarcely for her tremendous emotion, could she inform us of the trouble, which was that the husband of Fanny, the mulatto girl, had been sold South, and been taken off that day without even being allowed to come over to this neighboring estate and see his wife. But never, never can I forget the emotion and the voice with which my friend's young wife uttered her whole heart. She held up the whole system as an accursed, God-defying system; if by lifting her finger she could set every slave in America free, that moment she would do it, and there would be no more white throats cut than ought to be. In vain the husband reminded her that they were not alone; erect as a sunbeam, full of electric wrath, this Pythoness stood before me, and warned me that I could never hate Slavery too much. And so she went on, with an eloquence that Phillips would envy, until the pallor was overborne by a suffusion, and the flush came with a rain of tears, and she went to kneel with the poor, broken heart in the hall. The husband closed the door on the scene; but you may judge that we did not "sink that subject in the river Styx" that night.

I do most earnestly declare, as one born and reared in slaveholding Virginia, that such scenes are by no means rare in any part of that State. I am convinced that those apologists in the North who have defended Slavery are either grossly ignorant of what they speak of, or utter hypocrites. A [illegible] and two gentlemen, [illegible] the boat, supporting on either side a light mulatto man, who seemed gasping for life. This young man had run away from his owner, and was closely pursued. When he found that he must be caught, his master and master's son being close upon him, the mulatto drew out a knife, and deliberately cut his own throat. He soon died. Dr. Dewey himself related this to me, and since that day I have heard or read no word from that eloquent minister except in reprobation of Slavery. *O si sic omnes!*

But I must not omit to speak of signs and tokens in another region of country, the only other in which I have heard of recent apprehensions. This is in the regions of the Rappahannock, and chiefly in the counties of Spottsyvania and Stafford (the latter being the county in which Acquia is located.) About six years ago, on a large fine estate called Chatham, just across the river from Fredericksburgh, lived an old lady, who had inherited from her husband, Judge Coalter, this large estate of land and negroes. She was a very benevolent old lady, and very kind to her numerous slaves. About six years ago she died, and, as she had always promised them, left a will emancipating all her slaves. The form of manumission, however was unfortunate; it was that these slaves should be free if they should so choose, or else should select their masters from some of her numerous relatives.

Some time after the old lady's death, a shrewd lawyer whispered in the ear of one Horace Lacy, heir-at-law (by marriage) of Mrs. Coalter, that he could own the Chatham negroes if he would, since, by the laws of Virginia, negroes were chattels, and had not the right to choose in anything. No will could empower them to choose whether they would be free or not. Lacy (who now, by the way, is an officer in the rebel army, in Virginia,) was nowise averse to this plan, and really succeeded in annulling the provisions of the will, thus cheating *some forty* or fifty negroes and their issue out of their liberty. This case excited a vast deal of attention in Lacy's neighborhood, and there was enough feeling against the proceeding, even among the whites, to carry the case in their behalf before the Court of Appeals. But there, also, it was decided in *Lacy's* favor—only one member of the Court, Judge Moncure, dissenting, who brought in a minority opinion of great power, whose only defect was that the Slave Code of Virginia was not up to it. This matter, casting down at one fell blow, as it did, a hope that Mrs. Coalter had held up before her slaves for many years, produced a tremendous sensation among them and their families, to purchase which, and carry them to the Free States, many of them had made provision. Nothing else was talked of. At length, Lacy got frightened at what he had done, and, suspecting that some of them might revenge themselves upon him, he sold many of them to the Far South. But this only increased the anger and agitation among the slaves, and some of the slaveholders in that neighborhood bitterly accused Lacy of having injured the entire slave population of that region.

In the last few months their complaint has been justified. The negroes have to be most carefully watched. The screw was given one turn too much, and now a general feeling of distrust prevails in that region of country. I have not been able to obtain the history of the last few weeks from this vicinity, but have reason to suspect that a plan of insurrection was discovered there early in June, originating among some of the negroes not far from the Chatham estate.

I have always been convinced that these insurrections throughout the South would prevail just in the proportion that its local patrols must become decimated by the war, and look to a period when our Government shall have to inaugurate *some system of emancipation as an act of mercy to the whites of the South, and for the purpose of controlling elements otherwise uncontrollable and destructive.*

ARGUS.

OUTRAGEOUS.—There are some 35,000 free colored people in Baltimore, by far more law abiding generally than the same number of white people in the same condition in life. Their loyalty to the Federal Government is not doubted even by the Rebels themselves. And yet the Provost Marshal has issued an order requiring all colored people to be out of the streets after half-past 10 o'clock at night, on pain of being arrested by the police and confined in the Station-House. This requirement is the source of much inconvenience, not only to the colored people themselves, but to their employers. It is hoped that Gen. Dix will rescind this order, in view of its needlessness. The laws for the regulation of colored people are quite stringent enough.—Cor. of N. Y. Tribune.

A SLAVE STRIKING HIS MASTER.—The Paris (Ky.) *Citizen,* of Friday last says:—

We regret to learn that Mr. John B. Kennedy, of our country, was struck over the head several times with a piece of rail, early yesterday morning, by one of his negro men, fracturing his skull. The particulars of the affray we have been unable to obtain. Mr. Kennedy is very dangerously injured. He is one of our most respected and worthy citizens, and a most kind and indulgent master. The boy, by name Preston, attempted the life of his master about two years ago, we understand, and is an impudent and refractory slave. He immediately made his escape, but a number of men are in hot pursuit. What a pity it is that Preston had not Prest-on, until he had finished the job.—[ED. ANGLO-AFRICAN.

SUICIDE.—John McCarty, a colored man, committed suicide in Holden, last Monday, by cutting his throat with a common pocket knife, severing the windpipe and barely escaping the main arteries. He afterwards stabbed himself twice in the abdomen. McCarty has lived in Princeton for the last four or five years, and was visiting Holden on a fishing excursion. He was a man of intemperate habits, and was, no doubt, suffering under an attack of the delirium tremens at the time.—Barre, Mass., "Gazette," Aug. 16th, 1861.

THE WAR AND THE SLAVES.—The Toronto (Canada) Globe closes an article under the above heading with the following words:

"We should have thought the stern lesson given at Bull Run would have convinced Mr. Lincoln that this rebellion is not to be suppressed by appealing in any way whatever to the reason of the men in arms against the Government. The fact that the Washington Cabinet hesitates to take decisive measures for the manumission of the slaves, is to them a confession of weakness. They cannot see it in any other light. They cannot understand how an enemy with whom they are waging a most deadly war, should hesitate about employing the most efficient means to crush them. Whether they will or not, despite the efforts of politicians, and despite the much lauded constitution too, the war is *resolving itself surely* into a contest for the suppression of slavery. To that complexion it must come. And the sooner the fact is recognized, the sooner will an end be put to the deplorable contest now being waged.

ANGLO-AFRICAN WAR ITEMS.

The Charleston papers say: "The colored residents of this city can challenge comparison with their class, *in any city or town,* in loyalty or devotion to the cause of the South. Many of them individually, and without ostentation, have been contributing liberally, and on Wednesday evening, the 7th instant, a very large meeting was held by them, and a Committee appointed to provide for more efficient aid. The proceedings of the meeting will appear in results hereafter to be reported."

The Richmond "Enquirer" says a gentleman who was at Manassas on Tuesday morning, the 2nd instant, saw a negro man belonging to an Alabama officer, march a Zouave into camp. The negro, a short, thick-set fellow, had two guns on his shoulder and drove his prisoner before him. The Zouave was a pert looking fellow, and wore his arm in a sling in consequence of his wound.

At a war meeting held at Erie, Pa., last week,—M. B. Lowry, Esq., an influential citizen of that place suggested, says the Erie "Dispatch," as a means to stop the war, "that government should furnish every negro who produced his master's scalp, with one hundred and sixty acres of land."

SUMMARY.

In the police reports of the St. Louis Republican appears the following:

The Recorder wears a melancholy look, and we are not surprised. Neither are we surprised that he was this morning so lost to cheerfulness that he never smiled when the case of W. L. G. Tompkins was called (Wm. Lloyd Garrison, in full, we infer.) Mr. Tompkins had been on a "brief" bender, and seemed to have no realizing sense of the circumstances that surrounded him, for immediately upon being called up, he cleared his throat and to the astonishment of all, sang in a rapid manner as follows:

John Brown's bones hang dangling in the air,
John Brown's bones hang dangling in the air,
John Brown's bones hang dangling in the air,
And his soul's marching on!
Glory, halle-hallelujah,
Glory, halle-hallelujah,
Glory, halle-hallelujah,
And his soul's marching on!

"Imagine," said Mr. Tompkins, looking towards the Recorder, after he had concluded his song and before that worthy officer could check him in his mad career—"Imagine, if you please, the spectacle—the melancholy spectacle which would be presented—of beholding the bones of that noble martyr, swinging lazily, yet mysteriously and solemnly, underneath the gibbet, being all the while ceaselessly kept in motion to the tune of 'Soft and Gentle Summer Zephyrs.'"

"Order," cried the Recorder, sternly, when Mr. Tompkins had reached *this* point in his remarks. "Mr. Marshal, place the defendant in close confinement."

The Port Tobacco (Md.) "Times" of the 8th inst., says:

On Thursday of last week Dr. A. J. Smoot, finding some fault with his foreman at "Green Spot," gave him a slight scolding and ordered him off to his work. Instead of going to the point indicated by the Doctor, he took his axe in his hand and started for the woods. The Doctor thinking the negro was decoying him, did not follow, but next day returned to Green Spot with an intention of chastising the negro. Having a gun in his hand he called the negro up and questioned him about his yesterday's conduct, for which he appeared to be sorry and very humbly apologized to his master. The Doctor felt perfectly satisfied and at once abandoned the idea of flogging him. He then sat his gun down and turned around to walk off, when the negro seized the gun and aiming a deadly blow at the Doctor's head shivered the gun to pieces. The Doctor fell from the effects of the blow, when the negro ran off, and has not since been heard from. The Doctor is not hurt further than a severe scalp wound. The negro's name is Harry Young.

The same paper gives the two following items:

On Wednesday night, the 31st ult., while the jailor was preparing a *room* for a new comer, a negro belonging to Dr. A. J. Smoot made good his escape through the outer door, forcing himself immediately by the jailor, who gave him chase, but was unable to overtake the fellow. This negro had been committed but a few days before as a runaway.

The girl, Anna Barber, who was arrested last week, on a charge of being in free negro houses under suspicious circumstances, as mentioned in our last issue, was yesterday brought up for a hearing. There appeared no charge against her and she was accordingly discharged from custody. A purse of several dollars was made up for her by our citizens and her fare paid to Washington, whither she was desirous of going. She left Port Tobacco yesterday morning.

On Monday last a colored woman named Caroline Hawkins was secretly delivered of a child in the house of Mr. William Smith, on Lumley street, where she had for some time resided. In consequence of appearances which presented themselves Smith's suspicions became aroused and led him to summon Dr. Augusta, who soon after arrived and examined the woman. She admitted that she had given birth to a child and pointed out its dead body where it was concealed beneath the mattrass on which she then lay. Smith being under the impression that a fearful crime had been committed, gave information to the police, and Coroner Hallowell was also notified in order that an inquest might be held. The jurors concluded their labors at a late hour on Tuesday night, after hearing the evidence of a number of witnesses. Smith and his wife and others who were examined, gave it as their opinion that Hawkins had been pregnant, and stated that she denied that such was the case, Dr. Arnold and Dr. Augusta, who made an examination of the body of the infant, testified that in their judgment it was born alive. After a careful examination the jury returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against the woman, who during the inquiry was kept under the surveillance of the police. As soon as she is sufficiently recovered from her illness she will be removed to the jail. In the meantime she will be detained in charge of policemen detailed for that purpose. The object of committing the shocking crime with which she stands charged was evidently to conceal her shame, Hawkins having lost her husband some years since.—*Toronto Leader.*

MEMENTOS OF JOHN BROWN.—A correspondent of the Brookville (Pa.), Jeffersonian, writing from Charlestown, Va., the place where John Brown was executed, says:—

It is strange to see to what an extent the morbid curiosity of men will lead them to; crowds were assembled this morning on the spot where the gallows were erected; some were taking stones or pebbles, and finally some persons told them he was hung off a locust tree, which was about three rods from the right place. The tree was soon cut up with knives, and each man carried off a twig, a piece of bark, or a piece of the wood of the tree, and when I left, but a little more cutting would let the tree measure its length on the ground. The next place of Brown notoriety was the jail. To this place we went where we found persons going in and coming out. As we arrived the crowd made the discovery that an *old* pine table was the one on which Brown wrote his *last letter.* Immediately knives were in requisition, and chips began to fly from the table into men's pockets, after which they viewed the cell, etc. In regard to the splinters, I would say that a number of the table chips will find their way to Brookville.

A colored boy, named James Lewis, while bathing in the pond of William Hartshorne, Esq., near Freehold, New Jersey, on Sunday, the fourth instant, was accidentally drowned. He was swimming, with a plank as a support, when by some means the plank slipped from under him, and being unable to regain it, he perished before assistance could reach him.

The Washington, [D. C.,] "Star" of the 15th says: Wm. Woodward, who escaped from jail a short time since, where he was confined on the charge of murdering a soldier of the Seventy-ninth New York Highland Regiment, was captured yesterday by county constable John W. Gross, of Georgetown. That officer got the impression that Woodward was concealed in "Louseneck," which we will state, for the information of our readers, is that part of Washington county lying between the Tenallytown road and Rock Creek, and yesterday started to look for him. After a considerable search, he found the notorious "Bill" concealed in the stable of Mrs. Curran, on Rock Creek, north of Georgetown, and secured him and brought him back to jail, where he—the officer—received the reward of $50 offered *for the apprehension of the escaped prisoner.* It seems that Woodward, since his escape, has been hiding in the woods along Rock Creek, and only concealed himself when he found the officer on his track. After making his escape from the jail, he wounded himself in the thigh when he was getting over a fence, and he is still suffering from that injury. Woodward says he escaped by raising the door-latch from the inside, which can be done by inserting a knife or spoon into the latch cover. He has tried the same plan upon every guard for eight or ten days, but failed every time, the door being locked until then.

In the St. Paul (Min.) *Pioneer, of August* 2nd, we find the following item:

Two men James Lawrence and Mr. Churchill, residing on Bottineau prairie, were shot on Tuesday night, by a negro man named Norflet Orford, who also lived on the prairie. Lawrence was shot in the forehead, and Churchill on the back of his head. They were found dead by the neighbors in front of the negro's house. It is stated that the deceased had some difficulty with the negro about some hay, and went over to his house to talk the matter over, and that was the last that was seen of them alive. The negro fled and it was supposed that he would make for St. Paul. The whole neighborhood turned out to hunt him, and some five or six came down here, but were unsuccessful in finding him. If he is caught it is feared that he would be lynched, the feeling is so bitter against him. Lawrence and Churchill were respectable farmers, and much esteemed by their neighbors. The negro was also a farmer of considerable property.

A colored girl named Francis Blackson, was shot by a colored boy named Wm. Bartley at Duck Creek near Smyrna, Delaware, on the 9th inst. It seems there has been a difficulty existing between them for some time—the boy accusing her of "lying on him." On the day above mentioned Bill was at the house for something to eat, which, being furnished by the girl, she commenced plagueing him. He became enraged, and told her he would shoot her if she didn't stop, and left the house. She followed him to the door, when he drew a revolver and fired, the ball taking effect in her left arm, above the elbow. It was extracted by Dr. Hirons. Her arms were folded across her breast at the time, which saved her life, perhaps. Bill is represented as being a desperate fellow. The Constables have been on the lookout for him.

DROWNED.—A colored man named Richard Winfield, was found in the river, at Columbus, O., on Saturday, 10th inst. He had been in the employ of Jacob Zollinger, for some years. The verdict of the coroner's inquest was, accidental drowning.

Colonel Montgomery arrived in Leavenworth on the 2d instant, to secure arms and equipments for his regiment. At night he made a speech to a large audience and gave a history of the Kansas troubles, all of which he saw and part of which he was, vindicating the course of himself and those who acted with him. He stated, according to a report in the "Times," that one man had been hung by his followers for pursuing slaves on Kansas soil, and that they would not permit slave-catching in their neighborhood. He referred to the war and to slavery, and intimated pretty strongly that one ought to do away with the other, discussing the question of the abolition of slavery, and replying to many of the arguments against it.

John Johnson (colored), employed by Thomas White, of West Chester, as a teamster, was run over on the 10th inst., in Wilmington, Del., and had one of his legs considerably injured. He was hauling a large mill-shaft, when he attempted *to get off the shafts,* on which he was riding, when his foot slipped and he fell, the fore wheel of the wagon passing over one leg above the knee. It is thought by the physician that his leg is *not broken,* but somewhat splintered.

A colored woman, named Anna Spencer, wife of the late Rev. Peter Spencer, who resided at the corner of Tenth and French streets, Wilmington, Del., *for the last fifty years,* died on Saturday, the 10th inst., who was aged 102 years. She experienced good health until a short time previous to her disease.

A colored man named Frank Johnson, son-in-law to Jenny Dix, was dreadfully torn by a dog, on the 14th instant, at Albany. The animal seized Johnson by the left forearm, and sunk his teeth deep *into* the flesh. The wounds inflicted are of a serious nature. The injured man was conveyed to the office of Dr. Smith, where his wounds were dressed.

On the 14th instant, a colored boy, named Calvin Thomas, aged thirteen years, in attempting to jump off a car, on the Reading Railroad train, near the Columbia bridge, fell, and the wheels passing over his legs crushed them in a shocking manner. *The unfortunate* boy was conveyed to the Penn Hospital, where he died about half-past seven o'clock in the evening.

James Brown, a colored man, committed suicide on 12th inst., at Indianapolis, taking three ounces of laudanum. Brown had been recently with one of the Indiana regiments in the capacity of cook, and had returned in a despondent condition on account it is supposed, of the fix his country was in.

A colored woman named Julia Hill, was arrested on the 13th inst., at Baltimore, upon the charge of harboring a runaway slave, the property of Mr. James Logue, No. 249 Eutaw street. She was taken before Justice Logan, who committed her to jail.

EXCITEMENT IN LEXINGTON MARKET.—Some excitement was raised in the Lexington market yesterday morning, by a colored boy named Abe, who sells wrapping paper in the market, being knocked down by Mr. L. A. Lell, huckster in the market. It appears that Abe, who is nearly stone blind, is in the habit of using very profane language when he is spoken to, and has been taken to task several times for so doing. In this case he ran against a lady, and turned around and struck her, when Mr. Lell remonstrated with him, whereupon he used very insulting language to him, and was knocked down by Mr. L. They were both taken before Justice Logan, who held Lell to keep the peace, and committed Abe in default of payment of the fine—but afterwards released him *in consideration* of his affliction, with an admonition to be more circumspect in his language.—Baltimore "Clipper," Aug. 17th, 1861.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing more.

CAMP MEETINGS,

AT JERUSALEM, L. I. MR. EDITOR:—A grand union camp meeting was held at the above named place on the 18th. I visited it, and found everything in a very commendable condition. The Rev. J. Long has charge of the camp, and is assisted by the following named preachers, together with others whose names I did not learn: J. M. Myers, P. C. Costar, and J. Washington.

At half-past 10 o'clock, A. M., the Rev. Mr. Myers preached a very eloquent sermon. His text may be found in Genesis, 7th chap. ver. 8. ! At half-past 2, P. M., the Rev. Mr. Long addressed the assemblage from the text "For unto us a child is born," &c., 9th chap. 6th ver. Isiah.

At 4 o'clock the Rev. P. C. Costar preached. His text may be found in Acts, 16th chap., and at the 30th verse.

The sermons were all very fine, and commanded the undivided attention of the vast audience. Everything passed off very pleasantly. The Rev. Mr. Washington was to preach in the evening, but I could not stay to hear him. There was about 2500 persons present.

J. A. T.

P. S.—A camp meeting will be held on the old camping ground, Flushing, commencing on the 22d inst., Rev. J. M. Myers, pastor in charge.

MARRIED.

REMSEN—GAVERN.—In Williamsburgh, on Wednesday August 14th, 1861, by Rev. Jas. Hamilton, Henry Remsen of Newtown, L.I. to Miss Mary M. Gavern, of Ridgewood, L.I.

BOWMAN—DOUGHTY.—In New York city, on Sunday evening 18th inst., by Rev. Wm. J. Alston, Mr. Richard Bowman to Mrs. Mary Doughty, both of New York city.

THOMAS—PERKINS.—In Newport, R. I., on Monday Aug. 19th, by Rev. Geo. A. Rue, T. C. Thomas to Miss Louisa Perkins.

DIED.

THATCHER.—In New Canaan, Aug. 3d, Nelson Thatcher, formerly of Danbury, aged 57 years.

CORNISH.—In Philadelphia, Aug. 2nd, Sarah, eldest daughter of James and Mary Cornish, aged 23 years.

LEE.—Mrs. Sarah Maria Lee, wife of Alex. Lee, departed this life on Sunday the 18th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., after a lingering illness of 19 months and 11 days, which she bore with Christian fortitude, aged 44 years and 7 months. She became a member of Zion's M. E. Church, Williamsburgh, when under the [illegible] Rev. Edward Matthews, in 1857, and has been a faithful and constant member [illegible] illness, and while ill she received the [illegible] per a number of times.

Her funeral took place on Tuesday, [illegible] from her late residence, 288 South 4th [illegible] attended by a large concourse of friends and acquaintances. The Rev. M. Manning preached the Sermon from the 116th Psalm and 15th verse, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Dear sister sleep in quietude.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll;
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
'Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into thy haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

[illegible] M.

Special Notices.

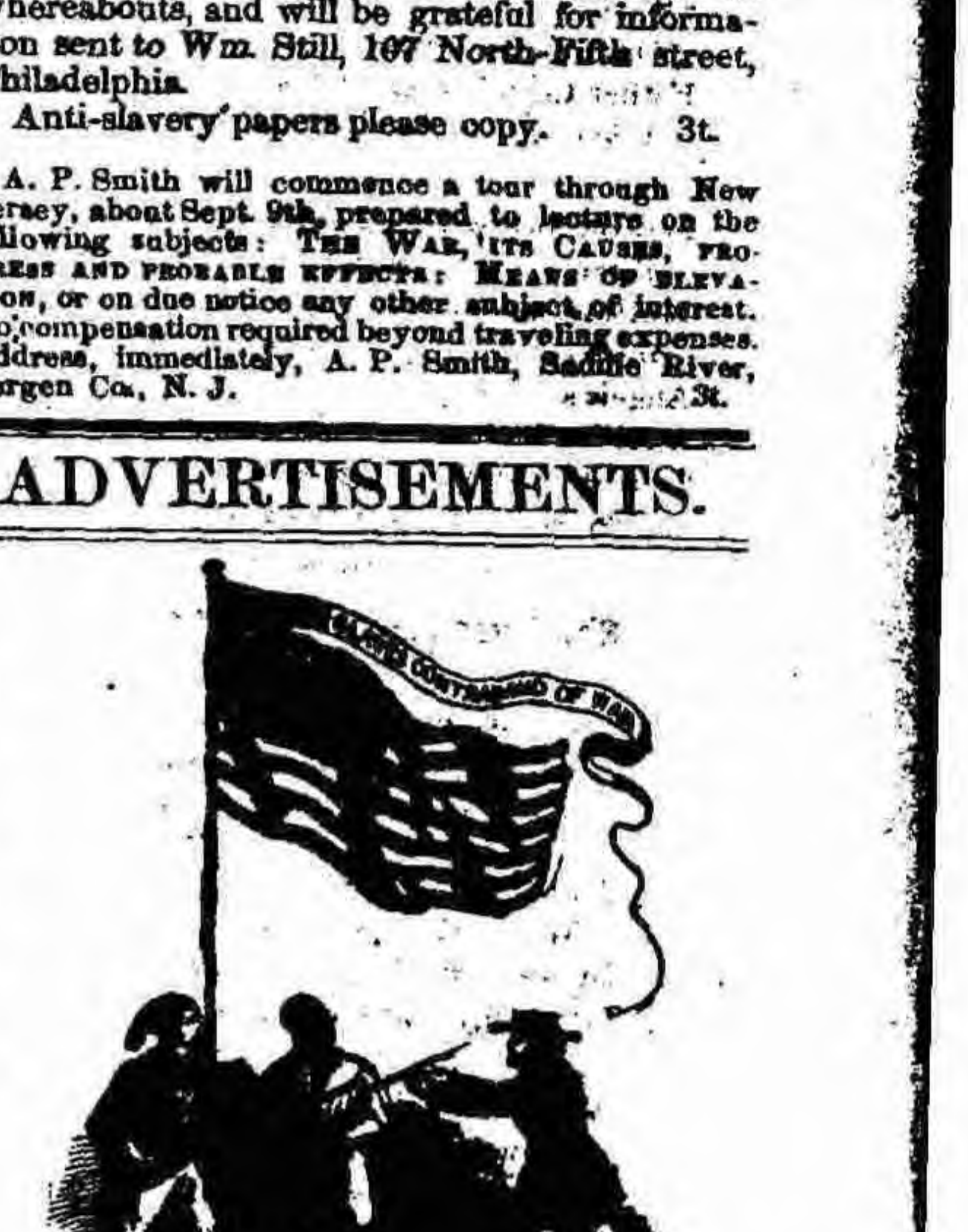
The Members and Congregation of Seventh Avenue Presbyterian Church will celebrate the birth-day of their Pastor, in the Lecture Room of said church, on Monday evening, Sept. [illegible], 1861, at 8 o'clock, by a Festival. Admittance 25 cts.

INFORMATION WANTED in regard to Alexander or Sandy Hogan, son of Betsey Hogan. He left the service of Mr. Jenkins in Baltimore, in June, 1859, and came to the North to solicit money to purchase the freedom of his wife. He is believed to have been in Birmingham, N. Y., about five weeks ago. Skin light brown. An aged mother is anxious to ascertain his whereabouts, and will be grateful for information sent to Wm. Still, 107 North-Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Anti-slavery papers please copy. 3t.

A. P. Smith will commence a tour through New Jersey, about Sept. 9th, prepared to lecture on the following subjects: THE WAR, ITS CAUSES, PROGRESS AND PROBABLE EFFECTS: MEANS OF ELEVATION, or on due notice any other subject of interest. No compensation required beyond traveling expenses. Address, immediately, A. P. Smith, Saddle River, Bergen Co., N. J. 3t.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the ART OF SINGING. He will be at home at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on MONDAY EVENING, and at ZION CHURCH, N. Y., on THURSDAY EVENING, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. Singing schools taught and private instruction given on moderate terms.

3tf. ROBT. HAMILTON,

PRIVATE BOARDING. MRS. SARAH A. Tilmon, 120th st., between 3 & 4 Avs. Harlem, would most respectfully beg leave to say that she is prepared, to take and provide with comfortable rooms, a few first class boarders, on reasonable terms.

N. B. Instruction given to young Ladies in Oriental wax and hair work, Landscaping &c., For terms, apply at 70 E. 13th. St., 3tf.

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTES, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 MULBERRY STREET, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

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70 E. 13th, 1 door E. of 4th, Av., 3t

MRS. E. CLAKE, IS HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK. 4-1t

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BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist.

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By [illegible] West 30th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

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WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 56 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts. 1 tf.

Poetry.

THE DAWN OF REDEMPTION.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

See them go forth like the floods to the ocean.
Gathering might from each tide mountain and glen.
Wilder and deeper the tide of devotion
Rolls up to God from the bosoms of men.
Here the great multitude, mingling in chorus,
Groan as they gaze from their crimes to the sky,
"Father the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

"Look on us wanderers, sinful and lowly,
Struggling with grief and temptation, below,
Thine is the goodness o'er everything holy,
Thine is the mercy to pity our woe,—
Thine is the power to cleanse and restore us
Spotless and pure as the angels on high.
Father the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption drawn nigh?"

Gray hair and golden youth, matron and maiden,
Lovers of mammon and followers of fame,
All with the same solemn burden are laden,
Lifting their souls to that One Mighty Name,
"Wild is the pathway that surges before us,
On the broad waters the black shadows lie,
Father the midnight of death gathers o'er us.
When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Lo! the vast depth of futurity's ocean
Heaves with Jehovah's mysterious breath!
Mortals press on—while the deep is in motion,
Jesus is walking the waters of death;
Angels are mingling with men in the chorus,
Rising like incense from earth to the sky,
"Father, the billows grow brighter before us,
Heaven, with its mansions eternal draw nigh?"

Shall we know Each Other There.

When we hear the music ringing
Through the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angels voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In the land of light and glory,
"Shall we know each other there?"

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us,
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see their black eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us, as before?

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

Oh! ye weary, sad and lone ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my raptured ear.
Evermore their sweet tone lingers—
"We shall know each other there.,,

The Weakest Point of the South.

But the weakest of all the weak points of the South, as it was from the beginning and as it will be to the end of time, is *Slavery.* The slaves in Virginia are treated with greater rigor now than they formerly were; the ferociousness engendered by war will render still more fierce the brutal instincts of the Southern overseer and slavedealer. The sauciness and independence of the colored man increases in proportion as he approaches the boundaries of freedom He is less docile in North than in South Carolina; in Virginia he becomes more and more restless; this restlessness increases in Washington and expands itself into sauciness in Baltimore; into positive impertinence in Philadelphia, until in the highest ranges of freedom in Massachusetts it develops itself into an absolute capacity for the useful enjoyment of liberty. The want of money in Virginia fearfully increases the restlessness of the slave, as he constantly trembles for fear of being separated from his wife and children, and of being sold at auction and converted into cash by his needy owner.

The consciousness of this gigantic weakness, and the monstrous fear and cupidities which cluster around it, play an ominous part in the hatred of the Yankee. The ladies of the South look forward with horror to the day, when they will have, like other women, to live by their own honest industry, or by that of their husbands and fathers. Beneath that glow of indignation which frowns upon the Northern invader, lurks the hideous sense of self and pelf, and the brilliant eyes of those beautiful planters' daughters are flashed into wild fury by a womanly intuition of the real cause of the war; by a prescience of the day which shall strike down the planters' whip, and by loosening the fetters of the slave, deprive them of their lady-like ease, and compel the father and husband and brother to do, as the men in the North do, work for their living, and cease to keep their fellow-men in bondage. In connection with this formidable enemy of the South, I cannot forbear quoting the remark of a shrewd Virginian politician. He said: "Our purpose is distinct. We fight for the integrity and independence of our soil; for our national independence. Our object is tangible; but that of the North is not. The North fights for an abstraction. It fights for the restoration of a Union which has ceased to exist, and which can never be restored except by force of arms. Europe understands this and will recognize us, were it only to put an end to the civil war, and to put an end to the destruction of prosperity which must react upon her own prosperity. Europe sees no object in the Northern war, as at present waged against us; but if the North were to make the war a downright war for the abolition of Slavery, the prejudices of the Old world against that institution would militate against us, retard recognition, and, above all, it would inspire the Northern army with a moral foundation for the prosecution of the war."—*Correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune.*

APPALLING PHENOMENA AT SEA.

Old sailors accustomed to ocean life within the tropics, have many startling stories to tell of dangers incurred from sudden and unlooked for tempest, but we have never read anything quite equal to the following description of a storm by a volcanic eruption. It is given as a true narrative in the "Western Christian Advocate," by D. C. Wright, and we suppose therefore, is reliable:

It was a night of pitchy darkness. At four bells in the first watch and not a breath of air was moving, and the drenched sails, wet by the afternoon and evening rains, hung heavily from the yards, or flapped against the masts and rigging as the ship rolled lazily on the long leaden swells of the Pacific Ocean. A number of days passed without an observation of the sun or stars, and they had to run by "dead reckoning," and were not, therefore, sure of their latitude or longitude. They might be nearer danger than they thought. The captain had gone below at eight bells, but feeling troubled about the portentous appearance of the weather, was unable to sleep, and was on deck again, walking nervously fore and aft, now looking on this side and then on the other side of the quarter-deck, looking anxiously out into the darkness, then aft, then at the compass, then at the barometer which hung in the cabin gangway. Round and round went the ship, heedless of her helm, and the mercury told the same tale it had told hours before. In vain did the eyes of anxious men peer into the darkness; only inky blackness met their straining gaze everywhere. Thus matters stood till six bells, when the mercury began to fall suddenly. The quick jerking voice of the captain was then heard.

"Mr. Smally you may take in the light sails."

"Ay, ay, sir;" and stepping to the mainmast he called out, "For'ard there," and was immediately answered, "For'ard sir." "Stand by the top-gallant and the flying jib halyards."

In a moment he heard the report, "Ready sir."

"Let go the halyards and clew down; let go the sheets and clew up; that'll do; now jump up and furl them; be lively lads."

While this was going on the captain took another look at the barometer, and found the mercury going down fast. Thoroughly aroused now, he caught his speaking-trumpet from the beckets and sung out, "Hold on there; down from aloft, every man of you; call all hands." Down came the men again. "All hands ahoy," was called with great strength of voice at both the cabin and the forecastle gangways, and then followed one of those scenes which defies such description as would make it intelligible to a landsman, but which any sailor readily understands. The top-sails were close reefed, a reef taken in the mainsail, the jib, and flying-jib, and all the light sails were furled, and the ship made ready for the expected gale. But yet no breath of air had been felt moving, while an unnatural stillness and heaviness of the atmosphere was observed by all. Several of the seamen saw a purple streak suddenly appear right ahead of the ship, and called out, "Here it comes sir."

"Where?" said the captain.

"Right ahead, sir."

"Hard a port your helm."

"Brace round the yards."

"Ay, ay sir."

The yards were braced round, and the ship was got ready to receive the expected blast on the larboard track. That dreadful streak of clouds grew almost crimson; and and there was heard, what they thought was the heavy roar of the gale, and every man seemed to hold his breath awaiting the shock. Good men and courageous sailors were on that ship's deck but they shrunk from the terrible onslaught like frightened children. When God speaks in those fearful storms. His voice is awful to the ear, and many a strong man has quailed before it. And the storm itself is scarcely more trying to one's nerves than the moment before it strikes, while the men wait in dreadful suspense.

Thus those men waited until the minutes lengthened into hours, and the only change perceptible was in the deepening color of that lowering cloud of crimson light. At length eight bells told that four o'clock had arrived, daylight was looked for as those men in the ship with Paul looked for it when they "wished for day." But the struggling light of day seemed only to reveal the thickness of the darkness to the wondering vision. Just at daylight their ears were stunned with successive quick reports, louder than whole broadsides from a hundred-gun ship; the whole heavens were lighted up with fiery red light; the ocean was stirred from her profound depth; great waves, without any visible cause, ran in the most awful commotion, now striking together and throwing the white foam high in the air, then parting, to meet again in fearful embrace as before; a school of sperm whales ran athwart the ship's bows, making every exertion to escape from the strangely troubled water: within a few cable lengths of the ship an immense column of water was thrown mast-head high, and fell back again with a roar like Niagara; a deep mournful noise like the echo of thunder among mountain caverns, was constantly heard, and none could tell whence it came; the noble ship was tossed and shaken like a plaything—"Great God, have mercy upon us!" cried officers and men. "What is this? What is next? Is it the day of judgment?" The royal Psalmist described them accurately. "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end."

Soon the mystery was solved, when right before their eyes, about one league from them, there arose the rough sides of a mountain out of the yielding water and reared its head high in the air; then from its summit flames burst forth, and melted lava ran like a river down the declivity, and fell like a cascade of flame into the seething ocean. It was a birth-throe of nature, and an island was born which was miles in circumference.

Two years afterwards I sailed right over that place, but the placid waters gave no intimation that an island had been there; yet no man had said that he saw the death and burial of that land whose birth I have thus chronicled. "They that go down to the sea in ships that do business in the great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

☞ Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends in.

A REMINISCENCE OF A LITTLE BIT OF CHURCH HISTORY, AND ITS SEQUEL.

A few years ago, when the minions of James Buchanan, aided by that weak old man to the extent of his official power, were endeavoring to force the infamous Lecompton measures through Congress, and when the men who are now in rebellion to the government were striving to force slavery upon the people of Kansas, and sowing the wind that has since ripened into the whirlwind which is now being harvested, a brave and God-fearing young minister occupied the pulpit of the aristocratic Church of the Epiphany, Fifteenth and Chestnut street. The Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, deeming it to be his duty to denounce national crime and offenses against the religion of humanity, even though they were committed in the cause of slavery, preached a sermon upon "Our Country's Troubles," during which he committed the then unpardonable offense of telling the simple truth. The sermon caused a great sensation, and excited the ire of the eminent doughfaces of the congregation. One very respectable member of the vestry stood up in his pew and denounced the sermon and its author during its delivery, and another, who had then a large interest in the peculiar institution, put himself at the head of a faction to drive the brave young minister from his pulpit. This same pious slaveholder (Pierce Butler) afterward sold out to the highest bidder his stock of black chattels, and subsequent to the sale he bid for a cheap reputation for generosity by giving each chattel a bright new quarter as his or her share of the thirty pieces he or she had "brought" under the hammer. The pious slave-dealer and his party prevailed, and Dudley A. Tyng was driven from his pulpit for daring to tell the truth. The Rev. William Otis Prentiss of South Carolina, a holder of slaves and a warm admirer of the institution, was chosen as his successor, and he preached kid-gloved-and-knock-softly-religion to his hearers, taking good care to smother the truth, when it was in danger of giving offense to the highly respectable portion of the congregation who did not follow the brave Tyng to the Church of the Covenant, which he founded, but which he did not long adorn, having met with a sad accident that resulted in his untimely death.

There have been many political sermons preached, not only in the Church of the Epiphany, but in all the other churches of the city and the country, since the night when poor Dudley Tyng had the courage to tell the truth to the aristocratic slave-dealer of twenty-five-cent-piece dispensing memory. On last Sunday night a scene was witnessed in this very Church of the Epiphany that brought back to the memory of Dudley Tyng's martyrdom, and which seems almost providential in its retributive character.

Mr. Prentiss some time since returned to his native South Carolina, and Mr. Cracraft, the present rector, was his successor. On last Sunday evening, at the close of his sermon, Mr. Cracraft referred to the fact that during the present week he had paid a visit to the city of Washington, and while there he had ascertained that among the rebel prisoners taken at the battle of Bull Run, the Sunday previous, by a Connecticut regiment, was a young South Carolinian officer, who proved to be a son of the identical Rev. Mr. Prentiss. Mr. Cracraft continued his remarks by declaring that he wished the reverend father of the young traitor was in the same safe keeping, for he (Mr. Cracraft,) had obtained, while at the seat of government, the most complete and incontrovertible evidence that while he (Mr. Prentiss,) was occupying the pulpit of the Epiphany, in Philadelphia, he was in correspondence with Southern traitors, and that he was actively engaged in plotting treason against the government. Mr. Cracraft did not mince words, nor did he spare traitors or those who sympathize with them. Mr. Cracraft, although occupying the same pulpit from which poor Tyng was ejected for doing what he conceived to be a solemn duty, but a few years since, can now speak the simple truth fearlessly. The day of manly truckling to smooth-tongued treason has gone by, and the wounded spirit of Dudley Tyng would have been appeased had it been present in his old Church on last Sunday night, and known the history of the events which have taken place since it winged its way upward from the mangled form of its earthly receptacle.—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR IN THE HOME GUARD.

The moment the flag was threatened large bodies of men were called upon to rally in its defence. Being a large bodied man, I rallied, and enrolled myself with the Home Guards. The drill is very severe on me this hot weather, although I am constantly allowed an attendant with a fan and a pitcher of ice water.

I am constantly reminded that one of the first requirements of a soldier is to throw out his chest and draw in his stomach. Having been burned out several times while occupying rooms in an attic, throwing out my chest, but by what system of practice could I ever hope to draw in my stomach? I can't "dress up"—it's no use of trying. If my vest buttons are in line I am far in the rear, and if I toe the mark a fearful bulge indicates my position. (There is no room for argument in regard to my sentiments—everybody can see at a glance where I stand.) One evening we had a new drill sergeant who was near-sighted Running his eyes down the line, he exclaimed sharply:

"What is that man doing in the ranks with a bass drum?"

He pointed at me, but I hadn't any drum—it was the surplus stomach that I couldn't draw in.

I am the butt of numberless jokes, as you may well suppose. They have got a story in the Guards that when I first heard the command, "Order Arms!" I dropped my musket and taking out my note-book began to draw an order on the Governor for what arms I wanted. They say I ordered Winan's steam gun, with a pair of Dahlgren howitzers for the arms! Base fabricators! My ambition never extended beyond a rifled cannon, and they knew it.

Although in respect to size I belong to the "heaviest," my preference is for the light infantry service. My knapsack is marked light infantry. One evening the spectators seemed convulsed about something, and my comrades tittered by platoons whenever my back was turned. It was all a mystery to me until I laid off my knapsack. Some wretch had erased two final letters, and I had been parading all the evening labelled LIGHT INFANT. The above is one of the thousand annoyances to which I am subjected, and nothing but my consuming patriotism could ever induce me to submit to it. I rallied at the call of my country, and am not to be put out by the rallying of my comrades.

I overheard a spectator inquire of the drill sergeant one day:

"Do you drill the whole of him at once?"

"No," he returned, in an awful whisper, "I drill him by squads!"

I would have drilled him if I had a bayonet.

Specifications have been published in regard to my uniform, and contractors advertised for. The making will be let out to the lowest responsible bidder. In case the Guards are ordered to take the field, a special commissary will be detailed to supply my rations. That reminds me of a harrowing incident. On last drill night an old farmer, who dropped in to see us drill, took me aside, and said he wanted to sell me a yoke of powerful oxen.

"My ancient agriculturalist," said I, smiling at his simplicity, "I have no use for oxen."

"Perhaps not at present," quoth he, "but if you go to the war you will want them."

"For what?" said I, considerably annoyed.

"Want 'em to draw your rations!"

The Guards paid me a delicate compliment at the last meeting. They elected me "Child of the Regiment," with rank of Corpulant, and the pay of chief "Blowyer." I was offering my thanks in a neat and appropriate speech, when a reporter who was present assured me it was no use—he had the whole thing in type, speech and all, and I could read it in the evening paper. He said they had kept a neat and appropriate speech standing in type continually. I got his views and held my peace.

Yours for the Union, including
the Stars, also the Stripes,
FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

Cleveland Plaindealer..

HOW TO AVOID THE DANGER OF LIGHTNING.—During thunder storms, persons in houses should sit or lie in some place as far distant as possible from the chimney, and the most exposed part of the walls—the middle of the room if it is large, is the safest locality. Sailors on the sea should keep as far from the masts as possible, and farmers in the fields should never seek shelter under trees. Horizontal strokes of lightning sometimes take place and several persons have been struck while sitting at an open window during thunder storms. Every window of a room in which persons are sitting, in such cases should be closed; a flash of the fluid, which would pass through an open window into an apartment, will be conducted down through the floor and wall to the earth if the window is shut.

FERGUSON'S IDEA OF A SPIRIT.—Mr. Ferguson was a tailor, and being married, was, of course, henpecked. All married tailors are. One day he excited the wrath of Mrs. F., who assailed him with a broomstick, and would have battered him had he not run under the bed. The broomstick was too short to reach him, and he gathered courage.

"Mr. Ferguson," said irate womanhood, "come out from under that bed."

"Mrs. Ferguson," replied he with firmness, "I will not come out from under this bed."

"Mr. F., if you know what is good for you, come out from under that bed."

"Mrs. F., threats are useless; so long as I have the spirit of a man, I will not come out from under this bed."

BARNEY DUGAN, you swear positively that you saw the prisoner stab the woman in the fracas?"

"Sur?"

"You swear that you saw the prisoner stab the woman in the fracas?" repeated the alderman.

"No sur I did not say that at all yer honor."

"What, you a moment ago not only said but swore to it. Will you repeat now what you did see?"

"Yes sur, I will. I saw Tim, there, stab the ould woman with a carving knife in the stummick, but a devil a bit did I see him stab her in the fracas, yer honor?"

THE wife of a poor English laborer was breathing her last wishes. "I say, William, you'll see the old sow don't kill her young ones?" "Ay, ay' wife, set thee good." "And I say, William, you'll see Lizzie goes to school regular?" "Ay, ay, wife, set thee good." "And I say, William, you'll see that Tommy's breeches are mended against he goes to school again?" "Ay, ay, wife, set thee good." "And I say, William, you'll see that I am laid proper in the yard?" William grew impatient, "Now never thee mind them things, wife; I'll see to them all; you just go on with your dying."

A BITE—While walking down B——— street, last Sunday evening, "the subscriber" came up with two boys, aged respectively ten and fifteen years. The younger one carried an apple in his hand, and the elder one was using all his eloquence to obtain "just one bite of it."

"Well," said the younger one, finally, "I'll give you jes' one bite; but don't you take more'n jes' one bite."

The larger boy took the apple, opened a mouth that would have been creditable to a hundred-and-fifty-pound catfish, leaving a very small share on the other side.

"Jim," said the little one, looking up at the operation with astonishment, "you take the apple, and gave me the bite!"

THE editor of one of the down-east papers gives an account of his once having for many years been haunted by a lounger, who sat there so long that when he died his shadow was found fixed upon the wall.

A PRUDENT man advised his servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks, the master inquired how much of his wages he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said he; "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

A FARMER living on the line of the Troy and Boston Railroad stopped a passenger train, on Thursday last, by waving his hat. "What's the matter?" screamed the engineer. "Matter!" said the farmer, "nothing as I know of." "Then what did you swing your hat for?" said the engineer. "O lord!" said the farmer, "why I was only fanning myself."

CONSIDERATE.—In a village not a hundred miles from Cork, a medical gentleman was one night disturbed by repeated tappings at his door, and on getting up found a laboring man soliciting his immediate attendance for his wife.

"Have you been long here?" asked the doctor.

"Indeed I have," answered Pat.

"But why didn't you ring the night-bell?"

"Och, because I was afraid of disturbing your honor!"

VALUABLE VOICE.—A seedy looking fellow, out a knees, shoulders and elbows, was sounding his voice and running it up and down, putting in all the semi-demi quavers and crochets from A to Z.

"What do you think of that, old boy, eh?" said the man of voice to a fusty old cock, looking at him very closely, "I can make anything out of my voice."

"Can you?" said the old fellow; "well, then I would try and make a pair of boots and breeches out of it, if I were you."

The fellow mizzled.

NO SUPPER EATER.—"Reflect, my brethren," exhorted a chaplain, "that whosoever falls this day in battle, sups to-night in Paradise." The fight began, the ranks wavered, the chaplain took to his heels, when a soldier reproachfully referred him to the promised supper in Paradise. "True, my son, true," said the chaplain, "but I never eat supper."

A COTEMPORARY describing a dance at a country village in his neighborhood, said: "The gorgeous strings of glass beads glistened on the heaving bosoms of the village belles, like polished rubies resting on the delicate surface of warm apple-dumplings!" Did you ever?

VERY CONSCIENTIOUS.—"I sells peppermints on Sunday," said an old lady who kept a candy shop, "because they carries them to church and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you wants pickled limes, you must come on week days. Theyr'e secular commodities."

☞ At a hotel table one day, one boarder remarked to his neighbor: "This must be a very healthy place for chickens!"

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because I have never seen any dead ones about."

A live Yankee being awakened by the captain of a steamboat with the announcement that he musn't occupy his berth with his boots on, replied, 'Oh, the buggs won't hurt 'em, I guess: they are an old pair, let 'em rip.'

"O, Johnny, I'm shocked to see you playing with your top, you should leave toys at home on Sunday." Johnny,—"Then why do you come out with your hoops?"

Mrs. Partington says that the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the enginner "bile their water on shore." In her opinion, all the "bustin' is done by cooking the steam on board."

The chairman of a political meeting, seeing a rowdy who was raising his arm to throw a rotten egg at him, bawled out, "Sir, your motion is out of order."

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THE SIGNS.

Shout to the winds of heaven
Babylon at length shall fall;
The fiat hath been given,
And mighty watchers call
"The time is come! her galling yoke
From off creation's neck is broke!"

Toussaint L'Ouverture,
With myriad unseen bands,
Has made destruction sure;
And naught shall stay their hands
Till thro' all lands, o'er every sea,
Shall roll the tidings, "Man is free!"

Great Wilberforce hath risen,
With hosts of lesser name,
And the damned slave-pen prison
Is sheeted in its flame—
And men of power have learned at length
The prowess of Jehovah's strength.

Can ye not read the signs?
The "Year of Jubilee,"
Is written in the lines
That tell of destiny!
And though a million hosts oppose,
Freedom shall break her banded foes.

I hear from Heaven a voice,
"The dead are blest, who die,
From henceforth,"—man whose choice
Is "Death or Liberty!"
Ring forth the tocsin to the world,
"No Slavery!" is the flag unfurled.

Creeping with stealthy tread
The sycophants of place
Have copious torrents shed,
And the red blood must trace
The steps of those whose pride of power
Forgot the cry of misery's hour.

That cry hath reached the ear
Of God Almighty's wrath,
His scathing bolts now sere
Along the battle's path,
Till one vast shout for Liberty,
Shall ring the knell of Slavery.

COTTON CULTURE IN JAMAICA.

The following article, though rather lengthy, will well repay an attentive perusal, as it shows how persistent and worthy of success are the efforts of the British cotton manufacturers to emancipate themselves from their dependence on the South.

JAMAICA COTTON COMPANY'S MEETING AT BRISTOL.

From the London "Christian Cabinet," July 31st, 1861.

A meeting was recently held at Albion Chambers, Bristol, in connexion with the furtherance of the movement for cotton cultivation in Jamaica. Mr. S. Bourne, of London, secretary of the Jamaica Cotton Company, was present to give details, including some interesting information just received, and samples of cotton grown on the island and elsewhere were laid on the table for inspection and comparison. Several influential gentlemen of the city were present; Mr. R. Charleton occupied the chair.

The Chairman in his introductory observations, said it was not needful, he presumed, in the present company to make any observation on the great moral importance of this movement in its bearing on the slavery question; they would all of them be greatly interested and feel that it was a cause for thankfulness to have it put into their hands, in any degree to help forward so very important an object as the eventual abolition of slavery; and it was believed by gentlemen who had investigated the matter that the cultivation of cotton, by free labor in our own colonies, or in other parts of the world where free labor was obtainable, together with the other essential requisites for the growth of this material, was essential to the commercial prosperity of this country, and that the cultivation of cotton may be regarded as a source of free commercial pursuit, and at the same time the other object may be promoted largely. He felt that though he had been supposed to take a good deal of interest in the matter, and did desire to cherish a feeling of lively interest in it, he was not prepared to go into details, but would call upon

Mr. Stephen Bourne, who said, If a man went to America, and was desirous of cultivating 1,000 acres of land, he must first lay out £25,000 or £30,000 in the purchase of slaves, which he must maintain and clothe, making allowance for wear and tear; he must build houses for them, or pay for their lodging and medical attendance; and altogether it was proved as a matter of fact that every slave cost about £50 a year to purchase and maintain, while at that moment the company was employing able-bodied laborers at the rate of £20 a year. Therefore, if they got the same to work for £20 a year in the West Indies which in America must cost £50 a year, it was clear that there was a large margin for profit in the former over the latter place. The samples of cotton on the table were grown all in Jamaica, and picked about three months since from trees, several of which had been planted since 1850 or 1851, and some much earlier. At that time an attempt was made to revive cotton cultivation. It was set aside for the moment, for no other reason than that the cholera prevailed everywhere to such an extent as to paralyze the whole people; and just as the crop was ready for cutting the laboring population all over the island were attending to the sick and dying, and unwilling to stir from their houses, except to resort to the high mountains to escape the pestilence. Many of the trees, however, that were then planted are still to be met with in the abandoned plantations, and from some of them the cotton now produced has been picked and sent to the Jamaica Cotton Company. It has been examined by several eminent cotton spinners and brokers, and some of it valued as high as 1s. 3d. per lb., and all at a price that would be remunerative to growers. An experienced planter, the agent of the company for the Eastern district of Jamaica, calculates that an acre of land properly cultivated will bear 800 trees, and that each tree gives 1 lb. of clean cotton per annum on an average of years; and so long does the plant, when kept free from weeds and brush, and occasionally pruned, continue to bear, that a gentleman in Jamaica, on whose veracity we can entirely rely, assured us that trees are now bearing cotton on an estate in Manchester (that is the centre of the island) which were planted forty years ago. If the land planted with cotton seed was deeply ploughed and drained, there can be no doubt that the quality of the cotton would be improved, and the quantity much increased. The chief objection that has been raised to the general cultivation of cotton in Jamaica is that it is difficult to obtain laborers; that even the sugar growers and manufacturers complain that they cannot grow as much as they desire for want of more laborers. Not only is this statement questioned by many competent and experienced persons on the spot, who affirm that any one who can find money to pay for labor, who treats his laborers fairly, and who is willing to give a remuneration proportioned to the profits on labor, never wants laborers; but it must be obvious to any one who will take the trouble to look back and calculate a little that, since 15,000 persons are sufficient to grow and manufacture nearly as much again sugar as is now exported from Jamaica, there must be very many of the 330,000 for whom the people of England gave compensation, who are not thus employed; and that, although for want of suitable occupation great numbers of them can only live by cultivating small freeholds which they have purchased, or lands they have leased from the landowners, such persons, to the number (as it has been computed) of at least 130,000, might obtain a better living by growing cotton either for hire or on their own account than they can do by merely cultivating provisions, which they often find it difficult to sell, especially when they live, as thousands of them do, far, very far away from the towns, only in which purchasers to any extent are to be found. Now, the Jamaica Cotton Company do not propose to take one single hand from the cane, or coffee, or pimento fields, neither do they propose to raise unduly the cost of labor, but to find suitable, healthy, and profitable employment for those who do not now labor for hire or in the production of any exportable produce, and thus to enable them to rise to the proper position of free men and women, to become consumers of those articles of convenience, or comfort which are enjoyed by persons of the same rank in Europe, and to defray the necessary cost of education and religious instruction. The Americans calculate that a man, woman, and boy or girl, aided by a small plough and a horse or mule, will cultivate fifteen acres of cotton and two acres of provisions in the course of the year, and that where the land requires to be ploughed and planted every year, because the frost kills the plant in the winter, and prevents its ever coming to maturity, and therefore full bearing. It cannot be too much, therefore to calculate on five acres as the proper quantity of land to be cultivated for cotton and provisions in a year by each person; and if we suppose there are 130,000 persons in Jamaica who may be induced by the offer of light employment, fair wages, and constant employment, under kind and considerate employers, who would try to raise them morally, socially, and religiously, as well as to enable them to live and rear their offspring, then it will follow that 650,000 acres of land now lying waste, and, therefore, wholly unproductive to the owners, might be made to yield, at the rate of 600 lbs. or one and a half bales per acre, nearly a million bales of cotton every year, and that of the precise kind of which our cotton manufacturers will very soon be in the very utmost need. This kind of cotton has never yet been cultivated in any considerable quantity either in India or Africa, and though it may be raised in future years, it cannot be looked to as a provision for wants which must be felt before the end of the present year. That which we propose then, is to set an example in Jamaica, which may induce the proprietors of land in that island to form such arrangements with capitalists and skilful and energetic persons as may speedily lead to the general cultivation of cotton there. What it might be imprudent or impracticable for one or two men to do or attempt, two or three hundred may do with little inconvenience or risk, and on the principles of limited liability, the sum of £4,000 has been already subscribed by gentlemen of the highest respectability, who form this company, such as the Governor of Barbadoes Rear-Admiral Sir C. Elliot, late Governor of Trinidad, the Lord-lieutenant of Somersetshire, Lord Portman, Major General Henry Goodwyn, Mr. Fowler, and Mr. Glyn, M. P., the London Bankers, the Messrs. S. Gurney, the worthy sons and followers in every work of philanthrophy and benevolence of the late Samuel and Joseph John Gurney, Messrs. Bazles, M. P., Thomas Clegg, Thomas Emmott, J. and P. Coats, William Jackson, and Charles Ogden, the eminent cotton spinners of Lancashire and Paisley, with Robert Charleton, Joshua Wilson, George Miller, Charles Beavington, and many others of equal worth and respectability. At the head of this little band stands the venerable Brougham, who may be regarded as the champion of the great cause of African civilization and freedom.

Mr. Bourne read a letter from an experienced gentleman, to prove that there would be a deficiency in the American supply of cotton, and that the article could be grown in our own colonies. Mr. Bourne thought cotton could be grown in Jamaica, and delivered in Bristol for four and a half pence per pound, and said when they heard what Mr. Vickers would say of the value of that cotton, they would see that there was a very large margin for profit. Under the circumstances he could not but think that the opulent gentlemen present who had been devoted for years to the promotion of the cause of freedom would be glad of the opportunity of associating themselves with such an object and with such a company as he had explained to them.

The Chairman thought the company's great object should be to cultivate a portion of land in Jamaica to furnish an example of what really was required—of what the cultivation ought to be, and how the process in its various departments was to be managed, that the squatters might be induced to cultivate cotton, and so in an important degree to supply the demand which existed for it in this country.

Mr. Bourne said they wanted not merely to employ the squatters but the great proprietors of land there, who had hitherto invested their capital in growing sugar because it was profitable, but if they saw that cotton was equally profitable they would turn their attention to that also. They did not want to make Jamaica exclusively a cotton field, but there were thousands or a million of acres of land there the first in the world for cotton.

Mr. Vickers, of the Great Western Cotton Works, said he had examined and valued the samples of cotton on the table, and compared them with other cottons that he had purchased and worked, and others which had been sent to him for valuation. He would say at once that, supposing Mr. Bourne's statement as to the cost of bringing it to Bristol to be correct, a very large margin of profit indeed would remain to the importers of that cotton. The value of the fourteen samples ranged from ten pence to two shillings per pound, the latter a most beautiful sample. All the cotton came under the class Jamaica cotton, and there was a great variety. Some of it was particularly silky and long, of good color, and so very strong that one could not break the fabric. He thought that statement would be sufficient to enable them to judge whether the scheme would be a profitable investment. There was a great variety in the cotton, and on that account it would be more generally adapted for common and general use. The color of the cotton could not be surpassed in the world; it was beautifully white in general, and that was a great recommendation for the high class yarns. So fully impressed was he with the feasibility of the scheme, that he would be very glad to take the number of shares that he had mentioned to Mr. Bourne.

The chairman remarked that he was authorised in stating that Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills took great interest in the matter.

Mr. W. Terrell said that being a native of Jamaica, and having been there for many years of his life, he could corroborate most of Mr. Bourne's statement by his own experience. He expressed his opinion that the laborers of Jamaica were more particularly adapted for cotton cultivation than any other labor, and more likely to adapt themselves. The touch of the negroes, particularly the women, was especially adapted to cotton picking, in which children also might be employed. He had no doubt that from the Southern States of America there would be a great desire evinced on the part of many of the better portions of the negro population to emigrate, and he thought that if the company put itself in communication with Canada and other places, which those negroes are first likely to reach, a large influx of a superior population to Jamaica would result. His own experience of the higher grades of slaves in the Southern States of America told him that they were a superior class of men; indeed, some of them were educated, and some nearly white, and he felt sure that these would readily embrace the opportunity of placing themselves in a higher position than they could possibly occupy in Canada or the Northern States. Mr. Terrell expressed his opinion that a fibre which grew plentifully in Jamaica might be substituted for hemp and jute, and also for paper making. He should be glad to render his aid.

Mr. Bourne said that as many laborers as were required in Jamaica had been promised from Canada and the States at moderate wages.

Mr. Thomas asked if the matter had been put before the Manchester people?

Mr. Bourne replied that it had been, and while they gave a helping hand they preferred to concentrate their energies on India and Africa, considering that these would prove the best markets for their manufactured goods, forgetting that when the land in the West Indies was got into cultivation there would be an influx of laborers and a good demand for such articles.

The Rev. W. James asked if some degree of education and cultivation were not required to fit the people for their work.

Mr. Bourne said there was, and that was the need there was of three or four successful examples of cultivation in different parts.

The Rev. W. James said many persons from England would be induced to go to Jamaica if estates could be remuneratively managed, and thus would be obtained what was wanted, a respectable class of white Christian people who would show that labor is not a thing to be disliked or frowned upon, but that men were honorable in proportion as they worked and strove to do their duty in that station of life in which it had pleased God to place them. He would be happy to lend any influence in his power.

After some conversation Mr. Thomas, who stated he was influenced solely by philanthropic motives, proposed the first resolution (which, with others, was adopted, and will be found in our advertising columns). He thought that this country should have more than one market to go to for the raw material. We at present stood in a very critical position, because if the American war should be carried on to a very large extent, which he was afraid it would be, though he hoped it would not, the cultivation must fall very short; and what would they think of themselves, if they did not make some little effort when they saw 4,000,000 of people employed in cotton manufactures in this country? What fearful consequences would come if, from want of the raw material for carrying on the work, a couple of millions of people were thrown out of employment! What would become of the country he could hardly conceive. The manufacturers of the North had kept their eyes shut a great deal too long in depending for supplies on one country. He felt that with good management this could be made a profitable concern, and was satisfied that free labor would beat slave labor. After one or two observations Mr. Thomas concluded by proposing the resolution.

Mr. Tanner seconded it.

Mr. Terrell proposed the second resolution, urging that the company should act as a factor for the surrounding districts and encourage the growth of cotton all over the land.

Mr. Bourne said the company had offered to assist the small landowners who assisted themselves.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reform. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my parents idolized me, their child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the glass.

One Sunday, at church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whispers and words which had been dropped in my hearing clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to learn the strange thing.

My father merely said it was some scheme to unite state and church.

The night came, and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go; but he at first refused. Finally, thinking it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat, and we passed across the green to the church. I remember well how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of friends.

For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, until there was a fair house full. All were curiously watching the door, wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in, and took a seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in church at all.

Two men finally came in, and went to the altar, and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness pervaded the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick set in build, the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and a quiet, good-natured look, as he leisurely looked around the audience.

But my childish interests were all in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height, looked giant-like as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow was deeply seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth lines of calm and touching sadness. His eyes were black and restless, and kindled as the tavern-keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush came and went over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was also a wide scar over the right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open with a prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a short address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks.

The pastor arose under the gallery, and attacked the positions of the speaker, using the arguments so often heard, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddlesome fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man arose, fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward to hear every word.

As the pastor took his seat, the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin dilating nostrils. To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man, as he stood with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death all through the house.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for more than half a minute.

The scar grew red on his forehead, and beneath the heavy eyebrows his eyes glittered and glowed as those of a serpent. The tavern-keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt relieved when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then in a low tremulous tone commenced. There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which riveted every heart in the house before the first period was rounded. My father's attention had become fixed on the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any I ever saw.

"My friends! I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends. A new star has arisen and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country."

With a thrilling depth of voice the speaker continued:

"Oh God, Thou who lookest with compassion upon the suffering of earth's children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted, upon which the drunkard can look and be healed; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness which surrounded him, which shall guide back to honor and Heaven the bruised and wearied wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker was slow and measured, but a tear trembled in every word, and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others, like raindrops. The old man brushed one from his own eyes, and continued:

"Men and Christians! You have just heard that I am a vagrant and fanatic. I am not. As God knoweth my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me and be just.

"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconless ocean, and all life's hopes have been wrecked; I am without friends, home or kindred upon earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of earth, without friends, kindred or home. It was not so once."

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I saw a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no longer felt ashamed, as I had before, of my own.

"No, my friends, it was not so once. Away over the dark waves that have wrecked my hopes there is the light of happiness and home. I reach convulsively for the shrines of the household idols."

The old man seemed looking away through fancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart and his finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic movements.

"I once had a mother; with her old heart crushed with sorrow she went down to her grave. I once had a wife, as fair, angel-hearted a creature as ever smiled in an earthly home; her eyes as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away their brightness. I once had a brave and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet tender blossom, but my hand destroyed it, and it liveth with One who loves children.

"Do not be startled friends; I am not a murderer, in the common acceptation of the term. Yet there is a light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The child-angel visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange interest, and a countenance usually pale, as if excited by some strong emotion.

"I was a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I had injured so deeply.

I was a drunkard. From respectability and influence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw her cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and her children were hungry for bread.

One New Year's night I returned late to my home. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told us there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast from her pale cheeks. At this moment the child in the cradle awoke, and sent up a famishing wail, startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sting.

"We have no food James—have had none for several days. I have nothing for the babe. My once kind husband, must we starve?"

That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I—yes I struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stopped as well as I could in my drunken state and clinched both hands in her hair.

"God of mercy, James!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked upon my fiendish countenance, "you will not kill us—you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie," and she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With a wild laugh I closed the door, and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast and the sharp cry of the babe. But my work was not complete.

I turned to the little bed where lay my elder son, and snatched him from his slumbers, and against his half wakened struggles opened the door and thrust him out. In the agony of fear he called to me by the name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers into my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil as I was, shut the door against its arm, and with a knife severed it at the wrist."

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished that I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never have since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked to the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had had a fearful dream, but I involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow, and striking the floor with a sharp, bad sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—it—O God, how horrible! it was my own injured Mary and her babe frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child, to shield it, her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half opened eyes and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of low and heart-broken paths, the old man concluded.

"I was arrested, and for four long months raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my own bosom. O, God, no—I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the dark path which has been so dark and fearful to me."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep as that wrought by any wizard's breath, rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears could have been seen to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper.

"Sign it, sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood if it would bring back my loved and lost ones."

My father wrote "Mortimer Hudson." The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his face alternately flushed with a red and deathlike paleness.

"It is, no, it cannot be—yet how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled, and held up the left arm from which the hand had been severed.

They looked for a moment at each other's eyes, both reeled and gasped—

"My own injured son."

"My father!"

They fell upon each other's necks and wept until it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in the church, and sad faces around me.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was then broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes as if loth to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grandchild on his knee, as his sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

"SHE WORKS FOR A LIVING."

Commend us to the girl of whom it is said, "She works for a living." In her we are always sure to find the elements of a woman—a real lady. True we are not prepared to see a mincing step, a haughty lip, a fashionable dress, or hear a string of splendid nonsense about the balls and young men, the new novels and the next party—no, no; but we are prepared to hear the sound words of good sense, language becoming women, a neat dress, mild brow, and to witness movements that would not disgrace an angel.

You, who are looking for wives and companions, turn from the fashionable, lazy, haughty girls, and select from those who work for a living, and never—our word for it—and never will you repent your choice. You want a good substantial friend, and not a doll; a help mate, and not a help eat; a counsellor, and not a simpleton. You may not be able to carry a piano into the house, but you can buy a spinning wheel, or a set of knitting needles. If you cannot buy every new novel, you may be able to take some valuable paper. If you cannot buy a ball ticket for the ball, you can visit some afflicted neighbor.

Be careful, then, where you look for companions, and whom you choose. We know many a foolish man, who, instead of choosing an industrious and prudent woman for a wife, took one from the fashionable stock, and is now lamenting his folly in dust and ashes. He ran into the fire with his eyes wide open, and who but himself is to blame?

The time was when the ladies went a visiting and took their work with them. This is the reason why we had such excellent mothers. How singular would a gay woman look, in a fashionable circle, darning her father's stockings, or carding wool to spin? Would not her companions laugh at her? And yet such woman would be a prize for somebody. Blessed is the man who chooses his wife from despised girls who "work for their living."

THE CRISIS.

A phonographic report of the celebrated speech on the "Crisis," the text of which is, by universal consent, allowed to be—

"OR ANY OTHER MAN."

The speaker said; "Ahum-m-m! Fellorcitizens,—I have been called upon this evenin' to appear before you for—for that is, I have been requested to appear upon the—the scaffold this evenin', for the purpose of elucidatin to you the all absorbin' subjec' which am now agitatin' the—the certainly I hav. [cheers] Ahum-m-m! but to return to our subjec'; as I was about to remark previously, beforehand. What's our country comin' to? That's what I'd like to know myself. Look at the great congregated conundrex of this glorious Union, just look at it.—Does any body see it? Certainly, that's just what's the matter. Ahum-m-m! but to return to our subject. Look at our great American eagle, the glorious emblem of our liberty—just look at me. [Here the speaker's voice was drowned by continued shouting and applause.] What are you *going to do with that ere bird*? Look at 'em as he flies from the cloud-capped summick of the Licherdee mountains to the terriffic abyss of the Goshwallican avenue, an flutters his tail feathers an' sez, in the sweet language of the apostle Paul, in his pistle to the Egyptians, when he said "root hog or die."

That's what's the matter. (Enthusiastic cheering.) Ahum-m-m! but to return to our subjec'; look at our—look at our—look—at our—that's what I'd like to know Look at our newspapers—just look at 'em; can't pick up one without readin' something in it—that's what's the matter. What did I see there?

(With *empressment*.) Provisions has riz.—What's the consequence? Coffee and molasses had a fight. What's the consequence agin?—Molasses got licked, an' coffee had to settle down on its own grounds. (Applause.) That's just what's the matter—or any other man. (Cheers.) Ahem-m-m but to return to our subjec'. Look at our soldiers, just look at 'em Does any body see 'em? Do they march forth to battle in time of peace, an' an' get shot in the neck? Certainly they do; that's just what's the matter or any other man. (Cries of 'good') Ahum-m-m! but to return to our subjec'. Look at our sailors! look at 'em. Do they not! Certainly they do. Do they sail out on the briny ocean, where the roarin' billows flumigate, an' where the devourin elepants open their jaws for 'em, and lay down in their warm hammocks, and sleep? Certainly they do—or any other man. (A voice 'certainly.') Ahum-m-m! look at our firemen. Ah those boys, just look at 'em. Do they not at the dead of night, when the clock proclaims the hour of midnight, an' when the barometer is 47 0 below Cicero; Do they not rush forth to the scene of conflagration, an'—an' get drunk? Certainly they do, an' that's just what's the matter of me—or any other man. But to return to our *subject*. Now, *what does the great* an' glorious Constitushum say? Certainly it does that's just what it sez? (Sensation.) What did Patrick Henry Jackson say? Did he not say that each and every one should stand on his own ground, and did he not lay his hand upon his heart and say with a clear conscience that he was a paper doll with a glass eye?' Certainly he did—or any other man."

The speaker retired amid thunders of applause.

The person who fails to understand the "subjec' which am agitatin'," after perusing; such a lucid explanation as that is, must be intellectually poor indeed!

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

CHANGES.

If there be any characteristic difference between whites and blacks in our land it consists in this: the one class looks at difficulties with an eye to triumph over them; the other, to bemoan them. If we think over, for a moment, the most eloquent appeals of our orators, their great points are complaints against prejudice and oppression, or a vivid deliniation of the wrongs we labor *under* rather than fight against.

Events are rapidly taking away the occasion for such oratory, for the oppressions under which we have labored so long are not only diminishing so far as we are concerned, but are being turned against our great foes, the slaveocracy and its upholders.

Some of these changes are so striking that the very description of them seems fabulous. Our Northern army has carried something into slavedom besides muskets and sabres; they have carried ideas along, and we believe, planted them where nothing but tobacco and slavery impudence flourished before.

We all know that in the bad-old-times a colored person from the North could only go to Virginia by steamship, as somebody's slave, and had to be "shipped" as a chattel. Now colored men from the North have gone down to Virginia by steam, looking very like soldiers, shipped as *men*.

A year ago, if a colored man was beset by a white in the streets of Washington, he was forced to receive punishment without appeal; and any attempt at resentment would have been severely chastised by local law. We saw a statement the other day of a Washington blood, insulting a Northern man of color at mid-day and receiving a prompt knock down from the assailed: certain horrified policemen of the Capital rushed in to seize the Northerner when they were prevented by certain Northern ideas in the shape of a squad and ultimately a company or two of Massachusetts soldiers. We believe there were two several parties utterly thunderstruck at this incident; first the knock-down-ee, who had never dreamed of a negro striking him, and second the police officers, with whom it was gospel truth that a black man striking a white should at least have his hand cut off according to law.

We all remember the bad-old-times when the Union used to get out of order, and when black coment was required to hold it together. It was the custom then to hunt up some panting fugitive in New York, Boston or Philadelphia, to carry him before a United States Commissioner, pass him through certain forms of so-called law, and then march him down South in the care of a brace or two of well armed United States Marshals. But now PRESTO! what a change! The same Union is in danger, but distinguished white men, great in wealth or *eminent in civic office*, are snatched from their beds at midnight and without the form of a trial are hurried from slavedom NORTH, and placed under lock and key in the grim walls of Fort Lafayette!

Only think of it! MR. BERRET the mayor of Washington who distinguished his inauguration by reviving and putting in force certain obsolete and barbarous laws against the free people of color, is dragged (with far less ceremony than if he had been black) from his soft voluptuous couch and snatched off with rail-road speed to a Northern prison before he could say oh! We can only say of the administration, as the boys say "bully for *you!*"

Then PIERCE BUTLER the magnificent—born with a golden spoon in his mouth, the heir to a thousand slaves in South Carolina, who won Fanny Kemble by his boquets and his wealth, and lost her by his relative imbecility—Pierce Butler, the magnificent, who outshone all Philadelphia with his gorgeous displays—Pierce Butler, the sale of whose thralls, as described by a *Tribune* reporter, sent a thrill of horror through all the Christian world, by exploding at a flash all the cunningly woven romance of the patriarchal system—this Pierce Butler in the very midst of his splendor is seized like a felon and hurried to the same prison. Verily, James Hamlet, John Bolding, Sims, and Long, *your wrongs are avenged!*

But the strangest *travestie* of all is at Old Point Comfort, in the neighborhood of Fortress Monroe. Every summer solstice until the present, the sunny South had

> "Gathered there
> Her beauty and her chivalry."

The cream of the cream of slaveocracy steeped in the felicities of the great domestic institution. They had, in their voluptuous ease and beautified enjoyment their scores of slaves

> "To fan them when they slept and tremble
> when they waked!"

and

> "All the wealth that millions bought and sold"
> could "bring" was theirs. But
> "*Woe is me Alhambra!*"

What a change does this summer solstice bring! A few weeks ago some visitors at Fortress Monroe inquired of the General in command, "what are you doing now-a-days, general?" to which bluff Ben. Butler replied. "*keeping a negro boarding-house for government.*"

> "The lights have fled the garlands dead
> *And all but he (Mr. Coon) departed.*"

Sly Ben. Butler! He did not tell the whole truth. We copy from a morning paper's correspondent the following "doings" at Fortress Monroe, which shows pretty conclusively that the Massachusetts brigadier *is teaching the contrabands* how to give their former tyrants "su'thin' warm," instead of the juleps and cobblers formerly administered.

Writing from Fortress Monroe, Aug. 23d the reporter says:—

"Yesterday took place the first experimental firing of the great Union gun. Its weight is 52,005 pounds, extreme length 16 feet; length of bore 13 feet 11 inches; diameter of bore 12 inches, rifled. Solid shot weighing 423 pounds, shell 352 pounds."

All things being ready, the process of loading the gun was commenced. Sergeant Welch *at the head of his black battalion of gunners* had already cleared the decks, wheeled the monster so that his guage was over the waters, and arranged the platform or staging on which the men could stand and be up even with the muzzle. First, the swab, which two men insert, cleans the interior; then comes a man with a red flannel bag, filled with *powder*, on his shoulder; it is the cartridge; and the ramrod, worked by four men, sends it home. Then comes the process of getting the shot to its place, a mass of mettle that four men carry with difficulty. It is rolled into an iron cradle or wide strap, looped with a rope, through which a piece of strong wood, several feet long, is inserted. Thus slung, the men tug the shot up the steps of the *platform, some ten feet high*, at the mouth of the gun another lift brings it on a level, and it is slid into the muzzle and pushed to its place. The gun is then elevated by means of an iron bar, the gun being nicely balanced on its trunnions. The priming wire performs its office, the fuse is inserted, and the lanyard is attached. Then Lieut Baylor, who, though everything has been done under his minutest inspection, has moved about more like a modest spectator than the responsible director, gives warning that the gun has never before been fired, and moves a short distance in the rear, in which he is imitated by the others. The men who are to calculate the flight of the shot are at their table. The flag is up. The man with the lanyard retires to its extreme length. "*Ready*," says Sergeant Welch. Lieut. Baylor gives the word: "Ready—fire!" A terrific crash, a sheet of flame, and the trembling of the earth follow. At the same time there is a screech and a scream caused by the shot, a black mass which you can see, in its flight, yelling like an infuriated devil let loose from the infernal regions. We count the seconds, and watch to see the shot strike. A *column of water* away off on the bay shoots up to the height of a ship's mast. The elevation of the gun was but ten degrees, little more than blank shot, consequently the distance was not great, say two miles, the time of flight fifteen seconds. The terrible engine, the echoes of whose thunders have scarcely yet died away over the waters and along the shore, whose breath, a dark sulphurous cloud, floats before the wind—the thing which we would naturally associate with the idea of a glowing fiery monster, the embodiment of all the furies is next the object of attention. It is as passive as anything can be. The sergeant pats familiarly its massive breech, the smoke curls slowly from the mouth of the chamber from which the 420-pound shot has just been vomited, and for the instant it is difficult to reconcile the crash, the flame, the trembling earth and the screech, with the thing that neither trembles nor glows nor makes other sign of its truly awful and almost supernatural endowments."

A NOBLE PROPOSITION.

ROBERT HAMILTON Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I congratulate you at the appearance once more of the Anglo-African,—a paper that gained, for the time it existed, more prestige than any other that had preceded it.

Now sir, the glorious question is, "Shall it live? I call it glorious, from the immense importance of the hour that is now upon us.

It will live if we bring our patriotism, our love for the truth, not to a boiling, but a moderate heat. Let each brother and sister, *father* and child, do what they can—take stock in it at a fair premium. The premium to be paid in Hallalujahs when its work as a Journal for Freedom is over.

Sir, I propose to unite with some in *investing Five Dollars* to begin with; what will others answer? I propose no plan upon which it is to be paid, but leave that to *your better judgment*—but I suppose you need the money as soon as you can get it, I therefore pay immediately. Now who will be the next customer,—if not for five, for four—for three—for two—for one! for fifty cents? Keep in remembrance, friends, that this stock pays glorious in premiums, however small be the investment. Yet you must still remember, that greater the investment, more glorious the premium!

Now sir, I believe I have said enough; *perhaps* more than enough—for, after all, all that is requisite is but for the people to know your need, and they are ready to nobly respond.

Yours in behalf of the good cause,

J. N. GLOUCESTER.

AMUSEMENTS.

PIC-NIC AT PATERSON, N. J.—The Sunday School connected with the Zion Church, of Paterson, held their annual Pic-Nic on Friday, *the 16th instant. Everything*, we are informed, passed off in the most satisfactory manner. The weather was favorable, the attendance good, the tables bountiful, and the exercise generally creditable to all concerned.

A Pic-Nic and Disturbance.

The Sabbath School attached to Rev. Chas. B. Ray's Church, gave a Pic-Nic at Fort Lee on the 28th inst. The affair passed off very pleasantly with the exception of a disturbance caused by some Fire Zouaves, who insisted upon dancing with the young ladies present—and I am sorry to state some of the young ladies thought it quite an honor to dance with a *drunken soldier*. The ruffians chased the entire party to the ferry, and the captain hearing their threats should not have allowed them on the boat as he might have known that it gave them an opportunity to continue the fight. Much praise is due Mr. Charles A. Reason, in managing to preserve order among the affrighted ladies. Though injured himself, he remained on the boat until he had seen every lady off safe. I understand that Messrs. Louis Delsart, Edward Hayes, and John Gall, were injured in the affray.

A. E. PATRICK.

PIC NIC.

On the 22d of August the Sabbath School connected with the colored Congregational Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. E. Carter, of South Hampton, L. I. held their annual gathering at Three Mile Bay, a fine and beautiful place about four miles from the village. The assembly, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, assembled beneath some fine old trees at 10 o'clock, A. M., and after very appropriate singing by the school, prayer was offered by Rev. A. Posey, of Sag Harbor, followed by addresses by Rev. Mr. Carter, Geo. B. Brown, Esq., of Sag Harbor (an old and efficient friend of colored people and anxious for their improvement), Rev. Amos G. Beman, of New Haven, Conn., and Rev. Mr. Trimble.

Everything was done to make the occasion one of joy and gladness, and the effort was crowned with success. We do not say anything of the speaking; but the friends were richly provided with the "creature comforts," and all showed "that some things can be done as well as others."

An interesting meeting was held and interspersed with speaking and singing by the children in the evening at the North school-house in the village, which was attended, notwithstanding the rain, with as many as the building could hold. Much good we trust was done, and hope that the success of this effort will encourage the friends to hold on "the even tenor of their way, in the march of improvement.

A FRIEND.

LETTER FROM REV. W. P. NEWMAN.

Chatham, Canada West, Aug. 21, 1861.

Editor of the Anglo African,—My dear *sir,—You would have had the promised* line from me before this date, but for sickness. The very sudden change in the weather here, from hot to cold, has affected me, as I feared it would one coming from the tropics. I have not been able to accept but a few of the many invitations to address our people on the subject of emigration to the West Indies. What little I have been able to say of it has convinced many of the folly of going to Hayti, and they have given up the idea.

I thank you for the publication of the few lines, in your valuable paper, I addressed to you respecting Mr. Redpath and his slander. I have to regret the imperfection of the document. It was written late at night, when I was tired out, and just a few hours before leaving your city, and I had not the "Pine and Palm" before me. I have replied to Mr. Redpath *more particularly in* the "Planet," of this place, of the 13th inst., a copy of which I herewith send you. Make use of it.

Many of your friends are rejoicing at the re-appearance of the much loved "Anglo-African." May it ever live to do the work of our afflicted people! It is needed, and must be sustained.

We have some excitement here on the American question. Some people are fearing a war between England and the United States. They dread the results of it on Canada. If it comes, our wronged people here will fight the oppressors like dare devils. They are desiring the conflict. True, they are not content to live here, because of the prejudice of the white people against them, yet they are determined to defend the British Crown to the last.

The most of them who are land owners would sell and go to Jamaica, could they *sell their* property for any *thing like* what it is worth, and many who have no means with which to go, would go could they obtain them.

Generally, our people, I think, have ceased to progress in this country. They are discouraged. May the Lord help them! The more intelligent of them are feeling deeply for posterity. They see but little hope for it, from the Northern and Southern Government. "They have more hope, however, from the South than North.

There is nothing of much real interest in these parts to write about. The colored school system here did not work very well, and many of our best people will not allow their children to enter them. Mrs. M. A. Cary is still working on in behalf of her school in this town. I hope she may not be forgotten by our friends. Let her have aid to relieve her school property from embarrassment.

Rev. Thomas Hughes, of Dresden, is also hard at it to make his school what it ought to be. It is not a colored school—white and black in common attend it. He had a large Pic-Nic for the school on the sixth *instant*. White and colored speakers mingled for the first time. As the school was the result of our humble efforts, I had the honor of being one of the speakers.

It was a pleasant affair and did good. We are afflicted with the troubles of our Methodist brethren here with regard to who is the proper "Bishop of Canada," in the African E. Church, Bishop Nazrey or Green. I hope it may be settled without a law suit.

"*The Union Camp Meeting*" folks are having a fine time of it a few miles from this town. There were some four thousand persons present last Sabbath. It seems a meeting of all denominations. There were many of the "Roughs" in attendance. I hope good will result, but I think the time might be better spent for the advancement of the good cause. But all are free, and I rejoice in the fact—God is the Judge. May he bless the efforts! It is truly rejoicing to learn that the churches of the different denominations of our people have enjoyed precious revivals of religion of late, and that many dear souls have been added to them. May they have more of such blessed seasons.

We are watching the war of your country with deep interest. General Butler is now the *favorite* of all the army officers among us. Bad luck to the hypocrites! As ministers and people we don't know whether to pray for Jeff. Davis or Lincoln. Our prayers, like our eyes, begin to turn Southward.

Yours for the right,

W. P. NEWMAN.

Important Letter from New Haven.

New Haven has but little to say this week. News is scarce in this quiet region; times are dull, and money is hard to reach. The present urgent demand for troops at Washington has, however, created some activity among those who are qualified to enlist. But we are not of that number, for we are not permitted to fight under the "Star-Spangled Banner" for the maintenance of "*the Union, the Constitution, and the Laws*."

On Saturday last the remains of Col. Farnham, of the New York Fire Zouaves, attended by his family and friends, and several committees from New York companies, arrived here from New York city, and was received at the depot by the several military and fire companies of the city, and escorted to the New Haven Cemetery for interment. The funeral services were performed at the grave by the Rev. Dr. Beardsley and the Rev. Prof. Harwood. Throngs of spectators attended the solemn scene, and among them a respectable and respectful intermixture of that class of people who have no rights which white men are bound to respect. I honor the memory of every man who has fell fighting for liberty; but I could trample on the ashes of every one who falls fighting to perpetuate slavery.

Later accounts have been received from the New Haven colony at Port-au-Prince, from which we have the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. John P. Anthony, and Mrs. Holly, mother of the Rev. James Theodore Holly. Mr. Anthony's aged father and mother accompanied him to Hayti. They are also both dead. The letter which brought the account of these deaths also stated that the Rev. Mr. Holly was lying very ill. There has been much sickness and many deaths in this colony.

The Rev. Mr. Berry of St. Luke's Church, is delivering a series of very interesting discourses to the young on Sunday evenings. Last Sunday evening was delivered the third of the series; the house was filled with a highly respectable and intelligent audience, white and colored, evincing the most marked attention to the subject of the speaker throughout. These Sunday evening discourses are delivered by special request of the young. I will send you for the next "Anglo" a report of part of one of these discourses.

NEW HAVEN.

Letter from Rev. J. W. Loguen.

MR. EDITOR:—I thank you for sending to me my old and welcome friend, the WEEKLY ANGLO-AFRICAN. I cannot express my feelings of pleasure on seeing that dear sheet once more.

I think there never was a time when we as people needed a weekly paper as we do at this time—yes, one that will attend to our interest in this country honestly and decidedly as that able, faithful and fearless "Douglass Monthly" does, for if ever there was a paper devoted to any cause, that paper is and always has been.

We want a weekly, and every man of us should take it in these fearfully interesting times. God is carrying on a war with this guilty nation, that they may know that He has not forgotten us, and his justice would not sleep forever. The cry of these poor ones has entered his ear, and his "arm is not shortened that it may not save, nor his ear heavy that he may not hear." *This nation has been setting* traps to catch men long enough, it has at last caught itself, and I thank God for it. Think of the sufferings we have endured, the hellish outrages on us as a people which have been committed. Our people are deeply interested in this war and are doing much, and are ready to do much more than the Government is willing to have them do. But without a faithful organ like the Anglo-African sustained by us, the world would not know the fact. God bless you in your work, my brother. I will do what I can to sustain you and your paper.

Yours for liberty,

J. W. LOGUEN.

Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1861.

What Europeans Think of our Treatment of the Hero Tillman.

The Paris correspondent of the New York "Tribune," writes as follows:

Speaking of the military marine reminds me: Two weeks or so ago the French war transport steamer, the Ariege, left Toulon for Senegal, having aboard, as honorary passenger guest, Ben-el-Mogohdad, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. B. M. dines at the officers' table. He is black as your hat, is Mogohdad, Knight of the Legion of Honor, the Senegal Negro Chief much honored of the French Government. And Steward Tillman, the bloody, bold, and resolute restorer, against fearful hostile odds, *of our* country's flag to its topmast hight? What have we done with him, we freedom-loving, humanitarian, wisely politic Northern folks, with whose struggles against the slave power of the South, the London "Times" shamefully refuses to sympathize? Mr. Lincoln cannot put the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the button-hole of the sailor's jacket as Louis Napoleon would instanter; he cannot give him a pension, as Victoria would—Victoria, of whose newly instituted order of Knighthood nine merchantably dark-colored East Indians are fellows with the first and noblest English whites. But do we mess with Tillman? Would Lieutenant-Colonel Emory *touch* the heroic dark vindicator of the geelorious stars and stripes with his finger-tips? Would the proprietor of St. Bobolinks give Tillman a *garret-room* in that palatial hotel? Would the patriotic rough suffer Tillman to ride with him in a Bowery omnibus? Is Tillman feted by the Common Councilmen and fair ladies and engine companies and Barnum and newspaper reporters and Didsbury and the General Jenkins—as Jenny Lind, or Japanese Tommy, or the titular Avenger of Ellsworth, or excellent Hungarian Ujhazy, or Blondin, or the Prince of Wales, or the Great Eastern, or the Atlantic Telegraph, or Mary Taylor was feted? Is the first hero that crops out in the current annals of American naval history, presented with the freedom of the city in a snuff-box, is he a citizen even, let alone fellow-citizens? Pity for Tillman's material comfort and high honorable recognition, that he is not the oppressed subject of some effete European monarch, the decorated, pensioned victim of some European despotism, rather than a taxed, non-voting, almost non-human nigger native of happy, proud Columbia, the chosen land of the [white] free and home of the [white] brave!

Such interrogative and ejaculatory comment on Tillman's case is European, not mine. I trust that I understand our institutions, Northern and Southern, and distinguish their finely shaded, deep, dark differences, which French observers think are only superficial, cutaneous. There is Victor Hugo, for instance, the first of French poets living or dead. I should wonder if he wrote Tillman's poem—raising up Tillman's name from that little schooner's bloody deck as he raised up John Brown's name from that poor Virginia gallows into the high overshining light of immortal poesy. And you could not induce this Victor Hugo to attach a line of his cheapest prose to most of our gallant (they are all gallant) white colonels—from Col. Emory up or down. Queer, these Europeans are.

What the Slaves Think of Fremont.

It will be generally recollected that shortly after the election in 1856, the Tennessee papers gave accounts of a threatened insurrection among the slaves of a portion of the State, and that the insurrection was induced by the supposition prevalent among the blacks that Fremont was coming up the river backed by a large army, for the purpose of liberating all the slaves. The exact details of this insurrectionary movement were never fully published; but it was known that many slaves were summarily tried and found guilty, some being executed and others being sent further South.

From well-authenticated sources, it is ascertained that the superstition of 1856 has been revived; that the presence of Fremont at the head of the Western forces is already known to the negroes, and that his reappearance is hailed as a sure precursor of their liberation. This feeling has spread rapidly within the last month, and it is attracting great attention and exciting much alarm among the whites of those districts where there is a large proportion of slaves. My informant assures me that once the name of Fremont is connected with any victory over the rebels, or that he is known to be in the State of Tennessee or Mississippi, the negroes will at once rise in rebellion. It is said that the fear of this danger at their own thresholds induced the rebels to take the offensive in Missouri, and to keep the battle-field as far as possible from the eager and watching negroes.

THE COLORED PEOPLE OF CANADA AND THE WAR.

The Toronto "Globe" declares that the National Government has thus far dealt too tenderly with slaveholders. It says:

"There have been latterly, however, some indications of a coming down from this gingerly regard for the sanctity of the peculiar institution of the Southern rebels, and on the strength of these institutions, John Brown, Jr., has thrown himself into the contest. In a letter addressed to some friend in Chatham, C. W., explaining why he could not be with them to celebrate the 1st of August, he says: 'Since the defeat of our army at Manassas, I have enlisted for the war, believing that the contest between the North and the South is now, substantially, one between freedom and slavery. Until now I have refrained *from engaging* in this war, from the conviction that the Government would do nothing in behalf of the slave; but the people here are the Government, and they are now demanding, in unmistakable terms, the removal of the cause of our troubles.'

After some remarks about the Haytian emigration scheme, he says: 'Another work is now before me; before it is ended I trust *the opportunity will be afforded to the* colored man to vindicate himself even here. In view of this prospect, will not every true man among you prepare to engage in the work whenever the military services of colored men are accepted by the Government of the United States, which I believe soon will be? You need not be surprised if our Government should soon accept colored regiments. Please do tell all you can to organize and drill in anticipation of such an event.'

If this idea should be realized, says the 'Globe,' it would show some disposition on the part of the North to making the war one of freedom against slavery, and to such a war the colored people of Canada would doubtless contribute many stout hearts and strong arms to assist in striking the oppressor's yoke from off the necks of their kinsfolk in the South."

Kidnapping of a "White Man" in Illinois.

From the Quincey (Ill.) Republican of Aug. 17th.

Some two months ago it will be remembered that a citizen of this city, named William Rolen, was induced by Mr. James Minieare to go into Missouri to convey an insane woman to St. Catherines, Mo., and that on reaching Hudson, he was seized, ironed, and carried off into slavery on the pretence that he "owed service and labor" to a Missourian named Cannon. Rollen returned to this city on Saturday, and his statement will at least be interesting.

He was taken and lodged in jail, where he has been about eight weeks, a man who enjoyed freedom for the last eighteen years not being supposed to be able to reconcile himself easily to the charms of slavery. At the end of that time (or a few days before) Mr. Minieare (as Rolen states) came over to Missouri, visited him in prison, brought with him the number of a house and lot owned by Rolen in this city, had a deed written, and told Rolen he could be released from jail on condition that he would convey this property to Mr. Cannon (the master) and in addition solemnly pledge himself to do faithful "service and labor" to Cannon for three years, he then to be emancipated. Seeing no other way to secure his liberty Rolen assented, was liberated and set to work—worked one day and a half for "old massa," borrowed some provisions one morning and a butcher knife, and decamped for Quincy, not much expecting to reach it, but did nevertheless after a week of travel by night and of concealment by day, Mr. Menieare having preceded him a few days.

Rolen learned while in jail, through Cannon's son, that the Clerk of Boone Co. received a letter from Minieare inquiring whether a man named Cannon resided in that section, and that on receiving an affirmative answer Cannon himself soon received a letter from Mr. M. stating that his slave, Rolen, was here, and between the two a plan was agreed upon for his capture, which resulted successfully as already known.

These accounts, of course, all come through Rolen. If untrue they place Minieare in an exceedingly disagreeable light. His own action may determine to some extent their truth or falsity. As Rolen has passed here for many years as a white man, is white, has voted the Democratic ticket, and sat on juries as other white men do, if his "old mars" chooses to come here to re-arrest him, he may have an exceedingly trying time of it, not only to overcome the legal disabilities of the case, but he may have trouble with Rolen himself, who avows himself now to be prepared with the requisite tools for such emergencies. As for Mr. Minieare, one of whose letters the public has already been favored with, we shall let him rest for a day or two until we see another letter from him, or until we know what a day or two will bring forth.

Mr. Minieare was arrested on Monday, charged with being accessory to the kidnapping of William Rolen before and after the fact. The case came off at two P. M., before Justice Ricker, McGindley and Duff, assisted by Mr. Warren, appearing for the people, and Messrs. Wheat and Marcey for the prisoner. The trial excited so much interest that an adjournment was had to the County Court Room, and a termination was not reached until after ten o'clock at night.

The evidence was substantially what we have already published, and went to show a conspiracy against the liberty of Rolen. He was asked by Minieare to go into Missouri, and was then seized and imprisoned. The alleged master's son admitted to Rolen that a knowledge of Rolen's whereabouts was gained through Minieare, accompanied with the statement that the Quincy people wanted him (the master) to take Rolen away. He also stated that his father had paid Minieare for his services in securing his return. While Rolen was in prison, Minieare came to him with a deed of Rolen's little property in this city, ready drawn in the master's favor, tendered him his freedom on executing it and promising three years of servitude, and threatened him with dire calamities if he came back to Quincy. Mr. W. F. Pitney of the Adams County Clerk's Office testified that Mr. Minieare had had this deed recorded there which clinches that transaction.

The case was so clear that Justice Ricker without hesitation held the prisoner to bail to the sum of one thousand dollars, Mr. A. C. Marsh becoming his bondsman. If convicted, the punishment will be a pretty long residence in the Penitentiary, the amusement of kidnapping white men not being regarded with favor by our Courts or people.

Messrs. McGindley and Duff have already filed a bill in Chancery, to set aside the deed of Rolen's property, in which they will no doubt be successful. Some nice, if not new law points affecting slavery, are likely to grow out of the question in case the alleged master should attempt to prove Rolen a slave, and in case our late United States Supreme Court decisions are respected. The energy and kindly spirit manifested by the attorneys for the people to vindicate the wrongs of an oppressed man are worthy of especial commendation.

It may be mentioned as a curious incident of the case, that all the parties to it are Democrats. Rolen himself has always been a Democrat; Mr. Minieare is a Democrat office-holder, Justice Ricker is a Democrat, and every one of the attorneys whose names have been mentioned, is of the same faith. This, of course, has no bearing on its merits, but it divests it of all possibility of being a "Black Republican conspiracy," as our philanthropic friend of the "Herald" would be apt to charge in high party times.

The bail demanded, it strikes us, is extremely moderate, considering that the crime charged is the enslavement and pecuniary ruin of a free white man with a family depending on him for support. However, we presume it is satisfactory, as we hear no complaint.

NEWS FROM LIBERIA, W. A.

By recent arrivals, we have received copies of the Liberia "Herald" to June 19, and letters of a later date. We are pleased to announce the safe arrival in that country of Mr. C. O. Luca and lady, Mr. Peter Downing and lady, Mr. J. M. Luca and Miss Nancy Poulson. We clip the following from the "Herald."

THE RECAPTIVES PER "NIGHTINGALE."

These unfortunate people who were captured off the Congo about the 25th of last April and landed here the 8th of May, having very generally recovered from the dreadful effects of the passage here, were all apprenticed to the most reliable of our citizens at the last session of the Probate court; thus the initiatory step toward fitting them for the duties of citizenship has been taken, and the recaptives are now doing finely.

On another page will be found the reports of Doctors Moore and Laing, who were the physicians in charge of the recaptives during their stay in this place and Careysburg immediately preceding their being apprenticed.

At the time these people arrived they were in the most wretched condition; never have we seen more horrifying pictures of human wretchedness and suffering. They were all that Dr. Moore calls them, walking skeletons.

The fact that these unfortunate people were shipped in a worse condition than usual, accounts for their suffering before and after they reached here.

Lieutenant Guthrie, prize officer in command of the Nightingale, states that the re-captives had been in barracoon about three months previous to shipping them by the slaver; that they had been poorly fed, and their stock of provisions had been nearly exhausted, so nearly so that the slaver was obliged to take them that week or not at all.—That the re-captives were in a literal state of starvation, and general sickness prevailed when they were shipped.

These statements of lieutenant Guthrie are corroborated by the fact, that during the twelve days passage of the prize ship to this port 166 of the re-captives died—making fourteen deaths daily.

The great wonder is, that instead of the list of mortality, as exhibited by the reports of doctors Moore and Laing, the whole of these people had not died, considering the circumstances under which they were shipped and brought here.

This mortality, when compared with previous re-captives, rates favorably, and upon calculation will be found to be no less than that of those sent out in the Niagara, in 1858, or those sent from Florida, U. S. during last year, taking the whole time.

Our Careysburg Correspondent says: "Our town is now as healthy as can be expected at this season of the year. No sickness at all of note.

Our farmers are doing well in the soil—300 to 400 acres under cultivation, with encouraging prospects of much more."

We are pleased to learn that some of the agriculturists of Careysburg have expectations of contributing to our representation in the "International Fair."

Arrangements are making for celebrating the 26th of July. Hon. J. H. Paxton has accepted the invitation of the committee of arrangements to deliver the National Oration, John R. Freeman, Esq. reads the Declaration of Independence.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH FAIR.—Arrangements are making by the Ladies of the Episcopal church of this place for holding a Fair, *to come off some time in July*, the proceeds of which are to be appropriated toward completing the church building started some time ago, in this city, for that denomination, and which has been for a time suspended from a want of funds that had been expected from the United States.

The bark "Daylight," Captain Alexander cleared from Palmas, May 4th, with a cargo of African produce for Liverpool.

The "Daylight" carried 22 hogsheads of Sugar, 30 puncheons of Molasses, produce of the St. Paul's river, 45,000 gallons of Palm-Oil, 68 tons of Camwood.

NEW MUSIC.—Mr. C. O. Luca, assisted by Mrs. J. M. Luca, gave his first concert at the M. E. Seminary Building, Thursday evening, 13th inst.

The performance on the Piano by Mr. Luca was grand, *skilful and scientific*. Mrs. Luca's singing, with grace and elegance, caped the climax, and rendered the exercise highly delightful.

ATTENTION.—The captains and commanders of each company in the different settlements of New Georgia, Caldwell, Virginia, Clay Ashland, Louisiana, White Plains, Millsburg, Harrisburg, and Careysburg are hereby commanded to enrol every male citizen from the age of sixteen to fifty, and to present the same to the next Court Martial.

By order of the commander-in-chief,
B. A. J. K. ANDERSON,
Adjutant 1st. Reg.

Mr. E. J. Roye with his brig the "E. N. Roye" has just arrived from the Gold coast, Bonny and the Calabars—Mr. Roye has a rich cargo in which are nearly three tons of Ivory of the fist quality—Mr. Roye leaves soon for Liverpool.

Death of Chas. S. Eato.

We regret to announce the death of this estimable young man, in Liberia, W. A. He had had several attacks of the fever, all of which he survived, but being somewhat of a politician he was in the habit of attending evening meetings, and the excitement consequent to it brought on an attack of the brain fever from which he never recovered. His employers, Messrs. Johnson, Turpin & Dunbar, in a letter to his uncle, E. V. Clark, Esq., say: "We need not assure you how deeply we regret his loss. His services were so valuable to us that it will be impossible to have them replaced. His unassuming manners and correct deportment won for him hosts of friends."

A. M. E. ZION CAMP MEETING AT PORT RICHMOND S. I.—We visited this camp on Sunday last, (25 inst.) and found every thing in order. The Revd. Messrs. Colman and others, offiated on the occasion. The exercises attracted a good deal of attention and appeared to be highly satisfactory to all concerned. The number in attendance was not very large, but was highly respectable. About half the assemblage was composed of whites who conducted themselves in a very creditable manner.

IMPORTANT FROM HAYTI.

From The Boston Traveler.

For some time apprehensions have been expressed that preparations were making by the blacks of Hayti to overthrow what they call the "Mulatto Government" of the island, the latter class being the most intelligent and wealthy inhabitants of the republic, though in a great minority in regard to numbers. President Geffrard is nearly black, but the mulatto element has considerable control in his councils, and his ministry, as a general thing, are classed as leaning in the same direction.

The caste feeling of the blacks of Hayti is stronger against the mulatto than even the pure white, and it has been evident for some time that an attempt at overthrow of the Government would take place at an early day. The malcontents had their headquarters at the capital, but the trading blacks are constitutionaly timid, and in their various revolutions the fierce mahogany cutters in the vicinity of Aux Cayes, Jeremie, and other places, are summoned to the work of overthrow. These are mostly ignorant blacks, who are ready for any work that promises increased pay or plunder. The conspiracy, according to advices received in this city from Aux Cayes, Jeremie, &c., as late as the 8th instant, had been discovered by Government, and, at Aux Cayes several arrests had been made of conspirators, who would probably be shot.

No disposition is manifested to change the government of the island again from a Republic to an Empire, but the rebels seek to place in the Presidential chair Solomons, late Prime Minister under the Emperor Soulouque, who is a most ardent hater of white and mulatto. For the present conspiracy has been checked by the arrests that have been made, but letters from unprejudiced sources express the opinion that the blacks will, ere long, carry out their designs. Among other plans to satisfy the people, it has been proposed to change all of the Cabinet but one, in order to introduce into it a larger share of the black element.

The general feeling in Hayti seems to be that as the war in the United States will not result in the general emancipation of the slaves, the sooner it is settled the better, for it interfears greatly with the prosperity of the island.

From St. Domingo, intelligence comes that the inhabitants are reconciled to the Spanish Government, as it gives them stability in the place of continued rebellions and revolutions.

A Slave Saving a whole Regiment by prayer.

We should not be surprised to learn that the price of praying slaves had gone up since the following incident was made public. Its narration appears in a late number of the Richmond (Va.) Examiner. The writer in speaking of a visit to the colored Methodist church of that city, says:

Rev. Mr. Nolly, the pastor, preached from Prov. iii: 6, an appropriate sermon. The following incident of the battle of Manassas was told to his colored hearers with a simplicity becoming his audience, and evidently affecting them deeply,—

He said that there are many facts and incidents connected with our late victory at Manassas which show that the hand of the Lord was directed on that occasion. But that which will strike you most forcibly, is the following. You remember, that there was a pious servant connected with the Washington Artillery, from the city of New Orleans, which was quartered near this city several weeks before they proceeded to the field of battle. You remember how fervently he prayed that the Lord would protect *his company when they might go into the* field, and "give them the victory." You remember how earnestly he begged an interest in your prayers, to the same effect.

This company was engaged in that battle on Sunday last. They were in the thickest of the fight. But of the six hundred of which they were composed, *only one* lost his life! Surely the prayers of this pious servant, in connection with yours and thousands of others, were heard in securing the Divine interposition on that occasion; and it is proper that we all unite in grateful acknowledgment of it.

SAD INTELLIGENCE FROM HAYTI.

It will be seen by our New Haven letter that death is making havoc in the New Haven colony in Hayti. Many valuable citizens have fallen, whose names we have not yet received, but our readers will deeply regret to find recorded that of Mr. John P. Anthony. Mr. Anthony has been long known as a valuable citizen both in Brooklyn and New Haven, and it is in these cities where his death will be the most deeply mourned. We offer our condolence to the afflicted families of those who have fallen. May the fact that they met death while in search of that liberty denied them in this country be a consolation in this hour of their distress.

It will be seen by the letter, that the Rev. J. Theo. Holly lies very ill, and we learn through another channel that Mrs. Holly has become insane.

BARNUM'S "WHAT IS IT."

The N. Y. correspondent of the Taunton, Mass., Gazette furnishes the following in that paper of Aug. 22nd:

Let me premise by saying that I have great respect for Barnum as a force. He has that earnestness of character without which men never accomplish great deeds. I have no doubt that if he is about to catch a stickleback to put into one of his acquaria—or *aequariums*, as he prefers to call them—he throws into the act the whole power of his energy and talent, as if it were a Joyce Heth or a Woolly Horse. It is this that makes his greatness. Had he not been a showman and a humbug by profession, he would have been at the head of his calling in any other walk of life in which it might have happened to him to be thrown. It is difficult to come in contact with him without being impressed and even overawed by his genius. I remember a case in point. He has had, and may have now for aught I know, a nondescript in his Museum, which he is pleased to call a "What is it?" This creature was, perhaps is, trotted about and grins and capers to the wonderment of visitors, while one of Barnum's assistants relates at great length, and with great solemnity, how it was taken by some traveler in Africa, and the only reasonable conclusion that he arrived at in regard to it, is that it is the veritable and hitherto undiscovered link between the man and monkey.

Now the "What is it?" is an idiot negro child, and this is the way I happen to know what every body else has long suspected.

A friend of mine who has traveled much in Africa, and has penetrated where no other white man has ever been, was one day told, nearly two years ago, that there was on exhibition in a shed in an obscure part of the town, a very curious specimen of the native African, which the showman said was sent to this country by the celebrated traveler Dr. Livingstone, and that he ought to see it.

My friend immediately made a visit to the obscure shed, somewhere on the East River.

He found a little negro idiot, which his familiarity with native African tribes assured him could not have been born in that country. He indignantly accused the showman of that deception, and convinced him that he, at least, could not be taken in by such an imposture. The man at length acknowledged that the child was born in New Jersey, but as he was a hideous dwarf and idiotic, he thought he could make a show of it enhancing its value as a curiosity by pretending it was a native African. He added, naively, "we must all live somehow," though my friend did not seem to be much impressed with the truth of that remark.

A few weeks later the wonderful "What is it?" was advertised at Barnum's. My friend, the traveler, called to see this second remarkable creature caught in the wilds of Africa. He found his young acquaintance from New Jersey, late of the obscure shed on the East River.

Not many days thereafter I happened to hear the great showman expatiating on this last accession to the curiosities of his museum. I repeated to him in my blandest way the little facts I have just related, the most important of which I know that he knew, and he knew that I knew that he knew, adding, "Had I not better make a paragraph about it, for the morning paper, Mr. Barnum?" The great man looked down upon me benignantly and smilingly, "better not!" said he. The audacity of his genius so overcome and impressed me that from that day to this I have never mentioned the story, except in private circles. I have no doubt I disappointed him, for had I come out with my little paragraph it would have given him an opportunity for a new advertisement, including several affidavits from the man of whom he procured the young African, the man who snatched him from the arms of his maternal parent, a female Gorilla, and the captain of the ship who brought him over.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN CIRCLEVILLE.—On Monday morning last our community were started by the announcement that a party of negroes had attempted to violate the person of a German lady of this place which caused great excitement, and in the course of an hour or so a large crowd had assembled. About half past nine o'clock, one of the negroes supposed to have been engaged in the outrageous act, was arrested, and while on the way to the jail with him, the crowd followed, with the cry of "lynch him," &c., but the Mayor placed himself between the crowd and the negro and succeeded in lodging him safely in jail, where he now remains.

A number of negroes were arrested during the day. In the evening a crowd assembled and started for "Brartown," with the determination of "cleaning out" the "colored population," but not finding any negroes there, they started for "Smoky Row," and entered a house there, but before they had time to do anything, the Mayor, Marshal and some citizens arrived and succeeded in getting the crowd to leave. The crowd then started and proceeded up Pickaway street until they arrived at the house occupied by BOB RANDOLPH, where they made some threats, and expressed the desire to "have one nigger anyhow." A gun was then fired from the back part of the house, and an old citizen of this place, by the name of BOWERS, was shot in the head. The wound is not mortal, and he will get well. The crowd then commenced throwing stones against the house, and some rushed up and broke the door in and set fire to the bed clothes, and in a few minutes the whole building was in a blaze. About this time a heavy rain came up, which saved the houses near by. The house and all its contents were burned up. The crowd then dispersed for the night. On Tuesday morning some of them again assembled and lingered around the corners all day. About noon one of the crowd notified the negroe barbers that they "must shut up shop, as he was not going to allow any more negroes in town." About five or six o'clok in the evening, the crowd had increased, when a difficulty arose between one of the crowd and one of the citizens, who desired to have the "fuss" stopped, which resulted in the arrest of the first, and the quieting of the crowd. On Wednesday it was reported that the mob intended to attack the negroes again, and the Mayor increased his police force, and if they had attempted the work again there would, in all probability have been some bloody work, as the Mayor had determined that it must be stopped.—Everything is quiet now.—"Circleville (O.) Herald" of Aug. 16th.

SUMMARY.

RECALL OF THE AMERICAN SQUADRON.—We learn, says the "Liberia Herald" of June 19, that the steam vessels composing the United States squadron on this (West Africa) coast have been called home. Owing to the difficulties now in the United States, their services are required at home. These vessels are the Sumpter, Mohican, *and Mystic. This fact reduplicates our regret* at the present state of United States affairs. The recall of the first American squadron that has ever merited any consideration of efficiency since these squadrons have been coming to the coast, and a time, too, when it is operating so eminently successfully in suppressing the slave trade, is to be greatly regretted, as much in the general, as the cause of its recall.

The Chicago Journal of the 20th inst., says:

A few days ago we mentioned a small child having been accidentally run over, and its head scalped, by one of the State street cars. Samuel Wadsworth, (colored,) parent of the child has commenced suit in the Circuit Court against the Railway Company for injuries sustained by his child, laying the damages at the exceedingly moderate sum of $5,000.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says that a decree has been entered in the United States District Court in the case of the schooner Enchantress, awarding salvage, in the sum of $1,500, to the crew of the U. S. vessel Albatross, and also decreeing that the negro cook, Jacob Garrison, who by jumping overboard, gave the alarm, thus causing the recapture, should come in, the same as one of the crew of the Albatross for proportionate share of salvage. Restitution of the schooner to the owners was likewise decreed.

The Baltimore Clipper of the 19th inst., contains the following item:

William Taylor and Washington Johnson, two slaves belonging to R. Younger, were arrested on Saturday charged with attempting to run away from their master. They were committed to jail by Justice Logan for safe keeping.

A private letter from St. Mary's county, Maryland, to the editors of the Intelligencer, says: "There is quite a rush to our shore of the blacks from Virginia. On Tuesday morning last a batteau, in which there were ten likely negroes, was stranded on Cornfield Point. They got safe to land, and were taken up by the neighborhood patrol, and last night, I believe, they were sent back to Virginia.

In the proceedings of the Providence [R. I.] Common Council appears the following:

Mr. Davis presented the petition of John Banks and others, praying the City Council to "remove the last remaining relics of slavery and barbarism in Rhode Island," by amending the school ordinances so as to secure the admittance of children without regard to color to the public schools. The Council by a vote of 6 to 13 refused to refer the petition to the Committee on Education and then unanimously laid it on the table.

GEN. LANE AND SLVERY.—Gen. Lane answered at Leavenworth on the 15th inst and in an address to the citizens said: "Kansas has a glorious reputation; it must be sustained. We will not refrain from marching Union armies into Slave States for fear of injuring their institution. He was the last man in the world to catch slaves for traitors. The institution of Slavery will perish with the march of the Union army, and thank God it is so!" He wouldn't march into Missouri or Arkansas to destroy Slavery, but he wouldn't object to seeing a Union army marching in, and an army of saves marching out. If Slavery perishes the fault is with its friends. We have to choose between our Government and a military despotism based on Slavery.

ARREST OF A NOTED SLAVE DEALER.—J. A. Machaso, residing at No. 33 Saint Mark's Place, was arrested on Wednesday last by Marshals Sheehan and Lee, for being engaged in the slave trade. He has perhaps excelled all others of the class in this city in this business. Among the slavers that he outfitted are the Montauk, the Brutus, the Triton, the Kate, the W. R. Kibbee, and the Mary Frances. He owns the Kate, and had an interest in the others. He is a Spaniard, about fifty years of age, and one of the oldest, wealthiest and most successful slave dealers in New York.

He was brought before Commissioner Henry for examination, and held to $5,000 bail, in default of which he was sent to the Tombs.

At Los Angelos, Cal., on the 29th of June, a colored man by the name of Franklin Marsh shot another colored man named John Brandon. The occurrence took place at the house of a quadroon named Peppers.

A colored man by the name of Brooks living in Southac St., Boston, was thrown from a wagon in Cambridge St. and slightly injured.

ANOTHER RUNAWAY.—Robert Connier, a servant for a term of years of Henry C. Mackall, Esq., of this county, absconded Sunday last. He hired a horse and carriage of Mr. F. Bradbury, of this town, and proceeded in company with several other *colored people to a negro camp meeting,* held in Rigby's woods, Lancaster county, Pa., but did not return. The horse and carriage was found hitched in the woods somewhere in the neighborhood, and brought home by Mr. Bradbury on Tuesday. This is another evidence of the activity of abolition emmissaries in the vicinity. A better servant or a more kind and indulgent master were no where to be found.—Elkton (Md.,) "Democrat," Aug. 17th, 1861.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, writing from Gen. Bank's department says:

"The number of negroes who have escaped to the army of this department is inconsiderable, compared with the number (900) now within Gen. Butler's lines, but they are every day increasing, and the least disposition manifested to treat them as humanity suggests, would soon swell the aggregate to thousands. Whether they shall be still further advanced and made actively as well as passively the instruments of putting down the rebellion, will depend mainly upon the rebels themselves. Whatever the sympathies of the North may be, it is quite certain her people do not propose a contest in which negroes shall be used exclusively for the benefit of the aggressive party; and if the Confederate Government see proper to arm *negroe regiments, it will not be long in dis*covering that negro will fight negro. I have conversed with a number of officers, now of this division, who were participants in the battle of Manassas, and they assure me that they did see armed companies of blacks in the engagement; and though many of them have been as life-long conservatives as Gen. Butler, they have arrived at conclusions as to what should be done for us in advance of notions loosely floating about in the anti-slavery atmosphere of the North. The logic of muskets in the hands of Southern chattels, to be turned perhaps, against them, produces conversion not less sudden than radical, and forces home convictions of policy that may hereafter be generally shared by the people of the loyal States. If the rebels choose to inaugurate such a war policy, they must abide its consequences without grumbling!

The Providence correspondent of the New Bedford Mercury gives the following:

"Wade Hampton is said to have gone to battle attended by a favorite slave—Reynolds is attended by an African likewise; a huge, doublefisted, brawny Ethiopian stevedore, known by the familiar cognomen of Jim Reeder. Wherever is seen the form of the Captain, there also looms the dark outline of the still darker and redoubtable Jim. A story is related of this African, which is too good to be lost. When the 1st Regiment went, Reeder went as servant to Reynolds, then a Lieutenant; as the steamer neared the Virginia shore, going round Cape Charles, a wag asked Jim to show his free papers. The features of the swarthy Hannibal settled into an unconquerable, stubborn expression, the huge knotted hands went into the secret depths of his regimentals and flashed out, quick as lightning, grasping like death a brace of ugly revolvers. 'Massa, dem's my papers.' The wag was demolished."

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes from Washington:

"Finally, our informant reports the conduct of the slaves brought into communication with our army as excellent. Wherever opportunity has offered, they have deserted *en masse*, and having rendered valuable service as spies, and no instance is known of their having proved faithless to their trusts; it mattered little whether their owners were Union men or secessionists, they all quit service as soon as an opportunity offered. A Union man in the vicinity of Alexandria whose property had been protected by the army, came into camp one day with a statement that it was of no use to try to keep any "niggers" in the vicinity of the army. Even old Aunt Elsie," said he, "who is over seventy years old, who has nursed me and my children, and who neither does nor can work any longer—even she left me this morning."

A correspondent of the Milwaukie (Wis.) Sentinel, writing from Baltimore, says:

While tarrying here, a little incident occurred, occasioning some excitement. A poor specimen of humanity belonging to Company C, went down town and brought up a policeman, to arrest some fugitive slaves which he alleged had been stolen by men of the regiment. His object seemed to be to re-enslave a poor fellow who had run away from Virginia, and after securing his liberty, had been employed as a servant in Company C, but his machinations failed, as the policemen were unable to find that or any other negro. A storm of hisses greeted the fellow who had made this attempt at re-enslaving a negro, as the majority of the men of the regiment wished it to be understood that they did not go South, either to steal or hunt negroes.

The Boston Pilot has an interesting letter from the camp of the Ninth Massachusetts regiment, Col. Cass, now in Washington, in which the writer says: "Father Scully is working wonderfully among us. He is very popular among the men, and is extremely zealous for their spiritual welfare. We had *mass* on the 4th of July, and regularly every Sunday. We have a young neophyte among us. Our worthy chaplain procured a colored boy for his servant, who is very interesting. He was baptized, and is now being instructed in the doctrines of the Catholic faith."

The Frederick (Md.,) "Examiner" of the 21st inst. contains the following:

One day last week, a gentleman of Urbana district visited the camp of General Banks at Sandy Hook, in pursuit of a fugitive slave, who was believed to have sought concealment there. The gentleman met a courteous reception and every facility to prosecute his object was afforded him. At length his search proved successful, and he was permitted, without hinderance or molestation, to reclaim the fugitive and take him back to his master.

The "Baltimore Clipper" of August 22, says:

On Tuesday night, Captain Nones, of the cutter Forward, now anchored off Fort Carroll, captured two negroes in a canoe, who were endeavoring to escape from their masters. One of the negroes belongs to Mr. Dunnock, on Wiggins' Neck, and the other to Samuel Knign, of the same place. The negroes were placed on board of the cutter, and will be returned to their masters as soon as circumstances will permit.

The Baltimore Clipper of August 24th says:

On Thursday afternoon a colored woman named Sarah Collins, residing at No. 253 East Orleans street, died under circumstances which look as though the woman had been foully dealt with. On Wednesday her husband beat her in an outrageous manner—first choking her and then knocking her down. While she lay insensible upon the floor the monster placed both of his knees upon her breast and dealt her several blows in the face and on the neck. She had been in a delicate situation for several days previous, and it was thought that her death was hastened by the beating which she received. Coroner Hall being apprized of the affair ordered the arrest of the husband yesterday, who was confined in the Eastern station house until a jury of inquest empanelled by Coroner Hall investigated. Several witnesses were examined, some of whom testified to the brutal treatment of the husband; but upon the body of the woman being examined by a competent physician, it became evident that her death was caused by natural causes. The jury therefore rendered their verdict accordingly. Upon the rendition of the verdict the accused was liberated. On the following day Rebecca Williams and Mary Ann Cole, colored, were arrested, charged with stealing a quantity of jewelry, the property of the colored woman Collins, mentioned above. Upon the death of the woman Collins, the above accused parties conceived the idea that she would have no further use for the jewelry, and, acting upon this supposition, they began ransacking bureau *drawers and trunks, and appropriated to* their use several ear-rings and breastpins. They were locked up in the Eastern station house to await an examination.

The Wheeling [Va.] Intelligencer is responsible for the following:

About a week ago a farmer living a short distance southeast of the city employed a gentleman of African extraction to work in a harvest field. The work being done, the colored gentleman was paid in bank notes which he found some difficulty in passing at par in Ohio. He called upon his employer with a complaint that he could not get the money off, and was told by the former that he had no other and that the negro must rest content. A night or two afterwards some hundred or more sheaves of wheat mysteriously departed from one of the farmer's fields, and he has since been unable to get a sight either of the wheat or the negro, and he very reasonably supposes that the negro took the wheat. But how he managed to carry off such an immense quantity, and what disposition he made of it, is a mystery. There were no wagon tracks near the field, and no evidence that the wheat had been removed by any other means than by hand. The undertaking was a most Herculean one and was most adroitly performed.

Mary Pelham and Oliver Fitzgerald were stabbed by a girl of ill repute, named Josephine Russell, on the evening of the 13th inst., at Cincinnati. Josephine was crossing the yard of Mrs. Pelham to get into a house of ill fame near by, at which Mrs Pelham remonstrated. This incensed Josephine, and drawing a knife with a blade five or six inches in length, she made a cut at Mrs. Pelham, plunging the knife into her left side. Afterward she stabbed Fitzgerald in the arm, the blade of the knife passing clean through his arm. Information being brought to officers Renshaw and Williams that a woman had been stabbing a man, they went to the house of Mrs. Underhill, and found Josephine hid away in a closet, her hoops, which projected, exposing her hiding-place, and arrested her.

The Cincinnati Gazette of the 2nd says:

The colored people of this city celebrated the twenty-seventh anniversary of West Indian Emancipation yesterday. In the morning a meeting of the colored Sabbath Schools was held in Zion Church, at which appropriate addresses were made by several persons. In the afternoon, addresses were delivered at Allen Chapel by Rev. H. H. White, Rev. Rufus Conrad, and Mr. John P. Sampson, and in the evening, service was held in the Baker Street Church, Rev. G. Graham officiating.

CAMP MEETINGS.

The following is from the Philadelphia Inquirer of 19th inst.:

A camp meeting of our colored citizens has been in progress since Thursday last, in a wood near Media, and will be continued till next Thursday evening. Preaching takes place half past ten every morning, at three in the afternoon, and at eight o'clock every evening. The presiding minister is the Rev. Caleb Woodward, of the Bethel colored Methodist Church, corner Sixth and Lombard streets, assisted by several other colored preachers. An assemblage of about two thousand people collected there yesterday afternoon. They were chiefly white, and comprised visitors from this city, families of neighboring farmers, and sojourners in country boarding houses of the vicinity. Many well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were present.

Camp meetings have to a great extent lost their religious character during past years, and the scenes of ecstatic frenzy formerly exhibited by enthusiasts are rarely now observed. Visitors frequent them to see and to be seen. If the preaching possesses interest it is listened to, if not, attention is paid to the eatables and drinkables abundantly for sale around, or rural walks are indulged in. The few coming from motives of duty, who attend each of the daily services, often remain at night on the ground, and for their accommodation boarding tents are provided, containing beds and dining tables. We noticed at least a dozen of these, headed, "Union Church Boarding Tent," "Thornburg Boarding Tent," &c. The fare is very plain, and the board $1 a day, 38 cts being charged for a single dinner, and 25 cts for each other meal. It was our lot yesterday to hear, for the first time, the Rev. Caleb Woodward, whose exhortations being rather stoically received by the colored elect, he branched off upon politics, and without touching upon slavery, made a speech which was remarkable for pith, humor and eloquence. The Reverend gentleman then made a statement of his church liabilities, and closed with a request for money. Mr. Austin Stewart, a colored man from Canandaigua, New York State, will lecture, this evening, at eight o'clock, upon slavery, detailing his escape from it, and his experiences in the South of that much lauded institution.

A Camp Meeting is now being held at Highspire, near Harrisburg, Pa.

MR. EDITOR:—A camp meeting commenced last Friday, 22nd instant, at Herriman's Woods near Flushing, under the charge of Rev. J. M. Myers. I visited the ground last Sabbath and had the pleasure of hearing fine sermons from Rev. Messrs. P. C. Coster, John Washington, J. Long, J. M. Myers, James Seamen, Lewis Jackson and Joseph Chappell, the local preacher. The audiences were quite large, but smaller than they would have been had not the boat engaged by the Committee to bring visitors from New York and other points, broken down on the previous day (Saturday.) Good order prevailed on the Camp ground, but on the avenues leading to it, rowdyism was rampant. J. A. T.

A Camp Meeting will be held in a grove near the village of Franklin, Pa., commencing on Thursday, the 12th of September next, and continue until the following Sabbath evening. The religious exercises on the occasion will be conducted by brother William Livingston, of Orange County, but recently of the Southern states.

The members of Zion Church, Johnstown, New York, commenced a Camp Meeting on the 22nd instant, at Simmon's Grove, near the Fonda plank road. Rev. George Bosely, pastor of said church has charge of the meeting.

A Camp Meeting is advertised to be held in a grove near Stillwater, Pa., commencing Sept. 12, and continuing until the following Sabbath, inclusive.

PERSONAL.

We find the following statement going the rounds of the newspapers:

Merriam, one of John Brown's confederates at Harper's Ferry, had been drummed off the Island of Hayti, and returned to the States. He was endeavoring to raise money to get up an insurrection among the slaves of the Southern States, but President Geffrard fearing a complication with the American Government, ordered him to leave the island.

The Ashtabula Sentinel says:

We understand that John Brown, Jr.—if as it is expected he obtains authority from the War Department, for the equipment and transportation—will raise a Company of one hundred picked men accustomed to the use of the rifle, to serve the United States during the war, with Col. Montgomery in the brigade of Gen. James H. Lane of Kansas.

At a meeting of the Board of Education of Pittsburg, Pa., held on the 13th inst., Prof. Geo. B. Vashon was elected principal of the colored school, Miss Emily Burr, assistant, and Mrs. Sarah Ellsbury, janitress.

Cheny Bartlett, a colored woman, aged one hundred years, died in St. Louis last week.

Mr. Jordan has been appointed a porter in the Mint establishment at San Francisco, California.

Mr. Anderson of Monrovia, arrived in this city a few days since bringing with him 14 casks and 5 barrels of Liberia sugar, also 8 casks of Liberia molasses.

MARRIED.

DUMPSON—REED.—In Williamsburg, L. I., on Sunday evening, August 25th, by Rev. James Hamilton, William H. Dumpson, of Brookville, N. Y., to Miss Irene A. Reed, of Williamsburg.

JOHNSON—LEWIS.—In Greenport, L. I., by Rev. A. G. Beman, Levi Johnson of Poughkeepsie, to Georgiana Lewis, of Riverhead.

DIED.

EATO.—In Monrovia, Liberia, recently, Charles S. Eato, second son of the late Rev. Timothy Eato of this city, aged 20 years and 2 months.

Special Notices.

THE PROPOSED NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS.

For the above work, the undersigned would state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that he wishes to collect full and accurate accounts of all cases of abuse growing out of SLAVERY, of the loss of *time, property and life*, whether among whites, Indians, or blacks. He is not particular as to the length of the articles, for, when we come to the publication, it may be best to abridge some statements, but the original communications will be carefully preserved and placed in some historical collection for preservation and reference. Whatever will serve to illustrate or add interest to the statements, such as photographs or engravings, or autographs of the persons, or maps and plans of the localities named, will be thankfully received and carefully preserved. If the case has been published in the papers, or in pamphlets or books, please make reference to them or forward them. Names of persons, places, and dates, which, if divulged would involve the parties in difficulty, may be withheld in the communication. Let every one send on what he or she may have to communicate as early as possible. We shall feel greatly obliged to Editors who will copy this advertisement and give it a favorable notice, and all who will promptly respond to this call will receive our hearty thanks.

Address L. G. OLMSTEAD, New York.

I. O. of G. S. and D. of S.
Office of the National Grand Secretary,
165 Fulton St., Brooklyn, Aug. 23, 1861.

At the Annual meeting of the National Grand Lodge, held August 21st, in the city of Newark, the N. G. Sire in the chair, the reports of the Grand Sire and Grand Secretary having been referred to a committee, said committee offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That we, the officers and representatives of the National Grand Lodge, declare the election of the officers of the Eastern District Grand Lodge, held July 17th, to be legal, and we approve of the action of the N. G. Sire in sustaining the Eastern District Grand Lodge and its officers.

Resolved, That we acknowledge Bro. Moses B. Coss as the Grand Chief, and Sister Mary E. Hall as the Grand Presiding Daughter of the aforesaid Grand Lodge, for the ensuing year.

CHAS. A. GUINAND, N. G. Sec.

A Grand Festival will be given in the Third Baptist Church, Williamsburg, Rev. James Hamilton, pastor, on Thursday evening, September 5th, the proceeds of which will go to assist the trustees in discharging their pecuniary obligations to the pastor. There will be a few fancy articles for sale, prepared by the ladies for the occasion. Tickets, 25 cents. Children, half price.

Letters or newspapers for Hayti or Jamaica will be promptly forwarded if left with Mr. N. R. Aabby, at Lewis & Co.'s store, 24 South Street, New York.

I. O. of G. S. and D. of S.
Office of the R. W. G. Sec.,
No. 70 Grove St., N. Y.

The officers and members of the Eastern District Grand Lodge will please to take notice that the regular quarterly meeting of the above named G. S. will be held on Wednesday evening, Sept. 11th, at 8 o'clock, at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, 178 Prince St. Subordinate lodges will therefore cause their representatives to be present. By order of the R. W. G. Chief.

MOSES B. COSS.
JOHN R. PORTER G. S.

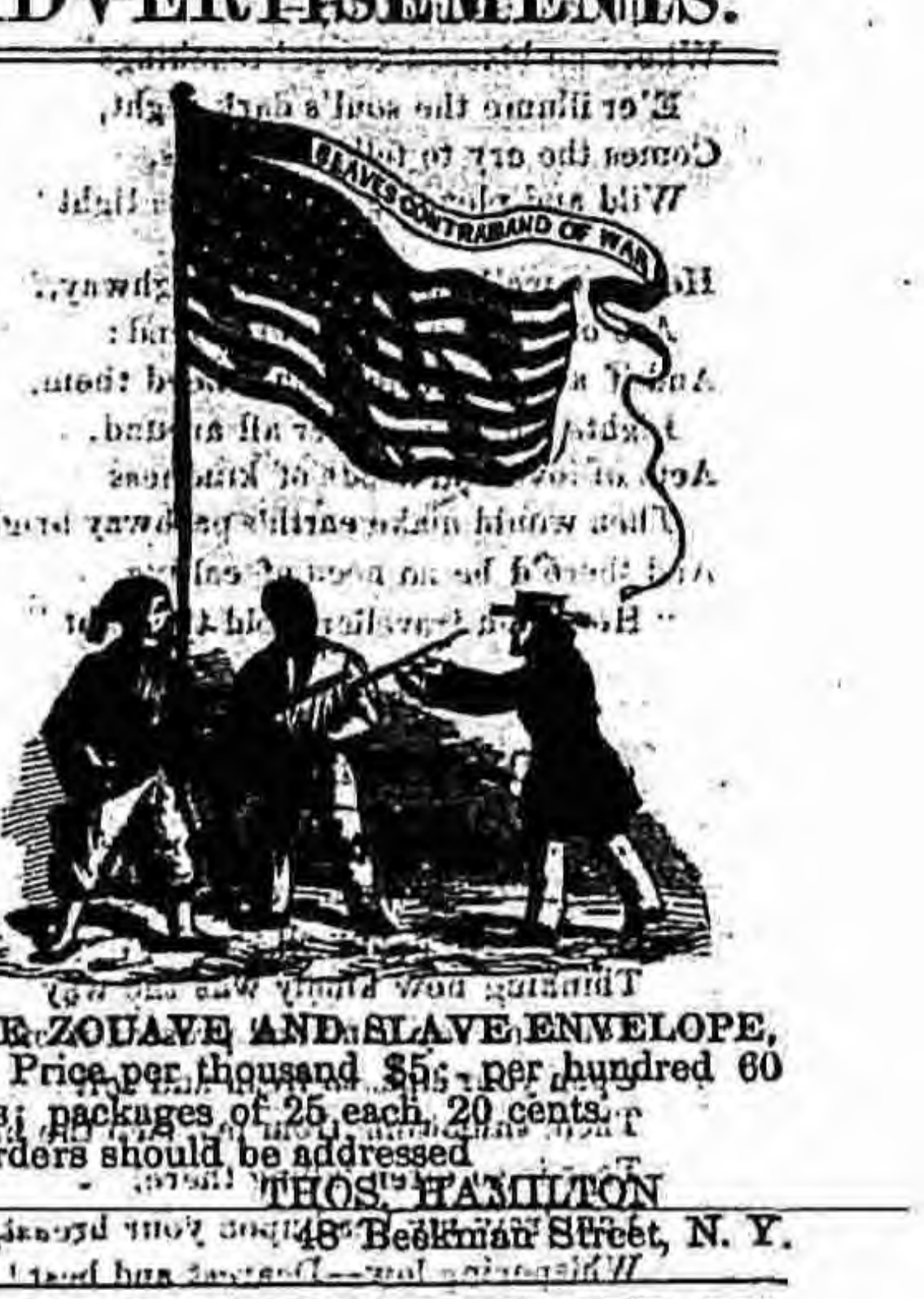
The Members and Congregation of Seventh Avenue Presbyterian Church will celebrate the birth-day of their Pastor, in the Lecture-room of said church, on Monday evening, Sept. 2d, 1861, at 8 o'clock, by a Festival. Admittance 25 cts.

INFORMATION WANTED in regard to Alexander or Sandy Hogan, son of Betsey Hogan. He left the service of Mr. Jenkins in Baltimore, in June, 1859, and came to the North to solicit money to purchase the freedom of his wife. He is believed to have been in Birmingham, N. Y., about five weeks ago. Skin light brown. An aged mother is anxious to ascertain his whereabouts, and will be grateful for information sent to Wm. Still, 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Anti-slavery papers please copy. 3t.

A. P. Smith will commence a tour through New Jersey, about Sept 9th, prepared to lecture on the following subjects: THE WAR, ITS CAUSES, PROGRESS AND PROBABLE EFFECTS; MEANS OF ELEVATION, or on due notice any other subject of interest. No compensation required beyond traveling expenses. Address, immediately, A. P. Smith, Saddle River, Bergen Co., N. J. 3t.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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Orders should be addressed
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MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.—THE UNdersigned respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the ART OF SINGING. He will be at home, at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on MONDAY EVENING, and at ZION CHURCH, N. Y., on THURSDAY EVENING, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. Singing schools taught and private instruction given on moderate terms.
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PRIVATE BOARDING. MRS. SARAH A. Tilmon, 120th st., between 3 & 4 Avs. Harlem, would most respectfully beg leave to say that she is prepared, to take and provide with comfortable rooms, a few first class boarders, on reasonable terms.
N. B. Instruction given to young Ladies in Oriental wax and hair work, Landscaping &c., For terms, apply at 70 E. 13th. St. 3tf.

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTES, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 MULBERRY STREET, N. Y. Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.
Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 3ly

TILMON'S AGENCY. THIS IS THE oldest establishment, in this city, for colored employment. Remember we are approaching a trying winter, so that all who want to get a good home for the winter, had better apply next month. For September is the time. L. TILMON, Proprietor.
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WANTED AT TILMAN'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses, and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near, and good help wanted for city and country. 5-4t

MRS. E. CLAKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK. 4-1t

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BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist,
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BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.
Boarding for Ladies, $2,50
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The undersigned takes the privilege to inform his Friends and the public generally, that as he has recently fitted up his SALOON, anew, he is now prepared to furnish them with
Ice Cream, Fruit, and other Delicacies.
BENJ. F. BROWN, 70 Bleecker St between Broadway & Crosby St. 4t.

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts. 1 tf.

Poetry.

HOLD THE LIGHT.

BY KATE HARRINGTON

Ho! thou traveller on life's highway,
Moving carelessly along—
Pausing not to watch the shadows
Lowering o'er the mighty throng!
Stand aside, and mark how feebly
Some are struggling in the fight.
Turning on thee wistful glances—
Begging thee to hold the light!

Look! upon thy right a brother
Wanders blindly from the way:
And upon thy left a sister,
Frail and erring, turns astray.
One kind word, perchance may save them—
Guide their wayward steps aright:
Canst thou, then, withhold thy counsel?
No! but fly and hold the light!

Hark! a feeble wail of sorrow
Bursts from the advancing throng:
And a little child is groping
Through the darkness, deep and long:
'Tis a timid orphan, shivering
'Neath misfortune's withering blight:
Friends, home, love, are all denied her;
Oh! in pity, hold the light!

Not alone from heathen darkness,
Where the pagan bows the knee,
Worshipping his brazen image
With a blind idolatry—
Where no blessed Gospel teachings
E'er illume the soul's dark night,
Comes the cry to fellow mortals,
Wild and pleading, "Hold the light!"

Here, as well, in life's broad highway,
Are benighted wanderers found:
And if all the strong would heed them,
Lights would glimmer all around.
Acts of love and deeds of kindness
Then would make earth's pathway bright,
And there'd be no need of calling,
"Ho! thou traveller, hold the light."

I DREAMED OF YOU.

I dreamed of you the other night
A little dream, and yet so bright,
It made me happy all the day,
Thinking how kindly was the way
You took my hand and pressed it oft
Upon your lips so fresh and soft;
Then, smoothing from my face the hair
That is so often falling there,
You drew my head upon your breast,
Whispering low—Dearest and best!
'Twas but a dream, a simple dream,
And yet, so life-like did it seem,
I shall treasure it ah! long and well,
Far, far away in memory's cell.

THE FORCE OF FEAR.

At the close of the winter of 1825–6, about dusk in the afternoon, just as the wealthy dealers in the Palais Royal at Paris were about lighting their lamps and putting up their shutters, (the practice of the major part of them at nightfall,) a well-known money-changer sat behind his counter alone, surrounded by massive heaps of silver and gold, the glittering and sterling currency of all the kingdoms of Europe. He had well-nigh closed his operations for the day, and was enjoying in anticipation the prospect of a good dinner. Between the easy chair upon which he reclined in perfect satisfaction, and the door which opened into the north side of the immense quadrangle of which the splendid edifice above mentioned is composed, arose a stout wire partition, reaching nearly to the ceiling, and resting upon the counter, which traversed the whole length of the room. Thus he was effectually cut off from all possibility of unfriendly contact from any of his occasional visitors; while a small sliding board that ran in and out under the wire partition, served as the medium of his peculiar commerce. Upon this he received every coin, note, or draft presented for change; and having first carefully examined it, returned its value by the same conveyance, in the coin of France, or indeed of any country required. Behind him was a door communicating with his domestic chambers, and in the middle of the counter was another, the upper part of which formed a portion of the wire partition above described.

The denizen of this little chamber had already closed his outer shutters, and was just on the point of locking up his doors, and retiring to his rest, when two young men entered. They were evidently Italians, from their costume and peculiar dialect. Had it been earlier in the day, when there would have been sufficient light to have discerned their features and expression, it is probable that our merchant would have defeated their plans, for he was well skilled in detecting the tokens of fraud or design in the human countenance. But they had chosen their time too appropriately. One of them advanced toward the counter, for change in French coin for an English sovereign, which he laid upon the sliding board, and passed through the wire partition. The money changer rose immediately, and having ascertained that the coin was genuine, returned its proper equivalent by the customary mode of transfer. The Italians turned as if to leave the apartment, when he who had received the money suddenly dropped the silver, as though accidentally, upon the floor. As it was now nearly dark, it was scarcely to be expected that they could find the whole of the pieces without the assistance of a light. This the unconconscious merchant hastened to supply; and unlocking, without suspicion, the door of the partition between them, stooped with a candle over the floor, in search of the lost coin. In this position the unfortunate man was immediately assailed with repeated stabs from a poniard, and he at length fell, after a few feeble and ineffectual struggles, senseless, and apparently lifeless, at the feet of his assassins.

A considerable time elapsed ere, by the fortuitous entrance of a stranger, he was discovered in this dreadful situation; when it was found that the assassins, having first helped themselves to an almost incredible amount of money, had fled, without anything being left by which a clue might have been obtained to their retreat.

The unfortunate victim of their rapacity and cruelty was, however, not dead. Strange as it may appear, although he had received upward of twenty wounds, several of which plainly showed that the dagger had been driven to the very hilt, he survived, and in a few months after, was again to be seen in his long accustomed place at the changer's board. In vain had the most diligent search been made by the military police of Paris for the perpetrators of this detestable deed. The villains had eluded all inquiry and investigation, and would, in all probability, have escaped undiscovered with their booty, but for a mutually cherished distrust of each other. Upon the first complete success of their plan, the question arose, how to dispose of their enormous plunder, amounting to more than a hundred thousand pounds. Fearful of the researches of the police, they dared not retain it at their lodgings. To trust a third party with their secret was not to be thought of. At length, after long and anxious deliberation, they agreed to conceal the money outside the barriers of Paris, until they should have concocted some safe plan for transporting it to their own country. This they accordingly did, burying the treasure under a tree, about a mile from the Barriere d'Enfer. But they were still as far as ever from a mutual understanding. When they separated, on any pretence, each returned to the spot which contained the stolen treasure, where, of course, he was sure to find the other. Suspicion, thus formed and fed, soon grew into dislike and hatred, until at length, each loathing the sight of the other, they agreed finally to divide the booty, and then eternally to separate, each to the pursuit of his own gratification. It then became necessary to carry the whole of the money home to their lodgings in Paris, in order that it might, according their notions be equitably divided.

The reader must here be reminded that there exists in Paris a law relative to wines and spirituous liquors, which allows them to be retailed at a much lower price without the barriers than that at which they are sold within the walls of the city. This law has given rise, among the lower orders of people, to frequent attempts at smuggling liquors in bladders concealed about their persons, often in their hats. The penalty for the offence was so high that it was very rarely enforced, and practically it was very seldom, indeed, that the actual loss incurred by the offending party was anything more than the paltry venture, which he was generally permitted to abandon, making the best use of his heels to escape any further punishment. The gens-d'armes planted at different barriers generally made a prey of the potables which they captured, and were consequently interested in keeping a good lookout for offenders. It was this vigilance that led to the discovery of the robbers; for, not being able to devise any better plan for the removal of the money, than that of secreting it about their persons, they attempted thus to carry out their object. But as one of them, heavily encumbered with the golden spoils, was passing through the Barriere d'Enfer, one of the soldier police who was on duty as sentinel, suspecting, from his appearance and hesitating gait, that he carried smuggled liquors in his hat, suddenly stepped behind him and struck it from his head with his halberd. What was his astonishment to behold, instead of the expected bladder of wine or spirits, several small bags of gold and rolls of English bank notes! The confusion and prevarication of the wretch, who made vain and frantic attempts to recover the property, betrayed his guilt, and he was immediately taken into custody, together with his companion, who, following at a very short distance, was unhesitatingly pointed out by his cowardly and bewildered companion as the owner of the money. No time was lost in conveying intelligence of their capture to their unfortunate victim, who immediately identified the notes as his own property, and at the first view of the assassins swore distinctly to the persons of both—to the elder, as having repeatedly stabbed him; and to the younger, as his companion and coadjutor.

The criminals were in due course of time tried, fully convicted, and, as was to be expected, sentenced to death by the guillotine; but, owing to some technical informality in the proceedings, the doom of the law could not be carried into execution until the sentence of the court had been confirmed upon appeal. This delay afforded time and opportunity for some meddling or interested individual—either moved by the desire of making a cruel experiment, or else by the hope of obtaining a reversal of the capital sentence against the prisoners—to work upon the feelings of the unfortunate money changer. A few days after the sentence of death had been pronounced, the unhappy victim received a letter from an unknown hand, mysteriously worded, and setting forth, in expressions that seemed to him fearfully prophetic, that the thread of his own destiny was indissolubly united with that of his condemned assassins. It was evidently out of their power to take away his life; and it was equally out of his power to survive them, die by the sentence of the law, or how or when they might; it became clear—so argued this intermeddler—that the same moment which saw the termination of their lives, would inevitably be the last of his own. To fortify his arguments, the letter writer referred to certain mystic symbols in the heavens. Now, though the poor man could understand nothing of the trumpery diagrams which were set forth as illustrating the truth of the fatal warning thus conveyed to him, and though his friends universally laughed at the trick as a bare-faced attempt of some anonymous imposter to rob justice of her due, it nevertheless made a deep impression upon his mind. Ignorant of everything only what related immediately to his own money getting profession, he had a blind and undefined awe of what he termed the supernatural sciences, and he inwardly thanked the kind monitor who had given him at least a chance of redeeming his days.

He immediately set about making application to the judges, in order to get the decree of death changed into a sentence to the galleys for life. He was equally surprised and distressed to find that they treated his petition with contempt, and ridiculed his fears. So far from granting his request, after repeated solicitations, they commanded him in a peremptory manner to appear no more before them. Driven almost to despair, he resolved on petitioning the king; and after much expense and toil, he at length succeeded in obtaining an audience of Charles X. All was in vain. A crime so enormous, committed with such cool deliberation, left no opening for the plea of mercy; every effort he made, only served to strengthen the resolution of the authorities to execute judgment. Finding all his efforts in vain, he appeared to resign himself desparingly to his fate. Deprived of all relish even for gain, he took to his bed, and languished in hopeless misery, and as the time for the execution of the criminals approached, lapsed more and more into terror and dismay.

It was on a sultry afternoon, in the beginning of June, 1826, that the writer of this brief narrative—then a not too thoughtful lad, in search of employment in Paris—hurried, together with a party of sight-seeing English workmen, to the Place de Greve to witness the execution of the two assassins of the money changer. Under the rays of an almost insupportable sun, an immense crowd had congregated around the guillotine; it was not without considerable exertion, and a bribe of some small amount, that standing places were at length obtained within a few paces of the dreadful instrument, upon the flat top of the low wall which divides the ample area of the Place de Greve from the river Seine.

Precisely at four o'clock the somber cavalcade approached. Seated upon a bench in a long cart, between two priests, sat the wretched victims of retributive justice. The crucifix was incessantly exhibited to their view, and presented to their lips to be kissed, by their ghostly attendants. After a few minutes of silent and horrible preparation, the elder advanced upon the platform of the guillotine. With livid aspect and quivering lips, he gazed around in unutterable agony upon the sea of human faces; then lifting his haggard eyes to heaven, he demanded pardon of God and the people, for the violation of the great prerogative of the former and the social rights of the latter, and besought most earnestly the mercy of the Judge into whose presence he was about to enter. In less than two minutes both he and his companion were headless corpses, and in a quarter of an hour no vestige, save a few remains of sawdust, was left of the terrible drama that had been enacted. Soon, however, a confused murmur pervaded that crowd—a report that the victim of cruelty and avarice had realized the dread presentiment of his own mind, and justified the prediction contained in the anonymous letter he had received. On inquiry, this was found to be true. As the signal rung out for execution, the unhappy man, whom twenty-two stabs of the dagger had failed to kill, expired in a paroxysm of terror—adding one more to the many examples already upon record, of the fatal force of fear upon an excited imagination.

THE AMERICAN CHURCHES AND SLAVERY.

(From the "London Christian Cabinet July 31st.)

On Sunday morning, the 21st inst. a sermon was preached at the Independent Chapel, Woolwich [the Rev. Mr. Gill's], by the Rev. Edward Matthews, of America, from Psalm lxxxix. 15, 16—"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day, and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted."

In one part of the discourse the preacher was showing that a consciousness of Divine approval was inseperable from obedience to divine law, and observed, by way of illustration, that both in Virginia and Kentucky he had met with those who claimed a "right divine" to buy and sell their fellow-men. In the northern part of Kentucky there was a church of 200 members, eight of whom were slaveholders. They permitted him to preach in their pulpit against slavery, and he pointed out that slavery trampled on the ten commandments, counteracted every grace of the Spirit, and made war with every attribute of God. At the close, as the audience passed out, he gave them anti-slavery tracts. One of them refused to take a tract. The members of the church stated that he sold a slave to the slave-traders on the very day he united with the Church.

In another place he had been preaching against the lawfulness of taking the price of a slave, it being the "price of blood." A hearer who had sold a slave resolved to give to the slave the money obtained by the sale. So he sought him out, and after giving the money, inquired what his prospects were. "Sir," he replied, "I have obtained my liberty, but my wife is a slave, and my two daughters have just been sold. All that I had in the world I offered to redeem them, but it was refused, and the man who sold them is a member of the same church as my wife, and the church said he had a right to sell them."

At Frankfort the capital of Kentucky, there is a large colored church. No white person unites with it. The pastor is a colored man and a slave. On visiting their chapel, and being requested to preach, he consented, though the only white person present. The law usually prohibits a white minister from preaching to the black unless true white persons are present to report him if he preaches against slavery. The pastor was absent, but, another colored minister was present to supply his place. Before preaching the visitor inquired his name. "My right name," he replied, "is Wilkinson, but I am a slave and am often called Eperton, the name of the family that own me. Having paid forty pounds towards my freedom, I shall be free on paying fifty pounds more. This promise had been made to me. As soon, however, as I am free I must leave Kentucky; but as my wife and children are slaves, I am resolved not to leave. I will remain, and suffer whatever punishment may be inflicted upon me." "On hearing this statement," said Mr. Matthews, "and seeing him much affected, I rose and commenced the service, gave out a hymn, read a chapter, and prayed, asking that every yoke might be broken, and every slave go free. Oh! that you could have heard the response, from every part of the chapel, you could never have forgotten it."

Those who claim to have peace like a river, and righteousness like the waves of the sea, and yet trample on the laws of Christ, are not to be believed. The religion of the slaveholders does not sanctify, and therefore cannot save them. It is leading them blindfold to perdition.

Having given these illustrations, Mr. Matthew passed to consider other points in the text, and concluded his sermon, which occupied an hour in the delivery.

In the afternoon, Mr. Matthew related tales of slave life to the Sunday-school and young people. On the 23rd he lectured at Enoc Chapel, Chatham, "On the causes of the War in America, and the approaching downfall of slavery." The Rev. John Bennett in the chair. On Sunday afternoon, the 27th, he related tales of slave-life to the Baptist, Wesleyan, and Independent Sunday-schools at the Independent Chapel, Hereford. The chapel was filled in every part.

GEN. LEE'S NEGRO QUARTERS.

Rev. G. Haven thus reports in the Advocate, a visit to Gen. Lee's Slave Establishment:

An old gray-headed negro, dressed in a neat black suit, sat on one of the door sills. I looked in and found a cellar some six feet deep, into which some broken steps descended. I asked him if those were his quarters. He replied in the affirmative. "Had you no floor?" "Yes, I had one; but the rats trouble me so I took it up." "How long have you lived here?" "Several years." "Alone?" "Since my wife died." "Do you find it comfortable down there?" "O yes, pretty comfortable." I looked down. There was an excuse for a bed in one corner, an old broken bit of a stove, a little table with a dish or two, candle ends, etc., on it, a broken chair, an axe, and a billet or two of wood, and the common earthen floor of a cellar; high up out of reach was a dirty window. Here was another proof of the old-fashioned notions that rule this region. An old man of nearly if not more than fourscore years, modest, neat, courteous, living in a cellar, and in as much worse condition as any pauper I ever saw as a pauper's is worse than a prince's. My ears have been stuffed since I came here with the superior condition of the slaves to the free blacks. I have visited two of the grandest estates of this region, the Carrolton Manor and Arlington Heights. I have entered more than one of the free blacks' humble cottages, and I must say my eyes saw only filth and misery in the one, in the other neatness, self-respect, poverty, but pride also; yes, good reader, pride! Why shouldn't these scions of a mighty race have some of their haughty fathers' feelings? I remember entering one of the humblest of these huts at the Relay. The floor was as white as a Dutch dame's the morning after washing day. Near the door stood an old trunk, the gift probably of some primeval mistress—perhaps Noah's wife's to Canaan's, her granddaughter-in-law, and the first female slave. (*Vide* Dr. Smith and other very learned proslavery commentators, *passim.*) I never saw a cleaner house than that humble Christian's. The yard was swept as nice as the floor. Yet her husband had been a slave, and was then of that poor despised company of free blacks whom so many here are ready to lift up their heel against. have seen no slaves' quarters to compare I with these bits of free soil.

I left the old man so tenderly cared for by those whom he has served so long, after commending him to Him who was as despised and rejected of men, and who had not even a damp cellar wherein to lay his head. Crossing to the opposite buldings, I saw a comely quadroon or octoroon washing. The floor was on *her* room, and half a dozen lively chattels on the floor. The breed is rather interesting in its adolescent state. Young lambs, and pigs, and dogs, and kittens have long been favorites of the farm. I dont think any of them superior to the younglings of this species of property. I may be losing my Northern prejudice and becoming Southernized; they all say I would if I stayed here a while; this may be a sign of the transmutation. I found myself enjoying the gambols of these brown lambkins. It is really a fine looking creature. Curly locks quite too long for a lamb's or a negro's; large, laughing eyes; brown but well-cut features, much more closely resembling a Caucasian's than the ape's or gorilla's, to which they are said to be allied fine turned legs, and neat little feet whose hollow did not make a very great hole in the ground as they went capering about the house and the yard—these are some of the characteristics of this king of beasts.

I asked the mother, (dam perhaps I ought to say,) madam somebody will some time say,) "Who do you belong to?" "Mrs. Lee." "Are you a member of the church?" "Yes, the Baptist." "How many children have you?" (Pardon me for using the word children. She talked and acted so much like a Christian mother I didn't like to say "young ones.") "Seven." "Do you expect to be free?" "Yes, sir; in about a year our time is up." "Do you want to be free?" "Yes, sir, I do." "What for?" "Because I do." Didn't that reason show the woman as much as the babooness. Not being acquainted with the latter's method of reasoning I cannot be sure, but it struck me as a very familiar and conclusive answer. I bid her good bye, a thing I never did a Northern animal, and threw some parting smiles at the jolly little contrabands, who are to be transformed in a year or so from creatures that are appointed as meat for man (Genesis ix. 3,) into beings made in the likeness of God.

H.

Camp Andrew, Baltimore, July 17, 1861.

POWER OF A WORD.

Wendel Phillips, Esq., in his lectures last winter, before the Parent Washington Society told the following story:

A mother, on the green hills of Vermont stood at the garden-gate, holding by her right hand a son sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. "Edward," said she, "they tell me that the great temptation of the seamen's life is drink. Promise me before you quit your mother's hand that you never will drink." Said he—for he told me the story—"I gave her the promise. I went the broad globe over, Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, and during forty years, whenever I saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, my mother's form by the garden-gate on the hillside of Vermont, rose up before me, and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half; "for" said he, "yesterday there came into my counting room a young man of forty, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' 'No,' said I. 'I was brought once,' said he to my informant, 'drunk into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me into your berth, kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said never that I knew of; I never had heard a mother's voice. You told me of yours at the garden-gate; and to-day, twenty years later, I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me."

How far back that little candle throws its beam, the mother's word on the green hillside of Vermont! God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word.

A "Colored" Incident.—The Battle Creek (Mich.) *Journal* relates the following: "On Monday night last, about nine o'clock, several citizens were gathered together near Parker's hat store, discussing the deplorable defeat and terrible destruction of the Federal forces at or near Manassas Junction. Of course, each had his criticism to offer, and his suggestion of plans by which that defeat might have been avoided. On the outside of the crowd stood one of our most industrious, frugal and thrifty colored citizens, listening intently to the conversation. Presently, one of the company turned to him, calling him by name and said:—

"Are you going to fight for the government of the United States?"

"Yes, on certain condition," he responded.

"What are those conditions?"

"That the government and the people of the country shall recognize me as a man and not as a chattel—an article of merchandise. And," he said, "you have thirty thousand men, with strong arms and brave hearts, to aid you in this death struggle, if you will give to it that righteous purpose which it is impossible to divest it of, with any sort of regard to its cause."

No reply was made. The eloquence and force of the rejoinder of him who then stood before them, whose brain, bones and muscles were at one time the property of one of those probably who is now seeking to overthrow the government, is commended to all.

At a Conference meeting, held somewhere in the northern part of our State during the great revival season of '58, were present, among others, Brother Brown—a weak, shy, but good man, considerably "forehanded," and a childless widower—and Sister Ames, a strong-minded spinster somewhat loud of voice and fluent of speech, who, report said, was not averse to the thought of securing the control of Brother Brown and his fine house and farm. In due course of proceeding Brother Brown was called on to relate his experience. As usual, he was humble and slow of speech; "he had very little to say—could not speak to the edification of his brethren and sisters—the time would be better occupied by others. For his part, he felt that it became him to be silent, and that his place was behind the door of the sanctuary." And he sat down, and Sister Ames was soon after called on to speak. She too was humble and subdued; had little to say, and that in a low tone; and concluded by remarking that she felt that "her place was to sit behind the door with Brother Brown." Not even the solemnity of the occasion could prevent the meaning smile that ran round that circle of grave faces.

Scene in a Hotel.—Stranger—Say, have you a good strong porter about the house?

Clerk (eagerly.)—Yes, we have the strongest one in the State.

Stranger—Is he intelligent?

Clerk—Oh! yes, quite intelligent for a porter, we think.

Stranger—One point more. Do you consider him fearless—that is, bold, courageous?

Clerk—As for that matter, I know he is; he would not be afraid of the devil himself.

Stranger—Now Mr. Clerk, if your porter is intelligent enough to find room No. 17, fearless enough to enter, and is strong enough to get my trunk away from the bedbugs, I would like to have him bring it down.

Didn't want an Appetite.—The Mountain (Cal.) *Democrat* is responsible for the following:

A dissipated candidate called for an "eye-opener" in the Orleans Hotel, Sacramento. The bar-keeper speedily completed a cocktail, and was topping it off with absynth. "What's that?—what's that?" demanded the man outside the counter. "It's absynth, sir, it will give you a good appetite." "Appetite! take that stuff out; take it out! I don't want no appetite—what's a feller want of an appetite when he hain't got money enough to pay for his breakfast?"

At an examination at the College of Surgeons, a candidate was asked by Abernethy, "What would you do if a man was blown up with powder?"

"Wait until he came down!" he coolly replied.

"True," replied Abernethy: "and suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles would I put in motion?"

"The flexors and extensors of my arms; for I would knock you down immediately!"

He received a diploma,

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The Weekly Anglo-African.

"MAN MUST BE FREE!—IF NOT THROUGH LAW, WHY THEN ABOVE THE [illegible]

VOL. I. NO. 6. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861. PRICE [illegible]

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Poetry.

MY CHILDREN.

They sleep; athwart my white
Moon-marbled casement, with her solemn mein,
Silently watching o'er their rest serene,
Gazeth the star-eyed Night.

My girl, sedate or wild,
By turns as playful as a summer breeze,
Or grave as Night or star-lit Southern seas,
Serene, strange woman-child!

My boy, my trembling star!
The whitest lamb in April's tenderest fold,
The bluest flower-bell in the shadiest wold
His gentle emblems are.

They are but two, and all
My lonely heart's arithmetic is done
When these are counted, High and Holy One,
O hear my trembling call!

I ask not wealth nor fame
For these, my jewels. Diadem and wreath
Soothe not the aching brow that throbs beneath,
Nor cool its fevered flame.

I ask not length of life,
Nor earthly honors. Weary are the ways
The gifted tread; unsafe the world's best praise
And keen its strife.

I ask not that to me
Thou spare them, though they dearer, dearer be
Than rain to deserts, sunshine to the sea,
Or spring flowers to the bee.

But kneeling at their feet,
While smiles, like summer light on shaded streams,
Are glancing from her glad and sinless dreams,
I would my prayer repeat.

In that alluring land.
The Future, where amid green, stately bowers,
Ornate with proud and crimson flowers,
Pleasure, with smooth, white hand.

Beckons the young away
From glen and hill-side to her banquet fair,
Sin, the grim she-wolf, croucheth in her lair,
Ready to seize her prey.

The bright and purpling bloom
Of Night-shade and Acanthus cannot hide
The charred and bleaching bones that are denied
Taper, and chrism, and tomb!

Lord, in this midnight hour,
I bring my lambs to thee. O, by thy truth,
Thy mercy, save them from th' envenomed tooth,
And tempting poison-flowers!

O, Crucified and Crowned,
Keep us! We have no shield, no guide but Thee!
Let sorrow come—let Hope's last blossom be
By Grief's dark deluge drowned;

But lead by Thine hand,
O gentlest Shepherd, till we rest beside,
The still, dear waters in the pastures wide
Of Thine our Sinless Lamb.

BROOKLYN PAPERS—No. 1.

MR. EDITOR,

Having spent over forty years of my life in this country, and the greater part of that period in the largest cities in the Union, I am prepared to state, as the result of careful observation, that Brooklyn offers as great, if not much greater advantages for improving the temporal, the social and intellectual condition of colored men as any place in this broad land. New York, like many of our older cities, is comparatively worn out, so that the chief means they now retain for improving consists in descending to a depth which must seriously endanger health; or ascending to a height too near Heaven for our present state. This necessity affords ample room for the investment of capitalists, and a broad canvas on which the retiring banker or merchant may exhibit with pride the fruits of past energies and toils. This over growth of New York, has thrown in unequalled haste, the thousand and one tenement houses incommoding from ten to forty families each, injuring beyond description the social habits of thousands of wives and mothers, and demoralizing millions of precious children. I trust nearly all American philanthropists who have devoted time, and invested large sums of money in this style of buildings, will agree with me that the objects contemplated by such investments have utterly failed.

Brooklyn is different. She has ample city area, with suburbs as extensive as they are beautiful. By giving thirty minutes ride from any of her ferries, lots are absolutely cheap. Were it not for our love of ease and pleasure, her railroad convenience for reaching any and almost every part of the city might be considered a nuisance. In our next paper we shall endeavor to show that the forecast and prudence of many colored families confirm all that is here claimed for Brooklyn. She is not only in advance of many of her sister cities of the North, in that she has banished all proscription from her public conveniences, but thereby gives strong evidence of approximating real evangelical Christianity.

The moral and social obligations of the colored people of Brooklyn appear to be very much increased by the fact that in proportion to their numbers, as compared with the colored inhabitants of many other large cities, God hath given them rare advantages. SPES.

THE PRISONER'S CHILD.

It was early morning.

"Is this the way to ———?"

"Yes," roughly replied a brown-faced countryman and passed on.

It was afternoon. The child was somewhat fragile in her appearance. Her bonnet was of broken straw, her shoes were much torn, the sun played hotly on her forehead. She walked on and on an hour longer.

"Is this the way to ——?"

"Yes, little girl; but what are you going there for?"

The child passed on, her lip quivering, but not designing to answer the pleasant faced old man, who had stopped the jogging of his horse to note her hurried manner, and who liked that little face, anxious, and sad as its expression was.

The dew was fallen. Katy had almost fallen too.

A rough stone by the way embedded in moss, received her tired little frame. She looked so wearied and aged, sitting there, her tangled hair falling on the hands that were clasped over her face! By the shaking of her frame, the tears were coming too, and she was bravely trying to hold them back.

"Why! what is this dear little girl doing here?"

This exclamation came from a pair of eager young lips.

"A curiosity, I declare!" exclaimed a harsher voice; and Katy, looking up suddenly, cowered away from the sight of the pretty young girl and her agreeable companion.

"What are you doing here, little girl?" asked Nell Maywood, moving a little nearer to the frightened child.

"Going to ———," said Katy, with a frightened way.

"Did you ever, George! this child is going to ———; why it's ten miles off. Child, did you know it was so far off?

Katy shook her head, and wiped away the hot and heavy tears.

"Why, yes, poor little goose? What are you going there for? Have you had your supper?"

Katy shook her head.

"Have you had your dinner?"

Again the child shook her head.

"Nor breakfast? Why, George, the the poor little thing must be almost starved?"

"I should think so," mechanically replied her brother, just recovering from a yawn, and showing signs of sympathy.

"Look here; what's your name?"

"Katy."

"Well, Katy, you must come up to the house and get something to eat. Going to ——— on foot! dear me how ridiculous! Follow me, Katy, and we'll take good care of you, to-night, somehow, and see about your going to ———, to-morrow."

Katy followed. What a glorious vision burst upon her view; the palace house, the rocks reddening in the low western sun; the shining river, the signs of luxuriousness to be seen on every hand.

They walked up a wide avenue, elms and oaks threw their pleasant branches on each side; here and there a flower bush might be seen; vines grew around the noble pillars, twisting up to the glittering windows.

"Susan, give this child a good supper: she's hungry, and tired, too, I suppose; after that I will see what can be done for her."

Susan wore a mild face; she looked pleasantly down at the poor tired, little one, and taking her hand, which trembled now, led her into the kitchen.

Meanwhile, her story, or that brief part of it which we know, was being told in the drawing-room. The sylph-like figure in white, lounging gracefully in the midst of delicate cushions, accompanied her narrative by expressive gestures, and now and then a little laugh.

"I should like to know what she is going to ——— for," she said, leaning languidly back. "We must get her up something to wear; a bonnet, a pair of shoes and then maybe, we can manage to have her carried some way, if her errand is of any importance. Oh, what an odd looking little thing!"

"What is that, my daughter?"

"Oh, papa, you are coming back!"

"Why, I was talking about a mite of a child; she can't be more than ten, if that. I saw her out here, sitting on a moss rock, the most forlorn object. She said she was going to ———."

"I met her on my way, too," said the pleasant faced old man. "She asked me about it and I would have stopped her, but she trudged on. Where is she now? It was noon when I saw her."

"In the kitchen, papa. Susan is taking good care of her, I expect, and when she has had a hearty supper, we will talk with her."

A gay trio of young girls came in. The needle work was laid aside, the gas burned brightly and music and mirth banished all thoughts of care. Suddenly Nell Maywood remembered the little odd figure, and clapping her hands, cried, "Oh, I've something to show you, girls!" and disappeared."

Susan was picking gooseberries near the pantry, in the kitchen.

"Where is the child, Susy!" asked Nell Maywood.

Susan placed her pan down, held her apron up to catch the stems of the berries, and walked deliberately to the door.

"Why, she was here some time after supper. I turned and came in; she was sitting there, looking up—at the stars I expect. I thought she was a mighty quiet child, but she's deep, deep, Miss Nelly. She's gone? Let me see, there ain't any silver about—I should be afraid she'd took something, they're rightly artful."

"Why, didn't you tell her she might stay all night!" Nell Maywood was peeping here and there, to spy her, if possible.

"Yes, I did, Miss Nell, and told her what a good bed there was over the woodshed; but she looked strange out of them large eyes of hers, and never seemed to hear."

"The poor child is in trouble," said Nell, quite sorrowfully, that she could not further relieve her necessities.

"I'd have given her something to wear, we should have sent her to ——; but perhaps she will come again; if so, will you send her to me."

"If she do, I will, Miss," answered Susan, going into the gooseberries again.

But little Katty did did not come back. She had been watching her opportunity to get off, and had already been gone for some time. She slept in an open field—crawled into some hay. She would have walked all night, if she dared, but she was afraid of the darkness.

* * * * * *

"Mr. Warder, there's a queer case over at my house," said a bluff-looking fellow, meeting one of the officers of ——— Prison. "We found her last night in some-out-of-the-way place, and nothing would do but my wife must take her in. We can't find out her name except that its Katy, and I think she wants to see somebody in the prison; we can't get anything out of her, where she come from, or anything at all about it."

"Bring her over here," said Mr. Warder, "my wife wants a little girl to help her with the housework—maybe she's just the one that will suit."

"So Katy stood trembling more than ever, in a few moments in the presence of Mr. Warder. Katy was a pretty child; her large blue eyes wore the expression of intense melancholy; her hair had been combed and curled, and somebody had put a good pair of shoes on her feet the day before.

"Well, my little girl," said Mr. Warder, kindly, for he was prepossessed in her favor, "where have you come from."

"London," said the child faintly.

The men looked at each other incredulously.

Do you mean to say that you have come to ——— from London on foot?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what have you come for?"

"To see my father!" the child burst forth with one great sob, and for a moment her little frame was shaken with a tempest of feeling.

"And who is your father?" asked Mr. Warder kindly.

"He is Mr. Lloyd," said the child, as soon as she could speak from the rushing sobs.

Mr. Warder looked at the jailor.

"Lloyd! there are three Lloys here—Jim, Blondy, and Dick," said the jailor.

"They may not be their proper name," responded Mr. Warder.

"Just so," said the jailor, "but I can try 'em all. Little one, was your father's name Jim?"

The child nodded her head, or they thought she did; she was all convulsed by the reaction brought on by the sudden termination of her journey.

"If it's Jim, he's a bad one," said the jailor in a low voice; "he's in irons this morning for 'tempting to break jail; he don't deserve a little gal as looks like that one, the villain! Come child."

He took Katy's shaking hand; with the other she dashed away the tears as fast as they fell. It frightened her almost into calmness to see the ponderous door at which the jailor applied the great key; and the stillness of the long stone passages, the dimness thrown over all, the constant succession of bars, and bleak, black walls were terrible to a sensitive mind like hers. How the tread of the jailor and the tread of Mr. Warder behind him, echoed through the gloom and space! It was, in truth, a great tomb through which they moved—a tomb in which were confined human hearts, whose throbs could almost be heard in the awful stillness. On they went, now through this passage way. Everything spoke of crime, of fierce passions subdued and held in stern control.

They turned and went up stairs, the jailor holding the sacred hand close to his side with a tender clasp, Mr. Warder following. Another tramp, and at last they came to a stand still. Slowly the figure of a man with a harsh, hair-covered face appeared.

"Here's your little girl come to see you," said the jailor.

"Little girl! hem! you're green," said the man in gruff accents. "I've got no little girl or you wouldn't catch me here."

"Father!" said the childish voice. It sounded so sweet, so childish in that terrible prison. But as the scowling face came closer to the bars the child laid her head quickly on the jailor's arm, half sobbing "it wasn't him."

"We will try the next one." He walked further on, and spoke more pleasantly this time.

"Well, Blondy, here is little Katy; don't you want to see her?"

"Little Katy"—there was a long pause. "I had a Katy once—not a little Katy; I broke her heart; God pity me! Go on, it can't be for me."

Again the sweet voice rung out "Father?" The prisoner came up close to the bars; a youthful face, framed with light wavy hair—a face in which the blue eyes looked innocent—a face that seemed a sin to couple with the foul deed—gazed out. It saw the child's earnest, pleading, tearful eyes. A dark expression rolled like a wave across his brow; a groan came up from his bosom, and with a low moan, he staggered against his bed, crying, "Take her away; I can't stand the sight of anything that's pure like that!"

Katy had hidden her face a second time, and she feebly cried, "It isn't him," so they kept on to a third cell.

"Jim, here's a little girl—little Katy, your daughter—wants to see you."

A stupid "What?" came from the bed; the man had probably just awakened.

"Your little daughter."

There was a sound of rattling irons that made the child shiver. Dimly appeared the face and outlines of a well made man, the countenance handsome but evil. He seemed not to comprehend; but, as fast as his chains would permit him, he came forward and looked out at the anxious face below. It was almost too much for the child. With a loud convulsive cry, she exclaimed "Father! father!" and fell nearly senseless against the jailor.

"Katy!" exclaimed the man, and there was a nervous twitching about the muscles of the mouth, "What in Heaven's name has brought you here!"

The jailor was calling the child to consciousness.

"Shall we let her come in the cell?" asked Mr. Warder.

Jim was dashing his hand across his face. A smothered "yes" issued from his lips. They opened the ponderous door and put the child within. Her arms were outstretched, his were wide open, and they came together with a clanking sound, about the form of that poor little child.

"Oh, father!"

"Oh, Katy, Katy!"

And then there was a quiet crying. By and by the man lifted the little head whose glossy curls were falling on his shoulder—and oh! what a sharp rattle of the chains smote on the ear—and looked her in the face. After a moment's irresolution, he kissed her, and then his head fell under her earnest loving look.

"Katy, what made you come?"

"I wanted to see you, father," and the head was on his shoulder again.

"How did you come, Katy? Never mind the noise, they are locking up; they will be here again and let you out; how did you come Katy?"

"I walked here."

"From London, child?"

"Yes, father!"

There was not the slightest sound, save that of the chains, as he strained her closer to his bosom.

"And how did you leave—her—Katy—your mother?"

The question was fearfully asked but not responded to. He gazed eagerly in the child's face; her lip was quivering.

"Katy, tell me quick!"

"She died, father!"

A *groan*, a terrible groan followed. The convict's head fell on the lap of his child, and he wept with strong cries. The jailor and governor said that they never saw a sight so woeful. And the child tried to comfort him, till his strength seemed to be gone, and his sobs were like gasps.

"Oh, Katy, when did she die? Oh, my poor May! my poor girl!"

"Ever so long. I think—ever so many weeks," replied the child; but she told me to come and see you, and comfort you."

"Oh, God! this is hard! She always forgave me."

"She told me to pray for you, too; she told me to ask would you be real good after you came out, and meet her in Heaven?"

"In Heaven! In Heaven," groaned the man giving way again to his agony. The child was angel guided. Her soft touch was better for his soul's good than the stripes and chains. He had been hardened; her little love had melted down the adamant, had found the lock-up good of his nature; and she had sent her sweet smiles through its prison door. Long he sat there, his head in the lap of his beautiful quiet child. None dare disturb him, the jailor and governor walked to and fro.

"Father, when you come out I'll take care of you."

He, lifted his head; his eyes, red with weeping, were fixed on her face.

"Mother said I might."

"God's blessing on you my angel child, you may save your miserable father."

"I will save you father."

The governor cleared his throat; the jailor spoke roughly to one of the prisoners—it was to hide his emotion.

"You had better come now," he said, going to the cell.

"Katy, you must go, [illegible] come again, my child."

"Can't I stay?"

"No, dear, [illegible] me again."

They took her [illegible] she sobbed very [illegible] room stood a [illegible]

"I have come for the little [illegible] "She must go home with me. I'll take good care of her. I've heard her story, and when her father comes out, if he's a mind to behave himself, I'll give him plenty to do. Besides [illegible] Maywood stroked her hair, and said pityingly, "Poor child! poor child!"

"Reader, ten miles from ——— there is a little cottage, occupied by a laboring man and his only daughter. Little Katy is fulfilling the command of her dying mother. She is taking care of her father, and he, thank God is taking care of himself. Men respect him, God has forgiven him.

THE RESTORED.

"God is everywhere! His words [illegible] all our hearts. He is on the battle-field and in all our homes. Praise be to his holy name.

It was in the wilds of Wissahickon on the day of battle, as the noon-day sun [illegible] through the thickly clustered leaves, [illegible] two men met in conflict, near the [illegible] which rose like the rocks of some [illegible] world, at least a hundred feet above the waters of the Wissahickon.

The man with the dark brown face, and dark grey eye flushed with deadly light, and muscular form, clad in the blue frock of the Revolution, is a Continental named Warren.

The other, with long black hair, drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half military costume of a Tory refugee. This is the murderer of Paoli named Delaney.

They met by accident, and now they fought, not with swords and rifles, but with long and deadly hunting-knives, they struggled, twining and twisting on the green sward.

At last the Tory is down—down on the turf, with the knees of the Continental upon his breast—the upraised knife flashed death in his face!

"Quarter! I yield!" gasped the Tory, as the knife was pressed upon his breast. "Spare me—I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot, in a tone of deadly hate, "My brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli, and [illegible] as he clung to your knees you [illegible] knife into his heart. O, I will give [illegible] quarter of Paoli!" And as his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate, he paused for a moment, then pinioned the Tory's arms, and with rapid strides dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the Tory, turning ashy pale, as that awful gulf yawned below; "Mercy! I have a wife and child at home; spare me!"

The Continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer in his face:

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow, those children orphans. Would you not like to go and beg your life of the widow and her orphans?"

The proposal made by the Continental, in mockery and bitter hate, was taken in serious earnest by the terror-stricken Tory. He asked to be taken to the widow and her children, and to have the privilege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought, the patriot soldier consented. He bound the Tory's arms still tighter, placed him on the rock again, and led him to the woods. A quiet cottage, embowered among the trees, broke on their sight. They entered the cottage. There, beside the domestic hearthstone, sat the widow and her children.

They sat there, a matronly woman of about thirty-three years, with a face faded by care, a deep, dark eye, and long black hair, hanging in a disheveled state about her shoulders. On one side was a dark-haired boy of some six years; on the other side, a girl one year younger, with light blue eyes. The Bible, an old and venerable volume, lay open on the mother's lap. And now the pale-faced Tory flung himself upon his knees, and confessed he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, and begged his life at her hands.

"Spare me, for the sake of my wife and child!"

He expected the pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart, but not one relenting gleam softened her face.

"The Lord shall judge between us," she said, in a cold, icy tone that froze the murderer's heart. "Look, the Bible is in my lap; I will close the volume, and this boy shall open it and place his finger at random *upon a line, and by that line you shall live* or die."

This was a strong proposition, made in the strong faith of a wild and dark superstition of the olden time. For a moment, the Tory, pale as ashes, was wrapt in thought; then, in a fainting voice, he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes, to Heaven, the widow prayed to the Great Father to direct the fingers of her son. She closed the book, handed it to the boy, whose cheek, reddened with loathing as he gazed on his father's murderer. He took the Bible, opened its pages at random, and placed his finger on a verse.

There was a silence. The Continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood with dilating eyes [illegible] upon the [illegible] day, [illegible] the widow [illegible] It [illegible] the [illegible] springs forward to [illegible] into the murderer's heart, [illegible] pleased as he is, clings to [illegible] Perhaps that one more [illegible] made by the little girl, that [illegible] with the golden hair and [illegible] eyes.

[illegible] There is an awful [illegible] With a smile in her eyes, without [illegible] she was doing, the little girl [illegible] as it lay on her mother's [illegible] turned her face away, and placed [illegible] upon a line.

[illegible] glance. The [illegible] of the brother, and [illegible] of the murderer alone disturbed the [illegible] the widow and dark-haired boy [illegible] The little girl, [illegible] of awe [illegible] breathless; her face [illegible] her finger resting on [illegible]

[illegible] courage, the widow [illegible] page, and read—it [illegible] Testament:

[illegible]

Oh, [illegible] and child[illegible] crushes the [illegible] never shone more [illegible] in that lonely cot of the [illegible] you saved the [illegible]

[illegible] wonderful are the ways of Heaven. [illegible] night, as the wid[illegible] there with a [illegible] her eyelids, thinking of [illegible] mouldering on [illegible] there was a tap at the door. She [illegible] husband, living, [illegible] with wounds, was in her arms.

He had fallen [illegible], but not in death; he was alive, and his wife lay panting on his bosom.

That night there was much prayer in the wood-embowered cottage of Wissahickon.

THE MADMAN AND HIS WIFE.

Margaret had, according to my recommendation, swallowed the sedative, undressed, and retired to bed; where, overcome by fatigue and wretchedness, she sank into a heavy sleep. The bedroom in question, the one usually occupied by herself and her husband, was on the ground floor, at the extremity of the right wing and looking [illegible] thickly-tangled shrubbery. About five o'clock that morning, when dawn was breaking, she awoke with the feeling of something cold being pressed tightly on her throat. She opened her eyes, starting up mechanically from her pillow and saw what might have tried the *nerves* of the strongest man. There was poor Horace sitting calmly by her bedside, perfectly naked, his sea-weed chaplet still on his head, and his arms folded on his breast, making conspicuously visible her own initials and the cross and anchor in pale blue, which he had so carefully punctured on himself in the days that were passed away. But in his hands he held the ends of the coil of black sea-weed stalk, which he had twisted tightly around her neck; and it was the pressure of this deadly ligature upon her throat that roused her from sleep. Owing to her instinctive self-possession, and her wonderfully calm nature, aided, perhaps, by the effects of the opiate, *in some measure*, she neither started nor screamed when she discovered her peril, but at once addressed him cheerfully, and tried to link one of his hands in hers; yet he still retained his hold on the coil, so that she knew she was helpless. She told me afterwards how difficult it was for her to withstand the inclination to put her fingers to her neck and endeavor to rid herself of her ghastly necklace. She did refrain.

"Yes, it is I, Margaret," he answered dreamily. "I have come to enable you to die. It is necessary," he continued with frightful calmness, "that you should be strangled. I've been a long time preparing this rope, and it is now thoroughly charmed."

She shivered a little. "It is cold—is it not?" he said; "but that will not signify in the end. It seems almost a pity, does it not?" and he touched her full and finely moulded throat doubtfully with his fingers. "Don't be afraid, love," he added, almost tenderly, and proceeded to tighten the coil. She made a desperate effort.

"You know Horace, I can have no objection, but I must have my hair properly dressed; you must dress it for me. You used to think my hair beautiful, you know."

He seemed puzzled for a moment. "Is it absolutely needful?" he inquired, sternly.

"I am sure it is," she replied with a vague idea that it would be better to assign some reason, however absurd; "the corpse would otherwise look unseemly."

"Very well," he answered gravely. He then assisted her out of bed, still keeping the detestable coil in his fingers. She placed herself before the glass, biting her lips to bring back the color which had fled, and trying to smile; then letting down her long hair, she handed him the brushes. He took them, and began his task with the greatest gentleness, and to her inexpressible relief, she felt the *coil relax* as the two ends fell down on the floor; though of course, it was still round her throat.

These moments seemed hours, and her agitation and suspense were fast growing intolerable. Meanwhile, poor lady, she praised his dexterity, which seemed to please him, excessively, and stimulated him to new endeavors. He began to perform the most extravagant manœuvers, brushing her hair quite [illegible], and letting it fall in a mass over her shoulders [illegible] his own neck and [illegible] this with [illegible].

It was [illegible] I arrived [illegible] that the shortest [illegible] bery, I pushed [illegible] branches with [illegible] on the lawn, I reconnoitred [illegible]. I was naturally surprised to see Mrs. Saltoun visible at that hour from the bedroom window; it was low enough for me to have a view of part of the interior of the room; and I saw that *she* was sitting before the mirror, her face turned towards the window. She was excessively pale, and had a strange, forced smile. Though she caught my eyes she neither moved nor made the slightest sign of recognition, but continued to gaze with such a stern, [illegible] expression, that I would move with [illegible]. I stepped back and looked again. Yes, so it was! I saw plainly her mad husband standing behind her. I could see his head still crowned, and his naked shoulders.

Though I was not aware of the critical nature of her peril, I knew there was danger, so, crouching down and out of sight, I made my way [illegible] into the house. I encountered his own servant, a man much attached to his master; he inquired eagerly if I had tidings of him.

"Take off your shoes," I said, "instantly, and follow me; your master is in the house." I paused outside the bedroom door and listened. I could hear nothing [illegible] the rustling of the brushes in the hair, and an odd, low, chuckling laugh. I then tried the handle of the door as noiselessly as possible; good—it was not bolted or locked inside, as I had feared to find. I instantly threw it open. Horace faced me, and with a terrible yell sprang upon me like a wild beast. Poor fellow! assistance was at hand, and he was quickly overpowered. When I turned to seek Margaret, she had fainted. —"Horace Saltoun," in Cornhill Magazine.

ENSLAVING THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

A correspondent of the Boston "Transcript," writing from San Francisco, tells this story of the treatment of the Indians on the Pacific coast:

Since my last I have been home, and from there two hundred miles northward to Humboldt Bay, where the land office is situated. I went up with a party of eight, on horseback, taking pack animals with us to carry our provisions. It was a rough, mountainous country we had to travel over, and uninhabited, save here and there by a rough mountaineer. The country is pretty thickly populated with wild Indians, who are now being hunted for their children—an assertion which will probably startle you, but such is the fact, disguise it as they may.

For several years different parties have attempted to locate themselves in those hills with cattle to take advantage of the great range of feed. The Indians, being a miserable, improvident race, have now and then killed an ox when they were hungry, and the whites in retaliation have killed them, and the Indians in return have killed some whites when they caught them alone; the consequence has been one or two Indian wars, so called, in that country, but in reality the war was all on one side, for the Indians are incapable of making a war. Well, during all this time there has been a reservation up in that country, where the Indians are supposed to be taken care of by the Government, and all captives were taken there—a good many orphan children among the rest. Experience proved them to be, when tamed, quite docile and very good servants, learning to work and to speak English very rapidly. Many of them were adopted into families, and our legislature was induced to pass a law which by an easy process "apprenticed them out for a term of years."

The demand for these little fellows naturally increased, and to get one many persons living at a distance would willingly pay fifty or a hundred dollars for the trouble of bringing them down. There are many wild, uncouth, reckless fellows living in those mountains with squaws they have stolen from the Indians, and to meet this demand they have to make war on the Indians; the Indians kill a few beeves to keep themselves from starving, and this affords a pretext. The government itself is making war on the Indians at the demand of the settlers for protection, and the settlers make war for the young ones, so as to take them and sell them; that is to say, they make you a present of a little digger, and you make them a present of a hundred dollars for their trouble in catching him.

We stopped at one house on the trail in the deep gorges of the mountains, and saw six poor little naked urchins who had been recently captured; any one we could have taken home with us by quietly slipping fifty dollars into the hands of their captor. The brutal rascal pointed to one boy and said, with the greatest [illegible] imaginable, that he "had killed his daddy yesterday, and thought he was not quite big enough to kill, so he brought him in," and showed us a huge knife with which he had slaughtered the unresisting native.

EARLY RISERS.—One of our contemporaries, who doubtless love to whisper soft things by moonlight and doze dreamily late in the morning, disposes of the virtue of early rising as follows:

"We have watched these fellows who are early risers, and as a general thing they are the first chaps who go to the groceries in the morning. It is all moonshine about the smartest and greatest men being the earliest risers. It may have been so in old times—we won't dispute about that; but now-a-days, when you see a chap moving about very early, you may be certain he is after a drink."

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

☞ Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.

☞ Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.

A NOBLE PROPOSITION.

ROBERT HAMILTON Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I congratulate you at the appearance once more of the Anglo-African,—a paper that gained, for the time it existed, more prestige than any other that had preceded it.

Now sir, the glorious question is, "Shall it live?" I call it glorious, from the immense importance of the hour that is now upon us.

It will [illegible] if we bring our patriotism, our love for the truth, not to a boiling, but a moderate heat. Let each brother and sister, father and child, do what they can—take stock in it at a fair premium. The premium to be paid in Hallelujahs when its work as a Journal for Freedom is over.

Sir, I propose to unite with some in investing Five Dollars to begin with; what will others answer? I propose no plan upon which it is to be paid, but leave that to your better judgment—but I suppose you need the money as soon as you can get it. I therefore pay immediately. Now who will be the next customer,—not for five, for four—for three—for two—for one? Or fifty cents? Keep in remembrance, friends, that this [illegible] pays glorious in premiums, however small be the investment. Yet you must [illegible] remember that greater the investment, more glorious the premium!

Now sir, I believe I have said enough; perhaps more than enough—for, after all, all that is requisite is but for the people to know of our need and they are ready to [illegible] its renewal.

Yours in behalf of the good cause,

J. N. GLOUCESTER.

CHANGES No. 2.

So rapid and various are the changes passing before us, that they command the attention of Anglo-Africans who are as yet mere lookers on, however hopeful of "lending a hand" to set things to rights.

Scarce a twelve-month has passed since Anti-Slavery men were hooted and mobbed in Massachusetts and New York, so that the worst of times of pro-slavery mobs seemed about to recur, and the banner of the "host" even trailed in the dust so far as to omit the usual anniversary in New York. [illegible], meetings in favor of the South and of slavery are mobbed even when they assume the angel livery of peace.

In 1834 the pro-slavery mobs in this city were, to a large extent, urged on by the inflammatory appeals of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, edited by James Watson Webb: to-day, the *Courier and Enquirer* has given up the ghost, and its ferocious editor gently eased off to a small mission where he may enter into the mixed joys of servile decay and agonies of a mis-spent life. So too, the *Journal of Commerce*, *Day Book*, and the *Daily News* who fattened on cursing the negro and endeavoring to prove his relative inferiority in the family of men—these papers are all shut up or metamorphosed so far as their favorite topic is concerned.

The iron heel of the war has leveled white man and free black, slave-holder and slave, *in a most* important point—in the matter of giving testimony. The panting fugitive and his pursuer rush into the Federal lines even in old Virginia; the officer in command sees *two men*—he hears both as men, and acts according to his best judgment.

Perhaps the most astounding change of all is that which relates to the great political field, of which the stern necessities of war, what is called the "War Power," has now taken possession. It is well understood that no triumph, cabinet or forum in diplomacy or political strategy can win the next presidency of these United States. Should the vote be taken to-morrow, no civilian however great, no politician however astute could have the shadow of a chance. The yearnings of the people for a military man at the helm of state which began with Jackson and had been smothered in Buchanan's election, will be pronounced with emphasis at each succeeding election for the next *half century*. Even town candidates for constables in rural districts, instead of swearing that they are sound on the goose will have to scare up a scratch received in battle or ambuscade. The success of Ben. Butler, democrat, led to the appointment of Banks, republican, as general of volunteers. And now that Fremont is fairly in the field, the rivalry between the two, and others who will spring up, will be not only in successful battles, but in shrewdly worded letters and proclamations. We all remember how the classic general orders of General Taylor, written by his [illegible] Colonel Bliss, floated like martial strains on the [illegible] ear, and secured the presidential vote. Now we have a letter from Butler, and a proclamation from Fremont, the pith and turning point in both being who shall be the most thoroughly an emancipationist. Here then we recognise in the fire front of the war the right issue of the great slave question. The question is the same as it has been since the foundation of the government, but what a change in the issue! The president in power is already losing his times: the rapid quicksands of the hour are slipping away from beneath his feet; the people look elsewhere with hope; they will no longer abide [illegible] proclamations which directly or indirectly affirm or admit that man can hold property in man. And the cunning men, sharp-sighted and daring are already seizing upon anti-slavery, [illegible] the most [illegible] their [illegible] in the struggle for power.

These are [illegible] changes, and changes for the better. Like soldiers in the heat of battle, the whites can only see the minor events which occur in our vicinity. We blacks have a larger vision and we rejoice at what we see, not simply because the better time beckons with hope to us—we are not and never have been so intensely selfish—but because we feel that the land we love so well, and the institutions which have been so long perverted, are both about to be rid of the direst curse that ever afflicted humanity; because liberty and justice are about taking the place of slavery and injustice.

To make our statement clearer in regard to Butler and Fremont, let us quote two short passages from each. "Fremont's proclamation, without circumlocution, declares that the slaves of rebels in Missouri *are hereby* declared *to be free men*." There is no hitch about contrabands or half-way ideas about what is to be done with them, they are *free men* and of course able to take care of themselves. Not to be outdone, General Butler in his *speech at Washington, made the other night*, declared that the Federal host would march from that spot straight through the rebel states, and would secure for *every man* what the secessionists were so fond of quoting "Life, LIBERTY and the *pursuit of happiness*."

AMUSEMENTS.

THE EXCELSIOR PIC-NIC.

Bull's Ferry is a quiet little place about seven miles up the Hudson River, and thither on Friday, 30th inst. repaired an agreeable little party of about sixty persons, for the purpose of participating in a social pic-nic. The incredible short space of time in making the arrangements, being hardly twenty-four hours, it was truly astonishing to see such an affair, and on such an extensive scale. The day was all that could be desired, and the occasion a truly interesting one.

A part of the committee went up on the ten o'clock boat, while the remainder, with the invited guests, went up on the two o'clock boat. Arriving there we were received by the committee, and conducted to the house—after depositing baskets, &c. in their charge and laying off hats, cloaks &c. we repaired to the platform for a quadrille, after which a grand march, when the guests all formed in couples, preceded by the committee, and marched to the large dining-hall, where a most sumptuous repast was arranged. It is unnecessary to relate what was there, suffice it to say, that in spite of the damage done to the good things by the consumers, there seemed to be no scarcity in quantity. After the repast was over the guests repaired to the Grove for "*Le Danse*," Mr. T. B. Voorhees officiating as director. The committee who were so untiring in their efforts to please their guests almost forgot that they had not partaken of the dainties themselves.

Among the strangers I noticed Mr. Lucas of Washington city, and Mr. Crawford of Mobile. The committee consisted of Mrs. W. of Minetta Lane, Mrs., H. C., and Mrs. J. of York St., Mrs. L. of Cornelia St. and Mrs. B. of the same street. Mrs. D. 17th St. Mrs. G. King St. Mrs. B. Thompson St., Mrs. C. and Mrs. N. of York St., Messrs. Nichols, Myers and Butler, who were untiring in their efforts to render everything agreeable. At half-past six o'clock the bell of the steamboat summoned them to the landing. The time had passed so pleasantly that we wished it was morning again, but it seemed the pleasures were not to end here, for there was a hop in the evening at Mrs. G.'s in 19th St. where a large number of the party repaired to make out the day, for it was after, when your correspondent retired. *Viva la Excelsior.*

SPARTACUS.

P.S. *The young* lady who came in the 5 o'clock boat is excusable for the remarks she made, for it has never been supposed that her existence is endangered by an overplus of good sense.

REV. H. M. WILSON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

The ladies of the Rev. Mr Wilson's church, (7th Avenue, Presbyterian) have, for a few years past, been in the habit of celebrating their pastor's birthday. These gatherings have always been quite popular, and the one given on Monday evening was not an exception to the rule. The lecture room of the church was well filled by a highly intelligent audience, who, judging by the lateness of the hour when they parted, must have enjoyed the occasion very much. The singing and instrumental performances were conducted by Messrs. Bogert and Vanhorn.

In addition to the usual exercises on such occasions, the Rev. Mr. Wilson delivered a short address in which he made the announcement that he would, in a few days, hold a series of meetings in his church in reference to the improvement of the mental and pecuniary condition of our people.

We have no doubt but these meetings will prove highly interesting and instructive.

Letter from Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Aug. 30, 1861.

DEAR ANGLO—

A Grand Convocation of the Bethel Sabbath School was held last evening at their church in 6th Street, between Lombard and Pine Sts. The exercises commenced with singing and prayer. Rev. John Woodlin made the introductory address, and was followed by Rev. Messrs. Stephen Smith, John Smith and Caleb Bond, and Messrs. Henry Gordon, Josiah Eddy and Jabob C. White, Sen. The number of scholars present was about two hundred. They behaved remarkably well. In the evening there was a fruit festival given by the teachers of the school, at the Colored Institute in Lombard Street, which was attended by a large and respectable company, the female portion of which was dressed exceedingly gay. Ice cream, fruits, and other refreshments were in great abundance.

On the day of the above a fine Pic-Nic was held at Red Bank, N. J. Although the weather was quite unfavorable a large gathering was present. During the day addresses were made by several eminent speakers. About 5 o'clock the band struck up, and the company started for Philadelphia, reaching Market Street wharf without anything occurring to mar their happiness.

J. A. T.

For the Anglo African.

Arrival of the Bark Edward at Monrovia.

The safe arrival of the bark Edward at Monrovia must evoke general joy and [illegible] among the friends and relatives [illegible] truly respectable, heroic, and [illegible] body of philanthropists, who having [illegible] to strengthen the establishment of [illegible] and missionary enterprise [illegible] coast of Africa. We [illegible] through the kindness of Mr. T. [illegible] Downing to peruse a private letter from his son Peter, who accompanied the party referred to, and who is located in Monrovia in the grocery business. Mr. Downing presents the hospitality of his adopted government in a most admirable light. Immediately on his arrival at the Capitol an official dinner, such as is customarily tendered in all civilized governments to distinguished strangers, was tendered to the firm and company, Mr. Downing occupying the right of the President, and the Mayor of Monrovia, Hon. B. V. R. James the left. Generous wine flowed, and glowing sentiments, red hot with blazing patriotism found expression and response from hearts brimfull of love to the grand principles which *they have carried their lives in their hands* to establish. After recounting the many agreeable disappointments in the appearance of the place, the dispositions and qualifications of the inhabitants, their enterprise *and social pride*, Mr. Downing *passes to the* more important subject of his business speculations. Says he: "In two weeks I have realized in the retail of my groceries, $700. Candies, loaf sugar, brandy, rum, Scheidam schnapps, &c., find ready sales here. An experimental consignment of such articles by yourself or George will not, I can positively assure you, prove otherwise than to your great pecuniary profit and satisfaction." This truly is flattering, yet we do not wonder at the success of Mr. Downing when we consider his business advantages, in fact his business inheritance; and yet with all those signs of promise a cloud obscures the luster of these dazzling prospects as we weigh the fearful chances of life and health which threaten the stranger from the temperate climes. In fact we believe his struggles with that fatal element but a question of a short time at least. Of course there are exceptions, but they we believe to be tough and stubborn constitutions, hard to *break down, which, with continual drugging*, eke out a miserable existence—miserable we mean in health, suffering continual mortifications of the flesh, until, as the fearful record during the emigration movement in *this direction will show, they mingle their* bones with other lamented victims in this distant Golgotha.

TYPES.

Lecture by Miss Paulyon.

On Monday evening the 2nd inst., Miss Paulyon, a lady 7 years out of slavery, lectured at the Zion Baptist Church in Sullivan Street. The meeting was organized by a fervent prayer by Rev. Jno. T. Raymond, for the success of the Federal Government, hoping that the various means that have been resorted by a certain Generals may result in the liberation of the slave. After which the lecturer arose and read a portion of a chapter in the Bible. She then commenced a narration of her early slave life, part of which was very affecting, calling forth many tears, especially from the female portion of the audience. She afterwards spoke at length upon our condition in this country, as a people, our advantages and disadvantages, the question of caste, &c., &c. In speaking of caste the lady frequently alluded to the manner in which most of the white people taught their children prejudice against colored people. She was frequently interrupted with shouts of applause. And, we should think it had a wholesome effect on the audience, many of whom were white. The lady did not think it good policy to narrate her escape from slavery, as it might involve certain parties who aided her, so she would reserve it till some other time. Suffice it *to say she was sixteen years old when she* made her escape, suffering hunger, thirst, and cold on her journey to the North. Since she has been in the North she has learned needle-work, geography, arithmetic, grammar, painting, together with one or two other of the fine arts, all through her own exertions. She also writes poetry, several anti-slavery pieces of which she sung, which created some mirth, excepting one entitled the "Slave's Farewell," at which many eyes filled with tears. The lady then exhibited a piece of her needle-work, it being a piece she had about just commenced. It was a large piece of fine black cloth embroidered with silk so as to represent a large wreath of flowers in a variety of colors. It certainly dazzled the eye to look at it. In conclusion the lady stated that she would sail for Hayti in a day or two. She said that she wished to make a few purchases before she sailed, and that any favors would be thankfully received by her, either on the spot or at her boarding place at Mrs. J. W. Bells; after which the meeting closed, all expressing great gratification with the manner in which they had been entertained. For our part we never heard anything to equal it. The lecture occupied about one hour and a half in its delivery. Miss P. is a native of Alabama.

TOUSSAINT.

FROM HAYTI.

The following are extracts from letters recently received from members of the New Haven Colony, copied by permission of the parties to whom they were addressed. The first is from Mrs. Monroe, widow of the late Rev. Wm. C. Monroe. The *letter is dated,*

Port au Prince, Aug. 4, 1861.

* * * * * * * * * * *

We stopped at St. Mark's two days, and went ashore. I did not like the looks of the place as well as Port au Prince, but I do not like the looks of either. You would not like *to live here. I am coming* home as soon as I can; I have been and still am sick. The president has done all that he can to render us happy, but there is no use in staying here without any health. *It has been and is yet very sickly* here. There have been many deaths among us.

Mr. John P. Armstrong, his father and mother, a child of Stephen Jackson, and his wife's mother, Mr. Holly's mother and a Mr. Jackson of New Haven, Mrs. Rogers and infant, Mrs. Jane Trusty, Mr. Rogers, have been very sick, and also Mr. C. J. Freeman. His daughter Hatty is dead, also a child of Mr. Adams. There are a great many more who are not expected to live. I have been to the palace, it is a very splendid building. The wife of the President has called on me several times, and has promised me a school, if my health will permit * * * * * * * I hope to see you again soon, and have a good time with you.

Yours, &c.,

M. O. MONROE.

The next is from Mr. Prince T. Rogers, addressed to a gentleman in New Haven.

DEAR SIR,

With mingled emotions I take my pen in hand to let you know how we do. We have been well, and done well, but God is the ruler of all things.

We have all been sick with the fever. It has made a great hole in our colony. Along with the number that have gone is my wife and sister Trusty; I went down to death's door, but God said spare him a little longer. Out of our colony 14 have died. But notwithstanding, God has so scourged us, I must say this is a fine country.

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

I am very nervous and can but just walk alone.

The President is a very fine *man*. He comes out here to see us in our trouble, and counsels us like a father. We brought the sickness upon ourselves by eating too much solid food, and being in the hot sun. We have started an Episcopal Church here, which the natives seem to appreciate much. We also attended the Sabbath School, but our sickness has caused its discontinuance. All the country needs, is active, intelligent men.

Yours, &c.,

PRINCE T. ROGERS.

LETTER FROM LEO L. LLOYD.

MONROVIA, Republic of Liberia, July 6, 1861.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:

Can you, through the columns of your widely circulated paper, assign to the people of Liberia the reason why the capitalists of the North, who scatter their money in every other direction, overlook or underlook our superior claims to financial recognition, if no more? They ride all night in the cars or steamboat to reach Washington in time to bid on the five per cent. loans, or run the risk of their lives to be at St. Louis or Chicago to the great sales of lands often held in those rocket cities. They press each other's toes rather too close for comfort, to catch the eye of the stock auctioneer; and in seven cases out of every ten, lose at that. They loan their money to Southern planters who do not own the shoes on their feet, or the bed they sleep on. They run headlong into all manner of wild but aerial speculation, with the glaring fact before their eyes that we are only waiting for the first who offers to furnish us with the needful articles (not cash), out of which their thirty-three per cent. is a living certainty. Is it because we are all black men, and they have only been accustomed to placing their means in the hands of white men? Look at our unequaled prospects for sugar and cotton growing; consider that we produce the best coffee in the world, besides arrowroot, *ginger, corn, peanuts, cocoa, indigo, and* other valuable articles. As to sugar, that will at present, or at least until we obtain *more wealth, be the leading article of ex*port from Liberia, and for this reason, sugar can be grown and brought to market in large quantities much sooner than cotton, and at half the expense to the producer. It brings first class prices both in Europe and America. One reason why the sugar brings a good price in small quantities of fifty thousand pounds or more, is that we as yet know nothing of the art of reducing the strength to give it a fairer grain and color, therefore, what we do make brings a higher price than fancy Cuba brands. As our sugar is so much stronger than Cuba sugar, that after it is refined it is still stronger than all other sugars produced elsewhere, and we can afford to continue in this same way, thereby always commanding a good price. As to obtaining reliable laborers, had we the means that are wasted in attempts to make ten per cent. in other countries, we could set all the natives in Western Africa to work at a much cheaper rate than slave labor costs.

It is preposterous to say the natives of Africa must be enslaved to make them work. The fact is, all they want to induce them to labor as hard and as long as civilized man, is simply the pay for it every month and comfortable houses built for their wives and children, who would do half as *much as the men for one third the amount* of wages. It is a shame that nearly one half the sugar cane planted here last year *is still standing for want of mills to make* it up. There are but two steam mills in the Republic. They do all their owners can get, including their own crops. The small power mills sent here by our friends in America are entirely too frail for our large cane. Nothing but steam mills should be sent here, as we have no mules or large horses, and our oxen are small and soon break down. You are aware, I suppose, that we only plant the same land once every eight years, and cut good cane every year during that length of time. Each acre is said by those who are now growing cane to produce from 1000 to 1500 lbs of sugar, besides the syrup and molasses dripping from it. Fifteen dollars per acre will buy the land, clear and plant it. After that it is only necessary to keep the weeding out for eight years to get good crops. Let the knowing ones figure for themselves. Liberia is now full of recaptured slaves, and they could all be set to work at once.

The great cry, however, is "Cotton! Cotton!" *Well*, it grows spontaneously throughout the great table lands of Western Africa. There are five hundred thousand acres of the best of cotton land in and adjoining Liberia. And all we want is the root of all evil to clear and plant it. It would have been done long since, but people are not as wise as they suppose they are; if they were, they would not risk their money in the slave trade, when the African can be employed here to greater profit and at one-tenth the risk of losing.

How can we, the Liberians, plant cotton or sugar in large quantities without capital? Do they do it in other parts of the world? Do the slaveholders do it? Who has the advantage in such an enterprise—the slaveholders or the Liberians, when the capital is equal? There are four millions of slaves in the United States; not over two millions are cotton laborers, the balance grow sugar, rice, tobacco and other things. When a slave dies, or is successful in the game of "hide and you can't find me," it costs the planter from $800 to $1000 to fill his place, and then it cannot be done immediately. But when a native, working by the month or year, dies, or chooses to stop work, there are one hundred million others ready to take his place at $36 per year, certainly not over $40, as quick as you could say, "Jeff. Davis is a pirate." There's a soft place on the world's head yet about everything African.

We hear much and read more about civilizing and evangelizing Africa. But to speak as one here on the spot where this *great work is to be accomplished*, and where so many noble women and men have found a grave in the attempt, I beg leave *to be one of the minority*, as far as accomplishing it by mere praying and preaching is concerned. In my humble opinion it would require *centuries to bring it about*. But suppose the same amount was expended in planting the above mentioned articles, and the natives were called in two hours per day and instructed in religious matters, who cannot see the difference it would make? The love of gain would keep the native and his children on the plantation, and the regulations on the estate would effectually abolish all heathen practices. Look at the most civilized countries in the world; where do the churches thrive most—is it not where the poorer classes are paid best for their labor, and commerce is in the most flourishing condition? Who supposes the African is not actuated as much by gain as other men? Let the eyes of all Christians be opened to this glaring truth, who cannot see that in such a way as is above hinted at the African will pay the entire expenses of his civilization, and open the door for the generations that will follow him. How blind we all are with our eyes wide open. Now is the time for those who believe, with myself, that the African is to work out his own freedom by making use of his own unsurpassed fertile soil, and employing the legion of laborers he can command in opposition to slave labor.

I cannot believe that the disunion troubles will result as favorably to the slaves as Wendell Phillips eloquently argues. No sir, the North looks at the slave as capital, as will the South, and the *African* is the greased dollar between them. Now, if the negro could convince the North that he will be of as much value to the people of the free States as he is in a pecuniary sense to those South, that day he is free. Or if we who are *in Africa could obtain* sufficient goods, &c., (that being the capital meant in this letter,) to set three million *of natives to the producing of cotton*, sugar, rice, coffee, &c., with the superior productiveness of our soil, we could starve out slavery in twenty-five years. The disunion difficulty in America, in my opinion, is not a struggle for the freedom of my race, but one for political ascendancy in the government. The negro's freedom will be the last thing granted, no matter who wins in the conflict, is the humble conviction of your obedient servant.

LEO L.L.

Revival in Jamaica.

The following letter, from a proof-sheet of the forthcoming "American Missionary" for September, was written by an old and distinguished minister of the Baptist denomination. Mr. Clark has been on the island nearly thirty years. He was a friend of the late Joseph Sturge, and is esteemed very highly wherever known.

BROWNSTOWN, Jamaica, May 28, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR—Your kind and interesting letter reached me last month. We are now looking with deep interest and anxiety for intelligence from the United States, and pray that if it pleases God the awful calamity of war *between brothers may be even yet averted*; that peace may be restored, and slavery—the cause of discord and of a thousand evils—may be destroyed, and not permitted to ruin your noble republic and country.

You wish me to give you some account of the revival.

It is now about seven months since it commenced in connection with one of the Moravian churches in the western part of the Island. It spread rapidly and powerfully. Multitudes were awakened, and a large portion of them, it is believed, truly converted. Satan at once began to sow his tares, and they speedily sprang up. The minds of thousands of the the most ignorant and superstitious of the people were filled with alarm—they feared that fearful judgments were coming upon them, gave up work and wandered about from place to place. Obeah men declared that they too were visited by the Spirit of God and directed to dig up the *Obeah (fetish)* that had been hid in the ground for evil purposes, and that they would thus deliver the people from the curse resting upon them. These infatuated persons seemed bereft of reason and possessed by an evil spirit. They disturbed our services—interfered with our plans, and charged us with opposing the work of God. In this way disgrace was brought upon the revival, and the work of grace was hindered in many parts of the Island. Still the people crowded to every service, great numbers were deeply convinced of sin—abandoned their evil practices and sought the Lord with their whole heart. In connection with my own congregations, upwards of seven hundred persons came to me to converse with them about their souls. Many of these were backsliders, who manifested deep and sincere repentance, but the most part were young people, who seemed intensely anxious about their souls. Nearly six months *have elapsed since the work began*, and a few only have returned to the world, some feel less than when they were just awakened, but the greater portion are pressing on in the way to Zion with their faces thitherward.

The unhallowed excitement, to which I have referred, swept over us like a storm; it wrought *fearful havoc; many who might have been* brought into the kingdom of God had their thoughts diverted from Christ, and carried away by evil passions and superstitious fears. It is still raging in some of the eastern parts of the Island, and if the reports reach me are correct, *to the almost entire prevention of the* work of grace.

Certainly, I never beheld anything so strange as the struggle here between evil and good, darkness and light, the kingdom of Satan and the kingdom of God. What the result would have been I cannot tell, but for the fervent *prayers and earnest, faithful efforts* of the Lord's people. Night and day they labored and prayed to resist the torrent of evil, and to lead sinners to Christ.

Our chapels are still crowded to excess on Sabbath days—although hundreds of the people have to travel five, six and eight miles to *them, and on week evenings the services*, classes for instruction, etc., are well attended. In the Sabbath-school at this place we have about eight hundred scholars; at our second station, Bellmmy, four hundred; and at two other stations, between two and three hundred. A considerable number of the children are *under concern about their souls.*

We still hope that many who were deluded by the enemy of souls will even yet be delivered from that power. Seldom a day passes without some one coming to me, and frequently several persons, under concern about their souls. About a hundred couples who were living *immorally, have been united in marriage* by myself, and similar numbers have been married by other ministers. Nearly, if not all, the new converts have given up the use of rum.

It is supposed that at least twenty thousand persons in the western portion of the Island have been convinced of sin, and have turned *to the Lord. Many of these may prove false* to their professions, but no Christian or Christian minister I have met doubts the reality of the conversion of a very large proportion of these persons.

Hoping soon to hear again from you, and begging you to excuse this abrupt close, as I *have been interrupted, and must send off my* letter at once, I remain, my dear sir, most truly yours,

JOHN CLARK.

Lewis Tappan, Esq., New York.

PROCLAMATION OF GEN. FREMONT.

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
"ST. LOUIS, Aug. 31, 1861.

"Circumstances, *in my judgment of sufficient* urgency, render it necessary that the Commanding-General of this Department should assume the administrative powers of the State. Its disorganized condition, the helplessness of the civil authority, the total insecurity of life, and the devastation of property by bands of *murderers and marauders* who infest nearly every county in the State and avail themselves of the public misfortunes and the vicinity of a hostile force to gratify private and neighborhood vengeance, and who find an enemy wherever they find plunder, finally demand the severest measures to repress the daily increasing crimes and *outrages which are driving off* the inhabitants and ruining the State. In this condition the public safety and the success of our arms require unity of purpose, without let or hindrance, to the prompt administration of affairs.

"In order, therefore, to suppress disorders, *to maintain as far as now practicable* the public peace, and to give security and protection to the persons and property of loyal citizens, I do hereby extend, and declare established, martial law throughout the State of Missouri. The lines of the army of occupation in this State are for the present declared to extend from Leavenworth by way *of the posts of Jefferson* City, Rolla, and Ironton, to Cape Girardeau on the Mississippi River.

"All persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands within these lines shall be tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, will be shot. The property, real and personal, of all *persons in the State of Missouri who shall take* up arms against the United States, and who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free.

"All *persons who shall* be proven to have destroyed, after the publication of this order, railroad tracks, bridges or telegraphs, shall suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

"All persons engaged in treasonable correspondence, in giving or procuring aid to the enemies of the United States, in disturbing the *public tranquility*, by creating and circulating false reports or incendiary documents, are in their own interest warned that they are exposing themselves.

"All persons who have been led away from their allegiance are required to return to their homes forthwith; any such absence without *sufficient cause will be held* to be presumptive evidence against them.

"The object of this declaration is to place in the hands of the military authorities the power to give instantaneous effect to existing laws, and to supply such deficiencies as the conditions of war demand. But it is not intended to suspend the ordinary tribunals of the country where the law will be administered by the civil officers in the usual manner, and with their customary authority while the same can be peaceably exercised.

"The Commanding General will labor vigilantly for the public welfare, and in his efforts for their safety, hopes to obtain not only the acquiescence, but the active support of the people of the country.

J. C. FREMONT,
"Major-General Commanding.

Happy Effects of Emancipation in the Island of Jamaica.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

MESSRS. EDITORS: While in Newark the other day, I heard Dea. J. H. Woodhull read a letter received by him from Rev. L. Thompson, giving him an account of the remarkable revival of religion in the Elliot Mission last winter, and of the effects of the emancipation of the slaves in the Island. Feeling that the facts narrated would be deeply interesting to the public mind in our own country—now excited and inquiring—I obtained permission to send the following extract.

E. COLTON.

Belleville, N. J., Aug. 19, 1861.

ELIOT MISSION STATION, June 3, 1861.

J. H. WOODHULL, ESQ.—

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter of Feb. 15th has just come to hand.

You ask me to give my views of the effects of emancipation on the whole people and government. There can be no doubt as to the beneficial results of emancipation on the mass of the people, and it is daily becoming more so. We here have ceased to even question the matter. There are a few who have lost property, that charge all on emancipation. It is not, however, a just charge, but to the bad management of the planters immediately after emancipation, and the want of capital.

Emancipation has been a blessing, and nothing but a blessing, from first to last. Thousands have become freeholders—settled *in families, and begin to act* like men and women, and not slaves. The present awakening has brought out more than ever the advantages of the *noble act of her Majesty* in giving freedom to the people of this country.

The slanders heaped upon this land by the enemies of the colored men will soon pass into oblivion, all being obliged to admit the advantages of emancipation, as others have of the increased domestic comforts and the increase of exports and imports. In slavery times our imports were about $2,000,000. Now they are more than $6,000,000. The people clothed, fed, housed, educated—possessors of lands, horses, carts, and other property—all this looks like living. Are the colored people of Newark better off by being free! So are the people of Jamaica.

The Government of the country is now administered for the mass of the people as well as for the few. There is a feeling that the country will prosper when the people of the country prosper—not the few officials, but the producers of the country. The small freeholders have not been respected or cared for heretofore. Now their interests are looked after by the Government. We have a goodly number of colored men in the Hon. House of Assembly. And they have *influence*—are men of talents. The Attorney-General is a colored man, and also a member of the House. Many of our first lawyers and *members of the bar*, many of our doctors, merchants, jobbers, editors, and Government officers are colored men. All offices of honor or emolument are *open to* them.

This certainly is an advantage, especially if they fill these offices with fidelity and efficiency, which I am happy to say they do, generally.

But I must close right here, as Brother Rev. W. P. Newman, (colored,) who takes this to New York, must now start for Kingston.

Most affectionately,

LOREN THOMPSON.

LIBERIA COLLEGE.

From a circular of the Trustees of donations for education in Liberia, dated Boston, August 29th, we make the *following extracts*:

Information having been received that the buildings of Liberia College are nearly completed, and will be *ready* for occupancy in a few weeks, and that students in Liberia, fitted to enter on the studies of the first and second years of a college course, are desirous of admission—it was

Voted, That the Hon. Joseph P. Roberts, President of the College, be appointed Professor of *Jurisprudence* and International Law.

Voted, That the Rev. Alexander Crummell, of Maryland county, Liberia, be appointed Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, and of the English Language and Literature.

Voted, That the Rev. Edward Welmot Blyden of Monrovia, Liberia, be appointed Professor of the Greek and Latin Language and Literature.

Votes were passed, assigning to these Professors, for the present, such other studies of other departments as are appropriate to the students.

The Trustees of the College, who are a corporation under a charter from the Legislature of Liberia, will fix the time for the commencement of their Academical year. It will probably be early in December, soon after the day for the annual meeting of the Legislature.

By the charter of the College, the Trustees of Donations, in Massachusetts, are to appoint the Faculty, till otherwise ordered by the Trustees of the College.

Professor Blyden embarked at this port, Aug. 10th, for Liberia, where he has resided about ten years, the latter part of the time as a Presbyterian Missionary, and Principal of the Alexander High School.

Professor Crummell, a native of New York, a graduate of Queen's College, Cambridge, England, and for eight years a missionary in Liberia, from the Protestant Episcopal church, is detained a short time in the United States during which he will collect books and apparatus for the College, and receive donations and subscriptions to its funds.

The College Buildings are situated on the south-western slope of Cape Mensurado, facing the Atlantic ocean, and within the *corporate* limits of the city of Monrovia. The site, of twenty acres, was granted by the Legislature of Liberia. The chapel, library, lecture rooms, recitation rooms, dormitories and kitchen are sufficient to accommodate any number of scholars that can be expected for many years to come.

The President and Professors have been chosen solely in view of their personal fitness for their respective offices, and with no reference to their ecclesiastical connections. Yet they are of three different communions. Each will be expected to promote Christian faith and practice among the students, *according to* his own conscientious convictions; but no assent to any creed, or observance of any ritual, will be required of any who dissent from it.

The course of studies will be rather more extensive than has been usual with American Colleges at their origin, and the requirements will be raised as fast as the circumstances of the country will permit.

The expense of preparing the grounds and erecting the buildings has nearly all been paid, and provisions are made for paying the small remainder, on the arrival of the bills in Boston.

HOW MUCH SLAVES ARE WORTH IN WAR.

The Montgomery [Alabama] "Advertiser" rejoices over the immense service of the slaves as follows:

The total white population of the eleven States now comprising the Confederacy is between five and six millions, and, therefore, to fill up the ranks of the proposed army about ten per cent. of the entire white population will be required. In any other country than our own such draft could not be met; but the Southern States can furnish that number of men and still not leave the material interests of the country in a suffering condition. Those who are incapacitated for bearing arms can oversee the plantations, and the negroes can go on undisturbed in their usual labors. In the North the case is different; the men who join the army of subjugation are the laborers, the producers and the factory operatives. Nearly every man from that section, especially those from the rural districts, leaves some branch of industry to suffer during his absence.

The institution of slavery in the South alone enables her to place in the field a force so much larger in proportion to her white population than the North, or indeed than any country which is dependent entirely on free labor. The institution is a tower of strength to the South, particularly in the present crisis, and our enemies will be likely to find that "the moral cancer," about which their orators are so fond of prating, is really one of the most effective weapons employed against them by the South. Whatever number of men may be needed for this war, we are confident our people stand ready to furnish. We are enlisted for the war, and there must be no holding back until the independence of the South is fully acknowledged.

THE WEEKLY ANGLO-AFRICAN may be had at 187 Navy St., Brooklyn, and at Mrs. Garnett's store, 170 West 30th St., New York.

THE REV. H. H. GARNET.

This gentleman took his departure for old England on Saturday last, on the steamer "City of Washington." We are pleased to announce that he bore with him as evidence of citizenship a regular passport from Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

When the Notary was making out his passport, Mr. Garnet insisted that he should describe him as being black, in order that the question in regard to our citizenship might be settled. It will be seen by the above facts that it has been settled, and settled right too.

What will become of Judge Taney when he hears this.

JOHN BROWN, DEAD YET SPEAKETH

Who would have dreamed, a year and a half since, that a thousand men in the streets of New York would be heard singing reverently and enthusiastically in praise of John Brown! Such a scene was witnessed on Saturday evening last. One of the new regiments from Massachusetts on its way through this city to the seat of war sang—

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave'
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave'
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave-
His soul's marching on!
Glory Hallelujah! Glory Hallelujah! Glory Hallelujah!

The stanzas which follow are in the same wild *strain*:

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, etc.,
His soul's marching on!
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back, etc.,
His soul's marching on!
His pet lambs will meet him on the way, etc.,
They go marching on!

Seldom, if ever, has New York witnessed such a sight, or heard such a strain. No military hero of the present war has thus been honored. No statesman has thus loosed the tongues of a thousand men to chant his patriotism. Little did Capt Brown think of the national struggles that were to follow his eventful death. But his calmness and firmness gave evidence of his faith that the cause of freedom demanded the sacrifice of his life, and he nobly died.

It was a notable fact that while the regiment united as with one voice singing this song, thousands of private citizens, young and old, on the sidewalks and in crowded doorways and windows, joined in the chorus. The music was in itself impressive, and many an eye was wet with tears. Few who witnessed the triumphal tread of that noble band of men arrayed for the war for freedom, will ever forget the thrilling tones of that song.—*Independent.*

FEARS OF INSURRECTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Among the various alarms alluded to as afflicting the different sections of the Confederacy, the ever-present and haunting apprehension of negro-insurrection should not be forgotten. This is the universal and controlling fear. Not a slaveowner at the seat of war but is prepared at any moment to hear of the massacre of his family by domestic servants. Even in the midst of villages the least noise at night about the house, the slamming of an unfastened blind, the creaking of a door, or any sound that disturbs the sleep, is fraught with vague terror, and inspires a mysterious dread. Startling reports of slaves rising against their masters, are of daily, indeed hourly recurrence. There have been many false alarms, but the wolf will come at last in earnest. The black race, by the by, have a wonderful intuitive sagacity—a greater sharpness of the senses and keener acuteness of *perception* than even the Anglo-Saxon—a remarkable fact, considering their ignorance and degradation. Their faculties appear to *have something of the unerring* quality of instinct. They see further and better in the night than whites, and are singularly cunning in eluding the patrol, and in prosecuting and concealing their continual thieveries. Smoke-houses are robbed of their bacon, granaries of their corn; even burglaries are effected, and detection set utterly at naught. In one instance, in a populous town, a store was entered and a heavy iron safe bodily abstracted by a gang of them, no traces of which were ever afterward found, or the slightest progress made toward a discovery of the bold offenders. They are great dissemblers, and their duplicity rivals the shrewdest Machiavellianism of political intrigue. Yet they are the best confidants in the world, and their narrow brains hold many a fearful secret. It seems natural to them to "keep dark."—*Cor. of N. Y. Tribune.*

WHAT TO DO WITH THE CONTRABANDS.

We copy the following from the New York "Independent:"

Though I am a woman, and therefore find my sphere in the home circle, my heart beats with no less patriotism than does that of the noblest soldier in the army, and I think much of and pray often for those who are nobly defending the dear old banner of our country. I am a constant reader of your "Independent," and have of late felt quite an interest in the welfare of the "*contrabands*" at *Fortress Monroe.* A correspondent addressing you from that place says, in your issue of August 1st, "What to do with the 'contrabands,' will soon be the great question of the age."

Now why cannot some means be devised to scatter these poor people around among their Northern friends, where they will find employment, ready pay for their services, and kind friends? I have heard several remark in this vicinity that they would be willing to board one through the winter, and pay regular wages through the next season. I am not authorized to make their declarations public, but I do believe if "the contrabands" are distributed through the Northern States, they will be well cared for. Perhaps, in my ignorance, I have proposed a plan contrary to the rules of war—and if so, please excuse my liberty in writing—but if not, propose some means by which these *human* "contrabands" can be disposed of for their good and that of the country, in accordance with the hint I have above given.

Yours in the bonds of liberty, S. M.

Wisconsin, August 15, 1861.

From Liberia Herald, June 19, 1861.

AGRICULTURE AND TRADE.

Estimated quantity of sugar, syrup, melado, and molasses manufactured on the St. Paul's river this season: Sugar, 175,000 lbs.; syrup, 20,000 galls.; molasses, 9,000 galls.; melado, 30,000 lbs.

Of this there have been manufactured by the steam mills of W. S. Anderson and the Messrs. Coopers, as follows:—At Anderson's—Sugar, 50,000 lbs.; syrup, 5,000 galls.; molasses, 4,500 galls.; melado, 30,000 lbs. At Coopers—sugar, 60,000 lbs.; syrup, 6,000 galls.

The estimated manufacture of molasses and melado by the Coopers has not yet been ascertained.

The difference shows favorably the working of the hand or animal power mills possessed by many of our river planters. All the mills are still grinding.

There has been imported and cleared at the Custom House of this (Monrovia) port, during the half year commencing October 1st, 1860, and ending the 31st of last March. Palm oil, 230,000 galls.; camwood, 432 tons; palm nut kernels, 110 tons; ivory, 300 lbs.

The export of sugar, syrup, and molasses, has taken place chiefly since the end of March; this, however, has been fully satisfactory. Our farmers met with no difficulty in finding sales for their produce.

The trade in palm kernels (palm nut kernels) has rapidly come into importance along our coast. These kernels, which are obtained chiefly along the Bassa country seaboard—from Little Bassa to Rock Cesters—are procured "cheaply" from the natives. The kernels find a ready market in Marselles and other parts of France—and they enter largely into the components of perfumeries manufactured in those parts; much of the "superfine" olive oil used with such gusto has its full share of palm kernel oil.

SOUTHERN BARBARISM.

The Baltimore dailies furnish the following item:

On Tuesday, the attention of Officers Houston, Bishop and Suter was called in Raborg street to a noise created by a lot of negro women, who were quarreling about some soldiers. The quarrel soon led to blows, when a general fight took place between them. The officers were soon on the spot, and, taking a hand in it, succeeded in capturing Hetty Smith, Susan Parker and Fanny Dixon. They were taken before Justice Logan, who listened to the story of each and decided to have ten stripes administered to each, well laid on. Fanny did not relish them at all, and became so boisterous that the Justice concluded to give her five extra ones, which seemed to have the desired effect. They were all then allowed to return to their homes. This party had not been discharged very long before Henrietta Bolden, colored, was brought in by Officer Snaden, for being drunk and disorderly, and creating a disturbance. Justice L. ordered her to share the same fate, and after receiving ten stripes she was discharged.

In the proceedings of the Hasford County Court appear the following:

State vs. Charles Rhodes, (negro,) indicted for enticing and assisting slaves to runaway. Guilty. Gentenced to be sold out of the State for 8 years.

State vs. Joe. Perryman, [negro,] indicted for stealing money. Guilty. Sentenced to be sold within the State for eight years.

In the Criminal Court of Baltimore:

State vs. Frances Ann Camphen, colored, indicted for stealing a dress and other small articles. Tried before the Court, and adjudged guilty. Sentenced to be sold out of the State for eighteen months.

The Slave Trade Exceedingly Active on the Coast of Africa.—The royal mail Steamship Ethiope, Captain French, arrived at Liverpool with a month's later advices from the West coast of Africa, and 2,500 ounces of gold dust.

Her Britannic Majesty's ship Prometheus, Commander Bedingfield, senior officer of the South division, arrived at Fernando Po on the 27th of June from the South, having been relieved by the Alecto, Commander Raby. She reported the South coast very unhealthy. Several Europeans had died on the Congo, at Fish Bay, and other places.

The slave trade is still very brisk, and in consequence legal trade dull; it was anticipated that some of the factories would have to close.

Captain Bedingfield had been in active cooperation with the American squadron; and had taken two vessels fitted for slaves in the Congo river; also a Spanish schooner, the Jacinto. The Wrangler, R. N., had taken an American bark, supposed to be the Ardennes, with four hundred and ninety-five slaves on board. The notorious slaver Storm King had come into Mingo Grando with a legal cargo (American flag and papers), but hearing there were slaves to be had, pitched her cargo overboard, shipped a large number of slaves, and got away clear.

The steamer General Miramon (formerly the Greenock) had shipped a cargo at Kasinda in four hours, using the American, Portuguese and Spanish colors, to suit the cruisers she happened to meet. Everything is done under the American flag until the slaves are actually on board, so that two or three English cruisers have very little chance to take prizes or check the trade.

Amalgamation.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati "Gazette" writing from Buckeytown, Md., says of the people:

Their gullibility seems limitless, and they swallow the most fabulous stories concerning the North, though they have not a single ingredient of truth. You are John Brown's in fanaticism without his courage, and carry his humanitarian philosophy into practice by elevating the negro not only to political but social equality, eating with him, sleeping with him, and marrying with him. When I told one of them but yesterday that I had *seen more evidence of practical* amalgamation between Point of Rocks and Monocacy Bridge than I had seen in the State of Ohio, he was astounded. Why, Messrs. Editors, not many years ago a wealthy planter named M'Pherson, now dead, sold his two colored daughters for the round sum of $4,000, [the agents of the sale still live in Frederick City,] and they are now the mistresses of white men in the cotton States. M'Pherson's white sons live in this neighborhood to-day, and this instance of amalgamation and speculation in one's own flesh and blood is as indisputably a fact of local history as that Buckey settled once upon a time in the Monocacy Valley. Most of the negroes one sees here are coffee colored, and doubtless trace their paternity to the very men who are howling about amalgamation at the North, and claiming as a cardinal virtue of secession that it severs their connection with a people whose weakness is a visible admixture!

The Leaven Working.—The Maine Evangelist copies Rev. G. Haven's description of Gen. Lee's Negro Quarters and adds:

Mrs. Charles Clark, of Auburn, visited *Gen. Lee's negro quarters, on her recent* visit to Washington, and informs us that she conversed with the slaves referred to above. The old negro, who was the coachman of Gen. Lee, said he was 75 years old, and when he informed Mrs. C. that he should be free in ten months, he seemed as pleased as could be. In the room over the old negro's quarters, there was a young mulatto girl and an old negress, who were gentle and lady-like in their manners. The room was neat, and Mrs. C. saw tracts, testaments and hymn books, and on opening one of the books, she discovered several selections cut from the newspapers, two of which she took. These selections are both poems—one entitled "The Home of Freedom," and the other, "The American Girl." In the same room Mrs. C. saw a young negro about 25 years of age, who said he had purchased his freedom, paying $1,500. In reply to a question as to what he was going to do, he replied with much earnestness that he could get his living as well as white men.

ANGLO-AFRICAN WAR ITEMS.

The St. Louis correspondent of the Cincinnati "Gazette" in a recent letter, says:

I am indebted to General Lane for an original idea on the rebellion. He says, what everybody knows but what everybody has not thought of, that for the last twenty-five years every negro in the Border slave States who has been in the least unruly, and especially those who have manifested any longings for freedom, have been promptly removed to the extreme South, where it was supposed they could plot no mischief. The General argues that this class of contrabands is much more likely to strike a blow for their own freedom than their less abused, better fed, better clothed brethren of the more Northern slave States. "Whenever the Federal armies," says he, "penetrate any of the cotton, sugar, or rice districts of the South, where these troublesome negroes have been sowing the seeds of discord for years, the rebellion must come to an end, or the scenes of St. Domingo will be enacted in their midst." Few people, I imagine, have reflected how ripe for insurrection the blacks of the extreme South are.

It is hardly necessary for us to state that the following is from the Washington correspondent of the "Baltimore Exchange."

The principles of the last act of Congress, providing for the summary confiscation of all descriptions of "property" employed in the service of rebellion, have their practical operation in Fairfax county. To-day I have seen a letter from two ladies ("of Southern proclivities,") all their lives residing in that county, to two other ladies, very loyal, who live in Washington, and the question is asked: Can nothing be done? Can no influence be brought to bear by the Government to put a stop to the "forcible" abduction of slaves from Fairfax county? Nightly, it is asserted in these letters, negro men and women are dragged off screaming; and I know now of two faithful old house servants, attached by many a simple tie of tenderness, to a Fairfax family, who are wandering helplessly in Washington, induced to "run away" by Federal soldiers who plied them with stories of the desperation of their masters, and their intention to post them in the front of the first battle. *These poor negroes have already learned* the truth, and in vain endeavored to return to their dear old homes, but they cannot pass without "a pass," and that is "not allowable in the existing complication of "military necessity."

SUMMARY.

At Lancaster, Pa., *a few days ago, a man* by the name of Edward Mackay, was tried on the charge of kidnapping. He was charged with being one of the party that abducted a colored man named John Brown from his house in Pequea, Sadsbury township, this county, on the night of the 2nd of March, 1860, and carried him into Baltimore, where he was offered for sale as a slave. Frank Wilson, Gilmore Hull, Sylvester Gordon, Frank Bostick and Edward Mackay are the parties implicated in the affair. Wilson and Hull were convicted and sent to prison at the last November term of the Court; Bostwick and Gordon gave bail for their appearance to answer the charge, but have not since been heard from. Mackay was put on trial at this term of the Court, convicted, and sentenced to undergo an imprisonment in the Lancaster County Prison for five years. He asked permission of the Court to make some revelations relative to the stealing of Mr. Brown, but as the prisoner had offered nothing in extenuation of the offence during the progress of the trial, the Court refused to hear him.

A colored woman by the name of Mary Allen, was tried at Lancaster, Pa., about two weeks ago, for the murder of her husband. The history of the case in briefly this: The prisoner, Maria Allen, with her husband, Abraham Allen, familiarly called "Old Abe," lived in Conestoga township, in a miserable shanty, such as is usually occupied by colliers when engaged in making charcoal. The hut was built of rails, in a circular form, covered with mud and leaves, without chimney or window, and altogether such a place as none but the most abject poor or degraded would think of making a permanent habitation. Here the prisoner, with her husband lived, he working as a day laborer, she in attending to her household duties and travelling the country, in what capacity did not appear from the testimony. On the morning of the 3rd of March, 1861, Messrs. McCardie and Hill, near neighbors of the Allens, were aroused by the shrieks and cries of murder. On being *interrogated she said that her* husband, "Old Abe," had been murdered. On repairing to the hut they found the old man lying on a bunk, and in the last agonies of death.

After all the evidence had been given, and a clear but decided charge from Judge Hayes, in which it was intimated pretty strongly that the crime perpetrated—and which was committed by the prisoner—was murder in the second degree, the jury retired, and in about an hour returned with a verdict of Guilty of Manslaughter.

The prisoner received the verdict without any apparent emotion, and being directed to stand up was sentenced to undergo an imprisonment at seperate and solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary for the period of twelve years.

"From the Boston Recorder's report of the old South Chapel prayer meeting we extract the following:

A colored brother from Liberia stated that the three first missionaries who went to that colony fell early victims to the climate; but their works have followed them. The fruits of their labor remain unto this day. He mentioned a female missionary, who labored at St. Paul. When she first went among them, the children were afraid of a white woman. When they saw her coming, they would run into the woods and hide among the bushes. By repeated acts of kindness she secured their confidence, taught them to read the Bible, and many were converted. This brother's mission to this country is to raise money to purchase a sister and her child, that they may *return with him to* Liberia. He wants twelve hundred dollars, and has obtained seven hundred. Ethiopia is still to stretch forth her hands to God in worship. He requested prayers for the hundred millions of Africa. Prayers were offered for this benighted continent, and the brother received some material aid towards purchasing his sister.

The Pittsburg Dispatch of Aug 23rd says:

On Wednesday the night police of Allegheny were startled by the shrieks of a woman's voice, coming from a house occupied by a colored family named Wagner, and proceeding to the house arrested Wagner. It appears that Wagner's wife has exhibited much greater fondness, recently, for a Mr. Wells than for her own liege lord, and the fact was well known to Mrs. Wells. On Wednesday night Wells visited Wagner's house, and the screams heard by the police were the gentle indications of displeasure vented by Mrs. Wells. Wagner was brought up in the morning and fined two dollars, which his wife stirred herself actively to raise for him. On making her appearance at the office with the money, her husband was released, but the neighbors meantime giving such information as satisfied the Mayor that the woman was the worst of the two, she was arrested and sent three days to jail, her efforts to raise her husband's fine having exhausted all their scources of revenue.

The Leavenworth Conservative of Aug. 23 contains the following account of an attempt to kidnap a colored man at that place:

One week ago last Saturday night, a negro by the name of "Steve," owned by A. Harson, who lives eight mile east of Smithville, Clay County, Mo., applied to Capt. Hill to cross over to Leavenworth on his ferry—to which the Captain agreed. "Steve" came aboard the boat, when he was seized by the Captain and the engineer, Dan, and tied, and robbed by them of $21. When the robbery was complete, Capt. Hill took "Steve" to Smithville. At Smithville, "Steve," not having due regard for the blessed relation of master and slave, and while Capt. Hill was eating his dinner, took to his legs, and succeeded in making good his escape to Kansas City, and is now here. This is not the first time Capt. Hill has been caught in this dastardly business, but it must be the last. "Steve" tells the story in a straightforward manner, and we publish it as told us. We hope Capt. Hill and his engineer will explain their action in the premises, if it can be. We ask Dan, the engineer, *to refund to "Steve" the $21* stolen, and trust, for the honor and decency of our city, that these outrages may cease. Capt. Hill and his gang have been engaged in this business a long time; there victims number eight already. What makes the thing more revolting is the fact that this seizing, binding, and returning negroes is wholly voluntary on their part, their being no law in Missouri compelling them to do this dirty work; and there is not a respectable pro-slavery man in Platte County who does not look upon such men with contempt for doing that which no honorable man will do.

The Washington correspondent of *The Phisadesphia Inquirer* says: "Considerable merriment was occasioned to-day by the passage through the streets of 122 large baggage *wagons*, each drawn by *four horses*, and each driven by a negro. The negro drivers, three weeks ago, were all slaves; they are now in the service of the United States Government, and receive the same pay as 'any other man.' I watched them closely, and saw among them some intelligent faces, although the majority looked stolid and stupid. Every one of them, however, understood his business, and drove his horses well and properly. In this respect they are really superior to many of the drivers that one sees every day here, who nearly kill their horses with ill treatment. It is a common practice with the latter to lock one of their hinder wheels and make the poor beasts draw the heavy wagons up hill and down all day, with the wheels locked."

The following appears in the Cleveland, O., Leader of the 2nd ult:

Theodore January, a colored man residing on *Michigan street*, was *driving along* Ontario street yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock, when the horse commenced kicking in a most violent manner, and after putting one foot through the dashboard, he broke into a run and made for the sidewalk, and striking a post, became disengaged from the buggy and rushed through the store of Dr. M. C. Parker, tearing a door completely away. January was thrown from the buggy, and his arm was broken near the wrist. Dr. Schenck was called and did what was necessary. The horse belonged to January. The buggy was a fine one, and was owned by H. Gear & Co. It was badly broken up.

The "Washington D. C. Star" of 23rd. ult. say:

Yesterday afternoon, T. B. Robey was arrested by policeman King for an assault and battery on an old colored man, who had been sent to Robey's house for baggage left there by a lady. The warrant was issued upon the oath of a witness who thought the assault unprovoked. The case was examined by Justice Doan, and Robey was held to bail for court. The conduct of the accused to the arresting officer was reported to the Justice, and Mr. Robey was required also to give security for peace.

We take the following from the police reports of the Baltimore Clipper of Aug 28th:

Officer Topping arrested Alexandria Smith, colored, on Monday night, charged *with stealing a black frock coat, a shirt, and* two one dollar bank bills, from George Smith his brother, residing at No. 72 Vine street. It was proven that Alexander paid a visit to his brother's house, and stated to his wife that her husband had been arrested and taken to the station house and he wanted $1,75 to get him released; she not having the change gave him two one dollar notes, he returned in a few moments afterwards and said that George's clothes were so much torn that he was not fit to come through the streets, and wished her to send him a coat and a shirt. She gave them to him. He had not left the house many moments before George returned and found that all was a hoax, whereupon, he immediately put the officers on his track, who succeeded in capturing him, but could find neither coat, shirt or money. He was taken to the Western station house, where he had a hearing before Justice Logan, who committed him to jail for his appearance before court.

The Rochester "Union," of August 26th, gives the following items:—

Saturday night the wife of a colored man named Williams died very suddenly on board of a canal boat lying at the coal yard wharf of Roswell Hart, Fitzhugh St. This morning William seemed to be rather flush of money and took the corpse of his wife to the depot, to convey it to New London, (Conn.,) where he intends to inter it. The fact that there is a white woman living on the boat aroused the suspicion that the deceased had come to her death by foul play, and Coroner Bloss was called to investigate the case, but after an inquiry of the physicians who attended the woman, he came to the conclusion that she died from natural causes. The money drawer in the office of Mr. Hart was robbed of twensy-six dollars on Saturday, and it was strongly suspected that William was the thief, but no evidence tending to criminate him directly could be found, and he was allowed to go East with the body of his wife.

The Philadelphia Inquirer in an article on life in that city, remarks:

Apropos of the "hot corn" trade, it is estimated that no less than one thousand colored people are employed in selling boiled corn in the streets of Philadelphia. They may be found in almost every street down town, from early dawn until long past midnight, patiently awaiting the hungry wayfarer, with their cleanly scoured wooden tubs, a snow white towel, fork and cup of salt. All things considered, they make a very fair profit on what is sold, as the first cost of corn is about ten cents per dozen, and it is prepared and sold by them for one, two, and three cents an ear. The feeling, however, among the hot corn folks is similar to that expressed by those in many other branches of business, that the hard times have had an unfavorable effect on their trade. An inquiry into the present condition of colored people generally in Philadelphia, enables us to state that they experience as little discomfort, perhaps, from the existing troubles, as any class among us.

The following is from the New Haven "Register" of the 30th ult.:—Tuesday, the Tarnville Santa Anna Guards, a burlesque concern in uncouth garb, made their annual excursion, and went to Windsor and Bloomfield. Dick George, the sexton of the village, and Gabe Reeder, the colored man of the poorhouse, acted as gunners, and rode upon an old cannon, which looked as bad as the crowd that carried it. On the way home, the grave digger and the colored man had a quarrel, and in the fight both fell under the wheels of the gun carriage. The head of Mr. George was crushed, and he died instantly, but the wheel only took off the top of Mr. Reeder's head, and he lived until Wednesday morning.

A colored man, named Jerry Williams, who was out with McMullin's Rangers, as a servant, cut off the nose of another colored man, of whom he was jealous, at a house in the Nineteenth Ward, Philadelphia, on the night of the 9th ult. Jerry was arrested and his victim was taken to the Hospital.

The Wilmington (Del.,) "Journal" of the 30th ult., says:—It is reported that a negro who had violated the law in St. Georges, Md., and who had eluded the Constable, came out of his hiding place a few days ago, when he was met by Henry McVey, whom he threatened to kill if he attempted *to arrest him.* Mr. McVey then raised his gun, and fired at the lower extremities of the negro who fell. A physician was called, and the wounds, which were not considered dangerous, examined. It afterwards appeared that one or two shots had penetrated the bowels, and from the effect of which death ensued. Mr. McVey has been arrested, but it is thought that he acted in self-defence, and was therefore justified in using his gun.

Recently a farmer residing near the Lehigh Mountain, not far from Allentown, Pa., was accosted by a colored "chattol"—who came out the mountain at daybreak on a "double-quick"—with the words, "Massa, am this Canada?" He informed the escaped fugitive, who did not seem to possess much knowledge of Geography, that he was indeed very far from Canada, but told him not to be alarmed on that account. The kind-hearted farmer, besides giving the "contraband" plenty to eat, supplied him with funds to prosecute his journey, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

Charles Robinson (colored,) and Charles Congdon, the former aged fifteen years and the latter twelve years, were drowned Monday afternoon in the pond in the vicinity of L. S. Pratt's cotton mills, Grafton, Mass. The boys were seen fishing on the pond from a boat Monday afternoon, and not returning home that night search was made Tuesday morning for them, and at noon their bodies were found about six feet apart, and a few yards from the shore.

The Detroit Advertiser of Aug. 28th, states that:

A colored man named Johnson, and his wife, were yesterday arrested at the instigation of Fire Marshal Snow, for setting fire to their dwelling house on Wednesday night last. The house was situated on Maple street. It was entirely consumed.

The Baltimore Patriot of Aug 27th says:

The sheriff, George H. Dutton, and several other gentlemen, last evening visited the cell of Alexander Gale, colored, condemned to be executed next Friday week, for the murder of James Evans, colored. The prisoner seems resigned to his fate. He acknowledges that he cut the man with a pen-knife, but states that he did it in self-defence. Considerable effort is being made to have his sentence commuted, and petitions numerously signed have been forwarded to the Governor for that purpose, one of them being signed by the jury that convicted him and the Judge who sentenced him.

The teacher of the colored school at Evansville Ind. in a letter to the American missionary says:

Our school closed the last of June for Summer vacation. We had an examination which exceeded my expectations, and those who were present seemed highly gratified I think no one could have been present and not acknowledge that these children have talents which, if cultivated and improved, may fit them to become useful citizens and worthy members of society. I felt greatly encouraged as I thought of the condition of these children two years ago, when many of them could not read, and very few knew what arithmetic and georgraphy ment.

A letter written from Buena Vista O. to the Portsmouth Republican gives the following item:

We paid a "flying visit" to Modern Rome—a small city in Adams County—to day, and while there we leared that no less than twenty-one slaves left the borders of Kentucky, Lewis county, last night destined for the happy land of *Canada!* They stole some half a dozen skiffs and went down "*De Ribeer*" as far as Ripley, where they expected aid.—Strange to say, "the owners" did not pursue, as *they fear* they might not be permitted to arrests and capture them.

CAMP MEETINGS.

We find the following in the Taunton (Mass.) Gazette of August 29th:

Under the auspices of the "Zion Methodist Episcopal Church," (colored people) somewhat extensive preparations have been made for a "Union Camp Meeting," in a grove about half a mile from the village of Mansfield, adjacent to the road leading from Mansfield to Easton. The exercises commenced this morning and will be continued at stated times until some time next week. Large delegations are present from New Bedford, Providence, Boston and Worcester. The fare on the several railroads leading to the place has been placed at a reduced figure for those attending the meeting.

The Binghamton (N. Y.) Republican of August 28th says:

The colored people of this county commence holding a Camp Meeting at French's Grove, about five miles north of Binghampton, on Thursday of this week. They have no objection to white folks uniting with them—in fact they invite the co-operation of all well disposed persons.

A Camp Meeting was held last week at Garpenter's Grove, near Middletown, N. Y.

A Camp Meeting was held last week about two miles south of Indiana, Pa.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Martin R. Delany.—This gentleman arrived in the city last Tuesday. He is here for the purpose of publishing official report of the Niger Valley Expedition, the proof sheets of which he has really shown us and which we are prepared to say will be one of the most interesting and instructive documents ever issued from the American press. *The doctor will spend sometime in* this neighborhood.

MARRIED.

Green—Richards.—September 1st, by Rev. Wm. Johnson Alston, Mr. Wm. T. Green to Mrs. Mary Richards, all of New York city]

DIED.

Levere.—In this city, August 30th, of hemorrhage of the lungs, David Levere, aged 38 years.

Special Notices.

T. B. VOORHEES'

GRAND MOONLIGHT FESTIVAL, CONCERT

AND

PROMENADE,

Will take place by an excursion up the Hudson River,

ON MONDAY EVE'G SEPT. 16th, 1861.

Returning in seasonable time. The steamer Col. ELLSWORTH and the commodious double-decked Barge CLEVELAND have been chartered, and will be Brilliantly Illuminated on the occasion.

The Grand Orchestra will be under the direction of Prof. R. H. BROWN; Solos, Violin and Cornet, Overtures; and O. FAKES, Sleigh Ride Quadrille Songs, Choruses, Duetts, &c. by Messrs. J. W. and A. A. Luca D. Dangerfield, Helen Johnson, and several amateurs have volunteered their services.

FLOOR MANAGERS.

Messrs. J. White, J. H. Freeman, B. Elston, Wm. Freeman, and T. B. Voorhees.

TICKETS FIFTY CENTS EACH,

to be had of Mr. Harris, 465 Broome St., Mr. Kelly, 53 Mercer St., Mr. George, 85 Mercer St., Mr. Brown's saloon, 70 Bleecker St., Mr. E. G. Hutchinson, Everett House, Mr. Jas. H. Johnson, 141 West 28th St.

Refreshments in Abundance at Reasonable Prices.

The Barge will lay at the foot of Spring St. while the steamer lands as follows:—Broome St., E. R. 6 o'clock, P. M.; South Fourth St. Williamsburgh, 6¼; Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, ‡7; Sussex St, Jersey City, 7; Spring St., N. Y., 7¼; 22d St, ‡8; 30th St., 8¼.

Should it rain on the 16th, it will take place on the next fair evening.

An Efficient Police Force will accompany the Excursion.

For particulars, see circulars.

Get your Tickets early so as to prevent delay at the landings.

THE PROPOSED NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS.

For the above work the undersigned would state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that he wishes to collect full and accurate accounts of all cases of abuse growing out of Slavery, of the loss of *time, property and life*, whether among whites, Indians, or blacks. He is not [illegible] as to the length of the articles, for, w[illegible] come to the publication, it may be best to [illegible] some statements; but the original communications will be carefully preserved and placed in some historical collection for preservation and reference. Whatever will serve to illustrate or add interest to the statements, such as photographs or engravings, or autographs of the persons, or maps and plans of the localities named, will be thankfully received and carefully preserved. If the case has been published in the papers, or in pamphlets or books, please make reference to them or forward them. Names of persons, places, and dates, which, if divulged, would involve the parties in difficulty, may be withheld in the communication. Let every one send on what he or she may *have to communicate as early as possible.* We shall feel greatly obliged to Editors who will copy this advertisement and give it a favorable notice, and all who will promptly respond to this call will receive our hearty thanks.

Address. L. G. OLMSTEAD, New York.

Letters or newspapers for Hayti or Jamaica will be promptly forwarded if left with Mr. N. R. Ashby, at Lewis & Co.'s store, 22 South Street, New York.

I. O. of G. S. and D. of S.

Office of the R. W. G. Sec.,
No. 70 Grove St., N. Y.

The officers and members of the Eastern District Grand Lodge will please to take notice that *the regular* quarterly meeting of the above named G. S. will be held on Wednesday evening, Sept. 11th, at 8 o'clock, at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, 178 Prince St. Subordinate lodges will therefore cause their representatives to be present. By order of the R. W. G. Chief,

MOSES B. COSS.

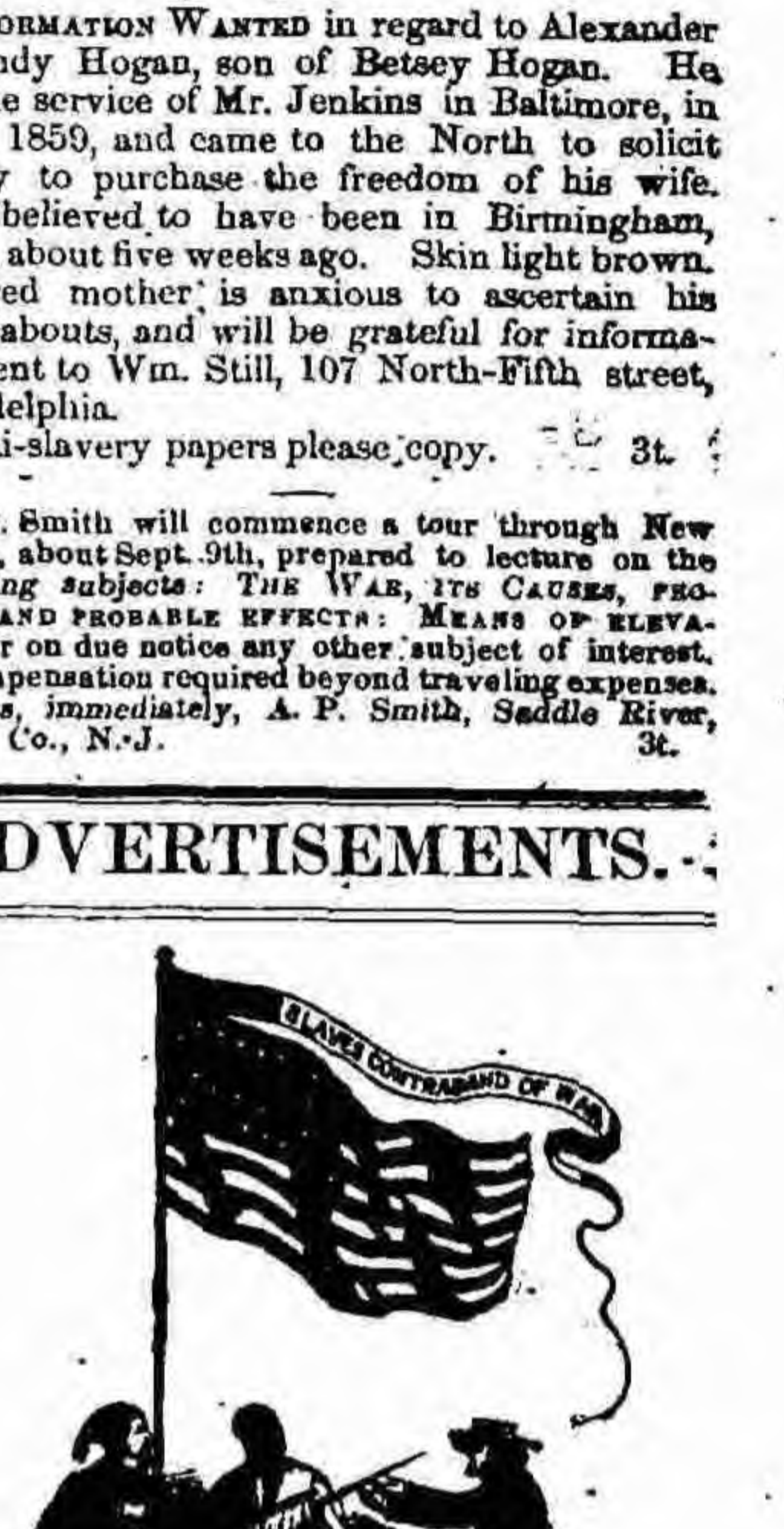
John R. Porter G. S

Information Wanted in regard to Alexander or Sandy Hogan, son of Betsey Hogan. He left the service of Mr. Jenkins in Baltimore, in June, 1859, and came to the North to solicit money to purchase the freedom of his wife. He is believed to have been in Birmingham, N. Y., about five weeks ago. Skin light brown. An aged mother is anxious to ascertain his whereabouts, and will be grateful for information sent to Wm. Still, 107 North-Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Anti-slavery papers please copy. 3t.

A. P. Smith will commence a tour through New Jersey, about Sept. 9th, prepared to lecture on the *following subjects:* The War, its Causes, Progress and Probable Effects: Means of Elevation, or on due notice any other subject of interest. No compensation required beyond traveling expenses. Address, *immediately*, A. P. Smith, Saddle River, ergen Co., N.J. 3t.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



THE ZOUAVE AND SLAVE ENVELOPE, Price per thousand $5; per hundred 60 cents; packages of 25 each, 20 cents.
Orders should be addressed
THOS. HAMILTON
48 Beekman Street, N. Y.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the Art of Singing. He will be at home at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, and at Zion Church, N. Y., on Thursday evening, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. Singing schools taught and private instruction given on moderate terms.
3tf. ROBT. HAMILTON,

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. Fortes, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 Mulberry Street, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.
Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMAN'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5-14t

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 Sullivan Street, New York. 4-1t

DENTISTRY.
BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist.
79 Thompson St., N. Y

MRS. E. LEONARD,
FASHIONABLE
DRESS MAKER,
25 Sullivan Street, New York.
Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.
3tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING
By Mrs. Mary Johnson, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies,	$2,50
" " Gentleman,	3,00
Lodging per week,	75

y13t,

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
CARD AND JOB PRINTER,
219 Centre Street, New York.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts., 2 tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 182 Suffolk, Street. Terms very moderate. a10 ly.

BROWN'S POPULAR RESORT.
The undersigned takes the privilege to inform his Friends and the public generally that as he has recently fitted up his SALOON anew, he is now prepared to furnish them with
Ice Cream, Fruit, and other Delicacies.
BENJ. F. BROWN,
70 Bleecker St
between Broadway & Crosby St. 4t,

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts. 1 tf.

Poetry.

THE "LONG AGO."

Oh, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broad'ning sweep, and a surge sublime,
That bends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides through the shadow and sheen.

There's a musical isle on the river of time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garment that SHE used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the days of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May our "greenwood" of soul be in sight!

TO-DAY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

A sound of tumult troubles all the air,
Like the low thunders of a sultry sky,
Far rolling ere the downright lightning's glare;
The hills blaze red with warning; foes draw nigh.
Treading the dark with challenge and reply.
Behold the burden of the prophet's vision—
The gathering hosts—the valley of Decision,
Dusk with the wings of eagles wheeling o'er.
Day of the Lord, of darkness, and not light!
It breaks in thunder and the whirlwind's roar!
Even so, Father! Let thy will be done—
Turn and o'erturn, end what thou hast begun
In judgment or in mercy; and as for me,
If but the least and frailest, let me be
Evermore numbered with the truly free;
Who find thy service perfect liberty!
I fain would thank Thee that my mortal life
Has reached the hour—albeit through care and pain
When Good and Evil, as for final strife,
Close dim and vast on Armageddon's plain;
And Michael and his angels once again
Drive howling back the spirits of the night.
Oh for the faith to read the signs aright,
And from the angel of thy perfect sight,
See Truth's white banner floating on before;
And the good cause, despite of venial friends,
And base expedient, move to noble ends:
See Peace with Freedom make no Time amends.
And thro' its clouds of dust, the threshing floor,
Flailed by thy thunder, heaped with chaffless grain!

THE POETRY OF THE FOOT.

We do not like a foot too small for the height, any more than we like one too large. A small foot indicateth coquetry. Cleopatra's foot must have been small and finely arched, or she would never have done as described by Enobarbus:—

> "I saw her once
> Hop forty paces through the public street."

No woman ever did or would have done the like, but with the consciousness of great perfection in the feet.

> "The firm Roman to great Egypt sent
> This treasure of an oyster; at whose feet
> To mend the pretty present, I will piece
> Her opulent throne with kingdoms."

No man alludes to a woman's foot in any way, if he loves her, unless it be beautiful.

Hermoine, on the contrary, had a firm, well proportioned foot, betokening majesty. When she enacts the statue scene, we are sure she had a well-sized foot:—

> "Oh! royal piece,
> There's magic in thy majesty!"

is the exclamation of Leontes.

A woman will never act the part of a statue, if conscious of an ill foot, unless her intellectuality may have perverted her instincts, as in the case of Madame de Stael, who at one time personated in this way; and Talleyrand, if we mistake not, offended her past reprieve by saying he knew who it was by the *pied de Stael* (pedestal,) a terrible pun where the feet and ankles are ill shaped.

Desdemona, Ophelia and Cordelia must have had long, slender feet, which agree rather with sentiment than with magnetism or genius. Miranda, on the contrary, had elegantly proportioned feet, worthy the chaste Diana herself. Then, too, Kate, dainty Kate, the sharp shrew, the pretty vixen, had a little arched foot, graceful and elastic as the spring of a tiger's. When Petruchio says:—

> "Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp?"

it was a delicate commendation of her foot; still more when he says:—

> "Did ever Diana so become a grove,
> As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?"

Tennyson had a delicate eye for a foot, when he represents Ida in this wise:—

> Among the maidens, higher by the head,
> Her back against a pillar, her foot on one
> Of those tame leopards. Kitten like he rolled
> And pawed about her sandal."

And again describing the retinue of the princess climbing the rock in pursuit of minerals, he says:—

> "Many a light foot shone like a jewel set in the dark crag."

Women with large feet never like to climb hills.

The sentiment of beauty is less in the size than a certain litheness and elasticity. "Light as a fawn"—"Fleet as the greyhound"—"With a step like a stag"—are all pretty phrases, indicating the character of the foot, which is the index to the whole woman.

Dress has a great effect on the foot, and we fear very long dresses demoralize it. The long robe certainly destroys its elasticity. We like to see a woman's feet

> "Beneath her petticoat
> Like little mice steal in and out,
> As if they feared the light."

That was pretty in a lover, who saw his mistress bathing her feet in a brook, and wrote—

> "Do not fear to put thy feet
> Naked in the water, sweet;
> Fear not lizard, newt, or toad,
> Will dare to come where thou hast trod."

The French foot is meagre, narrow, and bony; the Spanish foot is small and elegantly curved, thanks to the Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch—"a stream can run under the hollow of his foot," is a description of its form. The foot of the Scotch is large and thick—that of the Irish flat and square—the English short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small.

A foot should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the individual. It should have a delicate spring to it, as if it did not belong to earth, and touching it as daintily, if not disdainfully. The ankle should express tenderness, should be round and firm, and not too small.

"I have hurt the wrist of my foot," said a beautiful child, who never misplaced a phrase, because words were given him only as he stood in need of them. Now this pretty phrase, "wrist of my foot," conveys the true idea of an ankle. It should have the grace and flexibility of the wrist, to which it corresponds.—"Zacharie's Work on the Foot."

AN ALABAMA INCIDENT.

A correspondent of the Pittsburgh "Gazette" relates the following:

While in Alabama, in the month of May, a rumor was afloat that a negro had been detected in raising rebellion. A meeting was immediately called, committee formed, and dispatched after the negro, and witness, a jury of twenty-four men "empannelled" and duly sworn in, ready, for trial. Stirred somewhat by the unusual buzz on all sides—in the house, street and office—I attended the trial. The negro was brought into "court" handcuffed. He was over six feet in height, with a body in proportion. His head large and his forehead high, though a little retreating. On being charged with breeding insurrection, he plead emphatically "not guilty."

The only witness that testified anything of importance was a half drunk white man, who had seen Randall (for that was the slave's name,) open a box in which he saw a paper; but on returning and asking where the paper was Randall said there was not, nor had there been, any papers of any kind whatsoever in the box. The case rested here. The white man affirmed; the negro denied: and no paper could be found. This paper Randall could read, hence the great crime of having a paper in his possession. This was the first trial of the kind I had ever been at, and I gave it every attention. During the whole course of the trial I heard iterated and reiterated, the words "hang him," "hanging is too good for him," "burn him alive; make him dig his own grave, make his own coffin, and make him put the rope around his own neck." The jury was sober, though the crowd was generally drunk. After the absence of a few minutes the jury returned with a verdict of "whipping," three of their number dissenting; they thought he ought to be hung.

On that night he was whipped. He received five hundred and fifty lashes, three white men relieving each other in this work. The negro was stripped and laid on the floor. No words were spoken by him until he had been beaten with about three hundred stripes, when he told his scourger, "massa, I'll fess up." He was taken to one side, but said, to the great disappointment of all, "massa, I doesnt know nothing about it." He was taken back and whipped within an "inch of his life." Dr. Sholl, (Ed. H.,) of Philadelphia, being the physician attending. After this whipping he was suspended by the neck until nearly dead, but he never uttered a word. He would only reply to inquiries as to what he knew of "Linkun," &c., and saying he knew nothing to confess. After this he laid in a hall about four days, apparently almost dead. I visited him and found his back very much bruised up. During his stay in the hall, public opinion was strongly in favor of hanging him. But Randall, probably helped by his master, whose consent in all these proceedings had not been obtained, suddenly took leave at night, and was not heard of until a couple of weeks afterwards, when it was found that he had gone with his master's assistance to another plantation, in a distant part of the State. This I saw, and many of the same "sort" did I hear of while in the land of cotton.

LETTING THE HEART DOWN.

A poor widow lies helpless upon her bed. She has worked at her tubs and ironing table as long as she could stand, since her children depend on her labor. At last her health has given out, and she is obliged to surrender. With her work half done, and knowing not how she is to live and feed her family, she [illegible] from stern necessity. The luxury of sickness she cannot afford, or she would have stopped a year ago. Now she must suffer and wait, whereas before she suffered and worked. It is surely a hard case. How easily may she be gloomy and despairing!

In this state of things I visited her. I was prepared to hear a sad story, and to meet a downcast countenance. But to my surprise, she was cheerful—hoped she would get at work in a few weeks—those she worked for would put up with her sickness for a while, and then she would go on as before. Her feet were not quite so swollen, and if she could only get so as to stand, she could work very well at her ironing-table. Meanwhile, the doctor was so kind as to charge her nothing for his service, and her oldest child got along pretty well with the scanty cooking she required.

Astonished at such a cheerful tone, seeing she made the best of everything, and somehow covered the darkest place with smiles and hopes, I asked her how she could keep such spirits in discouraging circumstances. She spoke of her Christian consolations, and then said, "There is no use of letting the heart down!"

I wondered at the pithy lesson I had received in this house of poverty. As I went away, my burdens somewhat grew lighter, my vexation vanished, my complaining spirit gave place to gratitude, and I resolved to write the Christian philosophy of the widow on my heart.

What would such a habit of holding the heart up do for all earnest workers, as well as patient sufferers? Only let the soul be sustained and girded by such a faith—the countenance lighted up by such a cheerful glow—the imagination busied in the paths of hope, rather than of despair—and how much stronger we should be in every holy service.

Tell it to the tempted minister, to the troubled Christian, to the perplexed statesman, to the earnest worker in every land. Be joyful in God, for "There's no use of letting the heart down!"—"PRESBYTERIAN."

SAVING FOR OLD AGE.

No one denies that it is wise to make a provision for old age, but we are not agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is indeed a sorry sight, and suggests to every one the suspicion that his life has been foolishly if not wickedly spent. Yes, save money by all means. But an old man needs just that particular strength which young men are most apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy, which he never will feel the want until he is seventy, and then, how much he will want it! It is curious but true, that a bottle of champagne at twenty may intensify the rheumatism at three score. It is a fact that overtasking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles at forty, instead of eighty. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxim holds good with regard to health as to money—waste not, want not. It is the greatest mistake to suppose that any violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty.

Nature forgives no sin, no error. She lets off the offender for fifty years, sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the punishment just when, just where, just how he feels it most. Save up for old age, but save more than money; save health, save honor, save knowledge, save the recollection of good deeds and innocent pleasures, save pure thoughts, save friends, save love. Save a rich store of that kind of wealth which time cannot diminish, nor death take away.

A TRUE STORY.—In a certain parish in the county of Forfar, there lived, a few years ago, a peculiar individual by the name of Jamie Johnston. Jamie was a poor beggar, who had no home of his own, but lived continually on the parish. As report went, he had, at some remote period of his life, from some cause unknown, lost the use of his legs, and he was in consequence dependent for sustenance on the charity of the people of the district. Gifted with the knack of making himself agreeable wherever he might be, Jamie had become a great and universal favorite among the farmers' wives, who always took care that he should be provided for in a comfortable way. Indeed, they strove with each other who should treat him best, for they were well aware that Jamie had most praise for her who put the most butter on his bread and most sugar in his teacup. He was welcome to stay at any farm as long as he pleased; and when he wished to remove to another place, he was invariably transported thither either in a cart or, if the distance was short, on the broad shoulders of some one or two stout ploughmen. Never was king or beggar half so happy and blithe hearted as Jamie Johnston. He had plenty to eat and nothing to do all the year round, and he was truly thankful. One day two strong ploughmen, Rab and Jock, took upon themselves the burden and responsibility of conveying Jamie from their own farm to another about a quarter of a mile distant. Hoisted on Rab's back, Jamie was as proud as an emperor, and he forthwith began to crow, and chuckle, and crack his jokes, with the greatest good will in the world. The ploughmen being in haste, determined to take what they call a "near cut" through a certain park where a number of cattle were grazing. They were about half way through the park when the three were "struck all of a heap" by seeing a large, black, ferocious looking bull coming up to them, lashing the air with his long tail, pawing and tearing the ground with his feet, moaning and roaring in a manner calculated to strike terror and dismay into the stoutest heart.

"Oh! for guidness sake, Rab, rin wi' a' yer micht, and save me frae that brute," cried Jamie.

Rab ran accordingly as fast as he could, Jock helping him as he might. Notwithstanding all their efforts, however, it was too evident the brute was fast gaining ground, and would soon overtake them. They were still a pretty long distance from the fence, and was nigh falling to the ground exhausted with the weight of the unfortunate Jamie.

"Jock, my guid freen," said that individual, "could ye no stop behind a bit, an try an' keep the beast back? Better ane should risk himsel' than that the three o' us should be killed. Rin, Rab, rin, and save me at ony rate."

Jock, instead of acting as Jamie directed, ran away and left his friends to their fate. The bull was within a few yards of them, when, to the infinite astonishment of the exhausted Rab, the lame man on his back sprang off, and, making good use of the legs long supposed to be useless, soon left the bull and his two friends far behind leaped the fenced with the agility of a "maudin," and was out of danger and out of sight in the twinkling of an eyelid. The astonishment of Rab and Jock it would be impossible to describe. Forgetful of their pursuer, they stood rooted to the earth, and stared, with dilated eyes and open mouths, alternatively at each other, and at the rapidly retreating figure of Jamie Johnston. The infuriated beast was likewise taken by surprise, and instead of following up its advantage, stood still all at once and "glowered," amazed and dumfounded like at the scene before it. As soon as the ploughmen were able to comprehend how matters stood, they set up such a roar of laughter as startled the echoes of the distant hills, and frighten the crows on a field in a neighboring county. It is needless to relate that Jamie Johnston from that day was never again seen in the parish.

AN AFRICAN PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

Turning to Mortar, I exclaimed, "Good God, our return is cut off!" I had seen many wood and grass fires, but nothing to equal this. Immediately in front of us lay stretched out like a sea a vast pasture prairie, dotted with occasional trees, bounded in the distance by groves of huge giraffe thorns—all in a blaze! Thro' the very midst of this lay our path. By delaying a few hours the danger would have been considerably diminished, if not altogether over, but delay in our case seemed almost more dangerous than going forward; and so on we pushed, trusting to some favorable accident to bring us through the perils we had to face. As we advanced we heard distinctly the sputtering and hissing of the inflamed grasses and brushwood, the crackling of the trees as they reluctantly yielded their massive forms to the unrelenting and all-devouring element, the screams of startled birds, and other commingling sounds of terror and devastation. There was a great angle in our road, running parallel, as it were, to the raging fire, but afterward turning abruptly into a burning savannah.

By the time we had reached this point the conflagration, still in its glory on our right, was fast receding on our left, thus opening a passage into which we darted without hesitation, although the ground was still smouldering and reeking, and in some places quite alive with flickering sparks from the recent bosom of hot flames which had swept over it. Tired as our cattle were, this heated state of the ground made the poor brutes step out pretty smartly. At times we ran great risk of being crushed by the falling timbers. Once a huge trunk, in flames from top to bottom, fell athwart our path, sending up millions of sparks, and scattering innumerable splinters of lighted wood all around us, whilst the numerous nests of the social grossbeaks—the *Textorerythorhynchus*—in the ignited trees—looked like so many lamps suspended in designs at once natural, pleasing and splendid. It was altogether a glorious illumination, worthy of Nature's palace with its innumerable windows and stately vaulted canopy. But the danger associated with the grand spectacle was too great and too imminent for us thoroughly to appreciate its magnificence. Indeed, we were really thankful when once our backs were turned on the awful scene.

At break of day we halted for a few minutes to breathe and to change oxen, then continued to journey on. I dispatched all the loose cattle ahead, giving the men orders to return with a fresh team as soon as they had drunk, fed and rested a little. We arrived at the valley a little before midnight on the 24th of May, but on attempting to kraal the trex-oxen, notwithstanding their fatigue, the thirsty brutes leapt over the stout and tall thorn fences as if they had been so many rushes, and with a wild roar set off at full speed for Okaoa fountain, which they reached the following day, having been more than one hundred and fifty hours without a single drop of water.—*Anderson's Travels.*

THE COOLEST THING ON RECORD.

As General Scott's army was marching triumphantly into the city of Mexico, a procession of monks emerged from the gate of a convent situated on the eminence at the right, and advanced with slow and measured tread until they met the army at right angles. The guide or leader of the procession was a venerable priest whose hair was whitened with the frost of many winters. He held in both hands a contribution box, upon which there was a lighted candle, and when within a few feet of the army the procession halted. As the army proceeded, many a true believer in St. Patrick dropped some small coin into the old priest's box. And, when it was observed that one of the soldiers was searching for something to bestow, the old priest would step forward and hold his box to receive the donation. Ultimately there came along, a tall, gaunt gander-looking, limber-sided Yankee, who, on seeing the priest, thrust his hands into the very depths of his breeches pocket as if in search for a dime, or something of the kind. The priest, observing this movement, advanced, as usual, while Jonathan, holding forth a greasy looking roll of paper, commenced very deliberately unfolding it. The old priest anticipated a very liberal donation, and put on an air of the most exquisite satisfaction. Jonathan continued to unroll piece after piece of dirty paper, until at length he found a piece of tri-twisted smoking tobacco. He next thrust his hand into another pocket, and drew forth a clay pipe, which, with the utmost deliberation, he proceeded to fill, by pinching off small particles of tobacco. When this was done, having placed his tobacco in his breeches pocket, he stooped forward and lighted his pipe by the old priest's candle, and making an awkward inclination of the head, (intended perhaps for a bow,) he said much obleeged to ye, 'Squire,' and proceeded on.

DOMESTIC DUTIES.—A knowledge of domestic duties is beyond all price to a woman. Every one of our sex ought to know how to sew, and knit and mend, and cook, and superintend a household. In every situation of life, high or low, this sort of knowledge is of great advantage.—There is no necessity that the gaining of such information should interfare with intellectual acquirements or elegant accomplishments. A well regulated mind can find time to attend to all. When a girl is nine or ten years old, she should be accustomed to take some regular share in household duties, and to feel responsible for the manner in which her part is performed, such as her own mending, washing the cups and putting them in the place, cleaning silver, or dusting and arranging the parlor. This should not be done occasionally, and neglected whenever she feels it convenient; she should consider it her department. When older than twelve, girls should begin to take turns in superintending the household, making puddings, pies, cakes, etc.; to learn effectually to do these things themselves, and not stand by and see others do them.—*Mrs. Chids.*

A CRUSHING RETORT.—Some white men from a Christian land engaged natives in New Zealand to go with them on a journey, to carry their luggage. The Sabbath overtook them on the road. The men wish to go on, but the natives who had been under the pious instruction of missionaries said, "No, no, it is the Sabbath; we must rest." The travelers, however, went on, and left their attendants behind, who in good time arrived safely with the goods; but the men refused to pay them, because they would not travel on the Sabbath.

"What are we to do with the law of God?" asked the natives.

"What have we to do with the law of God? What is that to us?" cried the men angrily.

"You have much to do with that law," answered one of the natives firmly. "Were it not for the law of God, we should have robbed you, taken all you had, and set you adrift; perhaps we might have murdered you. You have that much to do with the law of God."

☞ The following is too good to be lost of a schoolmaster and pupil:

'Joseph, where is Africa?'

'On the map, sir.'

'I mean, Joseph, in what continent, eastern or western.'

'Well, the land of Africa is in the eastern continent; but the people, sir, are all down South.'

'What are the products?'

'Of Africa, sir, are down South!'

'Africa, you blockhead.'

'Well, sir, it hasn't got any; it never had any.'

'How do the people live?'

'By drawing.'

'Drawing what—water?'

'No, sir, by drawing their breath.'

'Sit down, Joseph.'

Among the good stories told of Father Haines, the colored preacher of Vermont, is the following:

Father Haines was visiting a brother pastor, and attended a prayer meeting at the vestry of the latter. Their devotions were led by a worthy deacon whose moderation of speech was so excessive as to render it difficult for the hearer to keep up the connection in his remarks, so far apart were the words.

After the meeting, Father Haines inquired of his friend who it was who led in prayer. "Oh! that's my Deacon, and he's a good man too." "Yes," replied Father Haines, "yes, he prayed like a good man, but he reminds me of Squire B.'s mill. It grinds first rate, but it don't turn out the grist as fast as you want to eat."

A Scotch paper tells the story of a dairy farmer, who, after the funeral of his wife, drove a hard bargain with the grave-digger. At last the indignant grave-digger bringing his hand down on a grave-stone, exclaimed: —"Down wi' anither shillin', or up she comes."

"Boys," says uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the animal, "I don't see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mile in three minutes." They gathered round to hear this oracular opinion, and one inquired "What is it?" "Why" he replied, "the distance is too far for so short a time."

"BARBER," said a farmer to his tonsor, "now corn's cheap, you ought to shave for half price." "Can't, Mr. Jones," said the man of razors; "I ought really to charge more, for when corn's down farmers make such long faces. I have twice the ground to go over."

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Every mother should be prepared to act in the capacity of both nures and physician to her children if she can, if she will, discharge these duties much better than any one she can employ. If she does not, she ought to know that there is a Medicine prepared by an old nures and female physician which has stood the test of many, many years, and is the most perfect thing on earth for children teething; it also cures Wind Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, and is sure to regulate the bowels. We say to every mother, do not let your own prejudices, or the prejudices of others stand in the way of the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP certainly does, as the name implies, "soothe" the little sufferer into a quiet, natural sleep, from which it awakes invigorated and refreshed. And for the cure of diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Wind Colic, &c., we have never seen its equal.

We have always been, and still are, opposed to the practice of drugging infants. This article has no deleterious effects whatever, and from our own experience (we speak advisedly) we have every confidence in it, and can heartily recommend it to all mothers. Take our advice—use it—and you will as strongly recommend it to others as we have to you.

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No Wrong should be rampant where all should be Right,
No sin that is shameful to see!
America,—show the wide world in thy strength
How sternly determined thou art
To cut from thy soil in its breadth and its length
The canker that gnaws at thy heart!

Uprouse thee! and swear by thy Might
This evil no longer shall be;
For all men are brothers, the black as the white,
And sons of one Father are we!
America,—now is the perilous time,
When safety is solely decreed
To ridding the heart of old habits of crime
And simply repenting indeed.

Away to the bats and the moles
With the lash and the goad and the chain!
Away with the buying and selling of souls,
And slavery toiling in pain!
America now is thy chance—now at length—
Of crushing—while crouching to thee—
Those Rebels and Slaveholders—slaves to thy strength—
The curse and contempt of the Free!

[Reported for the Anglo-African.]

SERMONS FOR THE TIMES.

PREACHED BY REV. S. V. BERRY, OF ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, NEW HAVEN.

"Sirs, ye are brethren, why do ye wrong one another." Acts 7, 26.

After having at some length demonstrated the certainty of God's interference and over-ruling providence in the affairs of nations, the speaker continued as follows:

"The people of Israel had cried unto God by reason of their oppressions, and their cries had reached the ears of the God of Saboath, and by reason of their cry God had raised up for them a deliverer. This deliverer was Moses. He now stood before them. For centuries the air had resounded with their groans; for centuries they had been bound in servile submission to Egypt; for centuries they had cried to Heaven for release; but now the time of their release was at hand. The eventful period had come for the termination of their servitude; and the individual appointed by God, to be the agent in the accomplishment of their deliverance, now stood before them ready and prepared to enter upon the great work. You no doubt suppose, that the Israelites having so long awaited their deliverance, rallied around this deliverer with the greatest enthusiasm. But it was not so. The paralyzing effects of slavery had so deadened their moral sensibilities and powers, as to render them in a measure incapable of appreciating the noble interference of Moses in their behalf. On a certain occasion he slew an Egyptian, whom he saw wantonly and cruelly beating an Israelite, but what was the result? these very Israelites themselves were the first to inform against him. At another time when he saw them striving, he undertook to reconcile them—he remonstrated with them—appealed to their natural prejudices—their love of race, "Sirs ye are brethren, why do ye wrong one to another." Is it not enough that the Egyptians wrong you. Is it not enough that they injure you and oppress you. Is not your burden heavy enough already, without adding to its weight, by wronging one another? But what is the reply? "Who made thee a ruler and a judge over us?" But this perverseness was not so much the fault of the people as of the institution under which they had been raised. Long years of Egyptian bondage had blunted their moral perceptions, and rendered them incapable of fully appreciating the high moral sentiments of that true and genuine patriotism which resides in the breast of such noble specimens of manliness as Moses. There are some men and women in the world upon whom the powers of slavery can make no impression. Their limbs may be manacled and bound with fetters, their backs may be bared to the lash, their flesh scored and lacerated; but their lofty spirits are too great to be bent and bowed, and corrupted, and humbled by the debasing influences of slavery. Whatever be the condition of such, they are always free—free in mind and soul and spirit. Such a man was Moses, and such were the principal ones who rallied around him. But there are others who can never be made truly free. The institution of slavery has so far crushed out of them every vestige of a noble humanity that they have not the confidence nor the courage to be free. Place them in whatever position you please, they can never be made to imbibe the spirit and independence of freemen. Such were they who betrayed and insulted Moses—and such beings are always void of these high moral sensibilities which distinguish all true men—are ever ready to betray true honor and honesty. Whenever we behold men and women, who like Moses, can honor and love and respect their own despised and oppressed race, and can submit to make such large sacrifices for them, we may be sure that we are looking upon true freemen. But unhappily it has always proved that none of our oppressed race but true freemen, know how to appreciate the talents and qualifications of their own oppressed brethren. They hate to honor their virtues, to respect their abilities, and acknowledge their worth, while they even stand ready to buy up the friendship, and to over-rate the least display of talent and worth put forth by their oppressors. In this way more is done to depress and crush out the high aspirations of those, who like Moses, have given themselves up to labor for the elevation of their race, than even the oppressors themselves can do. To be insulted as Moses was at every attempt to better the condition of their race; to be betrayed by them for vindicating their cause and avenging their wrongs; what else can be so heart-sickening and discouraging? But this is the way that slavery has done in every age. This is still the effect that it has over the oppressed of the earth. This is the effect that American slavery has upon its unhappy subjects. It has made men and women in very many cases treacherous, deadened their moral sensibilities, destroyed their self-esteem and entirely destroyed their love of race. It is on this account that we find in many places no ambition manifested for the improvement of the race. Like the Israelites, in the days of Moses, union is the most essential thing needed by us. In union there is strength—in union there is harmony—in union there is love. When once a people lose the love of race, there remains but little hope for their elevation and improvement. It is in the love of race that the heart acquires all its incitement to noble and praiseworthy ambition. If we love our race as Moses did his, we shall be ready and willing when circumstances demand to make the same large sacrifices that he did. But with many among us there seems to be a marked deficiency in the matter of true disinterested love and devotedness in this direction. Even our leaders, many of them seem to be actuated more by a spirit of selfish ambition, than by the noble self-sacrificing spirit which actuated Moses. While the highest ambition of Moses was to better the condition of his people—the highest ambition of many of our leaders is to better their own condition. Great reformers never make gain the chief object of their enterprise. They live but for their cause, and as their cause prospers so they hope to prosper. It was so with Jesus Christ, the success of his cause was more to him than gold and silver, even life itself was not paramount to it in importance.

Moses being an Egyptian Prince by adoption, identified himself with them in all their interest before he arrived at mature age. He shared their honors, emulated their virtues, and strove with noble ambition to rival and excel them in their various departments of learning. But when he had become of full age, with a well trained and accomplished mind, and with all its powers at full maturity, he resolves upon a full renunciation of his Egyptian honors and preferments, and a full and unreserved devotion of himself to the common good of his race. And the first work he enters upon is that of promoting union, as the first and most indispensable requisite to lead a people in any great cause, And this he did by going right in among his people, and laboring among them to correct their errors, "Sirs," said he when he saw them striving—"Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?" And it will yet be found that our leaders will have to do the same way. They will have to come down to their people and make their mission a mission of union,—even if they are insulted as Moses was. God watches over the destiny of the races and nations of the earth with the same unsleeping eye in this age of time, that he has in any other. He is just as much concerned in the promotion of the temporal and spiritual happiness of his people in one age of time that he is in another.

But perhaps it may be said by some: What has all this in its connections to do with the great plan of Jesus Christ? I answer, It has this much: Jesus Christ is God as well as man, and he is man as well as God. As man, he cannot but sympathize with man, and as God in this intimate connection with man, he cannot but be greatly concerned in the promotion of the temporal as well as the spiritual happiness of man.

And Moses in this connection is presented as a type of Jesus Christ. He was appointed the temporal deliverer of his people. Jesus Christ, the spiritual Moses, was ordained of God to lead his people from the degradation and debasement of slavery to political life and liberty in that promised inheritance in the land of Canaan, which was but a type of that glorious inheritance in the world of spirits into which Jesus Christ has promised to lead all those who will follow after and be led by him. Let us take pattern after Moses, that meek, devoted and self-sacrificing man of God, the great temporal and spiritual leader of his people, who chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. "Sirs, ye are brethren." This declaration of Moses is the voice of inspiration, and it is destined to admonish the people of every nation of the world, "Sirs, ye are brethren." It is the solemn admonition of the Holy Spirit addressing himself to every race of mankind of every clime and of every color, "Sirs, ye are brethren." Yes, God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth. It matters not what our condition, what our wealth, what our station, we "are brethren," and brethren equally united by all the tender ties of a common nature. The poor degraded slave and his haughty master "are brethren," equals in a common humanity, and equals in the sight of God. The king upon his throne and even the meanest of his subjects "are brethren," not only of a common nature, but under common responsibilities, and hopes, and fears, from which none but a divine power can release them. In the present troubled condition of the world when nation is rising up against nation, when nearly all Christendom is in confusion, and Christians are whetting swords to imbrue in the blood of Christians, even in our own land, if Moses should once more be sent to the earth to unite and harmonise the turbulent and discordant factions that disturb the peace and tranquility of the nations, we should hear his voice rising above the sullen murmurs of discontent, proclaiming "Sirs, ye are brethren; why do wrong one to another?" Yes, all of us in this country, and in the world, "are brethren." Oh, if "we the people" of these United States, North and South, and East and West, rich and poor, and bond and free, of every shade of complexion could be brought to realize this truth—to feel that they were brethren—to act like brethren, and live like brethren—all the difficulties that now distract our land would pass away like early dew before a summer's sun. We have had no direct agency in creating the present difficulties which overshadow the land, and therefore many of us are led to view them with an idle curiosity, as if they were nothing to us, whereas they are full of meaning—full of promise—full of hope. God is working with us and for us. The day dawn of a brighter era is upon us. The indications of the times call upon us to make ready and qualify ourselves for a more ennobling career of civil and religious liberty. Let us therefore endeavor to act under all circumstances with the highest regard to God's glory, and the common good; ever on the side of truth, ever on the side of true honor and honesty—remembering that all who dwell in the land "are brethren."

GOV. ANDREWS OF MASSACHUSETTS ON THE WAR.

The following is an extract of a very eloquent speech delivered by Gov. Andrews of Massachusetts, in the Park Barracks, in this city, Sep. 5, on the arrival of the 20th Massachusetts regiment:

"The war is broad and comprehensive as the idea of liberty itself, which is bounded by no land, native to no clime, the inheritance of no particular people—of that liberty which is of no clime, and of no kindred, and of no color under heaven. (Unbounded applause.) And this is our cause—the cause of constitutional liberty and of the right of universal humanity. I am no prophet and no prophet's son, and would not dare to cast the horoscope of the future of this war; but this I will say, that I believe in the guiding providence of the Almighty God. I believe that He who led our fathers to the New England shores, who preserved them from the dangers of the seas and the perils of the wilderness, who protected them from the attacks of the savage tribes—that He who planted the acorn of the great tree of liberty on the inhospitable shores of Plymouth, and who has been with us through all the trials that beset a nation's childhood and early youth, will not desert the faithful and the true in the graver and severer, but not less needful trials of manhood. (Applause.) And whatever others may think, or dream, or fear, over this poor vision of mine, neither by day or by night, since the first triumphant shout rung from one sea to the other, after the seventeenth of April, has there passed the shadow of a doubt as to the ultimate result of this war. The American people, inspired by confidence in their cause, and by their trust in God, have taken up those arms which had so long lain unused by their side, and almost unbidden have gone out to battle. From the hill-sides and from the valleys, from the workshops and the railroads, from the sea side and from the fishing smacks of our own dear old Commonwealth—from every calling, and profession, and pursuit—from every sect, whether religious or political, whether of belief or unbelief—all have joined together in arms under a new inspiration. (Applause.) And whatever fortune or misfortune may befal our flag—should disaster attend the national arms either at Washington, or Baltimore, or Philadelphia, or New York—we of New England will rally behind you, and make the ramparts of New England the Switzerland of your liberties. (Prolonged applause.) But neither in New York or Philadelphia nor at Washington will the national army suffer defeat. We went to the battle of Bull Run an aggregation of town meetings—(laughter)—but whensoever we march again we march forth an army—(applause and cries of "That's so!") disciplined and drilled, and thoroughly equipped and appointed, and ably commanded. Now the army knows who the commanders are, and we will no longer be content with defending Washington under the walls of the Capitol, or on the banks of the Potomac, but Washington shall in the future be defended at Charleston, S. C.—(cheers)—at Savannah, Ga., at the city of New Orleans, and all the way up the Missouri. (Renewed applause.) The Union men of the South must be liberated by the armies of the North and of the West, and all men capable of bearing arms, and capable of allegiance, will yet be summoned to the national ranks, unless, indeed, some blight or blast shall smite the statesmen and generals of the South. It is my opinion that ere long all men who come up to the required standard, and who desire to fight under the flag of liberty, will be accepted; nor will generals deem it important to light a candle to see what complexion they may be of, or to hunt up the family Bible to see whether their grandfathers came from the banks of the Thames or the banks of the Senegal. (Loud cheers.) If those who have attempted to overthrow the national constitution, the ægis of liberty to others as well as to themselves, if those destructionists, in the attempt to overthrow the hopes of their own posterity as well as those of the toiling millions of other lands, find their own social system uprooted and their own "peculiar institution" struggling and finally falling beneath their own parricidal blow, whether it may be accounted a misfortune or not, it will be their own chickens coming home to roost, and the fault will be with themselves. (Cheers.) If it shall follow, in the good providence of God, that other men besides those of our own peculiar complexion and blood shall taste the sweets of liberty, then, I say God be praised. (Applause, followed by three cheers for Gov. Andrews.)

I am glad that this sentiment is not heresy in the great mercantile metropolis of the country. I suppose that although we ought not, if peace had been preserved, either to invade, or counsel, or permit the invasion of any constitutional right reserved to any State or people—that when a State or people tramples the constitution itself beneath their feet, and endeavors to crush us, and our children with it, that then we may at least have the poor privilege of protecting the rights, and battling for the liberty and happiness of the people of the North, bond as well as free. (Applause.) I look, Mr. President, with the assurance of a confident faith for an early restoration of universal peace. I have no idea, not the slightest, that the next Fourth of July will find the people in arms. But it may be, nevertheless, that we shall continue to pour out our money and our blood in prosecuting this holy war. Let the worst come. Let the war continue. Let it abide with us. Let the sword be constantly the emblem glittering before our eyes. Let the flag advance and armed men tread beneath its folds, till, in Heaven's own time, a perfectly assured peace shall come, established upon foundations of eternal right, on which alone can any victory be secured. (Applause) I thank from the bottom of my heart, the sons of New England resident in New York, for the kindness of this reception given to the Twentieth regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, and for the flattering manner in which my name has been mentioned in connection therewith, and also for the generous hospitality and fraternal love which has been exhibited by you and all of you, from the moment when the Sixth Massachusetts displayed the ensign of our glorious old Commonwealth in the streets of New York, when bound—the first regiment—for the defence of the capital. (Cheers.) From that day till this we have continued, in one stream of military organization, to almost tire your hospitality and patience. [Cries of "no, no."] If you were not faithful and patriotic, as well as generous, we should almost feel it our duty to find some other route to Philadelphia. The sons of Massachusetts residing in New York are bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and heart of our hearts, and the memory of your kindness shall not be soon forgotten. [Loud applause.]

THE DEAD ARM.

"Do you see that arm?"

The convict, wasted by a fierce disease, raised himself to a sitting position in the bed, with much labor, and raising his withered right arm with the other, clutched it as if he would wring it from its socket as a traitorous member of his body.

"That arm did it," and he glared vengefully upon it, and shook it fiercely.

"Did what?"

"Did murder! Put me here to live a buried life for ten long years. O! how long they have been. I have counted them hour after hour in my cell. How long can I live at the most?"

"Three hours—perhaps four."

"Too long to live, but sufficient time in which to tell my story. If you believe it, it will be more than judge or jury have done. Would you deceive when on your death bed?

"My marriage to the girl I had long loved, and who loved me with a love exceeding my most sanguine hopes, is the point, so far as regards the nice applicability of the past events to the present certainties, at which my narrative commences. Dating from the day of that marriage, there begins a succession of misfortunes, that insignificant at their birth, were gradually moulded together by extraneous contingencies until they culminated in an act foul and terrible, if meditated or intended, that made me a branded felon.

"My wife and I never quarreled. We loved and revered each other too much to trespass or trample upon what the other considered sacred. To be sure, in mere levity and exultation of spirits we performed acts that, to persons unacquainted with us and our circumstances, might seem seasoned with earnestness. To such misunderstandings, by a third person, may be attributed the origin of reports that we, my wife and I, lived an unhappy life—a life of turmoil—of blows. Many around held to such an opinion, but from mere ignorance of the nature of our lives.

"But, I, descending rapidly to the grave, do declare that we never, by word, or deed, transcended our great love for each other; or transgressed those laws that should preserve the person of the wife from blow or contumely. If it were possible to exist without jarring discord to turn the sweetest sympathies into bitter hatred, ours was that existence. Yet it availed me not in the dark day that came upon my household; but rather offered opportunities by which to strengthen an apparent guiltiness.

"Jessie," I said to my wife, one evening, do you stand on one side of the room while I take a position on the other. Give me a ball of yarn from the basket, and then whosoever is hit with the ball the greatest number of times, shall make a present to the other. A nice present of course.

"If I lose, my present shall be a dressing gown," said Jessie, "but you know you'll have to pay for it."

"It will be just as acceptable," I answered.

"But if I lose, you may have that ring with the emerald and pearls."

Then the soft ball of yarn flew quickly from hand to hand, we all the time laughing and talking with great glee. A knock at the door and an acquaintance entered, finding our faces flushed with the excitement of the contest, and each uncertain who was the vanquished. I declared that she won the ring, and promised to put it upon her finger the next day; which day to her alive, never came.

About two o'clock that night I was awakened to consciousness by one of those inexplicable preternatural premonitions of near danger, which are often encountered, but generally in a skeptical spirit.

My mind was clear to reason—not having its delicate powers blunted by sleep. Scarcely were my eyes closed before I came cognizant of the presence of a cold, clammy nature, by its loathsome contact with my face, and by its presence upon my bosom, whereby it nearly stilled the beating of my heart. Naturally, I am no coward; but the knowledge of the presence of this burden, combined with utter darkness, creator of fierce fear, completely unnerved me, and my body shook like an aspen leaf.

The quiet condition of this body, which appertained not to myself, or my wife—its mysterious situation—and above all—the moist, chilly contact with my face, deprived me for an instant of self possession. The clattering of a blind, or the nibbling of a mouse, seemed like a peal of thunder to my ears; the overstrained eye saw or seemed to see, ghostly shapes pendant from the chandelier or bed-post.

I dared not shout aloud nor change my position in bed for fear that my throat would be clutched by the incubus that sat like a hidious nightmare upon my chest.

I experienced such sensations as does the strong swimmer or the venturous diver, when coming in bodily contact, unforewarned, with a corpse beneath the surface of the water—when nature acts like an electric battery, and discharges volumes of fear at the slightest movement; or like one in the dark, who encounters a skeleton.

I was peculiarly situated; surrounded by an immensity of terror, expansive in as much as it draped thoughts and motions in habiliment that gave them a gigantic appearance, immersed into the sea of dread and doubt, and finally completely cowed by fear.

Now reason made its appeal to the frightened soul. The mere consciousness of bodily contact with this invisibility suggested its substantiality, but I hesitated to make the first movement, hostile or otherwise. There was a half-formed supposition in my mind, that if I stirred there would come upon me an onset by the incubus that I could not withhold; this hesitancy to action I partly overcame by the circumspect rising of my left arm—it was free. I moved my right instantly, and cotemporaneously with that movement the weight upon my face was removed to my neck. A little more stealthy investigation, still fearful of an attack by an insidious enemy, and I found that my right hand and arm as far as the elbow was temporarily paralyzed, or in that condition called "asleep;" that the hand was cold and without sensibility, and it was that object I had rested upon my face.

Of course I was much elated at the discovery, and ashamed that I had been so easily alarmed at an accident that was susceptible of so easy an explanation. In order to give my wife an account of the absurd occurrence, I turned over, my present position being a reclination upon my back.

In my relief, consequent upon what I considered a correct explanation of my fright, the weight upon my chest had been forgotten; now, the change of my position recalled it very unpleasantly and inopportunely, even before I had touched my wife.

Imagine, if you can, the result of this sudden knowledge that my oppressor had not been explained away. Think how quickly all the reasons which had been carefully revolved from the mental perplexities in which I had been entangled, were effectually controverted, and how absolutely mystery and fanatic horror again swayed the sceptre.

There was, then, a being or thing in the room that did not belong there, never had been there previous to that night, and my deductions were faulty. The result was that I lost all control over my passions—that I was lashed into a fury of despair, by the fear of the presence of a supernatural being.

Clasping the object upon my breast with my left hand, with my right nerved with terror, knowing no restraint, and numb to all sensation of pain by reason of its paralysis I struck heavy, treacherous blows. It had soft hair, and at this I pulled and tugged, in this paroxysm of horror, in my great agony of mind I shrieked for aid—notwithstanding my efforts encountered no resistance—and called Jessie to awaken. There was no response. The passive submission to blows of the object grasped in my left hand, was extraordinary—the silence of my wife unaccountable.

Then for the first time during the struggle did I think of Jessie's remarkable sound slumber, and connected with the burden, I could not separate the identity of my wife from that of the object of my vengeance.

Pushing the weight aside, I leaped from the bed and lighted the gas.

My wife was dead.

It was her head—that I had so often fondled, playing with its silken tresses—kissing the dear lips—looking into those lustrous eyes—that had so confidently reposed upon my breast. Yet not more than five minutes had elapsed since my awakening.

I cannot believe that I am her murderer, even, though the law so seals me with the crime.

But the arm, now so shrivelled and withered into its present form, came not so by a punishment from heaven. After my condemnation, doubting as I did my agency in her death, yet hating the instrument that had known no pity or gentleness in its blows. I held it, that arm, as a sacrifice to my dead wife, in the fire, until the flames sapped its life, blackened its beauty, and burned out of it all the semblance of human form.

These are the reasons why I hate it, and have hated it since that night. I am thankful that my stay upon earth is so diminished. When you have lived a life of solitude such as mine, with a doubt such as mine for an invisible companion, you too would gladly seek its conclusion.

* * * *

The convict died that night. The prison warden confirming the truth of the convict's narrative, adding that the marks of blows upon the body of his wife—the absence of all cause to create sudden death—and the unfavorable testimony of many of the witnesses who had interrupted their amusement the evening previous to his wife's decease, were formidable arguments against the innocence of the convict.

If the convict's story was true, and I had no reason to believe it was false, it was certainly an instance of remarkable complicity of circumstances sufficient to embarrass both judge and jury. It was doubtless a case of unintentional murder, committed by the convict in a state of frenzy—originated and finished under the influence of a superstitious mind, too easily excited by such a situation as that in which he had been placed.

THE RAT-TRAP MAN.

A Methodist minister gives a western paper a humorous account of a visit of one of those hangers-on, who seem to think the ministers keep cheap temperance taverns. The servant girl, on Saturday night, announced that a gentleman, with a carpet bag, was at the door, and wanted to see the minister. He went to the door, wondering who it could be, and says:

In this way, as I proceeded down stairs, I made up my mind that I should encounter a book-agent. The moment my eyes rested on the "gentleman with a carpet bag," I knew that he was not an agent for one of our many benevolent institutions, they often call on Saturday night, for he had neither smiling business air nor the immaculate linen of that class of public servants. Indeed, I was at loss to know what his business was. He did not, however, in compassion, I am sure, suffer me to remain a long time in doubt. He was a brother minister—not now in the itinerancy; had located on account of an affliction—a hearty, keen-eyed man he was. "He was compelled to remain in town over Saturday, and did not like to remain at the hotels, for they were not conducted on temperance principles. Perhaps—he did not want to put one to any trouble—perhaps I could find him a place at one of the brethren, or perhaps—he did not want to put me to any trouble—perhaps—but no, he ought not to impose on one who did not get too large a salary." There it was. How I wished there was a hotel in town conducted on temperance principles! I am sure there ought to be one, for the protection of preachers.

I groaned inwardly, as you may suppose, for, poor, selfish mortal that I am, I thought of myself. I wished again that there was a hotel in town, conducted on temperance principles. Then came a dim consciousness that I was not exercising Christian charity—certainly not practicing patience. Indeed I began to pity my poor brother, and wished I had better accommodations and a fuller larder; and I really regretted that there was not a hotel in town conducted on temperance principles, where he could procure better accommodations. I was nearly ready to confess that I was a miserable sinner, when he pulled a book out of his side pocket, and said he would like to read me something he had written on the proper mode of baptism. He had been, he said, after the Campbellites for more than twenty years, and now he had an argument that would end the controversy. I was glad that the controversy was to have an end, but was sorry that I was to be in at the death.

He read the lengthy manuscript as if he knew I liked it. I will do him the justice to say that he read it well, and that the argument was a good one; but I think it will not end the controversy. I was glad when he put up his book, and began to breathe naturally. Giving him the freedom of the parsonage, I was hunting up the proper form of words to excuse myself for the evening, when he hurriedly produced the book again, asking if I had ever read the poem of his "Cutting up Universalists." How I wished I knew it by rote, as I did Halleck's "Marco Bozaris;" but I did not and had to confess ignorance of the poem.

Here let me say for all coming time, that I do write doggerel verses, sometimes myself, which I think an ample excuse for not reading the same kind of verses when published by somebody else. My patience failed me just at this point—and then, as I said, I am somewhat nervous.

He read the poem. Do not understand me to endorse the composition as a poem. I noticed that it made breeze rhyme with trees, and love with above, but did not hear much of it. You know, or ought to know, that no one is under any moral obligation to listen to an author reading his own poems, without he is a particular friend—and not then except as a particular favor.

I think he had something else that he wished to read to me, but I suddenly recollected that there was to be a meeting of the trustees of the Church, and that I was constitutionally President of the honorable body. It was a happy thought.

I would show the brethren that, however delinquent I had been in the past, I was not lacking in interest in all the affairs of the Church, temporal and spiritual. So I gave my brother the evening newspaper, informed him of my engagement, and surprised the board of trustees. The question before them was: How shall we make the collections equal to the expenses?

I think that I have heard the question discussed before, and it may be have taken part in such discussion, but I never before entered into it so heartily. I could have remained till midnight—till every one was in bed—yea, even till all in my own house had gone to bed.

"You preach to-morrow, as a matter of course?" said brother B., as we dispersed late in the evening.

"Well, I do not know exactly," said I, brother X. is stopping with me, and I presume that he will expect an invitation to occupy the pulpit, a part of the day at least."

"Brother X!" he exclaimed, "why, bless me? brother X! You do not mean that man about town peddling patent rat traps?"

"Peddling rat traps?"

"Yes, peddling rat traps!"

"Well, that does rather alter the case."

"I should think it did."

Oh, how I wish there was a hotel in town conducted on temperance principles! But there was none. So I concluded to practice patience.

"Perhaps," I ventured in a quiet tone, "you are mistaken, brother B."

"Not a bit of it sir. A tall rather good looking man, with a carpet bag."

There was the carpet bag again. There could be no mistake; the identity of the man was established, I groaned—not inwardly this time. I wished there was a tav—but what was the use of wishing, I must practice patience. I did so, but I fear there was not any virtue in it, as it was from compulsion not choice.

I can hardly remember how I got through the Sabbath. He undertook to explain to me a new plan of unfolding the book of Revelations, but a call to a very sick man happily relieved me from the fearful affliction. He thought my morning sermon could have been improved in the first division of the subject. I coincided with him in opinion, but did not ask him to mend. He had, he said, an original sermon on the text I preached at night. I took it for granted, and did not ask him for a skeleton of it. I don't think much of original sermons—they are apt to be sensational.

Do you believe it, he left on Monday morning with my thanks, but did not even offer me a rat trap. I would like to have tried one of his traps.

A man who had purchased a pair of new shoes, finding the road to be rather a rough one, decided on putting the shoes under his arm, and walking home barefooted. After a while he stubbed his great toe, taking the nail off as clean as a whistle. "[illegible]" he exclaimed. "What a tremendous [illegible] that would have been for the shoes!"

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

A NOBLE PROPOSITION.

ROBERT HAMILTON Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I congratulate you at the appearance once more of the Anglo-African.—a paper that gained, for the time it existed, more prestige than any other that had preceded it.

Now sir, the glorious question is, "Shall it live?" I call it glorious, from the immense importance of the hour that is now upon us.

It will live if we bring our patriotism, our love for the truth, not to a boiling, but a moderate heat. Let each brother and sister, father and child, do what they can—take stock in it at a fair premium. The premium to be paid in Hallelujahs when its work as a Journal for Freedom is over.

Sir, I propose to unite with some in investing Five Dollars to begin with: what will others answer? I propose no plan upon which it is to be paid, but leave that to your better judgment—but I suppose you need the money as soon as you can get it. I therefore pay immediately. Now who will be the next customer,—if not for five, for four—for three—for two—for one! for fifty cents? Keep in remembrance, friends, that this stock pays glorious in premiums, however small be the investment. Yet you must still remember, that greater the investment, more glorious the premium!

Now sir, I believe I have said enough; perhaps more than enough—for, after all, all that is requisite is but for the people to know your need, and they are ready to nobly respond.

Yours in behalf of the good cause,
J. N. GLOUCESTER.

The following are responses to the above proposition, including Mr. Gloucester's subscription:

J. N. Gloucester,	$5
H. Highland Garnet,	1
Henry M. Wilson,	1
Mary A. Chambers,	1

What We are Fighting For.

This has been frequently called the "causeless war." Men cannot understand why the South, absolutely surfeited with rule, should take up arms. Every demand made by them in behalf of their real or imagined rights had been freely and fully conceded. Even Mr. Toombs, with a little patience, might have called the roll of his bondmen beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill monument. With the North at their feet, the Southern Alexanders sighed for new worlds to conquer.

We suspect that the probings of philosophy will ultimately show, that war like other apparent evils which afflict humanity is one of the normal incidents in human progress. On Mr. Darwin's theory, the preservation of the stronger at the expense of the destruction of the weaker of any given species, this would appear clear enough. And it lends strength to the hypothesis, that rarely if ever before in the history of the world, have a homogeneous people, increasing from six to thirty millions, lived without internal war for the period of eighty years. In this view had there been no North *versus* South: no half free *versus* half slave: no semi-civilized *versus* semi-barbarous divisions in our republic, a spontaneous war must have burst out within this period as a necessary and normal incident of development.

The primary answer then to the question at the head of these remarks, is, that we are fighting for the same reason that we are breathing, it is a necessary incident in our aggregate, as breathing is a necessary incident in our individual life

But there are also secondary reasons for this fight; special, more immediately visible and pressing. There are men among our people who *look upon* this as the "white man's war," and such men openly say, let them fight it out among themselves. It is their flag, and their constitution which have been dishonored and set at naught: it is their forts which have been bombarded or stolen: and all they see to is to retake these forts and to restore the Union as it *was*!

This is a huge fallacy. In proof of which let us ask ourselves some questions. By ourselves we mean the free blacks of the free States. What rights have we in the free States? We have the "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We have the right to labor, and are secured in the fruits of our labor; we have the right to our wives and our little ones: we have to a large extent the right to educate our children—and if in possession of means we can educate them to the fullest extent of their capacities.

Are these rights worth the having? If they are then they are worth defending with *all our might*, and at any cost. It is illogical, unpatriotic, nay mean and unmanly in us to shrink from the defence of *these great rights and privileges*. To hesitate to defend them, would prove us unworthy to enjoy them.

But some will say that these rights of *ours* are not assailed by the South. Are they not? What in short is the programme or platform on which the South would have consented to remain in the Union? It was to spread slavery over all the States and territories. It was to make slavery co-incident with African descent. It was to make the colored man, wherever found on American soil, a slave. It was to gain for the slave-holder the right to carry his slaves with him securely wherever he wished on American soil.

Against whom did this platform level its guns? We assert that it was against the free blacks of the North, and such freedom as they enjoy. The South had every thing else which they demanded or dreamed of demanding. They had both political parties chained to their *chariot wheels*, and could have been as much in possession of the government and government offices under the republicans of to-day as they had under the whigs of old.

No! it was the free black man, living and enjoying his life of freedom and *progress*, which tortured the vision and seared the brain of the haughty slaveocracy; and they determined to crush this free black man to the dreadful uniformity of slavery.

Hence, talk as we may, we *are* concerned in this fight, and our fate hangs upon its issues. The South must be subjugated, or we shall be enslaved. In aiding the Federal government in *whatever way we can, we are aiding to secure our* own liberty; for this war can only end in the subjugation of the North or of the South. We do not affirm that the North is fighting in behalf of the black man's rights, as such—if this was the single issue, we even doubt whether they would fight at all. But circumstances have been so arranged by the decrees of Providence, that in struggling for their own nationality they are forced to defend our rights. And conversely the struggle and the fight which is beckoning us to join in, in behalf of our rights makes us by the same over-ruling necessity the defenders of their nationality.

Let us be awake, therefore brethren; a generous emulation in a common patriotism, and a special call to defend our rights alike bid us to be on the alert to seize arms and drill as soon as the government shall be willing to accept our services.

Hayti.

As many of our readers would like to be well informed in regard to the actual condition of Hayti, and the prospects held out to emigrants, we shall re-publish shortly some of Mr. James Redpath's letters from Hayti, printed two years ago in the New York *Tribune*. As that gentleman is a very vivid and truthful writer, and enjoyed unusual facilities for observation, his views will be at once *interesting and authoritative*.

AMUSEMENTS.

A LITERARY AND MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The ladies of Zion Baptist Church gave a literary and musical festival, on the evening of August 29th, which was quite successful. The choir of the church, under the leadership of Mr. Bailey, performed several anthems, Madame Magnan sustaining the solo parts, and Miss J. A. Williams and *Mr. Waldron presiding* at the organ. The literary exercises were sustained by Messrs Jacobs, Powers, and Bodee; the three ever ready members of the Petersonian Association. The *last named gentleman's address on "Energy" was* particularly fine, and if he will only strive to conquer his excessive nervousness and bashfulness when speaking, will become all that his friends desire.

Remember sir "this is the age of brass." Master Powers, though a brilliant speaker, is a careless one: he has yet to learn that high sounding words and pompous phrases strung together without regard to sense, are unworthy of *him*, and little better than an insult to his audience. Mr. Jacobs whose speeches are carefully prepared, detracts from their effect by his bad delivery. He roars out the most solemn sentences and the loudest appeals on the same high-sounding key, to the utter destruction of all harmony. In the recitation of "Richard's Soliloquy," he strode from side to side in a manner that would have reflected credit upon him if engaged in a walking match, but which certainly did not become an educated young gentleman. We trust he will take this criticism in good part, and strive to improve himself in this particular. The mental enjoyment over, the audience *partook of another feast of a* purely physical character; and the way the cream, fruit, and cake disappeared, delighted the hearts of sundry old ladies who pocketed the cash for *the said good things with unlimited satisfaction.* The affair which was gotten up for the benefit of the church funds, gave general satisfaction.

ELOX.

Letter from Paterson, N. J.

MR. EDITOR:—An everlasting pic-nic, for the special benefit of Mr. Harry Jones, of Paramus, was lately held in the adjoining county, apparently on the outskirts of civilization, commencing Thursday, August 27th, it was continued with music, dancing, feastings, &c., throughout the week. The Paterson boys made a reconnoisance in force, going up in an imposing column. The encampment they found situated among the trees, on a gentle slope, where were congregated the votaries of pleasure from *every point of the compass. Pigs and chickens,* which had been sacrificed for the occasion, with a flowing fountain of mineral waters, made ample provision for creature comforts. Judging, however, from certain indications, there must also have been a masked battery in range of the party, some of whom, I regret to say, *found it difficult to maintain their position.* The ladies present ("God bless 'em,") were beautiful, charming, and all that, as they usually are, and their presence did much to make the pic-nic a really delightful affair in spite of the fact adverted to.

And now, while writing about pic-nics, permit me freely to express my opinions concerning them. That they may be made conducive of physical, moral, and mental improvement, I believe. This object probably could be obtained, if to the music and dancing customary, there were added addresses, recitations from the poets, theatrical representations, &c. If these were chosen so as to make the pic-nic a demonstration in favor of liberty and human progress, generally, it would be still more worthy of patronage. In such a case the laboring man, the cheerful housewife, the industrious daughter, while seeking a grateful relief from wonted toils under the open sky, would only be fitting themselves the better to meet the stern realities of life. But the spendings of half a week, or even half a day in dissipation, with no higher object than mere animal enjoyment, casting away the earnings of a *summer in a* few hours, is a folly that must receive the condemnation of every reasonable being, and when, as at present, labor is nearly "played out" and a bleak and barren winter staring us in the face, such conduct is doubly reprehensible. It is nothing [illegible] a disgraceful crime.

An Anglo-African "war item," and I have done. Mr. John Henry Smith, formerly captain of our American Guard, recently returned on a two weeks furlough from the seat of war. He is connected with Company I, 2nd N. J. regiment, Kearney's Brigade. Mr. Smith was with the Jersey boys in the first skirmish at Cloud's Mills, Va., but came back unharmed, except by an accidental discharge of his own pistol, which took effect in his arm, making only a flesh wound, however. He has again returned to the "sacred soil" of the "F. F. V.'s."

OCCASIONAL.

Letter from New London.

NEW LONDON, Sept. 9. 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—

On Thursday, the 5th inst., on the strength of a very cordial invitation, I wended my way to Groton, to attend the Second Annual "Clam Bake" of the "*Plymouth Rock Association.*" After a very pleasant walk of about fifteen minutes, on Groton side, I found myself in the midst of as fine a company of ladies and gentlemen as ever assembled on such an occasion, composed of the very elite and fashionable of the day. The ladies, as usual, presented a very gay appearance, and I can assure you, they highly appreciated this grand feast of pleasure. A band of amateurs from New York, under the direction of Prof. Douglass, was in attendance, and discoursed some very fine music. A platform had been erected by the committee for the accommodation of those that wished to engage in the "merry dance," which I can assure you did efficient service. About half-past 2 o'clock the guests formed in couples and proceeded to another portion of the grove, where they partook of a fine dinner which would have served well for an epicure. I need not relate to you the many fine dishes that constituted the dinner; suffice it to say that everything was fine. The "clam bake," which was under the direction of Mr. John Boston, passed off finely; the clams, I can assure you, were "par excellant." The dinner over, the company resumed their enjoyments. New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Williamsburg, Norwich, and Stonington were well represented. The enjoyments kept up until a late hour in the day, when the company united in singing several patriotic songs, after which cheers were given for the *Plymouth Rock Association*, three for the several committees, and three for the musicians, when the company dispersed much pleased with the Second Annual Clam Bake of the Plymouth Rock Association. A Union exhibition is to be given in this city at Dart's Hall, this evening, by Mrs. Rebecca A. Smith, *assisted by Miss Jane A. Newby, (of the* "Peace and Unity" Literary Association of this city,) and several others.

WIDE AWAKE.

Celebration at Red Bank.

MR. EDITOR:—

Thursday, 29th of August, was a joyful day to several hundred children and youth, who had set it apart as a day of celebrating their Sabbath School Anniversary, and the Emancipation of 800,000 slaves in the British West Indies.

The weather, although wet, gloomy, and disagreeable, did not appear to affect the happy throng assembled at Red Bank, the old Colored American battle ground of 1781. Boats were chartered to run from Philadelphia, Wilmington, Chester, and Marcus Hook, to the ground during the day, but unfortunately for our Philadelphians, the Government on that morning seized both the boats chartered for this excursion and hurried them off to the Potomac as transport-vessels for our troops, leaving us all, white and colored, standing upon the levee: (it will be remembered they were regular line boats plying between the city and Red Bank.) Of course for a time we demurred, but after considering it a military necessity, we could but bid them God speed. As there is a large bar in front of the landing at Red Bank, boats of ordinary draught can only land at high tide, this left us but one opportunity of reaching it from the city. The fine steamer Young America, *from* Chester and Marcus Hook, had brought up her trip at eight o'clock, A. M. The Zephyr had also brought a party from Wilmington, which arrived safe at an early hour on the ground. Our boat, the fine little steamer Raucocas, with a "gay and happy" party, left at two o'clock, P. M. As the boat backed out from her berth at Arch Street wharf, the colored band on board (Harry Craigg's celebrated), struck up one of their celebrated original airs, much to the gratification of the hundreds of spectators that crowded the wharf and the decks of the steamer. When opposite the Navy Yard the band glided gently from a beautiful waltz into the Star Spangled Banner. The United States vessels lay at anchor, and one other was preparing to weigh anchor and leave for the seat of war. They were crowded with soldiers and civilians, and when they discovered that we were colored Americans, and that the band which sent wafting on the breeze this glorious National air was also colored, no tongue can describe the sensation of heartfelt gratification that burst forth spontaneously from officers and soldiers, ladies and gentlemen, as we passed them. Hats, 'kerchiefs, capes, shawls, and whatever came handiest, were waved *till we passed far beyond* seeing and hearing distance. One fellow got down over the bulwarks of one of the ships, and appeared to lap water like a dog, a rule applied to the tried men of Joshua's army. Perhaps had he not speedily obtained water he would have died from exhaustion and excitement. No colored camp meeting could ever equal that scene in exciting detail.

At length we reached the ground and found dinner over, and the ladies and gentlemen old and young enjoying themselves in all kinds of rural amusements; there were from three to four hundred persons present, all agreeing and touching upon the one thing needful, *which, of course, made me* wish to be one in their midst, and that to be blessed! After a consultation with the *officers and speakers* present, among whom were Rev. William Murphy, Rev. James Underdue, Mr. John M. Ridgeley, A. M. Green and others—it was thought advisable (as the effort was to be repeated and as it was a late hour and still raining,) not to interfere with the general good humored pleasures of the moment by introducing the regular order of the day as previously announced—every one, therefore, was left to choose his own manner of amusement. Some played "blind man's buff," others "*old man and woman,*" *others strolled* away upon the beach, and marked the soft heaving bosom of the incoming tide, while others were engaged in selecting the various sports marked out in the history of this tragic spot. So the day was spent till six o'clock, when the shrill whistle of the Young America summoned us to the dock, and all embarked much happier, if not wiser than when we left our homes, for this long celebrated spot of colored American patriotic achievement.

I have not time to describe the various scenes of interest at Red-Bank in this letter, at some future period I may do so more in detail.

This is the place at which colored men so nobly defended the city of brotherly love against the approach of a large number of British troops in the year 1781. There still stands great shafts of granite marking the graves of those departed heroes of that signal victory over the invaders of our soil and quiet homes. Long live the memory of their achievements in the hearts of all honest patriotic Americans. For the present I must bid adieu to these scenes for we are now again disembarked from our little steamer; whose rise and fall with the swelling waters has more than once *frightened* our friend, Rev. James Underdue out of his wits.

Perhaps he is like a certain eminent divine, who being challenged by a gallant American tar—when out in a storm with a lack of faith, the minister very promptly replied that he had a full complement of faith in God, but not a particle of faith in these old rotten timbers of which this leaky ship is composed.

ANATHOTH.

Letter from Newark.

NEWARK, N. J. SEPT. 9th, 1860.

MR. EDITOR.—The Rev. Alexander *Crummell officiated in St. Philip's church* in this city, yesterday at morning and evening service, also on Sunday the 1st inst, greatly to the edification and complete satisfaction of the large congregations, drawn by the eminence of his talents and acquirements.

His two Sunday evening's sermons here, were masterly productions, evincing a clearness and depth of thought exceedingly pleasing to a great many persons who then heard him for the first time.

Mr. Crummell is on the eve of departing on a tour through the western states, and designs being absent some four or five weeks, and as it is his first visit to that part of *the country he anticipates much pleasure* thereby.

The Rev. Mr. Adams from Buffalo (I *believe,*) *is now supplying the pulpit of the* Plane st. Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Mr. Lynch formerly of Newport who has been filling the same position from last Nov. up to about the 1st ult. though still in the city, is, I am informed, about going to some other field.

The colored grammar school under the charge of W. G. Strong assisted by Miss L. Waters commenced its fall term on the 2d. inst. with a large number of scholars.

Mrs. Rogers, the enterprising widow of the lamented Rev. E. P. Rogers, has quite an interesting little school of juveniles, at her residence in Plane st.

The Parochial school of St. Philip's church is discontinued, having to yield to the pressure of the times, and Miss Josepliine Booth the accomplished principal who endeared herself to many friends here by her eminently ladylike qualities, has returned to Springfield Mass. More anon,

CONTRABAND.

Rev. J. B. Smith's Lecture in Philadelphia.

MR. EDITOR:—

I listened last Thursday evening to a harangue of great length by Dr. John B. Smith of African notoriety, or more recently of Haytian emigration, who it seems is one of Redpath's paid traveling agents, to induce the colored people to leave their native land for one they know not of.

He attempted to show, in the first place, that God had made us emigrationists, by saying that He never intended Adam and Eve to remain in the garden of Eden. He was hard put, too, for argument, as all the old arguments have become threadbare. Said he, "God is an emigrationist, and all who find fault with it must find fault with God."

His next point was that objections were made to emigration, because it unsettled the minds of the people. He then made a deplorable picture of our starving condition in this country. The starving part he may be acquainted with, for all I know, but the colored people in Philadelphia are not starving, I can assure you. But my impression is if he expects to make a living by running around the country trying to get the colored people to emigrate to Hayti, or Africa, or elsewhere, he will starve.

His next point was that there was too much talking done. He seemed to have forgotten that his pay was depending upon his talk, and his pay perhaps was the only reason why he did talk.

He then referred to the various conventions that have been held by the colored people. He said that no good had ever come out of them. His remarks startled me, coming from a professed minister of the gospel. Nothing seemed to be worthy of the gentleman's attention but emigration.

What seemed to hurt him more than anything was, that some one had a clam bake in some part of the country, I know not where (for he did not tell us), that cost some five thousand dollars, so he says. And from the various allusions made to the subject, I came to the conclusion that he was not invited, or does not love clams.

He made several allusions to gentlemen wearing black coats; who he meant I am not able to say. He said that he was at some meeting where an invitation was given to Mrs. Leary to come and take up her abode with them; but he opposed it and begged them not to have her come and starve with them.

His picture of the condition of the colored people in the United States was a very deplorable one, as all make it when they want to make a dollar by inducing us to leave the country.

He said that he had visited the schools throughout the State, and in Harrisburg he found the school up an alley and down in the cellar. And when he was asked if the school referred to was the school taught by Mr. Bustill, he said it was, and the building where the school was held had nothing above it, nor nothing below it. He called it a cellar. So much for the gentleman's veracity. He then wound up his harangue by offering his books for sale, filled with *misrepresentations, not to say falsehoods,* at twenty-five cents a piece.

G. W. G.

Philadelphia, Sept. 10th, 1861.

BROOKLYN PAPERS No. 2.

MR. EDITOR:—I have noticed with much *pleasure a fine proposition over the signature* of Jn. Gloucester. Without reviewing the different members of the proposition in detail, suffice to say that the main "question shall the Anglo African live? will" be correctly and most speedily answered by taking Mr. G's. advice, and following his practical example in whole or in part, according to our circumstances. The sums named for investment in this institution of humanity are well chosen, and bears bright marks of foresight. Had Mr. G. given an hundred, fifty, or twenty-five dollars, in the present scarcity of money and labor he would have had very few if any disciples to follow his example. But as the sums now stand, *ranging from five dollars to fifty* cents every family at least, if not every individual can easily enjoy the luxury of promoting of truth and liberty. I feel bound in all-conscience far as I can, to comply with the Noble Proposition, and to influence all whom I can to support your valuable paper, which no doubt will encourage you to go forward with it. The need of a newspaper published, by intelligent and energetic colored gentlemen, devoted especially to the interests of our oppressed people, must be evident enough to every man of observation.

It is an old proverb in professional circles, "That some things may be done as well as others," but the man who possesses the courage to commence the publication of a newspaper in times like these, and the energy to prosecute it, as we trust you have, can do not some things only, but almost any thing. Competent colored men of all others are the most efficient to plead the cause of the oppressed in this land. In passing a house wrapt in flames I noticed with an interest never to be forgotten, that the shrieks of the inmates were much more touching, appalling, and terrific, than the hoarse peals which the noble, self-denying firemen thundered out. So our wrongs can be more impressively described by our oppressed brethren.

SPES.

CAMP MEETINGS.

AT MANSFIELD, MASS.

MR. EDITOR:—Our visit to the camp ground at Mansfield, Mass., on Sunday, the first instant, was an occasion worthy of notice. Its importance is derived from the fact that it was a Union of the Zion and Bethel Churches of Boston, New Bedford, Worcester, Providence and adjacent neighborhoods. Although it was called a colored gathering, yet the whites greatly predominated. There was from eight to ten thousand persons present.

The Churches (white,) of Mansfield suspended service on the Sabbath, for the purpose of permitting their members to join in solemn worship with their colored brethren. Within a circumference of five miles the convergence of the crowd pointed the *stranger to the spot where camp was located.* At four o'clock A. M., companies from ten to fifteen miles distant could have been seen wending their way to the meeting.

The number of vehicles present was estimated at 1,600. One farmer who charged ten cents for all conveyances admitted to his field, received the snug sum of ninety dollars. Such a great crowd not being anticipated, there was not a sufficiency of tents, consequently many were obliged to return home.

The Rev. Joseph Hicks acted as moderator, and with the assistance of the select men of the town, preserved the best of order.

The Right Rev. J. J. Clinton, and Revds. Messrs. Giles of New Bedford, Lewis of Boston, Rev. Rue and Loyd of Providence, Talbut of Boston, Butler of Springfield, and other clergymen with whom I was not acquainted were present.

At ten o'clock, A. M., the Rev. Samson Talbut preached a sermon from this text, "Choose ye this day whom you will serve."

We will not attempt to descant upon this gentleman's discourse: all who have heard him, know him to be a Samson indeed, in the Gospel. In listening to this sermon we were richly paid for our mornings visit to the camp.

At half-past two o'clock, P. M., the Right Reverend J. J. Clinton took the stand, and in a sermon of great eloquence added much to the flame that had been kindled in the morning.

Indeed the preaching of all the colored clergymen during the entire continuance of the camp was very excellent, and greatly astonised many of the whites present, who *expressed themselves very freely in reference* to the matter.

At the close of the meeting the owner of *the camping ground, who had cheerfully* granted its use gratis, sent in a extra bill [besides incidental expenses] of fifty dollars!

The committee raised forty-seven dollars, but the select men feeling very indignant at this attempted extortion, compelled the land holder, a Mr. Hall, to take fifteen dollars their expenses three dollars to be deducted from that amount.

I think he will be a little more reasonable in his future dealings with colored Americans. The whole affair passed off well, with but one exception. When the meeting had broken up, and *all the tents were either down* or vacated save one which contained its proprietor [Rev. Mr. Jay of Providence, and wife,] a *gang of huge ruffians who had only* awaited the absence of the guard and police to do their demonlike work, attacked said tent and occupants But brother Jay went at the ring leader of the gang, an athletic bully, knocked him down, and thrashed him in good old fashioned camp meeting style, which caused his assistants to make hasty flight, fearing their turn would come next. This ruffian was to brother Jay as the bully Bird of Alton, I believe, was to the Rev. Peter Cartwrght of the M. E. Church who caused said Bird to engage in fervent prayer *after being knocked down by Cartwrght at* the very camp ground Bird and his gang came to annoy.

Providence R. I. W. F. JOHNSTON,
Sept. 9th, 1861.

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The Harrisburg *Telegraph* says of the Camp *Meeting at Highspire:*—The Camp Meeting of the colored folks in Stoner's woods, near Highspire, this county, was very largely attended yesterday by visitors, from this city, including, we are sorry to say, a number of worthless rowdies, who embraced the occasion to get drunk and behave in a riotous and tumultuous manner; fighting among themselves, and with any and every person who had the temerity to remonstrate with them on their conduct. Some of the combatants, it is said, will be laid up for a long time, having received serious injuries, while others will have to resort to various devices to hide the abrazures and wounds received upon the occasion. The promoters of the camp are very justly condemned for not having adopted precautionary measures against such disorderly scenes. The law against the disturbance of religious meetings is very strict, and the presence of a single determined police officer would have awed the rowdies into a decent respect for its observance.

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The Hempstead *Journal* makes the following comments in relation to the Jerusalem Camp Meeting:—We are admonished of the contiguity of a colored camp meeting, by the sights and sounds in our streets on the Sabbath, which usually belong to Huckleberry frolic or a race day. The Camp this year is near Jerusalem. On Sunday many wagons came through racing, and in some instances the young men were evidently intoxicated. Unless Camp Meeting can be kept free from their corrupting incidents, they are better honored in avoidance than attendance. We understand that one is about to take place on the Rockaway Beach, and that the houses there have offered inducements to the preachers to *vociferate in the vicinity of the roaring waves.*

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The Harrisburg *Patriot* of the 3rd instant, says:—The labors of the colored Camp Meeting in progress for the last ten days in Stoner's woods, near Highspire, came to a close on Sunday afternoon. We learn from one who was present that no announcement was made of the number hopefully converted and under conviction, but the meeting was declared a financial success, coupled however with the unfortunate fact that either the entire proceeds, or a hundred dollars of the proceeds were missing. It was not stated whether one of the lambs had defaulted, or whether some *chevalier d'industrie* had laid sacreligious hands upon the funds, but proclamation was made that in two weeks a new camp would be commenced in Middletown, to last as long as circumstances will permit, we presume.

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The Harrisburg Patriot of September 9th, says:—A colored Camp Meeting will commence in Mussen's woods, on the Marietta and Maytown turnpike on Thursday next, the 12th inst., to continue one week.

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A colored Camp Meeting is now in progress at Westville, near Gloucester, New Jersy.

GERRIT SMITH TO THE PRESIDENT.

The following is an extract from a highly important letter of Mr. Smith, addressed to the President of the U. S. dated Peterboro, Aug. 31, 1861. Let none of our readers lay it aside without reading:

"Now to the other error—overrating the importance of conciliating loyal slaveholders. Had all the Slave States seceded and all the slaveholders sanctioned the Secession, the war would have been over ere this time. Immediately on its breaking out you would have given to the rebellion its death blow by your proclamation inviting to our standard all the people of those States. Not only would it have been in your heart to do so—but it would have *been in every true* Northern heart to have you do so. Not to have done so would have shown you to be utterly unworthy of your place. But *the Secession was only partial*; and as all the slaveholders were not drawn into it; sympathy with such of them as were loyal, desire to please them and preserve their *loyality*, operated effectually to hold you back from giving such an invitation to the people of any of the Slave States. I do not forget that many will argue that a proclamation so bold would have disaffected the North. This philosophy is unsound. It would have lifted up and rejoiced the North. It would have left scarce patronage enough for one Secession newspaper. Boldness for the right is mighty to convert men to the right.

That all the Slave States did not secede is what makes the war so expensive, so perilous and perhaps in the end so ruinous to us. But for this none would have felt the need of summoning half a million nor even a quarter of white men to arms. But for this none would have felt the need of draining the people of four hundred nor half hundred millions of money. But for this the flagrantly unconstitutional assumption by military men of the right to decide who are slaves would never have been. But for this such men would have had no occasion to insult humanity and defy God by thrusting some persons into Slavery and by threatening *to prevent others from getting out of it.* But for this black regiments from the Northern States would have been accepted, and the crime of denying men the right to participate in the defense of their country have been avoided. By the way, have you ever dwelt upon the enormity of this crime? Is it not more criminal to restrain a man from defending his country than to restrain him from defending his wife and children? For not only is country more than family, but the fate of family is involved in the fate of country—and hence he is denied the defending of his family also who is denied the defending of his country.] But that only a part of the Slave States seceded, and that your call for the help of bond as well as free, black as well as white, was thereby kept back, the white men of each Slave State would have had quite enough to do within their own State; and none could have gone from the Southern Slave States to help their fellow Secessionists in the Northern Slaves States. Among the black men, who would have sprung forward in response to your call, hundreds would have exhibited as high heroism as William Tillman—the black sailor who as yet, stands at the head of all the heroes of the present war. In response to that call, many a black man would have shown himself as eager to be early in this war as was Crispus Attucks to be early in the Revolutionary war. For it was in one of the very first of these skirmishes, in the dawn of the Revolution, that this noble black man led a party in Boston and sealed his patriotism with his blood. In response to your call many a black regiment would have come forth and distinguished itself for valor and power as highly as did the famous Rhode Island black regiment of the Revolution. Tristam Burgess says of this regiment: "No braver men met the enemy in battle." How sublime an instance of devotion to a leader was the defending by his guard of the mortally wounded Colonel of this regiment! Not one of them would consent to leave him. Every one was slain. God alone knows how far our success in the Revolution was owing to the black patriots, and He alone can fathom the deep ingratitude of persecuting and oppressing their descendants. In response to your call there would have been black troops, whom their commanders would have eulogized as highly as Gen. Jackson did the black troops who rendered him so essential service in saving New-Orleans That great General, who was not so dainty as to decline the help of black muscle, said to his black troops: "I expected much from you—you have done more than I expected."

We have seen that had all the slaveholders rebelled you would have been in no doubt of your duty, and you would have saved the country quickly and cheaply—with no wrong to God nor man—with no defiance to the One nor insult to the other. But the case, which would then have been so plain, became in your esteem greatly complicated by the continued fidelity and allegiance of a very small part of the slaveholders. Here was your error. The salvation of your country demanded your call for the help of the bond and free, black and white, no less than if all the slaveholders had turned traitors. As a war measure—as a military necessity—it is justified as clearly in the *one* case as in the *other*. For there was not one in ten of the slaveholders who was even professedly loyal—and why should you accommodate your policy to the gratification of so small a share of the slaveholders? to the gratification of so exceedingly small a fraction of the American people. Again, among those who are determined slaveholders, and who insist, as all such do, on the maintenance of Slavery at whatever hazard to other interests, there is not one who is loyal. The truly loyal man goes for the country at whatever hazard to Slavery or aught else. The Government offered a command to that wise and brave, as well as rich man, James S. Wadsworth. Did he, ere accepting it, stipulate for the safety from the hands of Government of his hundreds of oxen and thousands of sheep? Had he done so he would have shown his want of loyalty and would not have been commissioned. But the General is a patriot; and therefore does he hold his sheep and oxen and all his great estate subject to the needs of his country. So, too, does the slaveholder, who is a patriot, and who is deserving of his country's favor, recognize the like paramount claim to his possessions, his slaves not excepted. No slaveholder has a particle of loyalty who, when traitors are striking at the life of his country, and his slaves are needed to save it, is not willing, nay, is not glad, to surrender them to a service infinitely more sacred, important, and commanding than his own. This is the one test of the loyalty of slaveholders; and, hence, you may be sure that all those slaveholders, whose loyalty is to be secured by securing Slavery, are traitors. As General Wadsworth would rejoice to see the Government take his flocks and herds, and even his "sacred home," when the necessities of his beloved country call for them, so will the truly loyal slaveholder, however highly he may prize Slavery, rejoice to see it blotted out if the salvation of his country shall require the sacrifice. Is it said that the Government will pay General Wadsworth? I answer that the slaveholder as well as General Wadsworth should trust the justice and generosity of the Government.

But this whole matter is in the compass of a nut-shell. Are the slaves property? then, like all other property, they are to be regarded as bought and sold, and held subject to the superior claims of the Government, and to such uses as the Government may choose to put them to. Are they not property, but men?—then, when Government calls for them, neither must they refuse to come, nor must others hold them nor hide them.

Why is it that our Government may not have the help of the black men, as well as white, when it is in need of both? Or, why is it that, in the exercise of its War-Powers it may take this man's grain, and that man's horses, these men's railroads, and those men's vessels, and all simply because it needs them, and whether they belong to friends or foes, and whether, too, it does or does not pay for them—and yet may not take the property of slaveholders? Is their property so sacred and so privileged as to be exempt from the liabilities common to the property of all other? We are educated into a deep delusion at this point.

I add that nothing so much as this insane respect for slave property has contributed to overshadow the claims of the country with the claims of the Constitution. Constitutional as well as other pleas for the absolute and unending preservation of Slavery in the Border States were put in, and the Government was unwise enough to listen to them, and to make the question of Constitution rather than of country—of the construction of a paper rather than of the rights of a nation struggling for life.

We find, then, that there has not been the least occasion in point of fact for all the fastidiousness and all the fear of giving offense which have marked the course of the Administration on the slave question. To no degree whatever should it have been embarrassed by this question. It should have acted just as freely as if there had been no loyal slaveholder in its way—for there really was none, and there really can be none, since a truly loyal man cannot put himself in the way of his country. Those slaveholders, who annoy the Government, draw it from the line of its duties, and damage its reputation at home and abroad by their impudent and absurd claims upon it for persons they allege to be fugitive slaves, and by the expression of their fears that the slaves will rise against their masters, do, of course, find it expedient to put on the guise of loyalty. However, were it not for the presence of Federal troops, and the fear of eventual Federal success, they would not trouble themselves to profess loyalty.

It is all for nothing then that the administration has forborne to bring the nearly five millions of blacks, counting bound and free, to the side of our distressed and deeply endangered country; all for nothing that it has insulted them and let its armies insult, threaten and outrage such of them as were trying to get their own freedom and were eager to help the country secure hers; all for nothing that it is driving these five millions to hate the North, and make the best terms they can with the South; all for nothing that it suffers tens of thousands of black men to work upon the Southern fortifications, instead of their building ours and thus saving the strength of our troops for the battle-field as the enemy does hers; all for nothing that it suffers the Traitors to compel black men to produce the immense quantities of grain, tobacco, cotton and sugar which these Traitors are putting into the hands of their Government for the sole purpose of enabling it to make the Rebellion successful; all for nothing that it is draining the country of men and money, and drenching it in tears and blood instead of letting black men become its chief and inexpensive saviors; all for nothing that it is protracting the war until the impatience and interests of other Nations, combined with their contempt of a Nation too foolish and fastidious to use whatever means for its salvation, shall impel them to throw their weight in the scale against us; all for nothing that it prefers years of civil war, when by a word from your lips it could suddenly block every war-wheel in the South, assure the land of a speedy peace and of a united, prosperous and happy people.

REV. J. W. LOGUEN ON THE POSITION OF COLORED MEN.

MR. EDITOR.—Where'er I may go, the question is asked me, "What are your people doing, or going to do, in this war?" My answer has been, and still is, "Whatever the Government is willing to have us do."

We would not have the world for a moment think that we are not interested in this war, and we have always been willing and ready to do our duty, when the Government would permit, and we are ready now.

Colored men have not been backward, when treated as men, in standing up for the liberties of our country. In proof of this assertion, we would refer the reader to the part taken by colored men in other wars. It is not denied that in the Revolutionary war, the black man made as good a soldier as the white.—The *first* martyr in the Boston massacre of 1770, was a colored man, *Crispus Attucks*, who was a brave man, and fought as did the bravest whites. Yet his name is not engraven on the tablet of this country's history. In the war of 1812 colored men did good service for their country. In proof of this fact, hear what General Jackson said to them, December 18th, 1814.

"Soldiers! When, on the banks of the Mobile, I called you to take up arms, inviting you to partake the perils and glory of your "white fellow citizens, I expected much from you;" for I was not ignorant that you possessed qualities most formidable to an invading enemy. I know with what fortitude you could endure hunger and thirst, and all the fatigues of a campaign. "I knew well how you loved your native country," and that you, as well as ourselves, had to defend what "men" holds most dear—his parents, wife, children and property. "You have done more than I expected." *In addition to the previous qualities* I before knew you to possess, I found among you a noble enthusiasm, which leads to the performance of great things." This General Jackson spoke to the colored soldiers at the close of the war of 1812. Why we are treated at the present time as we are, is surpassingly strange to many, but not so to us all. If there is any party that has more at stake than another, it is the colored people. We have our all at stake, hence something more than the mere "Union" to fight for, that, with Slavery, is to us worse than nothing.

I suppose the Government does not want colored men in the war, for fear they may hurt Slavery.

When William Tillman, the colored hero, went to work the other day, he meant something, and he did something that was worth doing. So it would be if colored men should go to war with Jeff. Davis and his co-murderers.

The Government seems afraid to touch the cause of the present rebellion, but it is slavery, we all know.

One colored regiment of brave men, we believe would do the cause of liberty more service than half a dozen regiments that are merely fighting for the Constitution and the Union. "Give me liberty or give me death" should be the cry of every lover of his country. We, the colored people, have for seventy years tried the Union with slavery, to our sorrow; we want it now without slavery. Give us justice and we will not complain.

Yours for liberty,

J. W. L.

SOUTHERN BARBARISM.

From the police reports of the Baltimore "Clipper" of Sept. 7th, we take the following cases of barbarism:

Margaret Stump, a strapping negro wench, was arrested on Thursday night, charged with being drunk, screaming in the streets, and with throwing bricks at persons on the sidewalks. At the instance of Justice Hiss, she received 20 lashes, properly laid on.

John Brown, negro, was arrested yesterday afternoon by officer Kenny, charged with shamefully cutting with a horse-whip a small white boy named Edward Newell. Justice McAllister ordered that the villain should receive 30 lashes, well laid on.

In the "Clipper" of the 31st ult. appears the following:

Stephen Howard and William Inloes, two colored gentlemen, had a set-to on Thursday night; but before the end of the first round, officer Sprigg made his appearance and conducted them to the Western Station, where Justice Logan was called in to decide who was the champion. Not being able to give a decision, he concluded to give them each fifteen lashes, when they were allowed to depart.

In the same paper of the 1th inst. is the following:

Wm. King, colored, was yesterday arrested by officer Rhodes, for being drunk and disorderly in the Lexington market, and for insulting ladies while making purchases in the market. He was taken before Justice Logan, who very justly had twenty lashes laid on his bare back.

ANGLO-AFRICAN WAR ITEMS.

A correspondent of the "Tribune," writing from Camp Joe Holt, near Louisville, Ky., furnishes the following:

This morning, as some of Capt. Stone's men were bathing in the river, they saw a negro, spent and almost drowned, struggling toward them across the rapids. They saved him from a watery grave, and brought him, naked as he was born, to headquarters. Here some old clothes, and some bread and meat, the first which he had taken for more than a week, were given him, and then he was ordered to give an account of himself. The fugitive's name is Goree. He is the slave, and was the body-servant, of Lieut.-Col. Bob. Johnson, of the Rebel Camp Boone. *Goree ran away from him* for being beaten without offense, and after adventures enough to make an "Uncle Tom's Cabin," arrived at daylight this morning on the bank of the friendly Ohio. But he was not yet safe. So, pulling off his clothes and wrapping them around his head, he plunged into the river, and struck out boldly for the further shore, distant almost a mile. The swift current swept him down among the rocks and breakers; his heavy turban became saturated, and threatened to sink him; he was bruised and cut horribly by the jagged granite of the Falls. He struggled manfully rather than part with his clothes, his little earthly all; but finding that he must choose between death and nakedness, he concluded to take the latter, and so set his wardrobe adrift. He continued to flounder on toward freedom's bank, now socked under by the powerful eddies, now swept forward with frightful rapidity by the current, or dashed hard against the rocks. He must have perished if Stone's men had not drawn him from the river. His surprise and distress at finding himself in camp may be imagined. He supposed he would instantly be returned "away down in Dixie's land," for his master had told him that Lincoln's soldiers caught all runaway niggers and sold them down South again. Poor Goree, I pity him. As I write, he is crying as though his heart would break, and refuses to be comforted. Goree is a really intelligent lad. He can read and spell and write as well as any boy of his age in the land; and if he but had a white skin, he might make a respectable man. But, like all his unfortunate race, he has no resting in this life, and his only future lies in the vale of shadows beyond the tomb. Amid his sobs, he implores that he may not be sent back to the brutal Johnson. He says he does not care what becomes of him, so that he is not returned to him. But he will be returned. As I write, a sergeant and squad have him in their midst, and are marching him back to Slavery. So much for the influence of political grannies. God send Kentucky speedy deliverance from them.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal writes as follows from Hatteras Inlet:

During the action the scenes on the decks of the Minnesota were most exciting. What do you think of arming negroes? Wouldn't Wendell Phillips have found a text for an oration had he stood on that deck watching half a dozen contrabands, who came from the batteries at Yorktown to seek the protection of Fortress Monroe, as they worked the after gun of the upper deck? Certainly it was a sight which I little expected ever to see when I left your office to take notes of the war. But opinions change very rapidly under the accelerating influence of revolutionary times. First our soldiers were to quell servile insurrections. Then they were to protect contrabands who should relieve them of fatigue duty. Then the contraband doctrine went down before a new comer, looking very much like general emancipation. And in the last days of August, in the first year of our civil war, the negro stands by the side of the white man fighting the battles of the country. Mr. Phillips may think this more important than the capture *of seven hundred prisoners with a Flag Officer* at their head, or even the possession of two rebel forts and a thousand stand of arms. At any rate, whether the incident has any peculiar significance or not, let me say that the negroes worked well—never better—and they evidently enjoyed the business.

A contraband named Isaac Bennett, belonging to a Virginian residing near Fall's Church, came to our pickets, near Mount Olivet, and gave himself up. He was mounted on a splendid horse. He stated that everywhere in the vicinity the slaves were being impressed into the service of the rebels, and put under arms. His uncle, also a slave, was serving as a soldier at Manassas; and he preferred, if he must fight, to be on this side.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from St. Louis, says:—

The war is tearing out Slavery by the roots. It is but just to many of the Union men of Missouri, who are slaveholders to add that their loyalty has the true ring *about it*. One of them, who "owns" forty negroes, recently said to me; "The moment the Rebels seem likely to overpower us, I will start every one of my slaves for Iowa and Illinois. It would ruin me pecuniarily, but not one of them shall ever be left to the mercy of the Secessionists." Another, who has one hundred and thirty-seven slaves, declares that if necessary, he will cheerfully give up the last one to aid the Union cause.

The Louisville Courier says that Camp Dick Robinson is *constantly increasing in* number. A negro yesterday swam the river at this point, passing over the falls and landing perfectly naked in Camp Joe Holt. The negro expressed himself as being the property of Col. Johnston, of Camp Boone, Tennessee. He was this morning returned under a file of soldiers to Jefferson county jail.

Col. Rousseau has given Col. Johnston notice of the fact.

The Horicon [Wis.] Gazette says:

The First Regiment brought home with them a few of that species of the genus homo now known as 'contrabands.' One of them has found a home in this village. We learn that when the boys, who came home to stay over last Sabbath, went back to Milwaukee, this gentleman was anxious to accompany them, so that he could as he said, 'get his disgrace.' He finally did not go in 'to get his disgrace,' but a certain white member of the company got his. That is to say, if being treated to a ride out of camp on a rail is a disgrace.

At Washington on the 5th inst., a Breckinridge Democrat arrested a colored teamster in the employ of the Government, charging that he was a fugitive slave. Before night the teamster was released, and his captor was sent to jail.

SUMMARY.

The following appears in the Washington "Star" of Sept. 7th.

A serious outrage was committed last Saturday evening at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite the Capitol gate, which has not received proper notice. A colored man by the name of Albert Young, residing in the alley immediately in the rear of No. 557 Pennsylvania Avenue, was either returning home or leaving the same, when he was fired upon by some unknown person standing near the sidewalk on the street leading to railroad depot, as related by some boys who witnessed the affair. The shot missed, when he was horribly beaten on and about the head with the stock of the pistol, some parts of which were found on the spot, (apparently a large horse pistol.) He was carried to his home insensible, and still remains delirious, with but slight hopes of recovery. Much difficulty was experienced in getting a physician to dress his wounds, but finally Dr. Wallace volunteered his services, and took especial care to make him as comfortable as possible. He has a wife and several children, and the case surely needs investigation by the authorities. This murderous assault happened about nine o'clock in the evening.

In the Pittsburg "Dispatch" of the 2nd instant, we find the following particulars of a horrible accident occurring in that city. We have learned that the girl has since died:—

A colored girl named Williams employed as a domestic in the house of Mrs. Winters on Third Street, below Market, was dreadfully burned on Saturday about noon, by her clothes taking fire. She was filling a lamp with carbon oil, holding it over the stove plate, and spilling some of the oil, it ignited and quickly communicated to her *clothing. She ran into the street screaming* for help, Dr. Murdoch, who was standing on the corner of Market and Third, ran to her assistance, and extinguished the flames by throwing her into the gutter and himself upon her. Her clothing were completely consumed, her skeleton skirt only remaining, and her body burned from the neck to the ankles, deeply in many places. Dr. Murdoch had his right hand badly burned and his coat much scorched. He attended the unfortunate girl, prescribing and doing all in his power for her relief. Although apparently *comfortable on Saturday evening* her recovery was considered improbable. Mrs. Winters, we understand, was very anxious that the girl should be taken to an Hospital, and at first refused to procure the necessary dressing, sheets, &c., for her.

The Albany "Knickerbocker" of the 2d instant says:—Last week we mentioned the arrest of a colored man named Jones, on the charge of stealing a pair of barbers' chairs. He set up a shop on Broadway, and a few days subsequently started for Schenectady, carrying the chairs, which were borrowed, with him. He was arrested at Schenectady, brought to this city, examined and discharged.

A day or two subsequently to this transaction another colored gentleman named William Satterly arrived in this city from Utica. He desired to set up a barber's shop, and hearing of the place vacated by Jones, made application for a lease of the premises. They were rented to him. He run the machine until Saturday evening, when a telegraph was received here from Officer Richardson, of Utica, requesting the arrest of Satterly on a charge of seduction. Patrollman Wood and Special Officer Kyle effected the arrest of Satterly. He was taken to the Station House and locked up. During the evening Officer Richardson arrived here, took Satterly in custody and returned on the late train west Saturday night.

In Philadelphia *on the evening* of the 10th ult., at Fourth and South streets, at seven o'clock, David Recco, a colored lad, aged twelve years, attempted to jump from the platform of a passenger railway car while in motion. In doing so, he fell and was run over, the wheels passing over his right leg and left foot, injuring them in such a manner that amputation of both will be necessary. He was taken to the drug store of Mr. DeLacy, where he received immediate attention, and was afterwards removed to the Pennsylvania Hospital.

The following items appear in the police reports of the Washington "Star," of Sept. 6th:—

This morning James Bryan [colored,] and Samuel Price [white,] were arrested for cutting into a building near the Treasury where patterns are kept. They were brought before Justice Donn for a hearing. Price was used as a witness and testified that Bryan cut the window loose, hoisted it, and went in. Bryan was committed for court, and Price held to bail as a witness. Both were arrested by the Provost Guard.

J. D. Lacey was arrested for selling liquor to soldiers, and also for having a colored man concealed in his cellar. He was sent to jail for a further hearing.

The transfer of the passengers and crew of the prize schooner Remittance into the custody of the Marshal of the District is noticed in our Navy Yard report of to-day. Their names are Alexander Johnson, Edward Saunders, Charles A. Yates, John P. Richardson, R. S. Mitchell, J. H. M. Burroughs, Thomas F. Burroughs, J. F. Bradley, William Posey, colored, and Henry Luckett, colored. All were taken to the county jail, but Mr. Yates was immediately brought over to the City Hall, where he was examined before Mr. William R. Woodward, one of the Prize Commissioners. He states that the crew of the schooner consisted of the captain, J. H. M. Burroughs, and one other white man, and two colored men, all of Charles county. He, [Mr. Yates,] was only a passenger, having two hogsheads of tobacco on board, shipped at Port Tobacco, and being taken to Baltimore. His wife has with her all the money, and seems to manifest considerable anxiety. His examination was not concluded when our reporter left.

The Harrisburg "Patriot" of the sixth instant, says:—A colored lad, whose name we did not learn, residing in the Sixth Ward, had his arm broken on Wednesday *morning* by being struck on the arm by another boy. Surgical aid was immediately procured and the boy attended to.

The Harrisburg, (*Pa.*,) "Telegraph" comments as below on the case of the four women whipped at Baltimore, an account of which we published in our last.

Four free colored women were whipped in Baltimore last week, *by order of a police-justice*. They received ten stipes each upon the bare back, well laid on with an additional five for one woman, who is said to have complained too loudly of the first ten. In the same city free white men and women are engaged openly in treason against the Federal Government, but an oath of allegiance *instead of a thong or a lash*, is administered as their severest punishment. How beautiful are the distinctions of justice in a christian and civilized land!

The Chicago "Journal" of the 30th ult., says:—

James Mails, colored, son of the notorious "Mother Mails," proprietress of a "dive" on Wells Street was arrested last night in a series of performances bordering on assault, incendiarism and murder rather too closely to be interesting. His playful antics were breaking a chair on his mother's head, throwing a lighted lamp under the bed and setting that article on fire, winding up with a desperate attempt to end his maternal relations by cutting his mother's jugular with a razor. He was fined fifty dollars, and sent to the stone heap for thirty days, by the magistrates.

The following named persons were elected officers for the ensuing year, of the Fugitive Aid Society Cleveland at the meeting on the 26th ult.; President, James T. Alston, Vice President, M. Gregory; Treasurer, Joseph Williams; Secretary, B. S. Green.

One of the chief objects of this Society is to guard the public against impostors.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* of 31st ult. says:—

In the New York Herald, of last Saturday, there was a statement that two colored regiments were organized in this city. This is a mistake. There is a military company formed by a social club of the more wealthy and educated colored men here, but no contemplation of any other organization of the kind.

A colored man, named Graham, a grain carrier, fell into the river, at Dock street wharf, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 26th ult. and was drowned. His body was recovered, in ten minutes, by Officer Elliot and Fleming, but life was extinct. The Coroner was summoned to hold an inquest. Verdict, accidentally drowned.

Wm. Woodward, the colored man who killed a member of the Seventy-ninth New York [Highland] regiment in Georgetown some time since, and who escaped from prison, and was subsequently recaptured, died in jail on Saturday afternoon 24th ult. The wound he received while scaling the wall of the prison in making his escape was probably the cause of his death.

In Philadelphia, according to the Press of 3rd ult:—

A crowd of colored men and boys engaged in a disgraceful row at Sixth and Spruce streets on Sunday night 1st inst. during which knives and other deadly weapons were freely used. Two white men were badly cut. A number of the rioters were arrested, and yesterday morning committed to prison.

The Pittsburg Dispatch of Sept. 3d contains the following item:

On Monday Louisa Howard, a colored girl, made information before Mayor Drum, charging Benjamin Jefferson, also colored, with seduction under promise of marriage. The prosecutrix alleges that the defendant still further aggravated his offence by circulating the most scandalous stories in relation to her. Jefferson was arrested and held to bail for a further hearing on Tuesday.

On Friday morning 23rd ult. at Washington, Charles Roberts and Walter Bundy, two sprightly colored boys, were arrested by a soldier of the second dragoons, and taken before Justice Donn, for fast driving in the streets, cursing, swearing, drawing a pistol on white persons, and breaking the street lamps. Roberts, being a slave, was sentenced to twelve stripes; Bundy, being free, was sent to jail.

At Washington Thursday evening 22nd ult. about 8 o'clock, a colored man named Dobson who resides in Fifteenth st., fell from a horse which he was riding, at the corner of Fourteenth and F. sts. He was picked up and laid in a convenient place near by, and a physician sent for, who promptly arrived, and after examining the body discovered that life was extinct. It was presumed that the neck of the unfortunate man was broken by the fall, or that the horse trod upon him afterward.

The Paris *Star* says: On Thursday, 13th inst., a colored man in the employment of Dr. McGeorge, at Aye fell from a loft into a *threshing machine* in full operation. One of his legs was so much injured below the knee as to necessitate amputation. The operation was skillfully performed by Drs. Caw and Bell. The patient is doing well.

Mary Naylor, a slave, who was to have been hung at Annapolis, Md., on Friday, for the murder of her master, has been respited. She will be executed on the fourth of October, unless the Governor shall deem it proper to further interpose executive clemency.

On Thursday evening, the 6th instant, an infant about one month old was left with a colored woman, at Broad and Market Streets, Philadelphia, by an unknown white woman, who forgot to return for the little one. It was taken charge of by a neighbor.

At Green Bay, Wis., on the 12th ult., Frank, a little son of Mr. Thomas James (barber) was drowned. He was missed from the shop only a few minutes, when his *father found* his hat floating in the slip, and feeling round with a stick, found the body. He was about four years old.

A colored man in the employ of Wm. Rogers, in Sussex county, Del., had the calf of one of his legs cut off by a threshing machine on Friday, 26th ult. Three doctors were in attendance, but the efforts to save life proved unavailing, as the flow of blood could not be stopped.

The Somerset, (Maryland,) *Herald* says that whilst Mr. Renshaw, a few nights since, in company with several other gentlemen, visited a negro hut, where one of his slaves was secreted, the negro seeing the white men approaching, threw an axe at them, inflicting a *severe wound on the right* shoulder of Mr. Renshaw. The negro escaped.

Some excitement was created at the Boston custom house, on Wednesday afternoon, the 28th ult., owing to the rumor that a vessel was about to sail with powder for the South. The matter was investigated, and the officers found that the schooner *Austin* had on board six cases of powder, which the captain had smuggled, and was intending to take to Hayti. It was immediately surrendered.

The body of Washington Gaines, colored, who fell overboard at Lombard street wharf Philadelphia, a few days since from the sloop Great Western, was recovered on Saturday night. The coroner held an inquest.

On Wednesday the 21st ult., a young colored man, son of James Jackson was drowned in the creek at the Head of the Vleigh, Flushing. While crossing the creek, the boat which he was in was upset, and he was drowned. Coroner Trunk held an inquest on the body.

Gerrit Smith has generously donated five dollars to each of the families of the volunteers of the town of Cazenovia.

The Philadelphia dailies of last week contain the following announcement:

DIED.—At Mobile, 5th ult., Colonel Shadrach F. Slater, a noted slave-dealer, and the "Legree" of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

By an advertisement in the "Examiner" it appears that two hundred "white" girls are wanted in Richmond to make cartridges.

A little colored boy, while fishing in the Feeder, at Trenton, N. J, on the 21st ult., slipped from a log and was drowned.

A colored baby six or seven weeks old, was found on the step of a house in Somerset st. Boston, one evening last week.

Mr. Hamilton, a Canadian, and a fighting man in our Mexican war, three months ago offered to our Government a brigade of five thousand colored men, to be raised in Canada West.

While the steamboat Ella was lying at Stamford on Saturday 31st ult. the stewardess, an Irish girl, set her clothes on fire while trying to fill a lighted fluid lamp, and was burned to death. The cook a colored woman named Emma Willet was so badly burned in trying to put out the flames, that she lived but a short time.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a meeting of the Petersonian Literary Association, held Tuesday evening, September 10th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas—God, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, has seen fit to remove from our midst our worthy member and late officer, Charles S. Esto, be it

Resolved—That we tender to the family of deceased our heartfelt sympathies in this their bereavement, and hope that their loss is his eternal gain.

Resolved—That we abstain from all places of amusements, and wear the *usual* badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved—That a copy of these resolutions, properly engrossed, be transmitted to the family of deceased, and likewise be published in the *Anglo-African*.

PERSONAL.

The world-renowned colored tragedian, Ira Aldridge, K. S., is about to proceed to Russia to undertake a series of those Shakespearean performances which have been crowned with such brilliant success in numerous foreign capitals. He will fulfill engagements in various parts of Prussia, Austria, and Russian Poland, as well as in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Odessa; and overtures have been made him to appear in Paris, under illustrious patronage.

The Rochester "Democrat," of the 4th inst. says:

Our townsman, Frederick Douglass, speaks in Fairport, Thursday evening, on the war. He will probably be more hopeful than in some of his late speeches. The gradual tendency of events towards the freedom of his race, has given light even to his dark countenance.

LOVE, PIETY AND TRUTH.—The first of a course of lectures will be delivered by Daniel R. Seaton, of Buffalo, on Thursday evening next, the 19th instant, under the patronage of Fountain Union Lodge, No. 1, I. O. of G. S. and D. of S., at their Hall, corner of Broome and Forsyth Streets. Subject, Virtue and Truth—the public are cordially invited to come. Admission free.

Rev. Henry M. Wilson is now Assistant Secretary of the African Civilization Society, No. 26 Bible House.

Office hours Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, from ten A. M. till two P. M.

As many letters are sent to his care for different persons in this city, it would be well for parties expecting letters to call at Mr. Wilson's Office.

Brother Henry Stafford, a colored man, of Chatham, Canada West, was ordained an elder, July 24th, in Wright, Mich.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The colored man who left a pocket knife in an Eighth Avenue car, on Sunday evening Sept. 8th, may obtain the same, after proving property, by calling at the office of the Anglo-African.

If this should meet the eye of Mrs. Anthony B. Fisher, she would confer a favor by leaving her address at the office of this paper.

DIED.

ROGERS.—At Newark, N. J., Sept. 2d, Emily E. infant daughter of Miller N. and Sarah E. Rogers, aged 1 year.

"As the sweet flowers that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day:
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away."

Special Notices.

T. B. VOORHEES

GRAND MOONLIGHT FESTIVAL, CONCERT

AND

PROMENADE,

Will take place by an excursion up the Hudson River,

ON MONDAY EVE'G SEPT. 16th, 1861.

Returning in seasonable time. The steamer Col. ELLSWORTH and the commodious double-decked Barge CLEVELAND have been chartered, and will be Brilliantly Illuminated on the occasion.

The Grand Orchestra will be under the direction of Prof. R. H. BROWN; Solos, Violin and Cornet, Overtures; and O. FAKES, Sleigh Ride Quadrille Songs, Choruses, Duetts, &c. by Messrs. J. W. and A. A. Luca D. Dangerfield, Helen Johnson, and several amateurs have volunteered their services.

FLOOR MANAGERS.

Messrs. J. White, J. H. Freeman, B. Elston, Wm. Freeman, and T. B. Voorhees.

TICKETS FIFTY CENTS EACH,

to be had of Mr. Harris, 465 Broome St., Mr. Kelly, 53 Mercer St., r. George, 85 Mercer St., Mr. Brown's saloon, 70 Bleecker St., Mr. E G. Hutchinson, Everett House, Mr. Jas. H. Johnson, 141 West 28th St.

Refreshments in Abundance at Reasonable Prices.

The Barge will lay at the foot of Spring St. while the steamer lands as follows:—Broome St., E.R. 6 o'clock, P.M.; South Fourth St. Williamsburgh, 6½; Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, 17; Sussex St, Jersey City, 7; Spring St., N. Y., 7½; 22d St, 18; 30th St., 8½.

Should it rain on the 16th, it will take place on the next fair evening.

An Efficient Police Force will accompany the Excursion.

For particulars, see circulars.

Get your Tickets early so as to prevent delay at the landings.

THE PROPOSED NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS.

For the above work the undersigned would state; in answer to numerous inquiries, that he wishes to collect full and accurate accounts of all cases of abuse growing out of SLAVERY, of the loss of *time, property and life*, whether among whites, Indians, or blacks. He is not particular as to the length of the articles, for, when we come to the publication, it may be best to abridge some statements; but the original communications will be carefully preserved and placed in some historical collection for preservation and reference. Whatever will serve to illustrate or add interest to the statements, such as photographs or engravings, or autographs of the persons, or maps and plans of the localities named, will be thankfully received and carefully preserved. If the case has been published in the papers, or in pamphlets or books, please make reference to them or forward them. Names of persons, places, and dates, which, if divulged would involve the parties in difficulty, may be withheld in the communication. Let every one send on what he or she may have to communicate as early as possible. We shall feel greatly obliged to Editors who will copy this advertisement and give it a favorable notice, and all who will promptly respond to this call will receive our hearty thanks.

Address, L. G. OLMSTEAD, New York.

INFORMATION WANTED in regard to Alexander or Sandy Hogan, son of Betsey Hogan. He left the service of Mr. Jenkins in Baltimore, in June, 1859, and came to the North to solicit money to purchase the freedom of his wife. He is believed to have been in Birmingham, N. Y., about five weeks ago. Skin light brown. An aged mother is anxious to ascertain his whereabouts, and will be grateful for information sent to Wm. Still, 107 North-Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Anti-slavery papers please copy. 3t.

Letters or newspapers for Hayti or Jamaica will be promptly forwarded if left with Mr. N. R Ashby, at Lewis & Co.'s store, 24 South Street New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A NEW WORK

TO BE READY ABOUT THE 25TH OF SEPT.,

REPORT OF THE NIGER VALLEY

EXPLORING PARTY,

BY

M. R. DELANY, CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

CONTENTS.

Political Movements.
Succeeding Convention.
History of the Project.
Arrival and reception in Liberia.
Liberia—Climate, Soil, Productions.
Diseases—Cause, Remedy.
The Interior.
Topography, Climate, &c.
Diseases of this part of Africa.
Treatment, Hygeine, &c.
Missionary Influences.
What Africa now Requires to Direct Legitimate Commerce.
Cotton Staple.
Success in Great Britain.
Commercial Relations in Scotland.
The time to go to Africa.

Complete in sections (chapters) consecutively from I to XVI, being most conveniently arranged in cut-in or side marginal notes, embracing every subject therein treated, so that in an instant any point or paragraph of interest may be at once cited to.

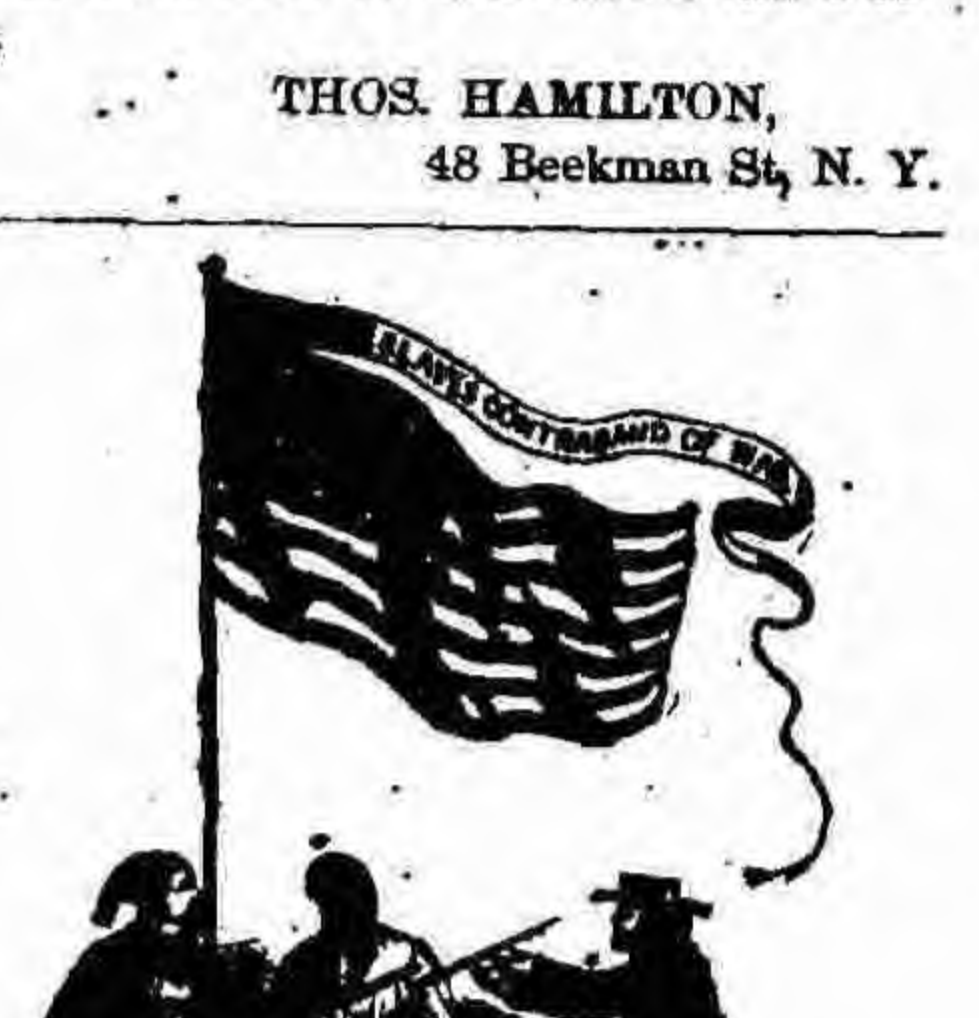
A learned and candid gentleman who has resided many years in Africa, after glancing over the proof sheets, pronounced it the most interesting and instructive work ever issued on that subject, and should be in the hands *of every friend of Africa*. It is a complete text-book.

The work contains 72 large pages, and will be sold at the low price of

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

All Orders should be addressed to the Publisher,

THOS. HAMILTON,
48 Beekman St, N. Y.



THE ZOUAVE AND SLAVE ENVELOPE. Price per thousand $5; per hundred 60 cents; packages of 25 each, 20 cents. Orders should be addressed

THOS. HAMILTON
48 Beekman Street, N. Y.

PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE

BY

MRS. W. S. WILKINS &.Co.,

610 PINE, ABOVE SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA 7-13t.

LADIES' FURNISHING STORE.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

READY-MADE AND MADE TO ORDER, BY

MRS. S. WILKINS & CO.,

610 Pine, above Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
7-13t.

A SCHOOL WANTED.—A YOUNG LADY, a graduate *of one of the High Schools of this* State, and who is fully qualified as a teacher, is desirous of obtaining a school where the salary would not be less than $200 a-year. Address, Thos. Hamilton, 48 Beekman St., N.Y.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. THE UNdersigned respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the ART OF SINGING. He will be at home at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on MONDAY EVENING, and at ZION CHURCH, N. Y., on THURSDAY EVENING, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. Singing schools taught and private instruction given on moderate terms.

3tf. ROBT. HAMILTON,

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTES, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 MULBERRY STREET, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day, or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMAN'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5—4t

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK. 4-1t

DENTISTRY.

BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist.

79 Thompson St., N. Y.

MRS. E. LEONARD,

FASHIONABLE

DRESS MAKER,

25 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK.

Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.

3t.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON, 120 West 29th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies, [illegible]
" " Gentleman, [illegible]
Lodging per week, [illegible]

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,

CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

219 CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 16 Sullivan and 30 Grand Sts.,

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. [illegible] and Gentlemen, [illegible] Terms very moderate.

BROWN'S POPULAR RESORT.

The undersigned takes the privilege of [illegible] Friends and the public generally that he has recently fitted up his SALOON anew, he [illegible] prepared to furnish them with Ice Cream, Fruit, and other [illegible]

BENJ. F. [illegible]
70 Bleecker St
between Broadway & Crosby St.

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes. White's [illegible] For sale at 66 West Broadway, [illegible] and Frankfort Sts.

Poetry.

DENIES THE SOFT IMPEACHMENT.

One of our native poets, tickeled at a little circumstance that happened in his family, in a sentimental fit rushed into print with it, and attempted to father it upon the carelessness of St. Peter but that custodian, it will be seen, denies the soft impeachment. The two "jims" are passing among the current literature of the day:

MY CHILD'S ORIGIN.

One night as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride,
Awakened from some pleasant dreams,
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more,
That when he leaves this world of sin,
He'll wing his way to that blessed shore,
And find the door of Heaven again.

ST. PETER'S REPLY.

Full eighteen hundred years or more
I've kept my doors securely tied,
There is no "little angel" strayed,
Nor has been missing all the while.

I did not sleep, as you supposed,
Nor leave the door of Heaven ajar;
Nor has a "little angel" left,
And gone down with a falling star.

Go ask that "blushing bride" and see
If she won't frankly own and say:
That when she found that angel babe,
She found it by the good old way.

God grant but this—I ask no more,
That should your number be enlarged,
That you will not do as before,
And lay it to old Peter's charge.

St Peter.

THE CONTRABANDS AT NEWPORT NEWS.

CONTRABANDS SINGING.

It is one of the most striking incidents of this war to listen to the singing of the groups of colored people in Fortress Monroe, who gather at their resorts after nightfall. Last evening, having occasion to "visit" an officer of the garrison in his tent, I passed around by the fortress chapel and adjacent yard, where most of the "contraband" tents are spread.

There were hundreds of men of all ages scattered around. In one tent they were singing in order, one man leading, as extemporaneous chorister, while some ten or twelve others joined in the chorus. The hymn was long and plaintive, as usual, and the air was one of the sweetest minors I ever listened to. It would have touched many a heart if sung in the audiences who appreciate the simple melody of nature, fresh and warm from the heart. One verse ran thus:—

"Shout along, children!
Shout along, children!
Hear the dying Lamb:
Oh, take your nets and follow me,
For I died for you upon the tree!
Shout along, children!
Shout along, children!
Hear the dying Lamb!"

Passing into the yard, I found a large company standing in the open air around a slow fire. One young man sat on the end of a rude seat, "with a little book in his hand." It had been much fingered, and he was stooping down toward the dim blaze of the fire, to make out the words, as he lined them for the singers. Where he had learned to read I know not, but where some others of his companions will learn to read I do know. The singers were dressed in all manner of garbs, and stood leaning around in all kinds of attitudes. As the reader progressed, one young man threw a few fresh hoops on the fire, and then, as the reading became more distinct, I caught the words:—

"Could I but climb on Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop
At my dear Lord's command.

"This living grace on earth we owe
To Jesus' dying love.
We would be only his below,
And reign with him above."

FEARFUL APPARITION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In a very wild and remote region of the Scottish Highlands there stood on a rocky height, an old fortress.

One stormy evening, in harvest, its lord looked from his window into the darkness, and over the well guarded court of the castle, towards the opposite hills, where the tops of the trees, still visible, rustled and waved in the dark blue heavens. The rivulet in the valley sent forth a wild and strange sound and the creaking weathercock clattered and brawled, as if chiding the storm.

The scene and the hour were congenial to the mind of the lord of the castle. He was no longer the mild and indulgent master. His only daughter had fled from the fortress with a handsome youth, far inferior to her in birth, but a sweeter singer and harp player than any inhabitant of the wild Highlands; and, soon after their flight, the lover was found dashed to pieces in the bottom of a rocky valley, into which, in the darkness of the night, he had fallen. Thereupon the daughter, by an unknown pilgrim, sent a letter to her father, saying that, night having robbed her of her lover, her eyes were opened to her fault; that she had retired to a convent, to do the most severe penance, and that he would never see her more. From this event the lord of the castle had become as obdurate as the surrounding rocks, and as unfeeling as the stony pavement of his fortress.

As he now looked from the window, he saw in the yard a lantern move backwards and forwards, as if in the hand of some one who, with tottering steps, stole across the arena. Angrily he called out "Who goes there?" for his domestics had strict orders to let no one within the walls; and since the flight of the young lady, these commands were so rigidly obeyed, it seemed as if lifeless stones alone dwelt within.

To the lord of the castle there came a soft voice.

"An old woman," it said, "begs some food, noble knight."

But the humble demand was impetuously refused.

"Spy—vagrant witch!" were the appellations showered upon the beggar; and because she did not immediately retire, but reiterated her petition with a fervent, though weak voice, the knight in the wildness of his wrath, called on his blood hounds to hunt the beggar woman away.

Wildly did the ferocious dogs rush forth, but scarcely had they approached the old woman, when she touched the strongest and fiercest with a slender wand. The domestics who had come out expected that the savage dog would tear her in pieces, but, howling, he turned, and the others laid themselves down whining before the beggar.

Again the lord of the castle urged them on; but they only howled and moaned, and lay still.

A strange shuddering seized him, which redoubled when the old woman raised her lantern on high, and her long white hair appeared waving in the storm, while with a sad and threatening voice, she exclaimed:

"Thou in the heavens, who seest and hearest."

Trembling, the knight retired from the window, and ordered his domestics to give her what she demanded. The domestics, frightened at the apparition, placed some food without in a basket, and then secured the doors, all the while repeating prayers, until they heard the strange old woman carry away the food. As she stepped out of the castle gate, the hounds moaned mysteriously after her.

From this time regularly, every third evening, the lantern was seen in the castle yard, and no sooner did the strange twinkling begin to be visible through the darkness, and the light steps to be heard to totter softly over the pavement, than the lord of the castle hastened back from the window, and the domestics put out the basket of food, and the hounds moaned sorrowfully as the apparition vanished.

One day—it was now the beginning of winter—the knight followed the chase in the wildest part of the mountains. Suddenly his hounds darted up a steep height, and, expecting a good capture at the risk of imminent danger, he forced his shuddering horse over the stony, slippery ground. Before a cavern in the middle of the ascent, the hounds stood still; but how felt the knight when the figure of a woman stepped to the mouth of the abyss and with a stick drove back the dogs. From the silvery locks of the woman, as well as from the restless and low moanings of the hounds, and his own internal feelings, he soon perceived that in this drear spot the lantern bearer stood before him.

Half frantic, he turned his horse's head buried his spurs in its side, and galloped down the steep, accompanied by the yelling hounds, towards the castle.

Soon after this strange occurrence, the lantern was no longer seen in the court of the castle. They waited one day—several days—a whole week passed over; but the apparition was no longer seen.

If its first appearance had alarmed the lord of the Castle and his domestics, its disappearance occasioned still more consternation.

They believed that the former prognosticated some dreadful event, which the latter betokened to be near. On the knight this anticipation had a dreadful effect; he became pale and haggard, and his countenance assumed such a disturbed appearance, the inmates of the castle were sure that the apparation fearful gave warning of his death. It was not so.

One day as was his custom, the knight rode to the chase, and in his present distraction of mind, he approached, unaware, that part of the country where the old woman with white hair had appeared to him, and which he from that time had with great care avoided. Again the dogs sprang up the height, howling, and looking fearfully into the cavern.—The affrighted baron in vain called them back. They stood as if fascinated on the dreadful spot; but on this occasion no one appeared to chase them away. They then crept into the cavern, and from its dark bosom the knight still heard their moanings and cries.

At last he summoned resolution, sprung from his horse, and with determined courage, clambered up the steep hight. Advancing into the cavern he beheld the hounds crouched round a wretched, mossy couch, on which the dead body of a woman lay stretched out.

On drawing near her, he recognized the pure white hair of the former lantern bearer. The little horn lantern stood near her, on the ground, and the features were those of his only child.

More slowly than the faithful hounds, who from the beginning knew their young mistress, did the unhappy knight become aware of whom he saw before him; but to dispute every doubt, there lay on the breast of the dead body, a paper on which, with her own blood, her hand had traced the following words:

"In three nights the wanderer's hair became white through grief for the death of her lover. She saw it in the brooks. Her hair he had often called a net, in which his life was entangled. Net and life were both by one stroke destroyed. She then thought of those holy ones of the church, who in humility have lived unknown and despised beneath the parental roof, and, as a penance, she has besought alms from her father's castle, and lived among the rocks from which her lover fell. But her penance draws near its end, the crimson stream falls. Ah fath——"

She would have written "father," but the stream was exhausted, which with unspeakable sorrow the knight perceived had issued from a deep wound in her left arm.

He was found by his servants near the corpse, in silent prayer, his hounds moaning beside him. He buried his daughter in the cavern, from which he never afterwards came out. The unhappy hermit forced every one from him; his faithful dogs alone he could not drive away; and mournful they watched together by the side of their young mistress, and beside their sorrowing lord, and when he also died, their sad howlings first made it known to the surrounding country.

A CALL TO THE HARD SHELL MINISTRY.

Somebody is always telling stories about the "Hard Shell Baptists." Wags have the run on them, and they may as well be content and bear it. Here follows a tale told of them long since. My informant locates it in the mountains of North Carolina, where the Hard Shells are quite numerous, and where they believe pretty strongly in dreams and voices. In the important matter of a call to the ministry, a dream of a voice is almost indispensable.

Now it came to pass that a man by the name of Walker felt himself considerably moved to "hold forth," and kept "spreading the fleece," Gideon-like, to ascertain his duty in the important premises. To assist him in his pious investigations, he called at a still house one evening to get some of the "good critter." After refreshment, the story runs, he left for home, and on the way he felt "moved" to go into the grove, a few hundred yards from the road, "thar to wrastle on the subject." While he was "wrastlin" most earnestly, scarcely outdone by the patriarch, some one passed the road with a long-eared animal, politely called John Donkey, and John let off, as his race is wont to do sometimes, in a most moving and thrilling manner.

Walker's imagination, by his earnest "wrastlin," was brought up to great intensity, and he converted Major John's discordant music, which, to most men, resembles the filing of a saw-mill saw, into a call from Heaven, urging him to preach the Gospel. No time was to be lost. He rose from his knees duly commissioned, went to his church, and demanded a license, when the parson interrogated him thus:

Parson. Do you believe, Brother Walker, that you are called of God to preach, "as was Aaron?"

Walker. Most sartinly, I does.

Parson. Give the church, that is the brethren, the proof.

Walker. I was mightily diffikiltied, and I was determined to go into the woods and wrastle it out.

Parson. That's it Bro. Walker.

Walker. And while there 'wrastlin,' Jacob like, I hearn one ov the curiousest voices I uver hearn in all my borned days.

Parson. You are on the right track, Brother Walker, go on with your noration.

Walker. I couldn't tell, for the life ov me, whether the voice was up in the air, or down in the sky, it sounded so curious.

Parson. Poor creatur, how he was diffikilted. Go on to norate. How did it appear to sound unto you?

Walker. Why this a-way: "Waw-waw ker—waw-waw-ker! Go preach, go preach, go preach, go preach-ee, go preach-ah, go go preach un, go preach-ah-uh-ee uh-ah-ee.

Parson. Bruthering and sistern, that's the right sort of a call. Enough said, Bro. Walker. That's none of yer college calls No doctor ov divinity uver got such a call as that. Brother Walker must have a license fur sartin and fur sure.

The license was granted, the story goes, and Walker is now, doubtless, making the mountains ring with his stentorian lungs.

[*From the Cornhill* (*Eng.*) *Magazine.*]

THE HORRORS OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.

I was quickly called to attend Saltoun in a severe attack of delirium tremens. There lay the strong man, raving of devils and snakes, as he expressed it, creeping things innumerable both small and great; his face flushed, his eyes blood-shot and glistening; his tongue bitten through, and his black lips streaked with foam. He was struggling with imaginary demons, and shouting at the top of his voice that he was devil-possessed, and that his time was come to go to utter darkness. "Oh devils of the air, how they glare at me! Messengers of Satan sent to buffet me. *I'll have it out yet. Off*, off I say! Crawl, crawl, creep, creep." Then would ensue a fearful paroxysm, and he would make snatches at the bed-clothes, or cower beneath them, or peep over the edge of the bed, with an expression of horror and fright difficult to forget—murderous in its terror. It required the utmost efforts of able men to keep him down in bed. Now, unless physical force be applied so as not only to be perfectly adequate, but also to appear overwhelming, I have always found it productive of more harm than good; so, after repeated trials, I adopted the plan of keeping him in a recumbent position by means of strong webbing across his chest, which was fastened down to the sides of the bed. He made several attempts, when he broke loose by accident, to throw himself out of the window.

He told me afterwards that he perfectly remembered this, that he did it, not for the desire of suicide, which he afterwards experienced, but that he felt the conviction of being able to float painlessly on the air. His screams and yells were awful, and when they ceased he gabbled incessantly; it seemed a veritable diarrhœa of words, sometimes in senseless soliloquy, sometimes in ejaculations addressed to the imaginary beings which crowded his chamber; imploring their pity, or deprecating their insults. Throughout consciousness was, as it were, broken up into fragments, exhibiting an utter absence of that alternate continuity which I have had occasion to remark, as present in genuine insanity. In brain fever the same incoherency is generally noticeable. When he became a little more quiet, he was the prey of universal dread, in which every sound, all the relations of existence seemed to inspire him with a nameless fear. For this he did not attempt to assign any reasonable cause; and it was pitiable to see how he would start and tremble even at the shutting of the door on the entrance of his servant into the room. The delirium ran its course, leaving him in a state of settled dejection. For days he would, if allowed, sit dumb and motionless, apparently without desire or will; his arms folded, his head sunk on his chest, and his eyes fixed on the ground with an expression of the deepest gloom; the utmost that could be extracted from him in reply to any question, was "yes," or "no."

HAVOC OF LIFE BY WAR.

It is difficult to conceive what fearful havoc war has made of human life. Some of its incidental ravages seems to defy all belief. It has at times entirely depopulated immense districts. In modern as well as ancient times, large tracts have been left so utterly desolate that a traveler might pass from village to village, even from city to city, without finding a solitary inhabitant. The war of 1756, waged in the heart of Europe, left in one instance no less than twenty contiguous villages without a single man or beast. The thirty years' war, in the seventeenth century, reduced the population of Germany from 12,000,000 to 4,000,000, three-fourths; and that of Wurtemburg from 500,000, to 48,000, more than nine-tenths! Thirty thousand villages were destroyed; in many others the population entirely died out; and in districts once studed with towns and cities, there sprang up immense forests.

Look at the havoc of sieges; in that of Londonderry 12,000 soldiers, besides a vast number of inhabitants; in that of Paris, in the sixteenth century, 30,000 victims of mere hunger; in that of Malplaquet, 34,000 soldiers alone; in that of Ismail, 40,000; of Vienna 70,000; of Ostend, 120,000; of Mexico, 150,000; of Acre, 300,000; of Ostend, 120,000; of Mexico, 150,000; of Jerusalem, 1,000,000

Mark the slaughter of single battles; at Lepanto, 25,000; at Austerlitz, 30,000; at Eylau, 60,000; at Waterloo and Quartre Bras, one engagement in fact, 70,000; at Bordniao, 80,000; at Fontenoy, 100,000; at Arabella, 300,000; at Chalons, 300,000 of Atilla's army alone; 400,000 Usipetes were slain by Julius Cæsar in one battle, 430,000 Germans in another.

Take only two cases more. The army of Xerxes, says Dr. Dick, must have amounted to 5,283,330; and if the attendants were only one-third as great as common at the present day in eastern countries, the sum total must have reached nearly six millions. Yet in one year, this vast multitude was reduced, though not entirely by death, to *three hundred thousand fighting men*; and of these only three thousand escaped destruction. Jenghis-khan the terrible ravager of Asia in the thirteenth century, shot ninety thousand on the plains of Nessa, and massacred two hundred thousand at the storming of Kharasm. In the district of Herat, he butchered one million six hundred thousand, and in two cities with their dependencies, one million seven hundred and sixty-two thousand. During the last twenty-seven years of his long reign, he is said to have massacred more than half a million every year; and in the first fourteen years, he is supposed, by Chinese historians, to have destroyed not less than eighteen millions; a sum total of over thirty-two millions in forty-one years.

In any view, what a fell destroyer is war Napoleon's wars sacrificed full six millions, and all the wars consequent on the French Revolutions, some nine or ten millions. The Spaniards are said to have destroyed, in forty-two years, more than twelve millions of American Indians. Grecian wars sacrificed fifteen millions; Jewish wars, twenty-five millions; the wars of the Romans, before Julius Cæsar, sixty millions; the wars of the Roman Empire, of the Saracens and the Turks, sixty millions each; those of the Tartars, eighty millions; those of Africa, one hundred millions.

Dr. Dick says that if we take into consideration the number not only of those who have fallen in battle, but of those who have perished through the natural consequence of war, it will not be overrating the destruction of human life if we affirm that one-tenth of the human race has been destroyed by the ravages of war; and according to this estimate, more than fourteen hundred thousand millions of human beings have been slaughtered in war since the beginning of the world. Edmund Burke went still further, and reckoned the sum total of its ravages, from the first, at no less than thirty-five thousand millions.

ARTEMUS WARD MEETS A TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

At Ann Arbor, bein seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of suthin to drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale faced man in gold spectacles laid his hand upon my shoulder, & sez, "look not upon the wine when it is red!"

Sez I, "This ain't wine. This is Old Rye."

"It stingeth like an Adder and biteth like a Serpent!" sed the man.

"I guess not," said I, "when you put sugar into it. That's the way I allers takes mine."

"Have you sons grown up sir," the man axed.

"Wall," sed I, as I put myself outside my beverage, "my son Artemus junior is going on 18."

"Ain't you afraid if you set this bad example bef him, he'll cum to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed end already. He's learnin the shoemakin business," I replied. "I guess we can both on us git along without yur assistance, Sir," I observed, as he was about to open his mouth agin.

"This is a cold world," sed the man.

"That's so. But you'll git into a warmer one by and by, if you don't mind your own bizness better."

I was a little riled at the feller, because I never take anythin only when I really need it. I arterwards learned he was a temperance lecturer, and if he can injuce men to stop settin their inards on fire with the frightful licker which is retailed round the country I shall hartily rejoice. Better giv men Prusic assid to onct than to pizen 'em to death by degrees.

Over-Worked Woman.—An over-worked woman is always a sad sight—sadder a great deal than an over-worked man, because she is much more fertile in capacity of suffering than man. She has so many varieties of headache—sometimes as if Jael were driving the ball that killed Sisera into her temples—sometimes letting her work with half of her brain, while the other half throbs as if it would go to pieces—sometimes tightened around her brow as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown—and then her fits of neuralgias, and her back-aches, and fits of depression, in which she thinks she is nothing, and less than nothing, and those paroxysms which men speak slightly of as hysterical—convulsions, that is all only not commonly fatal ones—so many trials which belong to her fine and mobile structure, that she is entitled to pity, when she is placed in conditions which develope her nervous tendencies.—[Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A correspondent writes of a little four years old lad, who was repeating after his mother, the Lord's Prayer. Coming to the sentence "Give us this day our daily bread," the little boy opened his eyes exclaiming: "Is it corn or wheat bread? If it is corn bread I don't want it."

'Castigate that quadruped until he shall have accelerated his pace,' said a dandy to a livery stable boy, who was driving him a short distance into the country. 'Talk to me in English. I don't understand Ingin,' replied the boy.

Snake Charmer.—On last Tuesday, Mr. John T. Davis' negro boy Adam, while in the country getting a load of wood, caught a large rattle-snake, four and a half feet long, and brought him into town coiled it around his neck apparently on terms of great familiarity. A wondering crowd soon collected around the boy to witness so astonishing a spectacle, when, with all the nonchalance of a menagerie keeper, and no doubt feeling proud in possession of such mesmeric power, he showed by several performances his absolute control over the snake, making him rattle fearfully when told, and cease at the word of command; then taking him up, the snake would lay across his arms, with crest erect, as though definitely proclaiming that he would protect his master from every foe. It was very properly impressed upon Adam, by a genteel thrashing, that such temerity was altogether incompatable with the value of negroes. He says, however, that he has been taming snakes all his life, and that he is going to catch another pet and keep him hid.—West Florida "Enterprize."

An Irish woman appeared in the County Court of Louisville, recently, to be appointed guardian for her child when the following colloquy ensued:

"What estate has your child?"

"Plaze yer honor I don't understand you."

Judge—"I say what has she got?"

"Chills and faver plase your honor."

"Boys," said a village pedagogue, "what is the cause of all this noise in school to-day?"

"It is Bill Snykes, sir, who is all the time imitating a steam engine."

"Come up here, William; if you have turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

On one occasion a heavy shower of rain having caused several persons to take refuge in Rowland Hill's chapel, Mr. Hill, remarking this, looked up and said: "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella."

A minister once delivered a strong sermon against visiting Sunday evening. After which the young clergyman said to a friend:

"Come, let us go to the deacon's and spend the evening with his daughters."

"How!" cried his friend, with much surprise, "is it possible you can make such a proposal to me, after the sermon you have just concluded!"

"Pshaw," said he, "I only made those remarks in order that we might have the better chance with the girls ourselves."

Seven Deadly Sins.—1. Refusing to take a newspaper.

2. Taking a newspaper and not paying for it.

3. Not advertising.

4. Getting married without sending any of the wedding cake, or a golden dollar to the printer.

5. Making a printing office a loafing place.

6. Reading the manuscript on the case.

7. Sending abusive letters to the editor.

For the first and second offences, no absolution can be granted. The fourth is unpardonable; the fifth is death by law; for the balance, dispensations can be received by especial agreement.

Sad Reflection.—'Tis sad to reflect how many who have feasted at the gorgeous banquet of ambition, have created their own desolation, and shed bitter tears of dejection over their irrecoverably lost condition—who have closed their dim eyes in the darkness of penury, and descended to the lonesome valley of death unpitied and despised.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

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Every mother should be prepared to act in the capacity of both nurse and physician to her children: she can, if she will, discharge these duties much better than any one she can employ. If she does not, she ought to know that there is a Medicine prepared by an old nurse and female physician which has stood the test of many, many years, and is the most perfect thing on earth for children teething; it also cures, Wind Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, and is sure to regulate the bowels. We say to every mother, do not let your own prejudices, or the prejudices of others stand in the way of the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP certainly does, as the name implies, "soothe" the little sufferer into a quiet, natural sleep, from which it awakes invigorated and refreshed. And for the cure of diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Wind Colic, &c., we have never seen its equal.

We have always been, and still are, opposed to the practice of drugging infants. This article has no deleterious effects whatever, and from our own experience (we speak advisedly) we have every confidence in it, and can heartily recommend it to all mothers. Take our advice—use it—and you will as strongly recommend it to others as we have to you.

When we say that MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP acts like a charm, we do but reiterate the language of every person who ever used it for their children, for all diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery and Diarrhœa, Wind Colic and Cholera Infantum. It will produce quietude and rest, relieve all suffering, and the infant will awake invigorated and refreshed, and not with the dull and stupefying effects of preparations of opium.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States.

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I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten with God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old and helpless; I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to thee.

O, merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When *friends* pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me; and its holy light
Shines upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radinace of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me thrown;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening to my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine—
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

THE RUINED CHAPEL.

About a mile and a half from Castletown, the metropolis of the Isle of Man, there is a bay, with a small hamlet and pier in it, called Derby Haven. I walked lately to it, one fine afternoon, from Castletown. My way lay along the coast over the turf which fringed the beach, and which goes by the name of the race-course. Whatever this might have been, it is now so broken up and bumpy that a race on it would be a steeple-chase. It was a lovely day; the wind had dropped, and I could hear distinctly the shrill chatter of a parcel of gulls, which were walking about the edge of the water where the low tide had left long streaks of flat, wet sand. The harbor is formed by an island, now approached by a narrow artificial causeway. Towards the sea this is edged with sharp rocks, whose strata turned inward like teeth are sure to hold fast any ill fated ship which they once touched.

There are only two buildings on the island one a circular, deserted fort, built by an Earl of Derby to help the cause of the Stuarts, but long since unused, at least for the purposes of defense or refuge. It is squat, circular, and upright. One small turret has been built on the wall for the purpose of showing a light by night and a white mark by day to the vessels which enter the harbor. This gives the fort a prick-eared appearance, and makes it look like a Cheshire cheese with a pepper-caster standing on it. The other of the two buildings on the island is not only deserted, but in ruins. It was a Roman Catholic chapel, and the ground around it is still used as a burial place for the Romanists. The roof of the building has fallen in, and nothing is left but four walls, which appear as much worn by the weather within as without, showing that many years must have passed since they were shielded by a roof. The chapel, which is built of stone, looks as if it had been ruined soon after its erection, and for some cause or another had never been restored.

There was not a living human creature on the whole island but myself and one old man, who was crawling in an aimless sort of way among the rocks, as if he had lost himself and could not get out. I sat down and watched him. The turf was soft, and a great piece of gray rock gave good rest for my back. He was, as I said, groping slowly about among the sharpest, baregt-looking shelves of rock. I wondered what he could be looking for. Eggs? No; the tide flowed where he was; no eggs could lie there. Sea-weed? No; there was plenty of that on the flat shore; and I could then see from where I lay a horse and cart engaged in carrying it away to one of the neighboring farms, where it is used as a manure. I got quite curious about my old man. There he was, with wagging head and slow rheumatic limbs, peering patiently about, and every now and then picking something up. The old man was looking for firewood, and, there hardly being any trees in this part of the island, went "sticking" on the shore. The fuel on his hearth would often tell strange stories, if one could hear it speak; logs, from which the numb fingers of drowning men had at last relaxed their [illegible], which had struck ice in Arctic seas, or stirred the long grass in some tropical creek; charred scraps, which had hissed in the water as they fell from a burning ship out in the middle of the sea; thin ribs of island-boats, which had put in and out for many years, till some rough night they had touched the rock, and cracked like eggs.

What a bundle of history the old man tied on his back at last, he and it alike in the last chapter of the tale! As he crept towards me, I thought of questioning him about the ruined chapel which was there; perhaps he might know its history or legend; so with a general meteorological preface, I asked what he could tell about it, and gave him a good cut off a piece of Cavendish I had in my pocket as a retainer.

"Sir," said he, (I leave out the Manx, also his critique on my essay about the weather,) "sir, I am growing an old man now, and it's as much as I can do to get these few sticks; but I've seen more things worth picking here than them, in my day."

"Such as wrecks?" I suggested.

"Ay, you are right there, sir. Time was when a poor man might get a chance; but now, what with your light-houses and life-boats, and coast-guard and police, either them as owns the wreck get ashore all right, and avaricious after their things; or, if so be they don't, 'taint often you can get much more than the value of these few sticks out of a ship, not even when she goes to pieces. Why sir," he continued, "not long ago there was a vessel wrecked off Scarlet; she was loaded with flour (a French ship she was), and *that* they sold by auction."

"Ah!" said I, soothingly, "times are changed. But, talking of the past can you tell me how this chapel here came to be pulled down, and why they don't keep the pigs from grubbing about among the graves."

"Why, yes," he replied, "I can; not that I saw it alone myself, but there ain't a house about here where the tale ain't told on winter evenings."

After a little pressing, the old man slowly swung his bundle of sticks off his back, seated himself on a stone, fixed his eyes on the ruin, and recited his legend, which I give in my own language.

Many years ago there was a famous priest who gave up all that he possessed, and came to teach Christianity in these parts. He was not a Manksman, though he could talk with the people in their own tongue. He lived in a poor home at Derby Haven, but for all that, there was not a sick or needy person near but what he helped with medicine and food, as well as spiritual advice. Along with a kind heart, he had a kind face and voice; so that the little children would run out to laugh and kiss his hand when they saw him pass. For a long time he used to gather the people together in the winter evenings in one of the largest rooms in the hamlet, while in the summer he would preach to the fishermen and their families on the sea-shore.

After some years of this intercourse, he proposed to the men that they should build a small church on the island. St. Michael, he said, had appeared to him in a vision, and pointed out a chapel on a flat space upon the grass close to the rocks; he had seen it, he said, quite plain in his dream; the light was shining out of the window; he had crept up under the wall, and looked in, and, lo! there he saw himself kneeling before a beautiful costly altar, and he recognized the congregation as themselves.

Now, while they were full of admiration at this dream, the good father bade them rise up and follow him to the place where he had seemed to see the chapel, and, lo! when they got there, they found the ground marked out where the foundations of the chapel now stand, and a border drawn some distance around on which that wall was built, which you can now trace in the grass, just as if some one had turned up a furrow on the bare earth, and then laid a carpet of turf upon it. And when the men of the place saw the marvel, and how truly the good father's dream had been from heaven, he bade them kneel down there at once while he prayed to St. Michael and all angels that these people would not leave off the good work till they had built a chapel to him. Thus they were led to begin, and promised to give a portion of their time till the little church should be finished.

There was abundance of stones close by, and the architecture of the edifice was of the simplest kind. Four plain thick walls with a roof was all they aimed at. Now, this part of the work was comparatively easy; but Father Kelly began to be sore perplexed as it approached completion, how he should furnish it within, and so fulfill the dream of furnishing such a costly altar as he was persuaded he ought to build. The poor people had neither silver nor gold. They had already offered such as they had—strong hands, and hours taken from their rest, to work. Night after night, Father Kelly used to repair to the chapel, now roofed in, and prayed to St. Michael to help him in this strait. One dark evening, he was there longer than usual; he had fallen down with his face upon the ground before the spot on which he hoped to put up the altar. While thus prostrate in prayer, and longing for a continuation of his former dream, he heard *some footsteps* close outside the chapel walls. Having his face upon the earth, the sound came quite distinctly to his ear. They stopped, and a voice said: "This is the chapel; let us lay them here; 'tis just the place for a burial."

"Very well," replied another, "how does she lie? Here goes, mate, by the northeast corner."

Then came the sound of digging, and pauses, as if men were stooping down to lay something in the ground; after that Father Kelly heard the mould put back, and some one to stamp it down. Though the church had not been furnished, two or three funerals had taken place in the graveyard, one of which he had himself celebrated only that afternoon.

What could be the object of these strange visitors? They had not disturbed the dead—they did not remain long enough for that; their work, whatever it was, seemed to be accomplished in a quarter of an hour, for after that time he heard a slapping of hands, as if some one was cleaning them of dusty earth, and a voice saying: "There! that is done; and, as dead men tell no tales, we may trust the present company."

"Ay, ay," replied the other, "I trust them so much I don't think we need wait any longer."

"What! art afraid, man?"

"Not I; but there is foul weather coming, and the sooner we clear off these cursed rocks, the better."

"Well, come along."

Then Father Kelly heard them walk down towards the water, and presently distinguished the grating of a boat's keel as she was pushed off; then the double sound of the oars in the rowlocks died away, and all was still. He got up from the floor, and walked out of the chapel. It was a mid-summer night. The air was warm and motionless; the clouds, however, had crept up so plentifully as to cover the sky. While he stood there outside the chapel, the *moon*, which was about a week old, became obscured, and the darkness drew close to his eyes. He could not see a yard before him; he listened, but heard only the slow wash of the swell as the rising tide carried it into the clefts among the rocks, with now and then a liquid flap, as a wave ran into a sudden angle, and fell back upon itself. This was the only sound. It was a night for hearing, too. He felt for his lantern, and got out his steel to strike a light. Having dropped his flint, in groping about to find it, he forgot the direction in which he had stood; and when he had got upon his feet again, after an unsuccessful search, he felt himself so utterly at a loss, that, after walking a few steps with his hand stretched out before him, he determined to wait for the morning, rather than risk a fall over one of the slippery rocks in his attempt to return home.

When he had sat there for some time, the rain began to fall in large though few drops; these were, however, but the splashes from the bucketsful which were soon poured upon his head. The wind, too, was loosed at the same time, and rushed on him with such violence that, though he dared not search for shelter lest he should fall over the rock, he was glad to sit down on a large stone which he felt at his feet. The first flash of lightning, however, showed him the chapel itself, not more than ten yards off. He groped towards it immediately in the gloom, with his hands stretched out before him, right glad when he felt its rough stones. The wall *once found*, he soon discovered the path with his feet, and, when he got home, was right glad to rest at once.

He had not slept many hours before he was roused to visit a dying man in one of the neighboring houses. Hurrying on his clothes, he hastened to the place, where a crowd was gathered about the door, many of them dripping from the sea. The storm which he had seen the evening before had grown into a terrible tempest, during which a ship had been driven on the rocks and utterly wrecked. All the crew were drowned but one man whom they had dragged out of the surf, and carried to Derby Haven. He had apparently, however, been saved from death in the water to die on the land, for he was so greviously bruised and cut by the rocks on which he had been thrown that life was ready to leave him altogether. When Father Kelly came in, he found him lying on the floor, wrapped up in such dry clothes as the people had at hand. He had begged them to fetch a priest. His back, he said, was broken, and he knew he could not live another hour; so the people fetched Father Kelly, as we have seen, and left the two together.

"Father," said the dying man, "will you hear the confession of a pirate and a murderer?"

The priest, seeing there was no time to lose, signified his assent, and, kneeling down by his side, bent his ear to listen.

Then the man, with strange breaks and ramblings in his speech, told him of murders out in the wide seas, and horrible recollections of cruelty and rapine.

"We took a Spanish ship some weeks ago," added the man, "and come in here to water, being a safe place; when I—God forgive me my soul!—I committed my last crime, and stole from the captain a box of gold he took out of the Spaniard. Another man and I were in the secret. We brought it with us, and buried it in the graveyard of your little chapel, intending to make our escape from the ship on the opportunity, find our way over here, re*cover, and enjoy the booty we had got.*"

"To whom did it belong?" said the priest.

"God knows," replied the man; "to me now, I suppose. Those who owned it can use it no more; the ship from which the captain took it went down with all on board; we burnt her."

"What was her name?" asked Father Kelly.

"Name?" said the dying man. "There take the gold, and shiver me; I have confessed!"

Then, without another word, he died. The people buried him, and gathered up some few pieces of timber from the wreck of his ship, but nothing came ashore to show whether she was laden or not. They never knew her name, nor, for a great while, what she was, the priest not conceiving himself bound to tell even so much of what he had heard in confession. Many years afterwards, the whole story was found in a book which the priest left behind him when he died.

The words "take the gold" haunted the good father long after the man who died in uttering them had been committed to the ground. The chapel was finished but not furnished; the fulfillment of the dream was incomplete. Many a night the priest lay awake arguing with himself the lawfulness of a search among the graves for the treasure which he had no doubt was hidden there. Suppose he could find it, should he credit the pirate's word about the death of the owner? Could he conscientiously appropriate it, not indeed to his own use, but *to the use of his chapel*? He thought of the terrible sentence that fell on those who put unhallowed fire in their censers; he thought of the accursed thing found in the Jew's tent, which brought trouble upon the people to which he belonged. Then, again, it looked as if sin attached to the appropriation of this gold had been punished in the persons of the pirates who had taken it. It looked as if it were rescued from the service of the world, to be devoted to that of the church—snatched from the devil himself, to be given to St. Michael, his chief enemy.

On the whole he decided upon using the *gold, if he could find it*. He must, however, be cautious in the search; he would not trust the people to look. It might not be there, and then he would be ashamed. There might be more than he thought, and they might be tempted to take some; or if not that, be jealous at his retaining posses*sion of it himself*. He would search alone. The conversation he had heard outside the chapel, while he listened on the eve of the storm, indicated the spot in which he should look.

Having therefore waited for a suitable moonlight night, he went very late to the churchyard with a spade. There was no one there. The shadow of the building fell upon the likely spot; he could work unperceived, even if some returning fisherman were to pass that way. Half-ashamed of the errand, he had not removed many spadesfull of earth from the graves he suspected, before he struck upon something hard. Stooping down, he felt for it with his hands; it was a heavy box. He took it up, smoothed down the soil, carried it straight home, double-locked his door, and broke it open. It contained broad, shining pieces of gold. They made such a heap on his table as he had never seen before. There was, moreover, in the box, a necklace of large pearls. Gold for the chapel, jewels for the Madonna.

The church was furnished, the altar was decked, *the image was bought*, and around its neck he hung the string of fair large pearls.

Father Kelly saw his dream fulfilled, and, as success often produces conviction, he thanked St. Michael and all angels for having turned the robbers booty into sacred treasure. *So it was written in his book*, but he told no one whence these riches came. Some of the simple folks thought the Virgin herself had brought these jewels to the father. He, however, many a time, while he sat on the rocks by the chapel, looking out to seaward, and watching the white sails go by, wandered back to the question whence these riches came, and whether, after all, they might not hide some after-curse or other.

One evening, as he sat there, a vessel came around the point, and dropped anchor in the haven. She drew his attention as being unlike the common coasting-ships, or even the traders which ventured on more distant voyages. She carried more canvas in proportion to her hull, and had her sail furled almost as soon as she had swung round with the ride.

Presently, a boat came off from her, and was rowed to the shore, just beneath the spot where he sat. Two men apparently officers, got out, and, walking up to him, begged him to accompany them back to the ship, as they said one of their crew was dying, and needed the offices of a priest. He went with them at once without suspicion—a man who had been with him, and heard the summons, returned to Derby Haven.

The ghostly summons, however, was a ruse: this was the sister ship of the pirate that had been wrecked here in the storm, now some months ago. The new-comers had learned her fate, and had landed to search for traces of the treasures she had on board. They had first taken the priest, as they thought, with much probability, he could tell them whether the inhabitants of the village had plundered the wreck, and also whether any of her crew survived.

What they learned from Father Kelly, no one ever knew. Some of the men, returning to the shore, strolled into the chapel, and doubtless recognised the necklace as of the costliest items of their lost treasure. The next morning the ship was gone, and the people searching for their priest, who had not returned home at *night*, found the chapel sacked and his corpse set over the altar in the place where the image of the Madonna had been, with a knotted cord like a necklace tightly twisted around his throat.

The superstition of the natives never permitted them to use the chapel again. It gradually became ruin; the roof fell in; the storm lashed the walls within as well as without, until at last it passed into the state in which it is to-day.

This was the story of the old man. He added that, even now, whoever struck the walls and listen could hear a moan within, and a noise like the jingling of money. "You can try it yourself," said he, "and find whether I have told you the truth."

Accepting this rather fearless challenge of the old gentleman's, I walked with him to the wall, and knocked, and lo! I suddenly found that I had waked *myself* by striking my hand upon the stone by which I had sat down to rest. It was all a dream. I had fallen asleep thinking of the chapel, and watching the old man among the rocks. He was not in sight now. I was quite alone, and trying to replace a piece of skin which I had knocked off the knuckle of my middle-finger by rapping on a stone. I doubted even whether I had asked the old man any question at all; so I shook myself, rubbed my eyes, and looked at my watch, happily found that I should not be too late for dinner if I set off on my return at once.

Directly we sat down, I asked my friend *for the true history* of the little church, and he told me there was none. "Now," said I, "that remarkable deficiency has been supplied by me." And, when the cloth was cleared away, we drew around the fire, and I told my host's boys and girls the true legend concerning the ruined chapel on Saint Michael's Island.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY REV. R. M. HATFIELD.

It has been ordained in heaven that whatsoever men sow, that shall they also reap. And this most righteous law holds nations no less than individuals in its grasp. In the case of individuals, the seed sown in the present life may ripen, and be reaped in eternity; but as nations exist only in this world, their seed-time and harvest must come nearer together. The present condition of our country is calculated to fill the heart of every patriotic citizen with sorrow and apprehension. Business is deranged, the pursuits of industry interrupted, the interests of education and religion almost crowded out of sight, while armies of infuriated rebels are dealing deadly blows at the very existence of our Government. The calamity that we have not feared has come upon us, and we are involved in a terrible and sanguinary war. We are becoming familiar with the confused noise, the sound of battle, and with the sight of garments rolled in blood. The heavens above us are clothed with blackness, and out of the thick clouds come hail-storms and coals of fire. And none can tell when these calamities will be overpast, and peace again

"Lie like a shaft of light across the land."

It is a time for serious and prayerful inquiry into the causes of our misfortunes. None but an atheist will claim that they are accidental, or deny that we suffer justly for our sins. But it is to be feared that many devout Christians fail to see the correspondence between the present condition of our nation and our past transgressions. We are now furnishing the world with an illustration of the truth that sin works out its own punishment. In other words, it is harvest-time with us, and we are reaping as we have sowed. Inasmuch as we would sow seed of a certain kind, nothing but a miracle, and such a miracle as God never works, could avert the natural consequences of our folly.

We have been ready during our past history to make any and every concession to slavery. By as much as the monster grew arrogant and exacting, we became humble and submissive. Herod's vow to the hoiden who turned his head by her dancing was not more rash or wicked than the pledges we have been ready to give to the harridan that has debauched our nation. The oath of Herod cost one good man his life—our fealty to slavery has sent thousand's of good men to untimely graves. There is no exaggeration in this statement—for we have once and again unsheathed the sword, and clotted it with blood, for the extension and perpetuation of the "sum of all villainies." In illustration of this declaration, I need only call the attention of your readers to a single chapter in our nations history. I cannot do more than glance at the subject, referring those who desire fuller information to Giddings's work on the "Crimes committed by our Government against the Maroons of Florida." It is a narrative to make *the* ears of every American citizen tingle, and to redden his cheeks with shame—and the more so because its facts are drawn from official and authentic documents.

Long before Florida became a part of the United States, it was an asylum for fugitive slaves. More than one hundred years ago large numbers of the Creek Indians separated from their nation and emigrated to Florida, where they took the name of Seminoles, and became an independent tribe. These Indians and fugitive slaves [Maroons] were enfranchised and protected by Spanish law, lived together on the most friendly terms, frequently intermarried, and were prosperous and happy. As a matter of course, the existence of such a community any where on the American continent would be a constant eyesore to the slaveholders of Georgia and the Carolinas. They therefore demanded that it should be broken up, and, failing in this, became clamorous for the annexation of Florida to the United States. As the Government did not move with satisfactory celerity in the matter, Georgia, with genuine Southern arrogance, raised an army on her own account, and carried fire and sword into the territory of a friendly nation with the view of exterminating the Seminoles, and reducing the escaped fugitives to slavery. These efforts were a signal failure, but they subsequently induced the United States to undertake *the same work*. In 1816 our Government sent a force into Florida, "sixty miles beyond the limits of the United States," to crush these peaceable exiles. Many of these unoffending people had been born in the Seminole country, had always lived there, and were now dwelling in quietness, surrounded by their children and children's children. On the approach of the United States forces, a company of them, numbering three hundred and thirty-four in all—men, women and children—took shelter in a fort that had been built by the English during the recent war. Into this fort shot and shell was thrown till the magazine was fired and exploded. Of its inmates, "*two hundred and seventy were killed outright, sixty one were wounded, and three escaped uninjured.*" Of these three, two were handed over to Indian allies for torture and death. The wounded who recovered were delivered to men who claimed them as slaves, or who claimed to have "*descended from planters who some three or four generations previously owned the ancestors of these prisoners.*" And more than twenty years afterward, Congress made a special approriation to compensate the officers and soldiers who perpetrated this butchery. And here on the Apalachicola River *was commenced the Florida war*, or rather wars, in which our nation squandered thirty or forty millions of dollars in money, and thousands of human lives.

Florida was purchased of Spain in 1819, and the Maroons and their friends the Seminoles were by this purchase brought fairly *within the grasp of the United States*. Soon after a treaty was made between the Creek Indians and our Government, in which the Indians were cheated as usual, and nearly half a million of money appropriated from the Treasury of the United States for the benefit of the slaveholders of Georgia. To a considerable part of this appropriation the slaveholders were unable to trump up any sort of a claim, and it remained unpaid for several years. But they at length attained it, by petition, from Congress, as a compensation "for the loss of the offspring which the slaves would have borne to their masters had they remained in bondage." A Christian nation indemnifies slaveholders for the loss of unborn children! Does the history of any people, savage or civilized, contain the record of a more disgusting fact? It was decided a few years later that the Seminoles and free blacks should be expelled from Florida, and sent where they would no longer annoy the slaveholders. But it was no easy matter to carry this purpose into execution. The Indians clung to their homes and hunting grounds, and the Maroons were in constant dread of being reduced to slavery if they forsook the swamps and everglades in which they found freedom and variety.

While it was uncertain what course they would take, an incident occurred which opened a bloody drama upon which the curtain did not fall for seven long disastrous years. Young Osceola, a Seminole, had occasion to visit Fort King on a trading expedition. He was accompanied by his wife, a beautiful half-breed, to whom he had been recently married. While at the Fort, a trader, influenced by avarice or lust, seized the wife of Osceola on the ground that she was his slave. The fact that she had [illegible] blood in her veins was apparent. [illegible] pronounced her a slave, and [illegible] torn from her husband and dragged away to a life of pollution and degradation. Osceola was furious with rage, and so turbulent that the officer at the fort ordered him into irons, where he was kept until he seemed subdued and penitent, when he was released. But there burned all the while deep down in his heart hot fires of hate and [illegible] quenched only by blood. [illegible] feel, perhaps, that it was wrong for this poor savage to bind himself by an oath to take vengeance on the whites [illegible] he had suffered—and so [illegible] but how would you feel if [illegible] should treat your wife as your [illegible] his? Only a short time after [illegible] Fort King the country was [illegible] by the massacre of Major Dade and his command, on their march from Tampa Bay. Of the thousands who heaped [illegible] upon the Indians, how few thought of the [illegible] injustice by which it had been provoked. My pen recoils from the work of [illegible] the progress of the war waged by a great and powerful nation against a handful of Seminoles, and a few scattered and peeled fugitives who had taken refuge in the swamps of Florida. Blood-hounds were ordered from Cuba, white flags were used as decoys, treachery and hypocrisy of the basest kind were resorted to in subjugating this despised foe.

And they were at length overpowered and sent beyond *the Missisipi.* *But their merci*less enemies still pursued them, and our Government utterly failed to extend to them the protection it had solemnly guaranteed, and on the strength of which they had consented to the removal. Our last definite knowledge of these poor fugitives is in 1850, when a majority of them, despairing of obtaining either justice or mercy from the United States, fled to Mexico, where they are said to be living in prosperity and happiness. "After the struggles and persecutions of a hundred and fifty years, they repose in comparative quiet under a Government which repudiates slavery." The Lord deal kindly with them, and give them rest from the oppressor.

But what a chapter this Florida war makes in the history of our country especially as we read it in the light of events that are now transpiring! It is useless to deny that this war was waged in the interests of slavery, and at the dictation of slaveholders and slave-traders. And who that has faith in the Supreme Power whose perogative it is to execute righteousness among the nations, can wonder that the measure we have meted to others is measured to us again? What right have we to complain if we are compelled to wring out and drink the dregs of the cup of trembling we prepared for the fugitives of Florida? The President has very properly appointed a national fast. Nothing can be more appropriate than that we should humble ourselves in view of our sins, and pray God to turn away his anger that we perish not. But penitence and prayer are not our only duties in the present emergency. The power that has corrupted our Government and made it an instrument of injustice and oppression, must be resisted and overthrown. And this work is to be done now or never. We have little faith in the prayers offered by those who counsel submission or concession in a time like the present. Unless we are so base and mean spirited as to be fit only for slavery, we can never succumb to the infernal spirit that aspires to rule or ruin our country. The struggle may be long-continued and costly, but submission is out of the question. While the free North can send one regiment of soldiers to the field or raise a thousand dollars in money, she will listen to no proposals to abandon the righteous contest in which she is now engaged. Her sons have planted themselves in the "imminent deadly breach" to defend the heritage won by the valor and blood of patriot fathers. Every day the number grows larger of those who say,

> "Ay, here we stand with planted feet,
> Steadfast where those old worthies stood;
> Upon us let the tempest beat,
> Around us swell the surging flood;
> We fall or triumph on this spot;
> God helping us, we falter not."

Independent.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

A NOBLE PROPOSITION.

ROBERT HAMILTON Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I congratulate you at the appearance once more of the Anglo-African.—a paper that gained, for the time it existed, more prestige than any other that had preceded it.

Now sir, the glorious question is, "Shall it live? I call it glorious, from the immense importance of the hour that is now upon us.

It will live if we bring our patriotism, our love for the truth, not to a boiling, but a moderate heat. Let each brother and sister, father and child, do what they can—take stock in it at a fair premium. The premium to be paid in Hallelujahs when its work as a Journal for Freedom is over.

Sir, I propose to unite with some in investing Five Dollars to begin with; what will others answer? I propose no plan upon which it is to be paid, but leave that to your better judgment—but I suppose you need the money as soon as you can get it, I therefore pay immediately. Now who will be the next customer,—if not for five, for four—for three—for two—for one! for fifty cents? Keep in remembrance, friends, that this stock pays glorious in premiums, however small be the investment. Yet you must remember, that greater the investment, more glorious the premium!

Now sir, I believe I have said enough; perhaps more than enough—for, after all, all that is requisite is but for the people to know your need, and they are ready to nobly respond.

Yours in behalf of the good cause,

J. N. GLOUCESTER.

The following are responses to the above proposition, including Mr. Gloucester's subscription:

J. N. Gloucester,	$5
H. Highland Garnet,	1
Henry M. Wilson,	1
Mary A. Chambers,	1

"THE FATAL STEP BACKWARD."

"The letter commanding GEN. FREMONT to modify his proclamation relating to the emancipation of slaves, is published here to-day, by order of the President. It is rightly construed here to be an abandonment of that whole question. It may be right, but it would seem as if it was condemning the friends of the Union to fight against frightful odds; making them fight too, for a shadow without a substance."—*Washington Correspondent of the Daily Times, Sept.* 14, 1861.

The reverse at Bull Run was a slight affair compared with the letter of Abraham Lincoln which hurls back into the hell of slavery the thousands in Missouri rightfully set free by the proclamation of Gen. Fremont, which deprives the cause of the Union of its chiefest hold upon the heart of the public, and which gives to the rebels "aid and comfort" greater than they could have gained from any other earthly source.

Fremont, the pathfinder, deserves eternal gratitude from the just and the true, for having found a way to expose to the public gaze the real source of the hesitation, vacillation and the half-and-half policy which has distinguished the government in the conduct of this war; now we all know whom to blame; we can see why officers in the army from major-generals (Banks) down to colonels (Duryea) betrayed such indecent haste to send back to the enemy their fugitive slaves—it was the sure road to Presidential favor, and to army promotion.

And yet we do not despair. The anti-slavery sentiment, the anti-slavery men must see their course clearly and follow it out. They must appeal from the President to the people, and the people will sustain them. Mr. Lincoln rests upon the Act of Congress as his authority for curtailing the "war power" which Fremont exercised in accordance with the well ascertained public law, in such cases often acted upon before. We must force Congress up to the proper platform and to an Act of universal emancipation, by petition upon petition, such as will command their action.

We have earnestly endeavored by letters and through friends, to urge upon Gerrit Smith on the one hand, and the prominent members of the Garrison party on the other hand, to take up the labor of urging upon the people to petition Congress for IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION. We have urged that *now* is the time, when the nation is reeling under the blows of slavery, *now* is the time to preach successfully their lifelong doctrines of Immediate Emancipation, and to load the tables of the coming Congress with the petitions of millions demanding freedom for the slave as the only means of putting down rebellion and saving the republic.

They have all replied in nearly the same strain. Some fear the excitement of counter petitions, and all rely upon the "*war power*" to accomplish emancipation. The war power indeed! Where is the war power now? A broken reed, dashed to atoms with one stroke of the President's pen. Now then Abolition friends will you suffer your own eyes to teach you? Will you take up the cause of Emancipation by a bold appeal to the people, by an overwhelming voice forcing Congress to Act, or will you desert the slave when you may secure his freedom?

It is idle to trust any longer to the "war power," or to events for the accomplishment of Emancipation. The President is "set" upon upholding the slave system, and is stubborn as a mule. The South is not slow to perceive this and can and will manage him in such a way as to stave off emancipation. He would sooner die than proclaim emancipation, unless overwhelmingly forced to do so by an Act of Congress. To Congress, then let us appeal. Rouse the people.

This is the day's duty of all true abolitionists, and not an hour should be lost.

The forlorn hope of insurrection among the slaves may as well be abandoned. They are too well informed and too *wise* to court destruction at the hands of the combined Northern and Southern armies—for the man who has reduced back to slavery the slaves of rebels in Missouri would order the army of the United States to put down a slave insurrection in Virginia or Georgia.

A Colored Soldier at Bull Run.

When Governor Sprague's battery was about to leave Providence for Washington a few months ago, the officers wished to engage the services of a colored citizen of that state, as a servant. He replied that he was perfectly willing to go, but would only go as the rest went a full private in the corps. After a little demurring, he was regularly enlisted as a volunteer. At the Battle of Bull Run, the Captain of his gun was killed early in the action, and the colored soldier took command and held it to the last moment; for which he was highly complimented on the return of the troops to Providence. The name of the hero is MR. JAMES REEDER. Pass him round.

Recruiting.

We learn from the daily papers that recruiting goes on slowly. There is little doubt that the Lincoln *vs.* Fremont letter will cause it to go on slower still. We know that one proposed regiment in this city, which in a few days had enrolled more than two hundred men, disbanded in disgust on reading the re-enslavement letter of the President.

A Card.

VOORHEES' MOONLIGHT EXCURSION.

In justice to myself and for the satisfaction of my many patrons who were so sadly disappointed by the detention of the boat and barge, on Monday evening, I make the following statement:—

The boat getting aground up the East River, I was prevented from calling as advertised. It was half-past nine o'clock before it made Spring Street, when I immediately sent the boat to Brooklyn and Jersey city; but patience ceasing to be a virtue, the parties had all left for their homes. The Capt. in consideration of the disappointment, has tendered his boat and barge, at a reduced price, for a repetition of the excursion, and promises that nothing shall prevent his being prompt to the time designated in the bills.

Respectfully.

T. B. VOORHEES.

P.S. See advertisement in another part of the paper.

Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 7, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—

Business with a portion of our people is quite brisk, yet there is a gloom cast over many by recent events. We are thankful, however. The clouds are passing away. No fears are entertained for the safety of the city. Many of our people are employed as United States Government teamsters, and as the late stampede at Bull Run demonstrated the fact that they could be trusted and confided in to a greater degree than their more fortunate white brothers, they are held in high esteem. It is a known fact that there is less treachery amongst the colored people than any other class of residents of the city and vicinity. Many prominent Secession ladies have been arrested for their acts and sympathies too loudly expressed. The prompt measures of the Government have caused them to fear its strength, but in order to vent their malice in some way, they abuse the Union soldiers, and tell all of many absurd things to poor ignorant washerwomen, causing the greatest alarm in their families. Were justice given here, and the word of colored people respected in law, hundreds of well known Secessionists could be criminated and arrested. A lady, to my certain knowledge, after the battle of Bull Run, invited soldiers to her table, and spread every delicacy she could procure before them, and with every demonstration of love and loyalty to the Government and hatred to the South, gained every possible information from the unsuspecting guests, and immediately, through her agents, transmitted the whole to the rebels. The same lady makes her brags (what she has done and will do), to the poor washerwomen, and even advises them to treat with contempt the Northern soldiers, as it will be well for them when Jeff. Davis arrives. The husband of this lady is a clerk in the Post Office, and her son is an officer in the rebel army. He was at one time postmaster in the House of Representatives. This is one of the many similar cases I could mention, but it shows plainly the evil of a law that ignores the right given by God to every man to speak the truth.

An agreeable evening party was given by Mr. Payne a few evenings ago. Many very interesting young ladies and gentlemen were present, and spent a charming evening. Mr. Payne deserves much praise for his efforts to keep society in cheerful spirits.

The wedding of Mr. William Augustus Gibson and Miss Kate Marshall, came off on Thursday, Sept. 5, at 8 P. M., at Israel Church, the Rev. Mr. Smith officiating. It was a brilliant affair, although many were prevented from going by the state of the weather. Nevertheless, the church was nearly filled. The parties entered in the following manner: Mrs. Gibson, mother to the groom, supported by Mr. Dennis Smallwood, and Mrs. Dennis Smallwood supported by Mr. John Smallwood, after which followed the bridesmaid and Mr. Jink Brooks, in front of the bride and groom. After the parties were properly arranged before the altar, the ceremony was commenced, and before the interesting company they pledged their mutual vows, which joined them before God and man in holy matrimony. The bride wore a superb white Swiss muslin trimmed around the neck with lawn lace, and gracefully hung from beneath a wreath of orange blossoms—an illusion-vail, the whole, though plain, showed a fine and exquisite taste. The bride was a beautiful lady with large dark eyes and dark hair. The bridesmaid, Miss R. V. Gibson, a sister to the groom, was dressed the same as the bride, save the bridal ornaments The gentleman looked very well. After leaving the church, many friends paid their respects and congratulations to the happy pair at the residence of Mr. Dennis Smallwood, where was prepared a handsome and magnificent wedding tea-party; after partaking of the rich delicacies, and spending a few happy hours, your correspondent left, not however, before congratulating the happy pair and wishing them a life of sunshine.

B.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN MILWAUKEE.

[*Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.*]

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 9, 1861.

The telegraph has doubtless apprised you of another period of the reign of mob law in this unfortunate city. And this time, under circumstances more to be deplored and with less provocation, too, than on any previous occasion. The circumstances, as I learn them from the best authority, are briefly these. On Friday evening two negroes, one named George Marshall, a well-known barber, and another named James Shelton, a waiter at Anderson's ice cream saloon, started out together for amusement. A little after seven o'clock they were seen in the Third Ward by a couple of Irishmen, named Darby Carney and John Brady. At the time the latter saw them, the negroes were passing a couple of ladies, whom the Irishmen say they insulted; whereupon they remonstrated with the negroes, when the affray occurred in which Carney and Brady were stabbed, the former so severely that he died on Saturday night at eleven o'clock. Brady was not so much injured, and will soon recover. A lamp-lighter near by got mixed up in the affair, and was slightly cut in the side. Carney and Brady were both in liquor, and they allege that the negroes were also, but as they went directly to Dan Rice's show, and were observed to conduct themselves quietly and soberly there, this report is doubted. Nothing more was seen of the negroes until Saturday morning, when they were discovered and arrested by the police.

The affair created great excitement in the 3d Ward, where Carney has long resided. But among other people the matter was commented upon more quietly. The story of the affray, as told by the Irishmen, was the only one current, and was generally believed; the negroes were in the hands of the law, and were in a fair way of having justice meted out to them through the courts; they had neither sympathy nor friends, and would undoubtedly have suffered the extreme penalty of the law. But the hellish spirit of the mob had become inflamed during the day by frequent potations of raw whiskey; and towards evening, as Carney's condition became worse, this spirit increased and it became well known to the police early in the afternoon that if Carney died his friends would demand the lives of the negroes. Carney died at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, and within an hour, by concerted signals, (the ringing of bells) a mob of some three hundred proceeded to the jail, made an onslaught upon it, broke it open, and dragged out the negroes. In the rush, one of them, Shelton, escaped; Marshall was taken to the house of Engine Co. No. 6, and kept some three or four hours, some of the mob being in doubt as to his identity, as there were other negroes confined in the jail. But about four o'clock Sunday morning they determined that, being a "nigger," he must die anyway. A rope was put around his neck and in his mouth, tightened by a stick, the same as a farmer "toggles" a log-chain. He was then dragged through the streets, kicked and maltreated on the way, and finally hung on a pile driver, within one block of the principal business street of the city. But the poor fellow must have been nearly dead before he was hung, for several of his ribs were broken, one of his eyes gouged out, and his body otherwise injured. The body was soon discovered by the police, and taken to the station-house, where it lay during the day. As people came down town in the morning, or stopped on the way to church, they soon learned of the horrible affair, and it afforded sensation enough for another feverish and excited Sunday.

I have already stated that the Police was informed, or had strong reason to believe, that a storm was brewing Saturday, of treason. And the question has been asked a thousand times why were not the authorities prepared for it? Chief of Police Beck himself said that he was informed that they would attack the jail; and he was on hand with a squad of a dozen or fifteen men, but they being mostly Irish, really sympathized with the mob, and would not do anything even if they could. The Chief himself stood in the door with a loaded revolver until he was knocked down and seized by the mob; but I have not learned that he pulled a trigger. The sheriff, whose business it was to protect the prisoner, took no precaution whatever; nor can I learn that he has even been seen since the affair took place. He is an old granny politician, who thinks more of a few votes from the lawbreakers than he does of doing his duty in behalf of good order and decency The Mayor isn't much better, and his inefficiency, or neglect of duty, both in the case of the bank riot and in the present instance, is commented on in no stinted terms. It is no use to mince matters in regard to our city government any longer. The city and county have been governed by a set of corrupt and thieving politicians fot the last ten years. Gardner and Lynch were only a small part of the rascality brought to light. And it is little wonder that while the people have been plundered year after year, that such a spirit of mob law should have grown up, as can only be controlled by cold lead and glistening steel. And a lesson of this nature will have to be taught before we can ever again claim to be a decent community. If every man engaged in the mob of Saturday night had been shot down in his tracks, property would have risen ten per cent. in value within twenty-four hours. And as an evidence that such a treatment is urgently necessary, I need only say that there could easily be found a number of political blacklegs and office-seekers, who are setting their pins for the coming election, who are known to have encouraged and pandered to the spirit of this mob, and covertly justify its proceedings during Saturday and Sunday. "I can name them," and if they get on the track for office this fall, the public will find out how they did it.

Since writing the above, it is reported that the negro Shelton, who escaped, was arrested yesterday afternoon, a short distance in the country, and brought back to the county jail. This was soon noised around among the Irish, and the jail was under military guard all night. But Shelton is yet at large. The verdict of the public as to the nature of the affray which led to these occurrences, is generally changed into the belief that the negroes, after all, only acted in self defense. They were not known to have been drunk, and had never before been guilty of any violation of law. Carney and Brady admitted that they themselves were drunk, and Carney is an old police court bird of ten years' standing, and his misdeeds have cost the county more than a thousand dollars. Brady is a worthless scamp, living in Waukesha county; has been engaged in all the small fights that ever occurred in his town, and I personally know of numerous instances where he has been picked up on his way home from this city too drunk to drive his team.

Of course no arrests of the mob have been made, and probably none will be.

C.

"FREEDOM TO THE SLAVE."

We cannot resist the conviction that the apprehension expressed by the "News," that the Administration is to be embarrassed in the prosecution of the war by the "cry of freedom to the slave," is to a very great extent, if not entirely, affected. We have no idea that it would trouble it a particle to have the Administration embarrassed to any conceivable extent; and in view of the fact, that all the embarrassments of the Administration now proceed from the circumstances that there is such a condition as slavery, it cannot well believe that to declare a condition of freedom would add at all to its embarrassments, but much rather tend to allay what it already has. Nothing can be more certain that if the country were entirely without slavery, it would be without convulsion, and without danger of domestic war from any source, and on general principles it would seem that any "cry" which looked to the abolition of the cause of the war, would tend to hasten peace and strengthen those who were fighting for peace.

Our own impression is, that the "cry of freedom to the slave," while it cannot very well embarrass the Administration, would only fail of helping it as it fails to be a practical "cry." *Calling* spirits from the vasty deep is a very easy process, but making them *come*, when you do call, is quite a different thing. And so, crying freedom to the slave is easy to be done, but to realize the cry will probably require work. All that is practical in that direction, it seems to us the Government has already taken steps to accomplish. And besides, the direct steps taken by the Government to affect property in slaves, in our apprehension to conquer the South to obedience, is to conquer slavery. That is the issue really, and if there were any disposition to avoid it, it could not be avoided. Either slavery will conquer the North or freedom will conquer the South, and there neither will nor can be any peace until one or the other of these ends is attained. Whether we cry freedom to the slave or not, or whether we cry at all, is a matter of small importance, and has no embarrassing qualities about it. The great *work* goes on independent of all such interference, and the great end will be attained. The effective cry will be from the cannon's mouth, and soldiers, not politicians nor editors, will do the work. And, we may add, not a Northern cannon utters its voice but that a well attuned ear may catch the cry, clearly and distinctly, "freedom to the slave." And so far from the cry embarrassing the Government, its embarrassments will cease as the cry becomes effective.—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

JOHN M. LANGSTON ON THE WAR.

A public discussion was recently held at Oberlin of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That whereas in the providence of God the opportunity is now presented to us to extricate ourselves from all complicity with slavery, and to assume a true and impregnable position before God and mankind; therefore,

1. It is the duty of the American people to demand of the government immediately to abolish slavery in the seceded states by the exercise of the war power, and of the government to respond promptly by the exercise of such power.

2. It is our duty to educate our whole people as speedily as possible to assume this position.

Mr. J. M. Langston having been called for, came forward, and spoke in substance as follows:—

My friends—It is highly proper that we should put our trust in God. This is a dictate of reason, and the history of all people confirms it as wise and advantageous. But no man is trusting in God in any proper sense, who refuses to discharge his whole duty to-day, to labor up to the full measure of his strength according to the sentiments of justice and right. As this is individual duty, so it is the duty of nations.

It is true that God calls upon us in the midst of our national crisis, to trust Him as the Ruler of Heaven and earth. But it is equally true that he calls upon us to labor—to co-operate with Him in his grand endeavor to save our land and government. Let us then define to ourselves the great work which we are called upon, under Divine Providence to perform, and betake ourselves to the task, as becomes the sons of noble sires.

To-day we stand in the midst of a great national crisis. The eyes of the whole world are upon us. More than at any other period in our national existence our nation is a city upon a hill, and it cannot be said, "Shall the expectations of mankind be disappointed in regard to the action of the Government with respect to Slavery?" This is a question of profound significance. It becomes the Government and the people to look well to their duty in this particular.

All admit that slavery is the sole cause of our national difficulties—that this rebellion has sprung from it—that this rebellion can not be suppressed till this cause be removed, and that our war cannot be brought to an honorable conclusion till the cause of this rebellion be wiped out. What line of conduct, then, would good policy support? Most certainly that we at once remove the great cause of all our mischief, and thus end a contest which is being conducted at such an enormous expense of life and treason.

Aside from this consideration, it should be urged that England, France, indeed all the civilized nations of the earth, are expecting the Government to adopt the emancipation policy, and that promptly and without hesitation. For upon this course depends the salvation of all the great interests of American civilization. Indeed the interests of civilization the world over demand that our Government adopt this course. Delay is only fraught with danger to the Republic. This course alone will bring success to our arms. Let this course be followed, and very soon our defeats at Bull Run and Wilson's Creek will be utterly eclipsed by the glorious victories which will crown the efforts of our soldiery. And this is true for these all-important reasons. In pursuing this course we will have the sympathy and approval of God, as well as the sympathy and approval of all civilized nations. And thus, too, like brave and earnest men, we will have met the real issue that is forced upon us by the Southern Confederacy. And our noble soldiery, with the purpose and aim of this struggle well defined, will go into battle to fight under the animating conviction that the unity of our Government, the perpetuity of our free institutions, and preservation of the priceless heritage bequeathed to us by our fathers will depend upon the heroism and the courage with which they discharge their duty in the contest between slavery and treason.

Let us not take counsel of our fears. Compromise is a very Devil. Let it not come near us. God and Right are our mighty allies.

From the Wyoming Country Mirror, Sept. 4th.

FREEDOM OR SLAVERY.

What has been the real cause of the present rebellion?

The habit of domineering over their slaves, has cultivated in slaveholders the disposition to control party and nation, as they control their plantations. They were willing to remain in the Democratic party so long as they could control it. Not able to control the Charleston Convention, they seceded. And no longer able to control the nation, they secede, in order to form a nation in which they can still rule.

A small minority of the whole population, they have filled a large majority of the principal offices of the nation. The executive, legislative, and finally the judicial department of the government, have been subjected to their control. But God is just, and free territory has increased faster than slave territory, in wealth and population. Something must be done to counteract this, in order to retain this control. Of free territory at the North, a considerable part of Maine and of Oregon, was surrendered to the British. The Louisiana Purchase, Florida, Texas, and a large part of Mexico, embracing New Mexico, Utah and California, have been added to the South. But gold actuated free immigration, and California asked to be admitted as a free State. Slaveholders objected, and threatened to dissolve the Union. The North "compromised"—passing the Fugitive Slave Law, and letting New Mexico drift into a Slave Territory, in order to purchase the consent of slaveholders to the admission of California as a Free State.

In 1820 the nation owned the territory now constituting Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. Missouri and Arkansas were partially settled; the rest of this territory was not. The South procured the passage of the Missouri Compromise in order to secure Missouri and Arkansas to Slavery; and, in 1854, procured the repeal of that Compromise in order to open Kansas to slavery.

The attempt of slaveholders, aided by the *demon*-cratic Administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, by fraud, violence, forgery, perjury and bribery, to make a Slave State of Kansas, resulted in the formation and success of the Republican party and in the admission of Kansas as a free State. By uniting in the support of Douglass, slaveholders might still have defeated Lincoln. But Douglass was pledged to the admission of Kansas as a free State, and that would give the free States a majority in the Senate. As soon as time could turn out the minions of slavery elected in the free States, freedom would have a majority in both branches of Congress. The domination of slaveholders was passing away; and they were determined not to live in a nation in which they could not rule. Hence, they seceded from the Charleston Convention; and by nominating Breckenridge, defeated Douglas and secured the election of Lincoln; and then made that election a pretext for rebellion.

It was not enough that Northern States repealed, or offered to repeal, their harmless personal liberty bills. It did no good for Republicans to introduce into Congress bills for the organization of Territories, without any provision in the bills prohibiting slavery. It was useless for Congress almost unanimously to pass resolutions to the effect that it had no constitutional power to abolish slavery in the slave States, and that the Constitution should never be so amended as to give Congress that power. All these humiliating attempts to conciliate treason were made, and spurned because none of these things would restore to slaveholders the entire political control of the nation.

If by amendment of the Constitution, we would secure to slaveholders the everlasting control of the country, perhaps they would consent to return and govern us.

X.

MEDICAL ADVICE TO NORTHERN VOLUNTEERS.

[*From the Cincinnati Times.*]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having learned that your paper is a favorite among our patriotic young men who are about doing battle for their country, and having made a discovery which I think may save many of them from sickness, and possibly premature death, I therefore, through their favorite sheet, present it to them, subject, however, to your discretion.

During a period of twenty years, I was unceasingly a medical observer in the States of Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi, and by this course of observation, the conviction became forced upon me that there is not on this continent, and probably on no other, a district of country on which man, without distinction of race or color, cannot live and labor in all seasons of the year, with an entire immunity from all of those forms of disease which have been denominated malarious—because supposed to be of malarious origin—as well as all of those forms of fever which obtain extensively in low or tropical latitudes, and also in higher latitudes during the summer and autumnal seasons of the year.

My discovery is simply this: any people, white or colored, can labor under a tropical sun, and in those districts too which are regarded as being highly malarious, with an entire immunity from all of those forms of disease which are so much dreaded in tropical latitudes, if they will do their resting, feeding and sleeping in the shade of a dry and thoroughly ventilated forest. Our Northern soldiers can march or fight, or do any other labor in Florida or Louisiana during the warm season, if they will be careful to make all their encampments in a dry and ventilated forest, and no fears need be indulged, because of the near vicinity of marshes or stagnant ponds of water, but more especially if they too are shaded by the forest.

Many Southern planters have been entirely exempt from disease and death, in both their white and colored families, since, in conformity with my instructions, they moved them into a dry, clean and ventilated forest.

This discovery is not of more value to our army and Southern planters than to our Western pioneer population; for it is well known that in many portions of our Western States *the people are greatly afflicted* with intermitting, and other forms of fever.—From these invasions of their industry, prosperity and health they can make themselves entirely exempt.

What is the very general practice of our emigrants to the West? Answer: When they reach their destination they clear off an acre or two of forest, build a small log house, plow all the land they have cleared, and plant it with culinary vegetables; but before they are matured, the family are all sick with that form of disease which keeps them alternately shivering with cold and burning with fever.

Now, instead of the preceding procedure, I would suggest that the emigrant select, I would say not less than three acres of fruit land, sufficiently elevated and rolling as to readily become dry after a rain—clear it of all brushwood to such an extent, as to allow an equestrian the greater freedom. I would prefer that the trees be vigorous and tall, and upon this selected acre not a tree should be felled—locate the house about the centre of the area. The house as much as possible, should be protected against the direct rays of the sun. This area about the house should be set with blue or some other suitable grass, and kept short by the grazing of calves. In this way our emigrants can have healthy, comfortable and beautiful residences.

It is known and very generally conceded, that Southern climes are more compatible with the health of the African, or black races, than they are with that of the white, and it has been and is now contended by many that white people cannot successfully cultivate rice, sugar and cotton; but my observation and experience during a period of twenty years in the cotton and sugar States, have forced me to the adoption of the contrary opinion. I admit, however, that the climate for the production of rice, sugar and cotton, is much more favorable to the black than to the white races. Nevertheless, if white men will live as I have indicated, they can cultivate successfully rice, sugar and cotton, and with as much immunity from disease and death, as they now do corn and wheat in Ohio.

Although a black skin adapts a man in a high degree to a hot climate; yet there is much of both sickness and death in the black population of the South. But the truth is, no people can labor all day, consecutively, in a solar heat, considerably above that of the animal body, without a better opportunity for recuperation than can be had in a small and poorly ventilated cabin, heated to the *temperature of the animal body.* That the white race can live and cultivate the cotton plant in Southern Africa, is a question about which I have no doubt; but I would suggest to those of this country who may contemplate emigrating to Africa to make the experiment of growing cotton, to leave their hogs here as certainly as they would their mineral coal.

That much of the disease of our Southern population, but more particularly the black portion of it, results from the use of fatty food, I think there can be no doubt.

W. BYRD POWELL, M. D.

THE CONTRABANDS IN VIRGINIA.

To the Editors of the Independent:

The American Missionary Association have sent a missionary to Fortress Monroe to labor among the "contrabands." The Assistant Secretary of War recommended the missionary to Gen. Wool, who received him very kindly, and offered him every needful facility. The missionary, Rev. L. C. Lockwood, who has labored very acceptably in the service of the Young Mens' Christian Association of this city, has entered upon the work with very encouraging prospects.

Rev. P. Franklin Jones, Chaplain of the 1st Reg. N. Y. Volunteers, first brought the subject to the notice of the Young Mens' Christian Association. He says:

"There are a large number of slaves, who have been forsaken by their masters or who have fled from them and sought refuge *from the oppressors' bonds within our lines.* * * * Among them are many pious souls, but they are, in this distracted state of things, without any one to watch over them, or to give them religious instruction."

Under date of September 4th, Mr. Lockwood writes:

"Last evening, while conversing on the piazza of the hotel, I overheard music, and directed my footsteps thither, and in a long low building, just outside the entrance of the Fortress, I found a number of colored people assembled for a prayer-meeting. The brother who led in the concluding prayer had a sing-song manner, but his sentiments and expressions were very scriptural and impressive. He prayed that he who brought Israel out of Egypt, Jonah out of the mouth of the whale, and Daniel out of the den of lions, might bring them out into full deliverance, spiritually and temporally.

"I told my mission in few words, and the message was received with deep, half-uttered expressions of gladness and gratitude. They assured me that this was what they had been praying for; and now that 'the good Lord' had answered their prayers, they felt assured that some great thing was in store for them and their people. * * * This morning I had an interview with Gen. Wool and Col. Butler, brother of Gen. Butler. The project met their cordial approbation. I went with one of the 'contrabands' to see others of the leaders. I find them a religious people, and remarkably intelligent considering their circumstances. They gave me a hearty Christian welcome. Arrangements were made for three services on the Sabbath—one in the house of ex-President Tyler, one in a large open building near the Female Seminary building, and one in the hospital chapel of the Fortress. At all of them I am heartily desired to be present and take the lead. Other meetings will be arranged for week-day evenings. I want, as soon as possible, to visit the people at their dwellings, ascertain who are Christians, combine them together in church capacity, and labor, with the divine blessing, for their spiritual edification and the conversion of souls.

"As far as now appears, it would not fulfill the demands of duty to do less than to institute Sabbath-school instruction and week-day instruction, through the teaching of another, and teaching myself as far as practicable. There will be a sufficient number of soldiers and others who will engage in Sabbath-school instruction. Gen. Wool is actively engaged with us in the arrangement of places, etc.

"The 'contrabands' receive regular rations from Government, and a large number are employed in public service. Others are industriously contributing toward their *own suppoet in various kinds of employ* ment. * * The largest number are quartered in deserted houses near the Seminary, in a former negro quarter, etc."

Funds are respectfully solicited from the friends of humanity and freedom, for the support of the missionary, for teachers, for school-books, etc., and can be sent to Lewis Tappan, No. 61 John street, Treasurer of the American Missionary Association.

INDEPENDENCE OF HAYTI AND LIBERIA.

The "Miner's Journal" of Pottsville, Pa., advocates the recognition of the independence of Hayti and Liberia, on the ground that thousands of our people would then seek homes in those distant countries; but we can tell our cotemporary that he is laboring under a very great mistake in reference to this matter. The colored people will not go to those countries in larger numbers then than they do now. The reason why so many have gone was because they had no hope of their enfranchisement in this land; but the case is very *different now.* So rapid is the march of events in this country growing out of the war, that we have no doubt but they will culminate in our complete enfranchisement, hence we have concluded to stand still and see the salvation of God. We wish all manner of success to our brethren, both in Hayti and Liberia, but we tell them that they need not look for any vast accession to their numbers from this country at this time. The hour is bright with hope.

What the "Journal" says against the late administration for failing to acknowledge the independence of those countries, is very true and well said, and we sincerely hope the present government may not long lie under like censure.

Fremont's Proclamation in Kentucky.

Mason County, Ky., Sept. 3.

EDS. GAZETTE: That's the talk! Fremont's proclamation. It will effect more than a dozen victories; has the ring of business; looks the struggle plump in its face, and with a single blow breaks its back. It is folly to dodge around this matter any longer; the Cotton States have precipitated this rebellion upon us and we must accept the issue with all its dire calamities. Does any body suppose that the Slavery question can be kept out of the very issue it has created? Up to this time our Government has endeavored to ignore it with no very agreeable results, it must be confessed. Hereafter it must take its place in the contest, and every day it lasts will Slavery more and more advance toward the front of the fight. This is an inevitable result. All the statesmen and philanthropists in the world could not prevent it. Events are more powerful than men in times like these; and if this war lasts three years, as I think it may, there will not be a slave left to fight about.

This step of General Fremont is only the first; it was bound to come; others will follow in rapid succession—then Wo Wo! to Slavery and all who attempt to uphold it; it is doomed to fall by the acts of its mad and felonious advocates.

KENTUCKY.

GENERAL FREMONT'S MISSOURI PROCLAMATION.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The following letter from President Lincoln to Major General Fremont, was transmitted to the latter on the 12th inst.:

WASHINGTON, D. C. Sept. 11, 1861.

Major General Fremont,

Sir: Yours of the 8th, in answer to mine of the 2d inst., is just received. Assuming that you upon the ground could better judge of the necessities of your position than I at this distance, on seeing your proclamation of Aug. 30, I perceived no general objection to it. The particular clause, however, in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberation of slaves, appeared to me to be objectionable in its non-conformity to the act of Congress passed the 6th of Aug. upon the same subjects, and hence I wrote you expressing my wish that that clause should be *modified.* Accordingly, your answer, just received, expresses the preference on your part, and that I should make an open order for the modification, which I very cheerfully do.

It is therefore ordered, that the said clause of said proclamation be so modified, held and construed as to conform with and not to transcend the provisions on the same subject contained in the act of Congress, entitled "An Act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes," approved Aug. 6, 1861, and that said act be published at length with this order.

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

SLAVES RIVETING THEIR CHAINS.

The Memphis, Tenn., Appeal, chronicles the following with a chuckle of delight, only excelled by that with which it announced the accession of the wild savages of the West to their ranks:

"A procession of several hundred stout negro men, members of the "domestic institution," marched through our streets yesterday, in military order, under the command of Confederate officers. They were well armed and equipped, with shovels, axes, blankets, &c. A merrier set never were seen. They were brimful of patriotism, shouting for Jeff. Davis and singing war songs, and each looked as if they only wanted the privilege of shooting an abolitionist. An abolitionist could not have looked on this body of colored recruits for the Southern army without strongly suspecting that his sympathy *for the "poor slave" was not appreciated*, and that it was wasted on an ungrateful subject."

This is another proof of the many previously *presented to the Northern public,* that the rebels are forcing their slaves into the war against the Government in large numbers. They are not alone used in the erection of fortifications, and for teamsters, servants, cooks, etc., but are compelled to enter the ranks, and thus aid in the riveting their chains more securely. Not to use its whole power to destroy this powerful means of aggression would be nothing less than downright cowardice or stupidity on the part of the Government.—Detroit Adv.

SLAVE LIFE IN VIRGINIA.

The rapid spread of intelligence among slaves from one plantation to another is surprising to those not conversant with the singular habits of the blacks.

It is certain that the most trifling event will often spread for miles as rapidly as if sent by mail, and this by word of mouth passed from one to another. For instance, a child was badly burned in a place called Oak Grove, near Washington's birth-place, early on a Sunday morning, and the writer having occasion to visit a neighboring parish twelve miles distant, found the news had already preceded his advent, through the servants, as they are called. The fact is, they do not lie down at night and sleep until morning, but drop down on the floor near the fire, (which they keep in their cabins even in summer,) and, after taking a nap, will start up and go through the woods to some neighboring cabin, and perhaps snooze a little while there and return. They stroll about in this way through by-paths well-known to themselves, in the darkest nights, and keep up a constant communication with their friends. In this way, we may depend upon it that they are well posted concerning all the important events now transpiring, which greatly interests them, on both sides of the line.

Their credulity and superstition is wonderful. Three "boys" had been punished by an overseer in the absence of the master. They considered their castigation unjust, and ran to the swamp, refusing to come in "'till Massa William came home." The old mother of one had been whipped to make her disclose there whereabouts, but in vain. The overseer discovered that "Aunt Polly" had placed three stones over her door as "a charm," and being an ignorant man himself, he performed a like operation to counteract its force. We asked the old woman what she did it for? when she looked pale, (for black folks will grow pale with fear,) and she replied, quite shrewdly—"Well, I don't know, Massa; Ise never heerd tell on that. But Ise heerd tell as how de servants does put stones in de fire place, to keep de hawks away from de chickuns."—Chicago Record.

THE REIGN OF THE MOB IN MILWAUKEE.

The Milwaukee "Wisconsin," of Tuesday evening brings us the following particulars of the doings of the mob which hung the colored men on Sunday morning: They were not satisfied with taking the life of one of the colored men, but determined to wipe out the other, Shelton, who had escaped. Accordingly they appeared before the jail Sunday night:

They said they were not satisfied that Shelton was not still in jail, and wanted to search the jail. The Sheriff assured them that he was not, but offered if they would appoint a committee of four, to have them conducted through the jail by one of his men, so as to satisfy them. They would not assent to this, and started back down stairs. Before this, cannon had been planted north and south of the jail, and military stationed to protect the jail.

The rumor about Shelton being still in jail, probably started from the fact that another negro, named Graham, is confined there, on the charge of burglary, and he looks some like Shelton. This second visitation of the crowd also caused some considerable apprehension with the nervous portion of the community. The crowd went down Main street, and while there the Sheriff essayed to address them, to urge them to mild and lawful measures, but they paid but little respect to what he said. A couple of Infantry companies and an Artillery company kept guard about the jail last night, and there was no further disturbance of any kind.

Yesterday (Monday) there was scarcely any safety for a negro to be seen in the streets. One was walking up Huron street, along in the forenoon, taking it very quietly, when, as he approached near Seaman's building, the brickbats began to fly about him, and he was compelled to retreat in double quick across Huron street bridge. Another, apparently a gentlemanly young negro, was chased a little ways up East Water street yesterday forenoon.

NORTHERN SOLDIERS TO BE SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

A writer in the Savannah, Ga. Republican suggests that all prisoners taken by the rebel army shall be sold into slavery, and made to work side by side with the slaves. He says:

"How shall we dispose of the prisoners?"—and answers it as follows: "Let the Quartermaster General of the Confederate States issue his proclamation, stating that the prisoners will be hired out to the highest bidder for some specified time, and in such number as their hirer may desire. I know of a gentleman in this city, a rich planter, who would gladly take two hundred of the Yankees on his plantation to build up and mend the dams on his fields. He is more desirous of doing this, he says, as the Northern gazettes have long asserted that we can do without negro labor, and he is anxious of *testing the question.* One good black driver to every forty Yankees, would insure good order and lively work among them."

The St. Catherine (C. W.) Journal, of Sept. 9th, contains the following:

Yesterday afternoon three boys, denizens of the "Patch," named respectively Thomas Ustice, Daniel Barritt, and Patrick Joice, went into the premises of a colored man named Holinsworth, living near the Welland Railway Depot, and commenced despoiling his plum trees of their fruit; or rather we should say that two of them entered, for Ustice remained on the outside to watch, and give notice when danger approached. Holinsworth is a very industrious, steady, hard working man, the keeper of a huckster's stand in the market, and when he perceived the boys pilfering his fruit, he became, very naturally, much excited; and arming himself with a gun, he proceeded after the boys, and fired at them as they were retreating, wounding Ustice, who was on the outside of the fence, very severely in the ribs. Barritt received five shot in the shoulder, and Joice a few in the back. It is thought that all will recover, although Ustice is not quite out of danger. Holinsworth was arrested by Chief Montgomery, and lodged in the Lock-up.

FROM HAYTI.—Haytian papers are to the 24th of August. One of the most interesting pieces of intelligence which they contain is the capture, trial, probable conviction and execution of one of the most villainous freebooters who have ever infested the southern seas. His name is Antonio Pelletier, a fellow who has run through a career embracing every species of piracy, and extending over a period of ten years—thus far, however, without the slightest accounting to the tribunal of justice. He has been caught in the act of forcible robbery on the high seas. He had sailed from Mobile. His own vessel was a clipper schooner—his prey, the barque William, owned in Port au Prince. He will probably meet at length with his just deserts.

SO FAR FROM Emancipation filling the north with negroes, we verily believe [illegible] slavery were abolished, and [illegible] peace existed, a colored face north of Mason and Dixon's line, in a few years would be a rare sight. The south is the natural climate, and has the soil and peculiarities in all respects which favor the negroes, and there they would naturally go and remain, if there was nothing to drive them away. It is slavery that drives negroes north and keeps them there. Emancipation would empty both the northern states and Canada, in a very few years, of all the colored population, and take them South. This is just as certain as that water will run down hill.—Milwaukee Sent.

ANGLO-AFRICAN WAR ITEMS.

A Washington dispatch dated Sept. 16, says:—

There was a stampede of negroes—fourteen in number, men, women and children—in the neighborhood of Lewinsville, to-day. They came to our lines seeking protection, saying they were to have been sent to Manassas that morning. General Smith sent them to Washington. They belonged to the estate of the late Commodore Jones. They stated that they left at their home only a daughter of the Commodore, her mother having departed some time ago for Manassas Junction.

A despatch from Fortress Monroe, dated 15th inst., reads:—

A party of fourteen contraband slaves escaped last night from near Sewall's Point, and came over to the Fortress in a canoe. They represent that provisions are very scarce in Princess Anna county, and that there are some five hundred rebels at Sewall's Point. The force there is constantly changing.

A correspondent of the Sandusky (Ohio) "Register" in a letter dated Elkwater Creek, Virginia, Aug. 27, says:—

And among those whose open hearted and unbounded hospitalities I have been permitted to enjoy, I must say that I found some of their chattels more apt and better informed than their masters. I was also surprised at the promiscuous occupation and familiar equality that existed between them in their household intercourse. It exceeded all the abolition intermingling that I ever witnessed in the darkest corners of the North. They have degenerated in every respect, instead of improved, as we have approached the borders of the great valley of Virginia, after arriving at which I presume, we see some of the scions or originals of the F. F. V's.

The reception of Mr. Thomas G. Perry of Prince George's County, Maryland, who came to General Sickle's camp to reclaim four slaves, was not flattering. He was informed that they were better than he, that he was a nigger thief, and received unsavory personal news. Mr. Garrison himself could not have outdone these bold spoken Irish Democrats.

The Washington "Star" of the 14th inst., contains the following items:—

Two companies of the Third Regiment of Sickles' Brigade, which have been on an expedition through Anne Arundel county, stopped on their return at Mr. Washington Bell's, in Prince George's county, and were treated in a most hospitable manner. They repaid his kindness by carrying off with them three of his best slaves. Mr. George W. Duvall, one of the newly appointed patrolmen for the county, saw them and tried to reclaim them, but they escaped from him, and he was laughed at by the soldiers. He succeeded, however, in arresting one "contraband" who was following the command and would not tell his master's name. He was lodged in jail.

Major Cooper of the Kentucky Cavalry brought to this city this morning two fugitive slaves of citizens of Marlboro and Piscataway, Maryland, and delivered them up to Justice Donn, who sent them to jail. If they owners are loyal they will be restored.—"Washington Star."

The Washington correspondent of the New York "Tribune," writes:—

The intrenchments at Munson's Hill appear to be nearly completed, and the rebels were to-day occupied in planting heavy guns in position. Their principal point of attack against our pickets is a deserted barn on the left of Little Rivet turnpike, which is constantly filled with their marksmen, "the best of whom has been discovered to be a *negro.*"

The Cincinnati "Commercial" of the 14th, says:—

A contraband, from Nashville, Tennesee, "worn out in service and labor," created some stir among the boys in the streets *yesterday afternoon,* as he stood in front of the Post Office like a Greek statue, with his hat in one hand extended forth and upward for contributions, while he held on with the *other to a staff thrown across his shoulder,* to which he had his carpet sack attached. He said he had walked from Cairo, and was three weeks on the way. As near as he could recollect, he would be eighty-five years of age on the 25th of this month. He wore the United States army cloth. His figure and positions were a study for a painter or sculpture. His name, he said, was Samuel Rideout, though he looked as though he rarely used any locomotive engine save his neither pins. Well, what is in a name?

A correspondent of the Indianapolis "Journal," writing from Fairfax county, Va., remarks:—

The extent of country commanded by the felling of the trees is immense. You should have heard the sound of the axes, being wielded by at least two thousand strong arms at once.

Myself and J. visited the hut of an old negress situated at the foot of one of the hills, out in a deep ravine, entirely shielded from view by surrounding thickets, the approach thereto being indicated by a narrow pathway. The old lady was a hearty old dame, save what she suffered from the blessed rheumatiz and 'flenza. She was as black as ebony, with hair as white as snow. Her daughter and grandchildren were around her. I remarked to her, "Aunty, you look very hearty for one so old." She replied, yes, dat for one who had [illegible] fourteen children, she tho[illegible] raised would run to [illegible] thought she did. She [illegible] the door every minute and return with clasped hands, exclaiming, "De Lor' knows I never heard such a cutting of trees since I war born."

The Washington *correspondent of* the Cincinnati "Inquirer" says there are eight full regiments of colored men, of a thousand men each, in Canada, and four more in Pensylvania, whose services have been offered to the government. These 12,000 men have not been accepted, but they have not been refused. Private assurances have been given to them that their services may be needed, and they have been encouraged to keep up their organization.

A correspondent of the Zion's "Herald," writing from Merridian Hill, near Washington, remarks:

Colored people visit us continually to sell refreshments, and some of them prove to be good earnest Methodists. One of them gave his name as Diggs; said he had been Gen. Cushing's servant for nine years, and that gentleman had loaned him $950 to purchase his children from slavery; he had previously purchased himself. The General he called a good Union man. "I know his heart," he said; "I have often heard him talk against rabid disunion feeling, and advise those who believed it to go for the Union." He had an exalted opinion of the General, and was surprised to hear that the man was not popular in Massachusetts. "That Massachusetts," he thought, "must be a great place; I must go with you when you go back, and see it." The class he represents cheered us enthusiastically all along our journey here, waving handkerchiefs, aprons, old bags, or anything convenient; and when they could do no better, waving their hands and shouting for the Union.

A Washington dispatch dated 15th inst., reads:—

The advance of a large reconnoitering force of Confederate troops in the neighborhood of Balls Cross Roads, and the destruction of the property of known Union men were renewed this morning. They drove in our pickets to within half a mile of the roads so as to get possession of a house occupied by a colored man named Lern Bennett, which they burnt to the ground. Bennet and his wife were captured two weeks ago and taken South.

☞ There are at least twenty-five thousand slaves in Missouri whose masters are, or have been in the rebel army, and who are therefore declared "free men," by Fremont's recent proclamation, confiscating all property of rebels with arms in their hands against the Government.

A correspondent of the New Hampton (Iowa) Courier, in a letter from Ironton, Mo., says:

A slave in Ironton told one of our boys *the other day,* that his master had used him mighty mean, but since the soldiers came he had been trying to make up with him, but he could not come it,—he was going to be FREE.

The St. Louis Democrat of the 2d inst. makes the following interesting announcement:

"The Home Guards of Washington county have been stirring up a nest of Secessionists in that quarter. On Friday and Saturday last they captured fifteen of them. An effort was made to take James McCullock, a noted Secessionist of that county, and formerly a member of the Legislature. His negroes, some eight or ten, and a fine lot of stock, were captured. The negroes, under the proclamation, go free."

The Washington correspondentof the Independent writes:—

There is much feeling here among leading men, caused by the action of Gen. M'Clellan in ordering the return of fugitive slaves, or rather their arrest in camps and imprisonment in jail to await the claim of their masters. This is in contravention of the spirit of the letter addressed by the Secretary of War to Gen. Butler, for it constitutes our troops but an army of negro-catchers. It is *directly in contradiction to the letter of Fremont's* proclamation, which has been unanimously accepted by the people of the loyal states as the true interpretation of our relation to slaveholders in rebellion against the Government.

SUMMARY.

We take the following from the Pittsburg Dispatch of the 14th inst.—

For some years past a family named Weible, respectable people, we believe, have resided in the 2d ward, Allegheny. The elder Weible being frequently absent on business down the river, where he was engaged in the coal business, somewhere on the Mississippi river. Last spring he remained away longer than usual, and his son visited him to ascertain the cause of the delay. More recently Mrs. W. made a trip for the same purpose, and both returned apparently well satisfied. A married daughter also visited the family in Allegheny from the South, and remained some time, bringing with her a little colored girl, a slave, it is said, ten or twelve years of age, to wait upon her. The sentiments of the family expressed without reserve, were so strongly in favor of secession and so obnoxious to their neighbors, that they were finally induced to believe that a return to the sunny South was the most advisable course, and began their preparations for removal.

In the meantime the colored people in the vicinity got wind of the affair, and took possession of the little girl. The U. S. marshal was notified of the facts of the case, and a suit entered before one of the city aldermen to obtain a legal release of the little girl.—The *quondam owner appeared in high dudg*eon, and at first refused to listen to any statement of her position. She was finally convinced, however, that the child could not be taken away, and very ungraciously yielded her claim, threatening that those who interfered in the matter would live to regret having done so.

The colored man, Richard Van Deusen, who was examined at Weedsport N. Y. on Monday, on suspicion of burning the barns in Cayuga county, on Friday and Saturday nights last, was fully committed on two charges of arson. There is much feeling against the accused.

PERSONAL.

We have had the pleasure of grasping the hand of that earnest worker for our people, David W. Ruggles, of San Francisco. He has been spending a few weeks in Massachusetts and this city, and will return to San Francisco in the steamer of to-day.

Joseph S. Tatnall, Esq., and Capt. Rhodenwoll, of Nassau, N. P., arrived in this city last Saturday. They brought with them a large cargo of fine pineapples. Mr. Tatnall's health had suffered much from an illness of several months duration, but we are glad to learn that he has been much benefitted by his trip to this post.

Rev. Wm. E. Walker and estimable lady passed through this city last Wednesday, *en route* to Massachusetts, where they will probably spend several weeks.

Rev. Wm. P. Newman returned to this city during the week, from a short tour through Canada West, and probably left in the steamer of the 20th for Kingston, Jamaica, his future home. He says he had many opportunities of imparting information to the people in relation to the islands of Jamaica and Hayti.

Frederick Douglass addressed an audience of over one thousand persons at South Butler, N. Y., on the 1st inst., on the present state of American affairs.

DIED.

GLASKO.—On Monday, Sept. 2d, at Norwich, Conn., while on a visit to his daughter, Mr. Isaac C. Glasko, of Griswold, in the 85th year of his age.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The colored man who left a pocket knife in an Eighth Avenue car, on Sunday evening Sept. 8th, may obtain the same, after proving property, by calling at the office of the Anglo-African.

Special Notices.

T. B. VOORHEES'

EXCURSION TO BULL'S FERRY,

BY BOAT AND BARGE.

Owing to so many being dissapointed in not attending the last Excursion, caused by an unavoidable delay, it will be repeated

On Thursday, the 26th Inst.

giving all an opportunity to enjoy the fine treat

PROF. ROBT. H. BROWN

will be in attendance.

Parties can bring their children and enjoy the country air, as we shall lay at Bull's Ferry for three hours, returning at 6½ o'clock, landing at 30th and 22d Streets, each way, reaching the city early in the evening for all that wish to go off. The boat and barge will then make another excursion up the river, and return by 12½ A.M.

TICKETS FOR THE WHOLE EXCURSION THIRTY CENTS EACH.

The steamer will stop at South 7th Street, Williamsburg at 1 o'clock, P.M.; Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, at 1½; Jersey city 12; thence to Spring St., leaving there at 2½ with the barge, and will land at 22d and 30th Sts.

N.B. There will be no delay, as the boat will be prompt in her landings.

COME AND HELP US.

There will be an entertainment given for the benefit of the Rev. Mr. Manning, on Thursday evening, October the 3rd, 1861, in the Zion M.E. Church in Devoe St., Williamsburg city.

The committee knowing the pecuniary embarrassments under which the Trustees are laboring and their inability to make provision for their Pastor for the coming winter, desire to do what they can, to meet his pressing wants—and they cordially invite all the *friends of the Rev. Mr. Manning* to lend a helping hand.

Donations of any kind will be thankfully received. Tickets 25 cents, children under 12 years 13 cents, to be had of the following committee:

Miss Jane A. Williams,
Mrs. Octavia Buckus,
Mrs. Mary E. Hicks,
Mrs. Rudolphine Schemerhorn,
Miss Frances A.E. Fitch,
Mrs. Thomas Thompson.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr. Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven, opposite the Railroad depot.

Rev. Henry M. Wilson is now Assistant Secretary of the African Civilization Society, No. 26 Bible House.

Office hours Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, from ten A. M. till two P. M.

As many letters are sent to his care for different persons in this city, it would be well for parties expecting letters to call at Mr. Wilson's Office.

THE PROPOSED NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS.

For the above work the undersigned would state, *in answer to numerous inquiries,* that he wishes to collect full and accurate accounts of all cases of abuse growing out of SLAVERY, of the loss of *time, property and life,* whether among whites, Indians, or blacks. He is not particular as to the length of the articles, for, when we come to the publication, it may be best to abridge some statements; but the original communications will be carefully preserved and placed in some historical collection for preservation and reference. Whatever will serve to illustrate or add interest to the statements, such as photographs or engravings, or autographs of the persons, or maps and plans of the localities named, will be thankfully received and carefully preserved. If the case has been published in the papers, or in pamphlets or books, please make reference to them or forward them. Names of persons, places, and dates, which, if divulged would involve the parties in difficulty, may be withheld in the communication. Let every one send on what he or she may have to communicate as early as possible. We shall feel greatly obliged to Editors who will copy this advertisement and give it a favorable notice, and all who will promptly respond to this call will receive our hearty thanks.

Address, L. G. OLMSTEAD, New York.

INFORMATION WANTED in regard to Alexander or Sandy Hogan, son of Betsey Hogan. He left the service of Mr. Jenkins in Baltimore, in June, 1859, and came to the North to solicit money to purchase the freedom of his wife. He is believed to have been in Birmingham, N. Y., about five weeks ago. Skin light brown. An aged mother is anxious to ascertain his whereabouts, and will be grateful for information sent to Wm. Still, 107 North-Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Anti-slavery papers please copy. 3t.

Letters or newspapers for Hayti or Jamaica will be promptly forwarded if left with Mr. N. R Ashby, at Lewis & Co.'s store, 24 South Street. New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST PUBLISHED

"THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN LIBERIA."

The Anniversary address, on the 26th July, 1860, in Cape Palmas, Liberia, by the Rev. Alex. Crummell, B.A.

For Sale at the Anglo-African Office, 48 Beekman St., New York. Price 15 cents. 8 4t.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tf.

A NEW WORK

TO BE READY ABOUT THE 25TH OF SEPT.

REPORT OF THE NIGER VALLEY

EXPLORING PARTY;

BY

M. R. DELANY, CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

CONTENTS.

Political Movements.
Succeeding Conventions.
History of the Project.
Arrival and reception in Liberia.
Liberia—Climate, Soil, [illegible]
Diseases—Cause, Remedy.
The Interior.
Topography, Climate, &c.
Diseases of this part of Africa.
Treatment, Hygeine, &c.
Missionary Influences.
What Africa now Requires to Direct Legitimate Commerce.
Cotton Staple.
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Complete in sections (chapters) consecutively from I to XVI, being most conveniently arranged in cut-in or side marginal notes, embracing every subject therein treated, so that in an instant any point or paragraph of interest may be at once [illegible] to.

A learned and candid gentleman who has resided many years in Africa, after glancing over the proof sheets, pronounced it the most interesting and instructive work ever issued on that subject, and should be in the hands of every friend of Africa. It is a complete text-book.

The work contains 72 large pages, and will be sold at the low price of

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A SCHOOL WANTED.—A YOUNG LADY, a graduate of the of the High School of this State, and who is fully qualified as a teacher, is desirous of obtaining a school where the salary would not be less than $200 a-year. Address Thos. Hamilton, 48 Beekman St., N.Y.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. THE UNdersigned respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the ART OF SINGING. He will be at home at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on MONDAY EVENING, and at ZION CHURCH, N. Y., on THURSDAY EVENING, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. Singing schools taught and private instruction given on moderate terms.

3tf. ROBT. HAMILTON,

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTES, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 MULBERRY STREET, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMAN'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country.

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK. 4-1t

DENTISTRY.

BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist, 79 Thompson St., N. Y.

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THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and [illegible] Grand Sts.

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE [illegible] Side. Mrs. Gant, [illegible] and Gentlemen, at her residence [illegible] Terms very moderate.

BROWN'S POPULAR [illegible]
The undersigned [illegible] Friends and the public [illegible] fitted up his SALOON [illegible] pared to furnish them with Ice Cream, Fruit, and other [illegible]
BENJ. F. BROWN,
[illegible] between Broadway & Crosby [illegible]

WARRANTED TO CURE [illegible] in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable [illegible] For sale at 55 West Broadway, [illegible] and Frankfort Sts.

Poetry.

MOTHER IN THE CLOUD.

I saw thee in the cloud, mother,
  Thou smilest on me there;
The sunny wreath—thy shroud mother
  Thy grave—the spangled air!
Thy wing, all golden seems, mother,
  To span the heavens broad,
And urge thy shining course, mother,
  Among the isles of God.

Oh! art thou in the cloud, mother,
  That veils Jehovah's throne:
Thy robe, no more the shroud, mother—
  Christ's wedding garments on.
Ye form those angel throngs, mother,
  That but in dreams appear:
And bathe in floods of song, mother,
  That but the blest can hear

Your crown's at Jesus' feet, mother,
  Your head's within your wing:
Ye crowd the mercy-seat, mother,
  Whose arches ever ring
With raptured songs, too sweet, mother,
  For human lip to sing—
"Oh, Grave! where is thy victory?
  Oh, Death! where now thy sting?"

RICH AND POOR.

I saw a poor man enter where
  The worshippers of God were seen.
His garments cheap and worn threadbare,
  Yet all was tidy, neat, and clean—
    I saw him take a lonely seat,
    And worship at the Saviour's feet.

I saw, hard by, a family
  Dress'd out in satin, silk, and gold:
Their look was haughty, proud, and high,
  Their gait was very stern and bold—
    They scarcely deigned to look that way,
    So poor was he, so rich were they.

I looked again my faith ahead.
  And saw the "great white throne" on high:
I saw the living and the dead,
  All hastening to their destiny:
    The rich and poor were in that host,
    And some were saved and some were lost.

I saw the man who years ago
  Was dressed in tinsel, silk, and gold:
But oh, how changed! how full of woe!
  What anguish did his looks unfold!
    His lofty airs were fled and gone,
    He stood a wretch, unsaved, undone.

I saw the poor man clad in white,
  Stand with the glorious seraphim;
Angels that glow in realms of light,
  Were not ashamed to be with him—
    Oh who would not prefer to be
    A sinner saved, though poor as he?

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

At last a blow has been struck which finds an echo in the heart of a whole nation! and will find an echo in the hearts of the whole civilized world. The hour has come, and the man!

Fremont's proclamation has in it that genuine military ring—that martial directness, for which the heart of the people in disturbed times always longs. They long for the man without fear—whose sword divides all meshes of compromise, all fine-spun legal doubts and hesitancies—who is not afraid to take the responsibility of a thorough movement in a critical hour, and who does something splendid and decided, while the rest of the world are feebly and perplexedly making up their mind what to do.

Not often has the opportunity of so splendid a deed been given to any one mortal. To right wrong—to uphold law—to give liberty to the slave by one majestic declaration, is the privilege of one in centuries. Fremont has done it—and every heart through the nation leaps up at the news, as the human heart always leaps at what is grand and heroic.

It is true that we did welcome even the acute lawyer-like subtlety which, by naming the slave the contraband of war, took him ingeniously from the grasp of the oppressor. We forgave the fallacy of the figure for its benevolent ingenuity, and the heart of the North warmed toward Butler for using the fine weapons of legal diplomacy on the side of humanity.

All honor to Butler—for while he stooped to call the slave a thing, it was that he might use him as a man. He used the very terms of the Southren law which had stripped the negro of human personality and recorded him a chattel to build a fortress of protection around him, under whose shadow his human rights might be once more restored; and thousands of liberated slaves will bless the name of Butler to their latest day; and when he comes to a dying hour, we question whether all military glory will weigh so much in his eyes as the thought of the human beings he has restored to liberty and manhood.

But it is the noble prerogative of the military chieftain to declare law without subtlety or explanation. Fremont does not call the slave contraband of war. That position, advantageous and ingenious in its day, is now abandoned for higher vantage-ground. Fremont does not even speak of the slave as property. He makes the just distinction: the *property* of traitors he declares confiscated; their *slaves*, if they have any—free. There we have it, fair and square. Out goes his banner! down goes his glove! and if any one does not like it, let him try conclusions, sword with sword—that is all!

Earth shall not look on a sublimer sight than the army of the South and West, with freedom to the slave on its banner, as it shall roll majestically down the Mississippi, with the prayers of the oppressed rising like many waters for its success, and the songs of redeemed ones wakening like birds as it passes.

The hero of the golden gate who opened the doors of that splendid new California world, has long been predestined in the traditions of the slave as their coming liberator. "Fremont and liberty" are words that have been coupled in many a song before now—and Fremont has made good the augury. So far as we have seen and heard, this proclamation has met that universal response which the world always accords to a fitting deed done in the fulness of time.

We longed for a bold step—we sighed for a victory—and we have got it!

It was something to take the shores of North Carolina. Well and gallantly was it done. But this proclamation is a greater victory than that: it will carry with it a swing and impulse—a moral force, which will be felt through all nations.

This will be a burning test of the sincerity of those in foreign lands who have said, All our sympathies are with this war when we shall see that it emancipates the slave. Let us see if it proves so. Let us see if they who carped at Butler, though he freed thousands, because he used the legal technics of slave-law to do it, will now respond to the open trumpet-call of Fremont—declaring liberty at a breath to sixty thousand slaves!

Will they meet this great movement with generous sympathy, or with unworthy detraction? To us, now, the question matters little—to them a great deal. It will show to all the world what manner of spirit they are of!

Let us pray that this heroic declaration of Fremont's find its echo at once in the Eastern army. We have freed a great many slaves and got very little credit for it—we have freed them as it were under protest, by pretext, by ingenious subleties—now, let us free them martially and with the high hand.

We have had a good lawyer for them, now let us have a good general. The heart of the nation longs to hear in the East just such a trumpet call as we have heard from the West.—"Independent."

SLAVES TAKING CARE OF THEMSELVES.

Says an exchange: "The invariable argument of slaveholders when urged to emancipate their slaves, is, "They are unfit for freedom, and would not know how to take care of themselves. They are better off in slavery than if set free." Many of the Northern States have similar feelings, but the following incident from the experience of Mr. Nelson, the distinguished author of the "Cause and Cure of Infidelity," is instructive on this point.

Although himself a slaveholder for many years, he could not feel that slavery was right, and when the colonization scheme was started, he entered heartily into it, hoping it would do away with the evil entirely; but, soon satisfied it would never accomplish that for his country, he turned his attention to the duty of "immediate emancipation;" and after long and prayerful consideration of the subject, he consulted his wife about the matter, and they decided to set their negroes free at once.

So calling them together, he told them of his convictions of the sin of slavery, and that he had decided to give them free papers. Their joy was unbounded, and he was overwhelmed with their vociferous exclamations of "tank you, massa!"

"Old Isaac," as he was called, was a very stupid, careless, indolent fellow, who seldom did anything right, even when he was told. If sent to the barn to feed the horse, he was sure to leave the measure where the horse would kick it over, and everything he undertook seemed to go wrong. So Dr. Nelson and his wife conscientiously concluded that it would not be right to set Isaac adrift, for he never could take care of himself, and would be in danger of starving.

Soon after, the Doctor began to reason with his neighbors on the sin of slaveholding, and the duty of emancipation, appealing to his own example as evidence of his sincerity. They replied he had not liberated all, as Isaac was still a slave.

Dr. Nelson said that it was very true, and that for conscientious reasons he did not think it would be right to turn off such a stupid fellow, and he retained him merely out of pity for him.

"That is just the case with our negroes," they replied. "They cannot take care of themselves, so we keep them for their own good."

Dr. Nelson was in a quandary. He saw he must liberate Isaac, at all events, if he would have any influence with others in the matter. So he went to him as he sat in the kitchen one day, with the same leaden look upon his face, seeming more asleep than awake. "Isaac," said Dr. N.

"Yes, massa," drawled Isaac.

"I have been thinking of giving you free papers." (Isaac looked up rather wonderingly.) "But I am afraid if I do, you will suffer." Isaac opened his eyes wider than before.) "I don't think you can take care of yourself; I have no idea you can." (Isaac looked anxious.) "But I have made up my mind to set you free."

"O, tank you, tank you, massa!"

"And Isaac, if you ever get hungry, just remember there is enough to eat in my kitchen, and come and help yourself."

Isaac no sooner realized that his master was in earnest than his face lighted up, and he burst out, "O, tank you, tank you, massa; freedom is de sweetest ting in de wide world, massa!"

He took his papers and left, and for some months Dr. Nelson heard nothing of him. But one day, as he was traveling, he saw some one approaching on horseback. As he drew near the "ivory" began to shine, the eyes rolled about in rather an unusual manner, and who should the stranger be but "Old Isaac!" not the slave, but Isaac the freeman, in a new suit of clothes, and with a face no longer stupid, but full of the consciousness, and importance and happiness of his new life. He was quite overjoyed at meeting his old master.

"And how do you like freedom, Isaac?"

"O, massa, freedom sweetest ting in de wide world! sweetest ting in de world, massa!

"But what have you been doing, Isaac?"

"O, me been to work; me got forty dollars in me pocket; me own dis brack pony; tell what 'tis, freedom is de sweetest ting in de world, massa!"

And Dr. Nelson said he never afterwards doubted that any slaves, with the motives of freedom to inspire them to work, could "take care of themselves."

THE VOICE OF CHRISTIAN ENGLAND TO AMERICA, FOR THE EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES.

The Church of the Puritans was reopened yesterday, by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Cheever. In the evening he preached on "The Voice of Christian England to America, for the Emancipation of the Slaves." The Church was crowded to its utmost capacity, all anxious to hear the Rev. Doctor's reflex of the Christians of Great Britain in reference to the present war. He took for his text the following:

"Israel hath sinned, and they have also transgressed my covenant which I commanded them; for they have even taken of the accursed thing, and have also stolen, and dissembled also, and they have put it even among their own stuff. Therefore, the children of Israel could not stand before their enemies, but turned their backs before their enemies, because they were accursed: neither will I be with you any more, except ye destroy the accursed from among you."—Joshua vii: 11, 12.

He began by observing, that in the whole current of profane history, it was doubtful if there had ever been a series of events that of themselves more directly claimed the application of that Scripture, than the history and present crisis of our own war. The coat not only fitted, but the juncture took it and put it on. He had selected the text at the suggestion of an officer in the British army, who had written to him immediately after hearing of the affair at Bull Run. As he was seeking for some way through which to convey the voice of Christian England to America, what could he have done better than take the very suggestion of the heart and conscience of a Christian friend, sincerely attached to this country, as well as his own, and well fitted to personify and express the feeling of British Christianity and friendship in regard to us? For it was the voice of Christian sentiment and kindness with the utterance of which he was charged, and not of political bitterness or prejudice.

WHY SYMPATHY IS WITHHELD.

The reason why the sympathies of Great Britain, and, indeed, of all Europe, had not been more directly and positively on our side, as well as against the Southern slave-trading confederacy: It was just because so long as we maintain our own sanction of Slavery, and complicity therewith, we ourselves effectually repressed and prevented that sympathy by setting the Christian conscience of the world against us. If that conscience was against the slavetrading confederacy, as indeed it was, because they had impiously set Slavery as the corner-stone of their intended empire, and the vital law and force of their rebellion: it was also inevitably against ourselves, if we likewise maintained the sanction of Slavery, and go against the Southern rebellion, only because we would endure no divided empire, and were determined not simply that Slavery should not be an independency by itself, but that it should quit its rebellion against ourselves, and submit to be an integral part of our own rebellion against God, should submit to the formula of "the Union and Slavery." It was just because this seemed to be the war cry of the patriotism of our Government and people at this time—"the Union and Slavery"—that the sympathy of British Christianity was chilled in regard to us, and turned into rebuke. We had taken of the accursed thing, and hid it among our stuff; the very wedge of gold out of the tents of our enemies we had claimed as ours.

THE DUTY OF THE PEOPLE AND THE PRESIDENT.

Our conduct was much like that of Saul, in his disobedience of God, when he spared Agag the great rebel, and the best of the stuff, and the prophet Samuel had to step in, and execute for God the war measure that Saul had refused, in hewing Agag to pieces before the Lord. Now, our Saul ought to hew the Agag of this rebellion, its slavery, and bury the carcass where it never shall rise again. God has given him the power. But if he would not do it, alas! there seemed to be no Samuel in our camp or nation. There ought to be. Some blows had been struck in the right direction by some of our commanders, but the prophets of the Lord were still conservatives, and our Samuel says, "Put off the hewing of Agag in pieces to the last moment. Do not obey God in such an extreme mesure until you are compelled to do it. Conquer the rebellion first. It will lose Kentucky, if we obey God." If the President of the United States would but use his legitimate power in the national proclamation of freedom to every slave, he would exalt his country, and place his own name higher among its benefactors than even Washington. It was our duty to send petitions to the President and the Congress, and to pray to God that he would so influence the mind, and so enlighten and constrain the conscience and the heart of the President, as to compel him into the performance of this glorious act. Let it not be said of the President, as it had sometimes been said of the gospel ministers, that "he failed in his sermon because he had lost his prayer book." The Christian people of this country, who saw eye to eye in this matter, ought to bear the President onward in such a manner with their prayers as to make him God's gapman, to strike this blow. Let God find such a gapman, such a Savior of his country, put forward—forced forward on the shield and in the arms of our prayers, in the person of our President, uttering this watchword, enrolling this banner at the command of God, and speaking out what is the voice of the whole heart of the country longing to be spoken, "Freedom to all the inhabitants of the land!" Then would God be honored, and the people justified and pardoned, and the rebellion would instantly be subdued and our country saved; and President Lincoln's name and memory would go down to posterity, as that of the second father of his country, and emancipator of four millions.

CONCLUSION.

The Reverend Dr. continued to speak at some length, showing the inconsistency of waiting upon Providence for the abolition of Slavery, while we refused to repose in him concerning this Rebellion. The defeat and rout at Bull Run were preceded by that military order from Government that no more fugitives were to be received within our lines. Down came God's thunderbolt for that. That God would have compassion upon us, that he would bring us to repentance in season to arrest the awful calamities that otherwise were impending over us, that he would open the eyes and the heart of our President and his Cabinet to see the breakers on which we ware steering, before we strike, that he would incline them, and that speedily, to the one measure of freedom to the enslaved—the one act of national justice and righteousness, for which God and the country were calling, and for want of which our dearest interests are now periled, and we are sinking beneath an increasing burden of guilt and shame, that God would have mercy on us, and bring us, both Government and people to our senses in a proclamation of liberty to the captive before it be too late, was still our humble hope as it was our earnest prayer, and must be the earnest prayer of millions in this time of need.

A WESTERN OBITUARY NOTICE.

MISTER EDATUR:—Jem Bangs, we are sorry to stait, has deseized. He departed this Life last munday. Jem wos generally considered a gud feller. He dide at the age of 23 years old. He went 4th without ary struggle; and sich is Life. Tu da we are as pepper grass—mighty smart—tu Morrer we are cut down like a cowcumber of the ground. Jem kept a nice store, which his wife now waits on. His virchews wos numerous to behold. Menny is the things we bot at his growcery, and we are happy to stait to the admiring wuld that he never cheeted, speshully in the wate of markrel, which wos nice and smelt sweet, and his survivun wife is the same wa. We never new him to put sand in his sugar, though he had a big sand-bar in front of his hous; nur water in his Lickers, tho the Ohio River runs past his dore. Piece to his remains!

POETRY.

he di-ed in his bed,
a great big buk he red,
a prayer he loudly sed,
then turned over unt2 his bed,
and durned if he didn't die—dead.

He leves a wife, 8 children, a cow, 4 horses, a growcery stoar, and other quadrupeds to mourn his loss—but in the spalendid langwidge ov the poit, his loss is there eternal gain.

CLERICAL SHARP PRACTICE.—A facetious parson of a country parish, was employed, some years ago, to unite a rustic couple in the holy bonds of matrimony. As soon as the knot was tied, says the bridegroom:

"Well, parson, what's the damage?"

"Nothing, I hope," replies his reverence, "if there is any damage done, it is no fault of mine, you alone are responsible for the consequences of the proceedings."

"But I mean, parson, what's to pay?"

"Oh, that depends upon circumstances. When I marry a couple, if the bridegroom is rather indifferent towards his bride, he hands over only the usual fee, four and sixpence. If he is pretty fond of her, he will pay a pound or two. If he is very deeply in love with her, he will not think of giving less than three or four pounds."

What effect this gentle hint had on the bridegroom, we will leave to the imagination of the reader.

The following epitaph is to be found in the churchyard of Upton-on-Severn, England:

"Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
  Doth lie the landlord of the 'Lion;'
  His son keeps on the business still,
  Resigned unto the Heavenly will."

LOSS OF A FINE TOOTH COMB.—An English preacher, who spoke in a meeting out west, told the following story: "It is but a little while since I was a traveling along one of our great rivers surrounded by the deep forest, I stopped at a rude shanty by the low river side, and there I found a poor family in great affliction-ah. They were all sick, their children were shivering and starving, their heads frowzy and dirty; and I was informed by the mother, that they had lost their fine tooth comb-ah! They was ignorant of go-ospel, and didn't seem to care about it 'ither, for when I reasoned with 'em the woman was all the time lamenting the loss of her fine tooth comb-ah! "Have you a Bible in your cabin?" said I to her. Says she, "Yes, theer it is, up theer on the catch-all," p'inting to a narrow shelf over the smoky fireplace, "but we don't read into it; ha'nt read any on't but onest, when our little Bill died with the ager, for as much as tew months!" I got on a dye tub, my friends, that stood in a corner, and reached up and took down the blessed book, all covered with dust—and what do you think it was I opened to-ah? What do you think it was I found there to satisfy the longings of that poor woman-ah? It was the lang lost, long wanted fine tooth comb! Oh, my hearers, s'a-r-c-h the skripters! If she had only s'arched she skripters, how her mind would a been eased, for she would have found her fine tooth comb, combed her frowzy head of her children, and made her peace with her Maker-ah!

THE BACKSLIDER.—While attending a meeting during a revival some time ago, I witnessed the following bad 'un. The subject in motion was backsliding. Every one excited; every one wished to say something about it; one gentleman in particular, with more zeal than prudence, rushed up to a toperish looking individual on the back seat, and grasping him by the arm, earnestly enquired:

"My dear friend, you are a backslider, are you not?"

"Why, yaas," responded the toper, dryly, "I hev slid back some, considering the wall; of that want thar, I might possibly squeeze another foot.—Why, is thar eny hurry?"

The subject was dropped.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.—They tell the following story of the amiable Quaker poet: On a recent occasion he was traveling with a friend over a New Hampshire Railroad, and during conversation Mr. Whittier's friend who is also a member of the society of Friends, told the poet that he was on his way to contract for a lot of oak timber, which he knew would be used in building the gun boats at Portsmouth, and asked him whether he thought it was exactly in consistence with the peace doctrines of the Quaker denomination. Without saying anything calculated to decide the question, the two arrived at their parting place, when Mr. Whittier, shaking his friend's hand said: "Moses, if thee does furnish any of that oak timber thee spoke of be sure that it is all sound."

An Irishman called on a lady and gentleman, in whose employ he was, for the purpose of getting some tea and tobacco.

"I had a drame last night, yer honor," said he to the gentleman.

"What is it, Pat?"

"Why, I dramed that yer honor made me a present of a plug of tobaccy, and her ladyship there—Heaven bless her—gave me some tay for the good wife."

"Ah, Pat, dreams go by contraries, you know," said the gentleman.

"Faith, and they may that," said Pat, "so her ladyship is to Give the tobaccy and his honor the tay."

An old toper was induced to sign the temperance pledge, which he kept rigorously for some weeks. At last he got decidedly balmy, and one of his friends remonstrated with him for his faithlessness to his obligations. He answered. "To be sure I signed the pledge; but I was extremely dry, and all signs fail in dry times."

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

SOOTHING SYRUP.

Every mother should be prepared to act in the capacity of both nurse and physician to her children she can, if she will, discharge these duties much better than any one she can employ. If she does not, she ought to know that there is a Medicine prepared by an old nurse and female physician which has stood the test of many, many years, and is the most perfect thing on earth for children teething; it also cures Wind Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, and is sure to regulate the bowels. We say to every mother, do not let your own prejudices, or the prejudices of others stand in the way of the relief that will be sure—yea, absolutely sure—to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP certainly does, as the name implies, "soothe" the little sufferer into a quiet, natural sleep, from which it awakes invigorated and refreshed. And for the cure of diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Wind Colic, &c., we have never seen its equal.

We have always been, and still are, opposed to the practice of drugging infants. This article has no deleterious effects whatever, and from our own experience (we speak advisedly) we have every confidence in it, and can heartily recommend it to all mothers. Take our advice—use it—and you will as strongly recommend it to others as we have to you.

When we say that MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP acts like a charm, we do but reiterate the language of every person who ever used it for their children, for all diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery and Diarrhœa, Wind Colic and Cholera Infantum. It will produce quietude and rest, relieve all suffering, and the infant will awake invigorated and refreshed, and not with the dull and stupefying effects of preparations of opium

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States.

During the thirty years of unprecedented and increasing popularity of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, innumerable "CORDIALS" and other nostrums, prepared by pretended M.D.'s, have sprung up and lived but a mushroom existence, the SOOTHING SYRUP has been constantly increasing in popularity, and become a household word, and

THOUSANDS OF MOTHERS THANK
MRS. WINSLOW

for the health of their children, by the use of her invaluable article.

PRICE 20 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

For sale by

THOS. HAMILTON,
48 Beekman St., N.Y.

TIME, MONEY, AND LABOR SAVED,
BY USING
B. T. BABBITT'S
SUPERIOR FRENCH
CHEMICAL ERASIVE SOAP,

Made and improved by the ORIGINAL INVENTOR of the German and Austrian Chemical Erasive or Detersive Soap, of which the *real and genuine article* has, since its first introduction to the American public, been most favorably known, as the *Best* and *Cheapest* Washing Soap in the market, and with the present improvement, which is not known to any other manufacturer, we CHALLENGE THE WORLD to produce a better article.

1. One pound of it will accomplish as much as three pounds of any other soap.

2. But one quarter the time and labor are required to do the same amount of washing, as with the best of family soap.

3. It does not injure the most delicate fabric; will tend to set the colors, and wash cleaner than any other soap in use.

4. Clothes need no boiling, and but little rubbing with the hands, thus avoiding their wear upon the wash-board.

5. Paints, Grease, Tar, and stains of every description vanish as by magic, before its wonderful, searching, erasive powers.

6. It is invaluable to Machinists, Printers Painters, and all others using Inks, Oils, etc., for washing hands; it does not chap them (like other soaps,) but will cleanse and soften the skin.

7. It may be used in hard or soft water, and is adapted for use in all climates.

Put up in one pound bars, sixty bars in each Box.

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MEDICAL.

THE BEST MEDICINES IN THE WORLD!!!

The following invaluable medicines may be obtained of

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DR. CLARKE'S

VEGETABLE SHERRY-WINE BITTERS,

Are composed of Sarsaparilla, Dock-root, Rheubarb Thoroughwort, Dandelion, Prickly Ash, Bark, &c they should be taken not only in the Spring, but at all seasons of the year, as they operate directly on the liver, removing from it all coating of morbid matter, and restoring it to its normal action; also opening the bile ducts, causing the requisite flow of bile so essential to good health. Their influence upon the kidneys, also, is advantageously felt; at the same time they operate upon the blood, cleansing it from all impurity or taint of any kind. Humors of long standing are eradicated from the blood, thereby speedily curing jaundice, headache, weak stomach, sore eyes, nervousness, and other chronic diseases arising from impurity of the blood.

The palatableness of these bitters renders them agreeable to every one, and being composed entirely of vegetables, they may be used by all classes of people with safety.

Sold for the low price of 25 cents per pint bottle.

DR. CLARKE'S

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"MAN MUST BE FREE!—IF NOT THROUGH LAW, WHY THEN ABOVE THE LAW."

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For the Anglo-African.

THE HOROSCOPE.

Thro' centuries enslaved,
They wore its heavy yoke:
No arm for freedom braved,
No warning prophet spoke.
Content to toil their evil day
Beneath the tyrant's iron sway.

Where is the promised aid
To Jacob's offspring given?
Hath God, the Father, made
Of brass the very heaven,
That prayers and sighs shall not ascend,
And Egypt's bondage never end?

The prowess of whose arm
Shall free the million'd throng?
Whose potent voice shall charm
As with a Syren song—
And wake the nation into birth
Ground in their bondage down to earth?

None, none appear to claim
This meed of high emprise,
No hero's mighty name
Is shouted to the skies!
Who then shall free the downcast race
Whose souls are Slavery's dwelling place?

Look to yon wide deep stream,
Of Egypt's wealth the source,
Where sails of commerce gleam,
And mighty stores go forth
To buy the world a chain of gold
That shall the captives ever hold.

Yet on its banks of sedge,
Hid in a bulrush ark,
Just in the ripple's edge
Floats in the shadows dark
The law-proscribed enfeebled child
Awaiting death—but death is foiled.

Sleep, gentle infant, sleep!
Thy sister's tearful eye
At distance still may weep,
But know the hour is nigh
When thou shalt lead in triumph those
Who tamely now obey their foes.

Jehovah is not man
That he should ever lie;
Tho' men may fail to scan
The signs that mark the sky,
Yet God's dark wrath is gaining strength,
And Egypt shall be crush'd at length.

Crush'd, not by human power,
Crushed, not by warriors proud.
The storms that o'er her lower,
The treasured thunders, loud
Shall burst—but from a hand divine.
Perchance a song—it may be thine

Shall kindle to a blaze
The fuel of his wrath,
And its hot scorching rays,
Shall burn an open path—
Till God's own door, all men shall see,
Is opened—and THE WORLD IS FREE!

Talk not of mighty names,
Arrayed on Freedom's side;
The battle's fire and flames
Will not the fight decide—
Some feeble unexplored nook,
Is where prophetic eyes must look!

There, there is THE UNKNOWN,
Still hidden from our sight,—
Yet Slavery's darken'd throne,
Its millions, and its might,
Shall quail to him, "The Little Stone"
Its grand commission shall be shown.

As Moses gain'd his name
Drawn from the watery deep,
So from the battle's flame
Shall a deliverer leap,
To mock the sway of human pride,
And o'er our highest princes ride.

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL GENESEE CONFERENCE

In the Third District of the A. M. E. Zion Church in America, met in Zion Church, in Ithaca, N. Y., Sept. 7th, 1861, at 4 o'clock, P. M., Right Rev. Peter Ross presiding, associated with the Superintendent of the First District. Rev. Wm. Sanford and Rev. J. W. Loguen were appointed Secretaries. The Episcopal address of the Superintendent was interesting, feeling, and appropriate. The examination of the moral and ministerial characters of the members of the Conference were subsequently entered upon, and all passed excepting James J. Scott, who was suspended.

The following Committees were appointed by the Superintendent:

On Finance.—B. Mackall, J. Thomas, J. W. Loguen.

On Public Worship.—B. Mackall, Wm. A. Cromwell.

On Credentials of Lay Delegates.—J. W. Loguen, J. H. Smith.

On Temperance.—Wm. A. Cromwell, R. T. Eastep.

On Slavery.—J. W. Loguen, Wm. Sanford.

On Education.—Thomas Jones, Wm. Sanford, J. H. Smith.

On Orders.—T. James, B. Mackall, Wm. Sanford.

On Business.—John Thomas, J. W. Loguen, J. H. Smith.

On Sabbath Schools.—T. James, B. Mackall.

On Post Office.—John Thomas.

The new church was solemnly dedicated to the worship of Almighty God on Tuesday morning, the 10th inst. The dedicatory sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. Ives. The exercises were of a very interesting character. The amount collected and subscribed amounted to $148. The church is a very fine building, the size is 34 feet by 48 feet, finished in first class style, and handsomely furnished. It is considered the finest church in the Conference District. Rev. B. Mackall has been the pastor during the past year. Building Committee.—Messrs. Joseph Kellog, Henry Jackson, Joseph Gilbert and Jacob Mewtes. There are some $200 due, a portion of which is already subscribed.

The Committees on Slavery, Education, and Temperance, reported as follows:

1st. Committee on Slavery—Whereas we believe that God has a controversy with this nation on the account of the oppression of his poor ones. Therefore

RESOLVED that we as a Conference will stand still, and see the Lord use up Slavery in his own way, and we will unite in giving glory to his name.—J. W. Loguen, S. Brant, Committee.

Report on Temperance:

Your Committee would beg leave to present the following report—In our opinion there never was a time when vigorous action upon this subject was more imperiously demanded than at the present time. The sale and use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage is a sweeping tide of moral death. Therefore

RESOLVED, that we will not cease to pray and labor in all proper ways both in public and private, to hasten the final triumph of sound temperance principles.—R. T. Eastep, Wm. A. Cromwell, Committee.

The Committee on Education made the following report:

We, your Committee, deem the subject of education one of importance next to religion. It is the great lever in the Christian Church. The success of the Church depends greatly upon a thoroughly educated and pious ministry; and as we are in the midst of improvement, and as the rising generation demands that our ministry should make every effort to raise high the standard of literature in the midst of our people. And in the language of Superintendent J. J. Clinton, "May God hasten on the day when Zion Connexion shall be the first in virtue, and in morality, and intelligence; stand the highest in the land."—Thomas James, James Smith, Committee.

Several Missionary Societies were introduced to the Conference, and presented the following sums to the Conference:

The Sons and Daughters of Bishop, of Ithaca, presented $12 25; Daughters of Bishop, of Binghamton, $10 00; Daughters of Bishop, of Elmira, $12 08; the Daughters of Clinton, of Montrose, Pa., $9 00; Juvenile Daughters of Honor, $2 00; Daughters of Ross, of Ithaca, $6 10; the United Daughters and Sons of Clinton, of Elmira, N. Y., $10 00.

The Societies were addressed by the Superintendent of the 1st District, and Elder J. W. Loguen. A vote of thanks was tendered to them, and the names of the officers were ordered to be printed in the minutes. The claims of the "ANGLO-AFRICAN" were set forth before the Conference by the Superintendents and Elder J. W. Loguen. The following resolution subsequently prevailed:

RESOLVED that we, the Ministers of this Genesee Conference, will do all we can to get our people and others interested in the "ANGLO-AFRICAN" and Frederick Douglass' papers, feeling that these papers are a great blessing to our outraged race, and that we will subscribe for one or the other of these papers, and do what we can to get others to subscribe for them.

Superintendent Ross announced the appointments on Tuesday afternoon, at four o'clock.

Elmira, Horseheads and Dundee—James H. Smith; in his charge, H. Butler.

Ithaca, N. Y.—John Thomas.

Binghamton and Montrose—J. W. Loguen.

Little Falls and Utica, N. Y.—R. T. Eastep.

Auburn, N. Y.—Bazill Mackall.

Syracuse, N. Y.—Wm. A. Cromwell.

Johnstown, Fonda, Schoharie and Canajoharie.—George Bosley.

Genesee and Geneva Mission, and Agent for the Superannuated Preachers Fund—Thos. James.

Christopher Benjah left without an appointment, at his own request.

James J. Scott suspended.

Conference adjourned ultimus.

J. J. CLINTON.

P. S.—My executive year on the 1st District having closed, I will now take charge of the 3d District, and enter immediately upon duties.

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO FREMONT.

Rev. Dr. Conway of Cincinnati, in his discourse on Sunday, 1st inst., paid the following high tribute to Fremont and his late Proclamation:

There rings through every mind here to-day that noblest word which the war has yet elicited—the proclamation of the gallant Commander of the West, who has shown himself a Roman Curtius, brave and manly enough to leap straight into the heart of this conflict. His steel rang true upon the flint of rebellion, and brought forth a spark of true fire. God grant that it may flash through the land and light the train of liberty that yet sleeps unfired under the entrenchments of slavery.

When this war is up to the standard of John C. Fremont, the country will be saved. Hitherto known as the daring heart that first planted the stars and stripes upon the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, henceforth the nobler fame awaits him, of one who first planted that standard on the highest summit of liberty and humanity that ranged within his possible authority. Years ago, before his name was echoed through the land as one for the highest office of the country, it was my privilege often to touch that brave man's hand, look into his "mild and magnificent eye;" and I never did so without feeling that there was a power sheathed in that brain and nerve which would one day be unsheathed for his country, and lead the van of honor like King Arthur's sword Excalibur, that struck only for the right, and whose stroke never failed. The nation cried for a leader—a man: lo, he is here!

He takes the step that Congress was too timid to take openly. He pauses not to ask, "will this advance my chances for the next Presidency?" nor "whether, if the country is restored, this step will not make me an object of special odium at the South?" He stops not to consider it it may not bring the lurking dagger near to his heart. Nor does he seek to shift the responsibility on others. Upon the banner of the West his own hand wrote the golden words in the eye of the world: *"Their slaves if they have any, are hereby declared free men."*

That one sentence will do more to strike terror to the hearts of our enemies, to strengthen us at home, to gain honor abroad, than all that has been done at Washington for thirty years.

Henceforth the genius of America adopts Fremont as her darling hero.

The American people have now an opportunity of communicating their strength to their rulers. Let them see how Americans can respond to a noble and vigorous deed. Let a hand of flame go out from the people and write on the walls of Washington that the nation honors above all the brave and determined heart—which has no tear of aught but fear—whose high diplomacy is to do the manly and true thing, and to do it openly. There on his proud eminence let every honest heart be swift to stand by him, and let his high example raise you to an adequacy to whatever post of labor you are called. We need Ellsworths of the press, Winthrops of the fireside, Lyons of the pulpit, and a Fremont in every man's breast. We need not only the brave men who shall defend the standards when lifted up, but earnest hearts which shall lift them up—aye, up on the very towers of Right and Liberty. We need a banner on which every eye of the circling earth shall see written its liberty and light. We need a school of prophets and seers, who, as of old, shall cry aloud and spare not, *showing the evils that must be conquered in ourselves* before we are worthy to win the victories of God upon earth. Let every tongue that can speak be touched with a live coal from Liberty's Altar; let every pen that can write be dipped in the truest blood of an earnest heart; let every arm that can strike nerve itself to smite or be smitten for universal freedom. Let none stand back and say, "I will wait until this is a noble war—a war for humanity." Let all enter and make it a noble war—make it a struggle for humanity. As we rise our rulers will rise. We must hold up their hands as Aaron and Hur held up the hands of Moses to the going down of the sun.

When our nation presses on and on toward that Humanity involved here—the *Christ of to-day*—and its mailed hand is reached out to touch his garment, to save the children of our Common Father, then shall the strength of God thrill and fill us, and our bleeding country shall be made every whit whole.

DOWN A CREVASSE.

FROM "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

I arrived at Chamouny on the sixth of August, 1858, with a friend and companion, an Englishman, like myself. We two had been about five weeks in Switzerland, and in that time had done everything considered necessary by our countrymen. We had acquired some experience in glacier work, having ascended the Alitsch Horn, whose summit had been reached for the first time by an Englishman, a member of the Alpine Club, only two months before. We made the ascent successfully, and were proud of having been the second exploring party to stand on its lofty peak, nearly fourteen hundred feet high. On that occasion we passed two whole days on the snow and glacier.

I remember well the first glimpse I had into one of those terrible crevasses which intersect glaciers. Getting a guide to hold my hand, I leaned over its yawning brink and gazed carefully into the fathomless abyss. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to join together about three hundred feet down; an appearance resulting from the convexity of the crevasse. Usually I believe the great split ends only where the glacier touches the ground beneath.

"No one who falls into one of those ever comes out alive," says one of our guides. "Yes," says another, "a man once escaped and lives still at the Grindewald; he was a chamois hunter, and when coming home alone over the glacier, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into a crevasse. His fall was broken by projecting ledges and blocks of ice, which, however, gave way as he clung to them. After falling three hundred feet he reached the bottom of the glacier with leg and arm broken. He found a hollow space between the ground and the ice, through which a stream of water ran. Instinctively he followed its course, despite the great pain he suffered, and after crawling along about three hours, he found himself freed from the glacier."

Ordinary crevasses are from three to eight feet wide at the top, but the sides approaching each other rapidly, so that a man would be wedged in between *the two walls of ice,* long before he could reach the botton. And then, unless there should be ropes at hand long and strong enough, what an awful death. An unfortunate Russian gentleman perished thus in a crevasse only last year, half squeezed, half frozen to death, the heat of his body ever melting the ice, he ever sinking deeper into this dreadful grave.

My companion and I ascended the Brevant, and as few climbing travelers leave Chamouny without visiting the Mer de Glace and the Jardin, we arranged to make that excursion. To shorten our day's work, we left Chamouny in the evening and slept at Montanvert, a solitary little mountain inn on the edge of the Mer de Glace.

We were up betimes in the morning. We provided ourselves with some eatables and wine, and started with our guide, whom we had brought *from* Courmaveur. It was a glorious morning, and promised well for our expedition. Our road, for about half a mile, was along an uneven path skirting the glacier, which lay below on the left hand, very much crevassed and covered with debris. The path then came to an end, and the guide and we must now take to the glacier. We descended on to it, and threaded our way among the numerous crevasses.

The excursion to Mer de Glace not being looked upon as a regular expedition, is not made with the attendant precaution of axes or ropes. We were in high spirits, and went along at a great rate; so quickly, indeed, that our guide who had fallen behind, cautioned us to allow him to take the lead.

Just then our progress was arrested by a wide crevasse. Looking to the left, I perceived that it terminated some twenty feet from us, in a steep slope of ice, which I thought I could easily climb. As the crevasse was about sixty yards long, I determined to try this slope rather than go round by the other end.

Using my Alpenstock instead of an axe, therefore, I began to make foot-holes in the ice with it. The guide now came up with us. He looked at the ice slope and the wide crevasse, and said very seriously, "It is dangerous; let us go round." By this time I had, with the aid of my Apenstock, climbed half way up the slope. I had already come to the conclusion that it was much too steep to scale without an axe, and had *determined to* retrace my steps. So, when the guide had spoken, I carefully stretched back my right leg, feeling for the last hole I had made in the ice. My foot went past the place, and I felt that I was slipping. There was not the least projection that I could grasp. The slope became perpendicular, and I went headforemost into the yawning crevasse below.

I heard a loud cry of despair from my fellow traveler and guide. My own sensation cannot be described, or even distinctly separated from the whirl and shock. I felt that I was bumped from side *to side* between the two walls of ice; that I was falling a great depth; that I was being hurried to utter destruction—to a horrible death. Suddenly I felt that I was caught by something; that I hung suspended. I was just able to take breath and call out "A rope, a rope!"

By the most extraordinary chances, my fall had been arrested by a ledge of ice which spanned the crevasse like a bridge. On this frail structure, not more than *two inches* wide at the top, (and as well as I could judge,) about two feet deep, I had fallen so that my head hung down on one side my legs on the other. Instinctively and immediately, by means that I cannot at all recall, I raised myself from this ledge, in which there was a little niche, sufficiently wide to admit one foot. I was now so far collected that I could hear my fellow traveler saying from above, "We never expected to hear your voice *again.* For God's sake take heart. The guide is running to Montanvert for men and ropes, and will soon be back again."

"If he is not," I answered "I shall never come up alive."

My position was an awful one. The little ledge was so narrow that I could not get both feet upon it. I was in fact supporting myself on one leg, half leaning against one side of the crevasse and pressing my hand against the opposite side. It was perfectly smooth, and there was nothing to grasp, a stream of water poured over my shoulder, drenching me to the skin, and freezing me with its icy coldness. Overhead I could see the long narrow strip of blue sky, bounded by the mouth of the crevasse.

There was a terrible stolid, unrelenting look in the intensely blue ice that surrounded me on all sides. The grim walls of the crevasse looked as if they would unite to crush me rather than relinquish their victim. Numerous rills of water poured into the crevasse, but in the whole sixty yards of its length I could see no projection except the little ledge I had so miraculously chanced to fall upon.

I ventured to look down, only for an instant, into the fearful chasm in which I was suspended. At the depth to which I had fallen, the crevasse was barely two feet wide, but downward it narrowed rapidly, and about two hundred feet below me the sides appeared to join. I believe that if I had fallen six *inches* on either side of the little ledge I must inevitably have been jammed in head downward, where no rope that could have been brought there could possibly have reached me.

I had now been about twenty minutes standing in this perilous position, straining every nerve to prevent myself from *giving* way, looking up at the blue sky above me, and the clear ice on the sides, but seldom daring to cast a glance into the abyss below. Blood was trickling over me from a cut in my cheek, and I felt that my right leg was becoming exceedingly painful from the strain upon it, and I was afraid of losing my balance if I tried to relieve myself by changing to the other. I felt that I was becoming benumbed by the intense cold of the ice, against which I was leaning, and of the stream of water from under which I durst not move.

I called to *my fellow traveler to know if* any one were in sight. There was no answer. I called again. No human being seemed to be within hearing. A dizziness came over me, as the thought struck me. "He has gone to look if any help is coming, and he cannot find his way back to the crevasse. There are hundreds of them. I am lost."

Again I had to strain every nerve to keep myself from sinking; I almost gave up hope; I felt inclined to throw myself down and have the agony over. At that miserable time I suddenly heard my friend shouting from above. He had gone to look if he could discern the guide; and when he turned round to retrace his steps had been thunderstruck to see the surface of the glacier intersected by innumerable crevasses, all so similar in appearance as to leave no landmark by which to know my living grave. Thank Heaven, he had caught sight of a little knapsack, left at the mouth of the crevasse by the guide. This had directed him back. I called him to look at his watch; five minutes more were passed. The cold was growing more intense. It is no figure of speech to say that I felt the blood freezing in my veins. I called to him again to know if any one were in sight. It was thirty minutes since the guide had started, but not a soul was visible. It was most unlikely that he could be back so soon, for we ourselves had been three-quarters of an hour in coming thus far.

I felt that I could hold out but a very short time longer, and besides that, I did not know at what moment the little ledge, which was my only safety, might give way under my weight. I remembered that I had a large clasp knife in my pocket, and I determined to try to rescue myself with its aid. I called to my fellow traveler above that I was going to attempt it. He implored me not *to try;* but my situation was becoming so desperate that I did try. I began by making a little hole in the ice as high up as *I could reach, large enough to admit* one hand. My next endeavor was to cut a deep foot-hole about two feet above the ledge. I succeeded in this, and found that by placing my foot in it, holding fast by the place I had made for my hand, and at the same time pressing with my back against the opposite side of the crevasse with all my strength, I was able to raise myself and stand firmly in my new position. I again let myself down on the ledge, and commenced cutting another foot-hole, about two feet above the last. It seemed to me possible that in this manner I might escape from my icy prison; but a single slip or false step, and I knew I must be precipitated down the crevasse.

I was working diligently at the second foot-hole, when I heard a joyful sound from above, "They are in sight—three men with ropes—running as hard as they can.

I steadied myself *on my terrible,* narrow and slippery footing, in order to be able to seize and attach the rope when thrown to me. I saw the end of it dangling over my head. "Merciful God! It will not reach me! It is too short!" "We have got another rope," was answered from above, and it was knotted on and lowered. I caught the end and tied it firmly round my waist. Grasping the rope above with both hands, I gave the word. The strain began, and I felt that I was safe. In another minute I was standing on the glacier. I had been fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had not lost consciousness for a single instant.

When I felt myself once more upon firm *footing, an all-pervading sense of gratitude* for the wonderful escape I had had, came over me and made me faint, and I should have fallen if they had not held me up. This was soon over, and we prepared to start for Montanvert. Before leaving I took a last look at the crevasse, which had so nearly been my sepulcher. I saw that it would have been utterly impossible to climb out, as I was trying to do. The mouth was so wide that as I approached it, I could have had no support from behind; and without such support not even a cat could have scaled the perpendicular wall.

Our guide was in a *terrible state,* and had run the whole way to Montanvert, but could find no rope fit for the purpose in the house. He was in despair, and starting off to Chamouny, when two muleteers met him. Their mules were laden with wood, fastened on with ropes. He begged hard for those ropes, *telling* the men that a young Englishman was being frozen to death in a crevasse. They threw the wood from the backs of the mules, and came *to* my rescue with the guide, bringing the ropes with them. Knotted together, (it seems there were three *in all) they made up a length*—about sixty feet—enough to reach me.

With the assistance of my deliverers, I was able to walk slowly back to Montanvert, where I was immediately put into a comfortable bed, where the injuries I had received, (which were insignificant, considering the depth I fallen) were carefully dressed. I dreamed, with unspeakable dread, of what happened when lying in the bed, and have dreamed it in many beds since. I believe that nothing would induce me to go among ice and snow without a long and strong rope. I offer the caution to all other travelers in Switzerland, out *of a great* experience and a great escape.

FORMATION OF COLORED REGIMENTS.

MR. EDITOR:—

The duty of the black man at this critical epoch is a question of much importance, deeply interesting the friends of liberty both white and black. The most imposing feature of this duty I *am told is in relation* to military organizations. This question I am told is forced upon us by our eminent, educated, far-sighted leaders, who anxious for our elevation and zealous of our reputation in connection with our white brothers would have us write our names side by side with them upon the immortal book of fame, won by well contended and desperate encounters upon the battle-field. Claiming that any omission on our part to exhibit that patriotism so noticeable in the whites, will, when history shall record the doings of this memorable country, leave our names without one deed of patriotism or expressed desire for the success of the cause of liberty; not one laurel to entwine the brows of those whose valor like blazing stars upon the battle-field would, no doubt have eclipsed those of whom we now are satisfied to acknowledge as superiors and protectors. Is this all wisdom this mode of reasoning; or is it a mistaken idea called into existence by a desire for fame? Is it a demanding necessity that the world will decide belongs to us *to meet, thus to* prove our manhood and love for liberty? Have not two centuries of cruel and unrequited servitude in this country alone entitled the children of this generation to the rights of men and citizens? Have we not done our share towards creating a national existence for those who now enjoy it to our degradation, ever devising evil for our suffering, heart-crushed race?

Who that will carefully note the many historical reminiscences made mention of by those who are ready to do justice to us can doubt our bravery? Who that has heard of the many privations, hair-breadth escapes, and the *unflinching determination* of our enslaved brethren—seeking the free shores of Canada, can doubt our love for liberty? True patriotism does not consist in words alone, *neither do patriotic demonstrations* always contribute to the end alone independent of material aid. I do not suppose any people have been taxed heavier or more than the poor colored people for the cause of Liberty, with such small results to themselves. Now, if we have contributed our share to support and establish a Government that we are not entitled to a share in the benefits thereof, what becomes our duty when that Government is menaced by those they have cherished at the expense of our blood, toil and degradation?

Let your own heart answer this question, and no regiments of black troops will leave their bodies to rot upon the battle-field beneath a Southern sun, to conquer a peace based upon the perpetuity of human bondage, stimulating and encouraging the inveterate prejudice that now bars our progress in the scale of elevation and education.

I claim that the raising of black regiments for the war would be highly impolitic and uncalled for under the present state of affairs, knowing, as we do, the policy of the Government in relation to colored men. It would show our incompetency to comprehend the nature of the differences existing between the two sections now at variance, by lending our aid to either party. By taking such measures we invite injustice at the hands of those we prefer to serve, we would contribute to the African colonization scheme projected a half century ago by ridding the country of that element so dangerous to the charming institution of negro slavery.

Entertaining the sentiment and determination that they do, would it not be unjust in them to accept our service? Would we still invite them to cap the climax by forcing us to the cannon's mouth to save the destruction of those whose whole existence should be merged in with their countries weal and woe? That death should be the readiest sacrifice patriotic citizens could offer to uphold the peoples hope, the people's palladium no one should deny; but what do we enjoy that should inspire us with those feelings towards a Government that would sooner consign *five millions* of human beings to never-ending slavery than wrong one slave master of his human property? Does not the contemplation of so flagrant a wrong cause *your* blood to boil with Christian indignation, or bring tears to the eyes of your broken-hearted old men whose heads now silvered by time or bleached by *sorrow, can no* longer shoulder the weightier responsibilities of a young man's calling.

Not only that. Any public demonstration (*for this could* not well be done in a corner) would only embarrass the present administration by stirring up old party prejudices, which would cause the loss of both sympathy and treasure, which the Government cannot well afford to lose at present. By weakening the arm of the Government we strengthen that of the Slave power, who would soon march through these States without fear of forcible resistance.

It would be contrary to Christian humanity to permit so flagrant an outrage in silence to be perpetrated upon any people, especially a class who have known naught else but wrong at their hands, whom they would so gloriously serve in time of danger, to their own liberties and sacred rights, proferring now their services to uphold a Government leagued with perdition, upon which the doom of death is written unless they repent in letters so plain that he who runs may read. Let us weigh well this thing before taking steps which will not only prove disastrous to the cause we would help, but bring suffering and sorrows upon those left to mourn unavailingly our loss.

I maintain that the principle of neutrality is the only safe one to govern us at this time. When men's lives are in their hands, and so little inducement as there is for us to cast ourselves into the breach, our work for the present lies in quite a different channel from assuming war responsibilities uninvited, with no promised future in store for us, a dilemma inviting enmity and destruction to the few, both North and South among our people enjoying partial freedom.

The slave's only hope—his only help—is his suffering brother at the North. When we are removed the beacon light which directs and assists the panting fugitive, is darkened and obscured, his once bright hope that gave comfort to him as he pressed on to liberty's goal is shadowed o'er forever. Our own precipitous unwise zeal must never be the cause to stay the car of freedom, but ever let it roll onward and upward until earth and heaven united shall become one garden of paradisal freedom, knowing no color, no clime, but all one people, one language, one Father Almighty God.

Once under army discipline, subject to the control of Government officers or military leaders, could we dictate when and where the blow should be struck? Could we enter upon Quixotic crusades of our own projecting, independent of the constituted authorities, or these military chiefs? Will *the satisfaction* of again hearing a casual mention of our heroic deeds upon the field of battle, by our own children, doomed for all that we know to the same inveterate heart-crushing prejudice that we have come up under, and die, leaving as a legacy unto our issue—all from those who you would so unwittingly face the cannon's mouth to secure to them a heritage denied you and yours.

Is this country ready and anxious to initiate a new era for down-trodden humanity, that you now so eagerly propose to make *the sacrifice of thousands of our ablest men* to encourage and facilitate the great work of regeneration? No! no!! Your answer must be: No!!! No black regiments unless by circumstances over which we have no option, no control; no initiatory war measures, to be adopted or encouraged by us. Our policy must be neutral, even praying for the success of that party determined *to initiate first the policy of justice* and equal rights.

Who can say that in another twelve months' time the policy of the South will *not change in our favor,* if the assistance of England or France will by it be gained, rather than submit to Northern dictation or subjugation? Did that idea ever suggest itself to your mind? Strange things happen all the while. Look back for the last twenty-four months and ask yourself if you could have foretold what to-day you are so well informed has actually transpired when coming events cast their shadows before?

In these days principle is [illegible] by policy, and interest [illegible] policy [illegible] by daily observation, both in high and low places. Although to [illegible] the above idea may seem idle and [illegible] with the present spirit [illegible] policy of the South, yet I for one would feel justified in entertaining it equally with the idea that the North would proclaim a general emancipation so long as she supposed it a possibility to reclaim the disaffected States of the Southern Confederacy.

Which, if an impossibility, all proclamations to that effect what would it avail?

I believe with the act of emancipation, adopted and proclaimed by the South, both England and France (and in fact I might safely say all Europe,) would not only recognize their independence, but would render them indirectly material aid and sympathy.

To get the start of the Northern slave worshippers, as they are sometimes termed, who can say that as a last resort these rebel leaders have not had that long in contemplation, *knowing that should they succumb* to this Government through force of circumstances, or the uncertain chance of war, their lives would be valueless only as a warning to future generations.

Then why may we not hope that such is their ultimatum in case of a series of defeats. The liberation of four millions of our poor, heart-crushed, en-slaved race, one or two large battles will decide the future policy of both the contending parties—the sooner it comes the sooner we will know our fate It is in that scale it hangs.

Then let us do our duty to each other—use care in all our public measures—be not too precipitious, but in prayer wait and watch the salvation of God.

R. H. V.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

A NOBLE PROPOSITION.

Robert Hamilton Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I congratulate you at the appearance once more of the Anglo-African, —a paper that gained, for the time it existed, more prestige than any other that had preceded it.

Now sir, the glorious question is, "Shall it live? I call it glorious, from the immense importance of the hour that is now upon us.

It will live if we bring our patriotism, our love for the truth, not to a boiling, but a moderate heat. Let each brother and sister, father and child, do what they can—take stock in it at a fair premium. The premium to be paid in Hallelujahs when its work as a Journal for Freedom is over.

Sir, I propose to unite with some in investing Five Dollars to begin with; what will others answer? I propose no plan upon which it is to be paid, but leave that to your better judgment—but I suppose you need the money as soon as you can get it, I therefore pay immediately. Now who will be the next customer,—if not for five, for four—for three—for two—for one! for fifty cents? Keep in remembrance, friends, that this stock pays glorious in premiums, however small be the investment. Yet you must still remember, that greater the investment, more glorious the premium!

Now sir, I believe I have said enough; perhaps more than enough—for, after all, all that is requisite is but for the people to know your need, and they are ready to nobly respond.

Yours in behalf of the good cause,

J. N. Gloucester.

The following are responses to the above proposition, including Mr. Gloucester's subscription:

J. N. Gloucester,	$5
H. Highland Garnet,	1
Henry M. Wilson,	1
Ezekiel H. Dias,	
"A Friend,"	
Robert H. Vantine,	

The Great Battle at Washington

Seems as far off as ever, so far as fighting with arms is concerned; but the strife of another kind—of plots and counter plots, expedients, tricks, manipulations and intrigue—is going on with daily increasing vehemence, the ink-shed and oath-shed are perfectly frightful, and if the particulars of this great battle at Washington could only get into print the religious and patriotic of this nation would hang their heads with shame and horror.

The eagles are gathered over the carcass of our dead nationality and are pecking at the eyes and heart, while birds of a fouler omen feast on the festering offal: within the same week that the head of the nation makes his salaam before the slave power by upbraiding the noblest general in all the army, we find the *New York Herald* and kindred prints buzzing again their loathsome outcry against abolitionists and negroes. The *Day Book*, scotched but not killed, changes its skin, and becomes the *caucasian*, which will now only run down the blacks, letting the President alone, since he is once more admitted into the pro slavery fold, and is pronounced by the above competent judges to be "sound on the goose."

It is the most marvelous travesty in all our complicated history of to-day, that the *Herald*, three months ago blatant against Lincoln and his cabinet as a nest of black republicans, should to-day be the only clear-spoken out and out supporter of the administration. In the interval the *Herald* has not changed its principles—who knows?

This War

Historically considered, is a simple development of a new form of our national power. In agriculture, in arts, in contrivances for rapid inter-communication our national greatness was acknowledged by all the world We were and are in all their matters a first-rate power. Our fighting capabilities lay dormant and more than questioned. Our militia-generals and colonels were the laughing-stock of European [illegible]. But suddenly, within six months, there bristles on our peaceful soil three quarters of a million of bayonets, while the country grows cannon and fairly rains smaller arms. We have as many troops in the field as the combined forces of the allies and Russians in the Crimea, and nearly, if not quite as many, as partook in the struggle which founded the Kingdom of Italy.

Surely the historian must write this down as the most remarkable event of this or any century.

The (P) Reserved Guard.

[*Correspondence of the Anglo-African.*]

Mr. Editor.

In reading your somewhat magniloquent leader on the "Reserved Guard," a few weeks ago, it occurred to me that in the hurry of composition you had dropped a "p:" and that in speaking of us Carthagenians you intended to style us "*The Preserved Guard.*"

If you will excuse my boldness it appears to me that the action of the Federal Government is carefully directed to keep black men out of this fight entirely. They keep them out of the fight on the side of the North, by refusing to enlist them as soldiers, and (by order of Secretary Cameron) refusing them to be, even make-believe soldiers, by declaring that they shall not wear the soldier's uniform (thereby *preserving* them from being killed even by mistake). The same Federal Government in like manner prevents black men from being enlisted by the rebels by declaring (horror of horrors to the Southern!) that all such shall be discharged of service to his or their owners. You must be thick-headed indeed, Mr. Editor, (*your* military ardor to the contrary, notwithstanding) if you cannot see in this last manœuvre the strongest kind of disposition to save the lives of the blacks, in other words converting them into a "*preserved guard*" even on the side of the rebels.

Yours truly,

LIZZIE.

Jersey Street, Sept. 23rd, 1861.

Note. We print the above in the same spirit in which all liberal minded editors (our wooden neighbor and contemporary to the contrary notwithstanding) permit both sides to be heard in their columns. We seem sure, however, that this 'Lizzie' is not of the crinoline persuasion from the very hand-writing of the communication.

Cause and Effect.

Lincoln's letter to Fremont, and the capture of Lexington, by the rebels. We cannot expect men to fight persistently when they "don't see" what they are fighting about.

It is said that General Butler, in enlisting the 6000 men in Massachusetts, is not particular to inquire whether the proposed recruit is of African extraction. Won't some of our friends in Massachusetts enlighten us on this point?

OUR TICKET FOR 1864,
FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
JOHN C. FREMONT
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
JESSIE FREMONT.

AMUSEMENTS.

MOONLIGHT FESTIVAL.

Mr. T. B. Voorhees' Moonlight Excursion, which came off on the 16th inst., was indeed a novel and truly poetical affair. The evening was bright and clear. The silvery moon was out in all her resplendent glory, and the little nymphs in their gauzy gear and joyous spirits, reminded us of our early impressions of "Fairy Festivals." The good cheer and amiable attentions of the Madam together with the polite management of Mr. B. Elston and John Freeman, electrified the hours until early dawn when the company returned to Spring Street dock. The Barge which had been engaged for the early part of the evening from an unavoidable accident did not reach the dock until the patience of over 100 people had fled, which gave much annoyance to the Prof. But this being a matter over which he had no control, we hove no doubt the disappointed parties will avail themselves of the next opportunity.

LOOKOUT.

BROOKLYN AFFAIRS.

Siloam Church has lately purchased a fine organ. The choir, to show its capacity, gave on the evening of the 29th inst., a grand concert under the direction of Mr. George Phillips; Prof. Wiebe presided on the occasion. We will give in our next issue a full account of the affair.

The Brooklynites are rejoicing in the presence among them of a young pianist of great promise. The name of this young lady is Victoria Price, she is a native of Harrisburgh, Pa.

The Rev. Mr. Kane of the Bridge Street Church is delivering a course of lectures on different subjects, which we hear very highly spoken of.

We think that the officers of our different churches greatly miss it in failing to give public notice of the efforts of their pastors.

The Brooklyn Excelsior Literary Association.—This society which is composed of young persons, of both sexes, gave an entertainment on the evening of the 12th inst., at the house of I. Cook, Esq., 187 Navy Street. The rooms which are very spacious, were crowded by the members of the society and invited guests.

The exercises were opened by the whole company singing "The Star Spangled Banner," after which Prof. W. J. Wilson delivered a fine address, which was highly appreciated. This was followed by original compositions by Miss Isabella Linsey and Miss Margaret Soley, whose productions were loudly applauded.

After this two amusing dialogues were spoken; the first by the Misses Linseys and Miss Soley, and the second by Miss Judith Rogers, the Misses Linseys, Miss Anna Coles, Miss Soley and Mr. Peter Cook. These were admirable performances.

These long literary performances having thoroughly prepared the company for what was to follow—when the viands were placed on the table the most rapid destruction fell upon them.

The company understanding that late eating without exercise is very unhealthy, closed the proceedings of the evening by a little exercise on the "fantastic toe," under the inspiration of Prof. H. Moore's violin.

GUEST.

HAYTIAN EMIGRATION.

Editor of the Anglo-African:

Sir—It is extremely gratifying to know that the "Anglo-African" is in circulation once more. When your paper "went out," the hopes of many who had only heard of it, seemed to die out with it; some feared, they felt by intuition, that mischief was brewing, and very soon the evil was upon them in its full extent.

In the interim, between the transfer of the "Anglo-African" to other parties, and its republication, a doubtful scheme, said to be for the benefit of our much injured people, was securely matured and established, (?) and it has been pushed forward since with a vigor, a tact, and an unscrupulousness worthy of the early days of African Colonization.

For the first time, since colored men dared to canvass questions relating to their own interests, have they been summarily silenced—forbidden to examine both sides; for the first time have they been ruthlessly thrust out of doors by those loud in their protestations of friendship. Not only is this a part of our sad history, but in the prosecution of the Haytian Colonization scheme we have, singularly enough, all of the old, and worn out, and repudiated arguments, about the extinction of our race—extinction from 20 persons in 1620, to 4,000,000 in 1861—the invincibility of American prejudice, common schools, churches, railroads in 1832, and 1861 in States and Canada, the incongeniality of climate—do we not live as long, and are we not as exempt from disease as the pure Anglo-Saxon? We have, with these, the exhumed relics of the past, the fact that instead of unrelenting Democrats and heartless slaveholders, to push forward this new crusade against the best interests of the free colored man of the North, we have Republican abolitionists, and fugitive-slaves, who "once upon a time" fought bravely against the dogma, and when its now cherished arguments were the pet theme of the fierce negro-hater and the great conservators of slave property.

To be consistent, would it not be well for the new colonizationists to dig up their buried foes, and make haste and repair the damage to this generation by singing in praise of their wise foresight, and their genuine friendship for our poor people?

But not only has another doubtful scheme been "set a going," now said to be in the name of the black man, and for black men, but for the first time in thirty years have our Pennington's, our Delaney's our Smith's and Downing's, been cuffed into silence. Our so-called enemies, the African Colonizationists, never dared to stigmatize as drunkards, "renegade negroes" and snobs, those of our men known to be among the leaders in defence of our rights.

Once upon a time brave men and women, with bugle-blast of indignation, spoke out against wrong when it was perpetrated against black men, at the risk of the halter. I have a dim recollection of one noble man called William Lloyd Garrison in such peril. Why cannot there be a strong and manly voice now? There has been a slight murmur down about Boston; why does not somebody speak OUT? Are not you recording the dead and buried? Do not you tell of the disappointments? Are not Mother Holly and John Anthony, and numbers, gone? and have not Mrs. Monroe, Sarah Underwood, Mason, and others spoken?

We are told that only the lazy complain, or tell tales; what must we say of the dead? they tell no tales.

I have spoken of the sins of commission, in the interim of your silence—now for the sins of ommission during the same period: The American Union is one scene of distraction; must we for the same cause be at our wits ends? There never was a time when the colored man could afford to be more calm and collected than now. There are thousands of "contrabands" peering cautiously from your forests, and skulking behind corners in your cities, not knowing in their extremity what way to go, and finally starved into asking the first "massa," though it may be an enemy, "am this Canada?" Has the North Star, the old beacon light, gone out, that these men cannot be encouraged to follow the ONLY safe and long tried road to freedom? It seems to me that the devil is let loose to hound the poor fugitives for a season. From the faith of our people being in God, and the North Star, a James Redpath and a star never before heard of, a South Star, now dazzle with a sort of "fox fire" light, to the neglect of our duty to God, our true interests, and our obligations to humanity.

Who, may I ask, is this James Redpath, in the hollow of whose hand lies trembling the destiny of our people? This man, who by a species of moral jugglery, beyond my stupid comprehension, has succeeded in throwing glamour over the optics of all our friends, and who has made the bitter pill of colonization sophistry long since discarded by them, a sweet morsel to hundreds of devotees of the god "Palm?" In all sincerity I ask this question. In a letter to the "Planet" of our town, Mr. Redpath complains that the Rev. W. P. Newman, whom he calls a "renegade negro," is trying "to destroy whatever influence my anti-slavery service may have given me with Americans of African descent."

What have been and what are the anti-slavery services of Mr. Redpath, upon which he claims to be entitled to influence with—colored Americans of African decent, in the name of common sense and common fairness what are they? When Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Lewis Tappan, Wendell Phillips, Gerrit Smith, and a host of such speak of services rendered, we know what they mean—they have looked in the opposite direction from Mr. Redpath for thirty years—they toiled in our cause when it cost something, and their noble sacrifices, crop out into a harvest of gratitude from the entire colored people. But what has Mr. Redpath done?

Is it this leading men and women by reason of their ignorance and credulity, to untimely graves in the island of Hayti?

A child, say our wise educators should be at least five years old before he should be instructed in the rudiments; it may be that moral precosity entitles Mr. Redpath to some consideration, but keeping in view the fact that John Brown has not been dead three years, and that Redpath for all practical anti-slavery purposes, must have been borne since then—I cannot forbear again asking what special labor since he came into being entitles him to teach, to dictate a destiny? and to make of no effect—the work of friendly laborer's who toiled hard heretofore? Who can tell!

Brother Newman tells you we have some excitement here in Canada, so we have, the most of it, is caused by the advocacy of this Haytian scheme about which I write. It is not that the thousands about which you have heard so much, are going to leave and throw off their British allegiance, but that a few agents, using the name of Brown and talking Redpath have, by working upon an imaginative and hitherto overworked people, set afloat stories of genial skies, plenty to eat, and little to do, and have, at the same time, plied vigorously the old story about their attaining to the "greatest height" among the whites; these rigmaroles, which they have been scattering broadcast for a few months, have caused excitement. Before then, our people in Canada, thanked God for this Asylum; they went on adding to their statement, and were surely removing the local obstacles to unbounded progress.

A few have gone to Hayti, a few more will go; a few will go to Jamaica; already some have written back from Hayti who are not too well pleased; some more await further advice. Another record of deaths and they will fall back into their former industrious persevering ways; that is what *this new scheme will come to here*, and in the meantime, in answer to the question of a good woman in Wisconsin, who writes to know "what to do with the contrabands," we say over here, send them to Canada! Send them over here as you have done thousands before, who now sit in the shade of their own noble forests, with none to disturb them. Canada is just as large as ever, and though they may suffer a little for a time, the people will rally to help them; our government will give them one hundred acres of land, in a region where now she gives the same to Norwegians, Irish, English and Scotch, and where colored men can get it if they will, or they can settle down readily, and do well in this western section, with friends and relatives to help them. Do not let the question be asked what shall we do with them? send them along.

M. A. S. Cary.

Chatham, C. W., Sept. 17, 1861.

The Gerrit Smith Lands to be Peopled.

If there is any one argument that unveils the folly, that belies the disregard of the elbowed and inconvenienced mass of colored people, that have stubbornly persisted in huddling in large cities, it is presented today. The infliction of 1857 called forth spirit-moving petitions for only this one deliverance from the wolf of famine, with promises of better providence for the future; but the return of prosperity brought with it its concomitant domestic tranquility and prodigal indifference which had marked our antecedents. We are again obliged to eat the bitter bread of uncertainty, whilst phantoms of misery and want disturb our dreams by night, to which the morning's sun brings no relief, and we strain our eyes in vain to catch some glimmering hope of the future. We are most of us burdened with heavy rents, whilst many are curtailed in their salaries, and many more without employment altogether. What a predicament! And yet we hug the shore of our large cities, making rich men richer and ourselves poorer from year to year, laboring, toiling, but to find rest in the old folks' home. We believe our only salvation to be to spread ourselves over the country; to seek a footing amongst the honest farmers or with our trades and professions in our infant towns and villages. Some persons have preferred Africa, others Hayti; while we respect their choice if such it be, we beg to remind our readers that many of us own, in this country, very desirable tracts of land, donated by the philanthropist Gerrit Smith—the value and importance of which has been too little appreciated.

About six years ago we opened a correspondence with Mr. Silas Frazer, a gentleman of energy and intelligence, who is located on his lot in Essex county, township eleven, to whom we are indebted for much valuable information concerning this locality. At that time there were thirty-seven farmers within seven square miles around him, his nearest neighbor being over a mile off. The nearest store was sixteen miles, and no mill within several miles. Produce sold at their doors at fair prices, and the whites were represented as in every way disposed to assist. We have just received another letter from this gentleman, dated September 9th, in which he says:—"North Elba has improved very much during the past five or six years. We have eight families in this immediate neighborhood and two saw mills. Baker's store is eight miles from here, on the Saranac, where you can get your store goods. We have also a school winter and summer. Two more families are expected in the Spring, one white, the other colored. The inducements for colored men to settle here are as good as they would be to white men. There is very little said about caste. There is a good abolition society here, for you must know that the grave of the noble hero of Harper's Ferry is with us. Come on all of you with children, it is just what is wanted; we will help you all we can. Mr. William Appo, music teacher, has been living here about three years on his farm with his two sons. You can raise on new land rye, oats, India wheat and potatoes; there has been great yield of crops this season; you may have a good idea of the Adirondacks from the 'Tribune's' correspondence. Martin's is about ten miles from here."

A pioneer movement will be made in this direction by a worthy and energetic fellow citizen of a sister city, and arrangements have been completed for a suitable demonstration for his benefit. This effort, which will take place Thursday, the 10th of next month, (Oct.) will be assisted by the countenances of our best and most honored fellow citizens, combining the rare intellectual and festival elements which distinguish the present day. We heartily urge the earnest support of the public to this laudable, substantial and practical example of progression, for the colored man who goes out today with the energy and determination to master such an enterprise, is a benefactor to his people. He will grow up in strength with those around him, and establish a social and business influence. Besides, he developes his physical powers, aiding vigorous offspring and healthy families, which the pent up inconveniences of our pent up cities have so lamentably desolated.

You are aware of an existence of an old fogy element amongst us, hard to move at any time, which will endeavor to direct our attention from this direction to points where they know we have no possessions and never will have. But we believe the spirit of the age will protect us. We believe the inviting examples of Messrs. Silas Frazer, Lyman Epps, Wm. Appo and other bold pioneers, who have hewn out homes in the bosom of the grand old forest, and are today standing, nature's noblemen, under their own vines and fig trees, will fix our minds aright, and fill us with zeal and wisdom in support of this work.

TYPES.

LETTER FROM SAG HARBOR.

Mr. Editor:—

As you are now, and I trust will be for a long time to come—"may your shadow never be less"—a medium of communication between the many friends who believe in, and desire the improvement and elevation of the colored people in this, as well as in all lands where any portion of the race may be found, I will, with your permission, say a word of those who reside in Sag Harbor, Long Island. Their number is about one hundred and fifty—some twenty-five or thirty families—the majority of them living in their own neat and comfortable homes, and able to sing "Home, sweet home" beneath their own vines and fig-trees—where the voice of the land-lord can neither "molest nor make them afraid"—a voice so dreadful to the poor and the widow. Honest toil, and wise frugality has placed these families in their "castles." In their midst stands their united religious home, a small but neat edifice, sufficiently commodious to accommodate all, and a fit place for divine worship. We spent the third Sabbath of this month with them, and was much pleased with the appearance of the large congregations. The Sabbath-school under the superintendance of Mr. David Hemsted, who has long borne the burden and heat of the day is still teaching "the young idea how to shoot" along the path of truth and virtue. The pastor in charge, Rev. Alexander Posey, whose zeal and faithfulness has called around him the warmest confidence, and co-operation of many warm hearts, who desire to see the standard of improvement carried forward in triumph to certain victory. On the 18th instant, the pastor, parents, teachers and children met in a beautiful grove belonging to one of the noblest families in Sag Harbor—one of their own number, William Prime, Esq., for the purpose of celebrating their annual Pic-Nic. Inspired by the genius of improvement, and christian love they assembled. Joy and gladness beamed on every countenance. None during the year had been called by death away. Having participated in the rich provisions spread by bountiful hands in the grove, all adjourned for social conversation and other good things to the spacious parlors of Mr. Prime, where his good lady with queen-like grace, presided with all that matronly dignity for which she is celebrated. I am sure that all enjoyed themselves *much, and felt that it was good to be there*, and renew and strengthen the bands of social and christian friendship.

The evidence of progress and improvement is full and divine. The Hemsteds, the Primes, the Sweezys, the Cuffees, the Consars and the Wards of Sag Harbor, with the noble women, not a few show that "all is not lost," but that a brighter day is dawning.

Sag Harbor is the residence of Rev. John P. Thompson, who has done so much for the elevation and progress of the people in this place, and who still lives to "do his Master's will." After singing, and an eloquent address, and appropriate prayer by the Rev. A. Posey, the assembly adjourned to their own quiet and happy homes.

A. G. B.

Sag Harbor, L. I., Sept. 18, 1861.

Lecture by an Escaped Slave.

A lecture on the affairs at the South was delivered on Thursday evening, 19th inst., at the Metropolitan Rooms, 178 Prince St., by William Jones, a runaway slave. The Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and each person was waiting patiently for the speaker to arrive, when a gentleman came in and stated that the hall they were then in not being large enough to accommodate all that were anxious to hear the speaker, he had engaged the hall below, and those wishing to procure seats had better go at once down, when the once quietly seated audience made a rush for the door; but on reaching the lower apartment they found they had to remain standing until benches were brought in, and some very eager to get seated commenced seating themselves on benches while in the janitor's hands. At last they were once more seated, and in a short time the speaker came in, in company with the gentleman, Mr. Henry Jones, who assisted him in effecting his escape. The slave told the story of his birth, his masters, and all concerning himself, from the time he first thought of being a freeman, until he found himself safe among the "Yankees," as he termed the Federal troops. He made some excellent remarks, one of which was that before running away he secreted on his person a revolver and bowie knife, in case he came across a Secessionist, and if he were to be taken back he should be taken dead (applause). He also stated that in the vicinity from which he came the slaves had made up their minds to become freemen, and that their intentions were, if called upon by their masters to fight for the Confederacy, they would accept their arms, and as soon as command was given to "fire," they would wheel round and kill their masters—then run to the "Yankees" (applause). He seems to be quite an intelligent young man for one being born a slave, altho' he has no education whatever. He related his story in a manner that would reflect credit upon one that had received education from boyhood.

TREBLA

WE MUST FREE THEM OR FIGHT THEM.

As this rebellion ripens, and the fierce vindictive hatred of armed traitors toward the men who love the Union and towards the institutions of freedom, takes shape and becomes concrete, the feeling, all over the *free States*, is becoming fixed and crystalized into conviction, that the time is drawing nigh when we must "fight them, or free them." Let us look this alternative in the face for a moment. There is nothing in it unnatural; indeed, is it not a fact that there is logic in the alternative, which will vindicate itself? The Southern rebel has educated his slave into the belief that the people opposed to him and his treason are the bitterest foes the slave can have. We have farther to believe that, in every State, there are on plantations and in cities, many men who are in bonds, but who know a good deal about the causes which underlie secession, and which have developed into rebellion and rank treason; but the great body of slaves may, for aught we know, so far trust their master as to fear and dread what they call the "Abolitionist." If that be so, then we must anticipate armed opposition from the slave, unless they shall be undeceived, as to the end attainable by this war. Why should he not oppose us? He sees no good to himself in our march through the South. Indeed, he has understood that it was the office and the vocation of the "Abolitionist" to worry and capture the black race, and, of course, he is prepared to fight against us. There is no doubt that we shall have armed slaves against us. Our people are conservative—rightfully so. Law and loyalty are necessarily conservative, and it is said we must be careful of the Constitution and of guarantied rights. All that is well enough. But we need not stultify ourselves. If slaves are made to oppose us or to help their masters oppose us! If these millions of men are compelled to work to our injury! Then, what? Why, then the alternative presents itself! We must fight them, or free them!

We must not fight them! Such warfare we cannot engage in. We are men for their masters; Then the alternative is left, and we must free them! And so surely as these blind rebels shall strengthen themselves by slave labor, using their "chattels" to our destruction, so surely we shall vitalize their property, and convert it into men and women! Why not? Why shall we not convert the slave whom his master compels to be hostile into the free man who is ready to be friendly? It is wholly absurd to suppose that this rebellion can continue, and that slave labor can be turned against us, without a proclamation from our headquarters of deliverance and freedom to those who are enslaved.

And we say, in God's name, be it so! If slavery is to be thus turned against freedom, slavery had better to be turned into freedom quickly! If the owners of men and women, under the names of chattels, shall madly use their property as instruments of war, and turn it to our destruction, then we prefer that those men and women shall belong to themselves, and give us the benefit of their skill and their experience and their strength and their new freedom.

There are other and higher views to be taken of this whole question. But this will answer for now. And when the time comes that must compel us to fight them or free them, we say—Let them go free!—New-bedford Mercury.

BLACK MUSCLE.

Editor Leader:—According to the last census the number of colored persons of African descent in the Free States is 221,738; in the District of Columbia, 11,107; in the Territories, 229, and in the Slave States not yet withdrawn from the Union, 116,570—making a grand total of 349,644 free colored persons within the direct call of the Administration. In the seceded States there are 131,401 free colored persons.

I am informed that a regiment—partly drilled—could be raised in a few weeks in this part of the State. Why not use these instruments in the present crisis? Any number of regiments of courageous blacks might be found in the Free States, to say nothing of the colored population of Canada, who are anxiously waiting to be called upon to fight for the "land of Dixie."

Are we not carrying on this war too daintily? Our enemies are using every instrument to crush us—they do not scruple to form black regiments—to use black spies, and to turn black labor to the best account, not only in the harvest field, but in throwing up masked batteries. Why should we reeject such instrumentalities? Is there good sense in carrying on a war such as this has been; we all courtesy, forgiveness, forbearance to our foes; and they full of malignity, hatred and cruelty to us? If Slavery is more precious than the Union, why fight? if the Union is worth more than Slavery, why not carry the war into Africa?

Gerrit Smith speaks a true word in his recent letter to the President. He says it is more criminal to restrain a man from defending his country than from defending his wife and children. For not only is country more than family, but the fate of family is involved in the fate of country—and hence he is denied the defending of his family also, who is denied the defending of his country.

It is only through fear of injuring the rebels that we are so sensitive on this point. In the Revolutionary War, and in the war of 1812, no such conscientious scruples were entertained. And to-morrow, were we engaged in a war with England, and a fleet of the enemy lay before our city, we would be glad to welcome every colored man to a musket or cannon.

Is it not time that we pay more regard to our own interest, and less to the preservation of an institution that is the sole cause of our present difficulty.

Mr. Editor, will you give us a reason, why the Administration does not employ "black muscle" to help quell the rebellion?

On the Anxious Seat.

—*Cleveland Leader.*

From the State League,

Randolph, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.

To His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln:

The undersigned beg leave to congratulate your Excellency, and all the true friends of liberty that a blow has been struck against the original cause of the horrid and wide-spread conspiracy and rebellion that are desolating our beloved country.

It cannot be disguised that American Slavery was not the only cause of this rebellion, but that its termination is hopeless so long as the North suffer millions of human beings to be chattelized, and used against us. Far more efficient chattels for our subjugation are they, and as really contraband of war as are guns or kegs of powder—that all efforts to conquer a peace short of depriving those rebels of the possession of those human chattels are worse than useless! The undersigned, therefore, although exempt by age from bearing arms, respectfully offer their services to your excellency to rescue those millions of human chattels from the grasp of our murderous foe. Should any of the undersigned be considered too old, or infirm for so arduous a service, such will quietly retire and endeavor to procure able-bodied substitutes.

Should such a service find favor with the Commander-in-Chief under proper restrictions, and regulations, tens of thousands who otherwise will remain inactive, will take an active part in the struggle, and peril their lives and their fortunes in the cause of liberty.

All men whatever may be their color, or condition are endowed by their *Creator* with not only the "right," but the love of liberty, and will fight for it if they find there is a reasonable chance—take those oppressed millions from the Southern Pirates and convert them into soldiers for freedom, and the contest will be short, and no motive will remain for its renewal.

Very respectfully,

William Shattuck.
Henry Marsh.
Sylvester Caswell.
Samuel F. Wadsworth.
Sanford Holbrook.
Otis Hitchcock.
Sherman Sadler.

We would say that the first signer to this letter is seventy-six years old—he volunteered as a private to go to Turin in 1801, to rescue American prisoners who had fallen into the hands of Algerine pirates, and capture the pirates. That before the volunteers were mustered into service that piratical government made restitution, and relieved the American prisoners—that he again volunteered as a private to fight the British and Indians in Upper Canada; and while in Canada was promoted as Quartermaster in Colonel J. Wilcox's regiment of mounted riflemen. That after the peace he resigned several offices and became a "non-resistant" quaker. The piracy and oppression of the African race, and the unparalelled perfidy of our late sworn officers of Government have effectually cured him of his non-resistant proclivities, and at the verge of the grave he again wishes to volunteer to fight for liberty.

Ed.

The Weekly Anglo-African may be had at 187 Navy St., Brooklyn, and at Mrs. Garnett's store, 170 West 30th St., New York.

CHURCH NOTICES.

"The kingdom shall not be left to other people."—Daniel, 2nd, 44th.

Dr. J. W. C. Pennington delivered a sermon from the above text, in the basement of Shiloh Church, on Monday evening last. The house was densely crowded by a highly respectable and intelligent audience, who listened with enrapt attention to the most eloquent discourse. It is pronounced to be one of the finest sermons ever preached in this city. We hope to be able to lay it before our readers next week.

The Rev. Mr. Kane of the Bridge street Church, Brooklyn, preached a sermon on the times last Sabbath evening, which we hear very highly spoken of. We hope he may be induced to repeat it; if he does, we suppose that timely notice will be given to the public.

SECESSION POETRY.

A War correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* claims that the following effusions were found among the official papers of the Adjutant *of one of the Virginia regiments:*

Come all you brave Virginia boys
With hearts boath stout and true
Come lets go down to the mason line
And whip the Northern crue

Old lincoln is there president.
That everybody knows
And he Was elected by the Vote
Of men as black as Crows

A Malgamation is ther theme
And that will never do
Come lets down to the Battle ground
And Whip the Northern Crue

Be brave and Bold you Valiant boys
and keep your Armors Bright
For sothern Boys Wonts nothing else
But Just the thing thats Right

God Made the people Black and white
he made the red man to
And for to mix up is not Right
lets Whip the Negro crue

if honor sease your Soards brave boys
And Muskets not a few
Come lets go down to the Battle ground
And Whip the Northern crue
Fight on Brave Boys with out a dout
On til you gain the Field
The god of Battle he is stout
He will caus our foas to yeald

Our wives and sweet hearts
tell us go and fight Just like A man
And keep the northern negro crue
off of Virginue land

if luckey is our doom Brave Boys
in old Abe lincon hall
On our next Independent day
We will Take a Sothern Ball

and when we come safe home Again
Our wives and sweet hearts to
We they will welcom us from Washington
for they have nothing elce to do
August the 14 1861.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NATIONAL LOAN.

By the following it will be seen that the largest subscription in Pittsburg, Pa., to the National Loan, was made by a colored woman. We copy from the Pittsburg "Gazette," of 21st inst.:—

One day this week an aged colored woman, who in early life was a slave in Virginia, and who has been a servant in one of our most respectable families for many years, called at one of our banking houses with one hundred and fifty *dollars in silver* coins, some of which were old Spanish dollars, and none bore a later date than 1853. This sum was the accumulated saving of more than thirty years. After exchanging her silver for gold, she called on Mr. Hanna and took one hundred and fifty dollars in Government seven thirty stock. What motive prompted this act, and brought out that *little treasure? Was it patriotism?* Doubtless it was, but a patriotism mingled with elements with which the white man does not share. Faith and hope in the enfranchisement of her own people unlocked that jealous clutch, and inspired the confidence that enabled her to part with all her living. Is not Ethiopia stretching forth her hand? Large sums have been thrown into the National *Treasury in this city;* but, rightly viewed, is not this the largest subscription that has been made?

HOW THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FEEL IN REGARD TO THE WAR.

The London correspondent of the Boston Recorder, in giving the result of an interview with a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the cotton mills districts and the present state of affairs, says:

I inquired what he thought of the general feeling as well of the operatives as of the masters in Lancashire respecting the war, and on which side their sympathies were shown? He replied, "At first we thought *and hoped* that there might be a peaceful separation. We could not see that there was any sufficient ground for war; our self-interest no doubt helping to close our eyes to the patriotic sentiments of the North. So far as I am able to judge, an impression now prevails that the North could hardly have done otherwise than resist secession, be the consequences what they might; and that the South ought to have given in. I am convinced that there is no sympathy in Lancashire towards the cause of the South, and that there is a real desire for the triumph of the Northern arms, though it is a general belief that the cotton trade would be advantaged by Southern success."

I reminded the genleman of what many of the Northern papers were saying—that our lack of enthusiasm for the Federal cause discovered pretty plainly that our anti-slavery professions were at least very hollow, if not shams altogether, and that we manifestly thought more of cotton for our mills than of freedom for the blacks. His response was: "It is a lie and a libel. Set on foot in Lancashire a *subscription for the* purchase of the slaves and everybody will contribute to it, or let it be seen ever so faintly how the success of the Federal Government will tend to improve the condition of the negro, and the people will be ready to make large sacrifices. Of that I am thoroughly persuaded. It is because there is no anti-slavery sentiment mixed up with the patriotic cause that any complaint has to be made of our lack of zeal for the North."

THE FRENCH AND THE WAR.

From a recent letter of the Paris correspondent *of the New York "Tribune,"* we make the following extract:—

In the above brief and extremely imperfect survey of some of the causes of the *change of drift in French* public opinion, I have tried to confine myself strictly within the limits of facts, but have not gone over nearly all the ground within those limits. I might enter upon the debatable ground of opinion, and yet keep far this side of the closed hand of idle conjecture, if I should say that a frank *declaration* of "Emancipation of the Slave" uttered by our Government, would change the wavering and returning current of French sympathy into a resistless tide in our favor; and if I should say that the Southern leaders, in bold desperation or high intelligence, declaring in advance of us Emancipation of the Slaves, would carry with them them the sympathy *of France* and England, I am sure that I should say the truth.

THE VIEWS OF GARIBALDI.

We have already *mentioned* the fact that Garibaldi has decided not to visit America, nor take part in the present war. The following extract from a letter received here by Mr. Frank Nizetelly, artist and correspondent of the Illustrated London News, and an intimate friend of Garibaldi, explains more clearly his position. The letter was written authoritatively by *one of Garibaldi's officers,* just after his arrival in London from Caprera:

"Repeated endeavors have been made to induce Garibaldi to go to North America, to aid in defending the Union. You can positively contradict (*avec certitude dementier*) those who assert that he will go there. He will not go. [Then follow some allusions to the condition of European *affairs, as restraining his departure,* after which the letter continues]—"Beside this, even if Italy, Hungary, and Poland were in the most flourishing state of independence and liberty, he would take no part in thaa struggle so long as the North failed to declare, formally, solemnly, and irrevocably that it would not lay down its arms until Slavery should be destroyed to *its last vestige.*"

SOUTHERN BARBARISM.

The Dansville (Mo.) *Herald* furnishes the following case of cruelty:

We learn that Mr. Jacob Patten, who lives in the Southwestern part of this county, whipped one of his slaves, a negro woman, to death on Saturday, the 7th inst. After the negro was buried, suspicions of foul play caused her to be taken up. A coroners inquest was held, and it was evident from the condition of the body that she had met her death as stated above. Patten was arrested and gave bail in the amount of $2,*500 to appear at the Circuit Court.*

Infamous. A private letter to a Baltimore journal, from Carroll County, Maryland, sperking of the recent expedition to Lower Maryland, says the presence of Col. Cowdin's Massachusetts Regiment has convinced the wavering that even Massachusetts men could march through our county without interfering with the slaves. "I know of several instances," the letter continues, "where negroes seeking their camp were whipped and sent home." How does the old Bay State relish having the soldiers apprenticed to this base business!

ANGLO-AFRICAN WAR ITEMS.

When Captain Hight was mustering the 8th Maine Regiment into the U. S. service, at Augusta, last week, in one of the companies he noticed a negro. He ordered him from the ranks, but the man made his appearance in another section of the company, and his captain insisted upon his being mustered in, as he was a strong and able-bodied man. Captain Hight remarked that he came to muster in white citizens, not negroes. He then inquired the name of the negro, and struck it from the company roll.

The Washington correspondent of the Tribune writes as follows; "Maj. Cannon of Gen. Wool's staff arrived to-night with despatches. Gen. Wool wants to know what to do with the negroes,—upward of 2000 of whom are now at *Fortress Eonroe.* The President's order amending Gen. Fremont's proclamation sets the whole question afloat again as regards negroes not directly employed in rebel service, who may seek protection within our lines. Gen. Wool is ordered to send to Washington all whom he can spare—the men to be put on the entrenchments and the women in the camp kitchens to be paid for their services. Beside 2000 at the fort, there are ten or fifteen on each of our men-of-war which sail from Hampton Roads who get $8 a month and found.

A despatch received subsequent to the above, says, Gen. Wool will probably send no contraband slaves to Washington, as the entire force here is required for the use of Quartermaster Talmadge.

The Missouri correspondent of the Tribune says:

Six companies of troops from Cape Girardeau made a march to Benton recently, seizing property in accordance with Fremont's proclamation. They also gave liberty to a number of slaves. Ten belonging to General Watkins, *formerly a representative* in the Legislature, but now a Brigadier in the rebel army, were among the number set free. Of course they were glad to be set at liberty. One of them said he "had been wondering Fremont hadn't done so befo'." They were engaged at fair wages as servants to the officers, and, all seemed pleased and dignified by their new position.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune writes:

No list of escaped slaves having been kept here as at Fortress Monroe, the precise number is unattainable. According to the estimate of military authorities, however, about *200,* who ran from rebel Virginians, are now practically free men. Of these, some are working on entrenchments or elsewhere, some have disappeared. The number returned to Virginians or Marylanders professing loyalty, is not ascertained.

The Fort Smith *Times*, of the 10th, states that two companies of southern black men have formed in that neighborhood. They are thoroughly southern men, not armed, but drilling to take the field.

Protection to owners of slaves.—General Kelly, commanding a portion of our forces in Western Virginia, has issued the following order:

Head-Quarters, District of Grafton, }
Grafton, Va., Sept. 7, 1861. }
General Order, No. 7.]

The General commanding desires to assure the people of Western Virginia, that it is the desire and intention of the United States Government, to give to the citizens full and ample protection in all their civil and political rights, and that private property, of whatever kind or description shall be held inviolate.

In order to secure the owners of slaves the most ample protection that can be given, as well as to protect the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from loss and damage under its charter, it is expressly prohibited for any officer or soldier to transport, or cause to be transported over the lines of the Baltimore and Ohio and North Western Virginia Railroads, any black or mulatto person, the same being a slave, unless owned by such officer or soldier, or transported by permission of the owner.

This order is not to be construed to prohibit officers from traveling over the above roads with their private servants, provided such servants are free, or, if slaves, properly hired from their masters.

Any person in the United States service violating the above order, will be severely punished.

By order of Brigadier General Kelley,
Geo. H. Crosman, Jr.,
Ass't Adjt. General.

SUMMARY.

At Poughkeepsie recently, a colored man named Calder, while fishing, fell overboard, and not being able to swim, would have drowned but for a fish line, the hook of which catching fast in his clothes, enabled his companions to pull him out. When first taken out he showed signs of life, but was speechless until they commenced rolling him, when he so far revived as to be able to speak. He begged them to desist, which they did. Soon after, they conveyed him to a house near by, where they gave him salt water and ipecac to vomit him, and so they continued doctoring him up to Friday forenoon, when they became alarmed and sent for a doctor, who informed them he was too far gone for medical aid. He continued to fail until about three o'clock that afternoon, when he expired.

We find the following in the Utica (N. Y.) Observer of the 17th inst:

Quite an excitement was created yesterday at the depot, as the N. Y. express was due and the Watertown train ready to start. Mr. P. Kelly of this town, got on board with a couple of colored persons, to assist him to wait on people at a hotel in Watertown. Just as the train was ready to start, a colored man named Jones, of Rome, jumped on board, and had several words with Kelly. Soon after, blow after blow followed in the car, and a "free fight" was had, in which, as I have been informed, the colored man got the worst. Police Constable Conley was around, as you'll always find him, stopped the fight, and took the colored man (Jones) up street. After the train had left, Jones, who was a little intoxicated, started again for the depot, with the determination to whip Kelly, who had left for Watertown on a freight train. Being at the depot, Jones attempted to cross between the cars, as they backed up, and jammed his thumb so severely that he had it amptutated, by Dr. J. W. P. Kingsley; two of his fingers were also badly bruised. As near as I could ascertain, the fight was caused because Kelly refused to employ Jones to assist him at Watertown. N.

The Newburyport "Herald" says:

Barclay Coppie, of Iowa, one of John Brown's men at Harper's Ferry raid, whose brother was among those hanged for treason, was one of the victims of the Platte river bridge disaster in Missouri. With a half dozen other persons he was on his way to join Capt. Montgomery, of the Kansas regiment. Montgomery himself is a sort of John Brown, who can pray or fight, and is bound on the liberation of slaves, whatever the proclamations of Lincoln, Fremont, or any of the others may say upon that question.

The Meadville (Pa.) *Journal* of the 17th inst., says:

John Brown, Jr., was in town last week, on business with regard to raising his company of sharp-shooters. He is a fine, stout, manly person, of some 30 or 35 years, and looks able to kill and bury a regiment of traitors. This company is to enter the regiment of Col. Montgomery, (3d Regiment Kansas Volunteers,) in the brigade of Gen. Lane, and division of Maj. Gen. Fremont. Capt. Brown has already 70 hardy fellows in his company, and has gone among the hunters of Eastern Crawford, Warren and Venago for more. He wants men who are accustomed to the use of the rifle, and can pick off a rebel at any distance whatever! The formation of this company affords an excellent opportunity for good marksmen to enter the service in a way suited exactly to their tastes and habits. Are there not some riflemen *ready to go* with John Brown from Crawford County!

The Philadelphia *News* of the 19th inst, says:

Last night a scene of excitement occurred at the Baltimore depot, which lasted from ten to twelve o'clock. It seems that a company of soldiers, calling themselves the Anderson Guards, were at the depot. A faithful colored man, employed about the place, was asleep in his wheel-barrow. One of the soldiers overturned the barrow, and kicked the colored man. The latter jumped up and endeavored to get away, when half a dozen of the valiant sons of war made an attack upon him, and he knocked the whole of them down as fast as they came up to him. All this time he was retreating in good order. The police interfered, and prevented any further attack upon the colored man. Squads of the soldiers searched for him until the time of departure, but the object of their search was secreted by the officers.

The Clinton (N. J.) Leader of the 14th inst. says:

The colored people of this town and vicinity held a Pic-nic in a grove near the High Bridge, on Thursday of last week, which was attended by a number of colored people *from a distance.* It was a large gathering, and reflected much credit on the managers, for we are informed by some of our white citizens who were present, that the best of order prevailed, and everything passed off in the finest manner and with the best of feeling. May they have many more such pic-nics.

On the 15th inst. Richard Hill, a colored man, was deliberately murdered by his son, Richard L. Hill, at his residence in Munjoy, Portland. There had been a difficulty between the father and the son relative to domestic affairs, and the son lay in wait for his father to return from work. He fired at him twice, both shots taking effect, the second one killing the old man almost instantly. He *says he* shot his father in *self-defence*—that he was making towards him with a knife, as he fired one of his pistols at him, the ball taking effect. Perceiving that his father was wounded, and suffering much pain, he says he fired the second pistol to put him out of misery! The pistols he says he kept loaded all ready, supposing it would result in this at last.

We find the following in the Columbus, O., "City Fact," of Sept. 13th.

Yesterday afternoon a colored servant in the Goodale House, named Adarius Liverpool, was brought before mayor Thomas, on a charge of assaulting with intent to murder Mathias Mitchell, also a servant in the same house. It appears that the men got into an altercation which finally came to blows, and Liverpool fancying he was getting the worst of it, seized a carving knife with which he struck Mitchell on the back, cutting through his clothes, and inflicting a severe wound on the back and shoulder. The knife is a murderous looking instrument, nearly two feet long, a very slight wield of which would be sufficient to cut a man in two. The mayor held Liverpool to bail in $100 to appear at the Court of Common Pleas for trial.

The Middletown, (N. Y.) *Press* says:

Isaac McLaughrey, Jr., (colored) son of Peter McLaughrey, of this town, died of Hydrophobia on Tuesday, 26th ult. He was aged about 26 years. He was bitten just four months previous by his own dog, which was not suspected of being mad at the time, but *showed symptoms of disease, not having* eaten anything within three days. The dog went off and was never seen again. The bite healed up, and he thought nothing more about it. On Tuesday, 25th, he was taken ill, and showed all the symptoms of hydrophobia, and kept growing worse until Saturday of the same week, when death released him from his suffering. His sufferings were of *a most intense character.*

We learn from the Utica Telegraph that a colored man named Richard Holmes died at the Hospital in that city on Tuesday last, quite suddenly, and from a post-mortem examination, under the direction of Coroner Donaldson, it was ascertained that his death was caused by a superabundance of fat. Upon opening the body, on a line with the chin downwards, there was found to be two and a half inches of fat covering the breast, and no less than three inches of fat over the abdomen. The heart was found to weigh nearly three times more than ordinary; the lungs were singularly small, the whole of the right lung being not as large as a single lobe of the lung of a healthy subject. His weight was nearly 400 pounds. He was a remarkably superior cook, and had been engaged for several years at the American Hotel.

The Elkton (Md.) Democrat, 7th inst., says:

Aldridge Gibbs, a free colored man, and Michael Harris, servant for a term of years of Mr. Jacob Johnson, were both arrested last week, and committed to jail, charged with attempting to entice away the slaves of Mr. Jacob C. Howard, of this town. The case will come up for a hearing before Justice Owens this afternoon.

A colored woman employed as a servant *in the family of Garrett Schenck,* at Trenton N. J., was severely if not fatally burned while starting a fire. To hasten its burning, she used a fluid can, and while pouring some of that dangerous article on the fuel, the flames ignited that in the can, causing it to burst. She was instantly enveloped in flames.

The Baltimore Clipper of the 17th inst. states:

On Friday night last, two thieves entered the dwelling of an honest old colored man by the name of Fowler, living near the Whatcoat Chapel, in the northwestern section of the city. They effected an entrance through the rear window. After searching the bureau drawers, and taking therefrom a shawl belonging to the old man's wife, one of them wrapped it around him, ascending the stairs, went into the bedroom where the old man lay asleep, searched his pockets, and took six dollars, all the money he had in his possession. Hearing a noise he got out of bed, thinking the form that stood before him was his wife, he asked why the lamp was lit. The stranger turned his head away and with a whining voice made fun of what was said. He soon found his way down stairs and made his escape out the front door. This is the second time Fowler has been robbed within a few months past.

Coroner Sparklin held an inquest on Saturday night, at the head of the Long Dock, Baltimore, over the body of Joseph Thomas, colored, aged 12 years, who, while walk*ing on the edge of the dock with his father,* stumbled over an iron chain and fell into the water.

We learn by our York exchanges that a case of accidental shooting occurred in that place on Monday, 2nd inst., by which Stephen Harris, a colored man, was shot and instantly killed with a gun in the hands of another colored man named Adam Myers. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that Harris came to his death by the accidental discharge of a gun, carelessly handled in the hands of Myers. Myers was arrested but released upon giving bail in the sum of $4,000 to appear and answer at court.

The Jamaica "Farmer" states that on Sunday 1st instant a large party of colored men attended the Camp Meeting held at Far Rockaway, and after satisfying themselves at that place they started for home on foot. They left the Camp ground and arrived at Rockaway village where they broke into the house of Mrs. Ann Atkinson, a colored woman, and robbed it of fifty-six dollars in bank bills, one gold chain, three dollars in silver coin, one silver watch, a large quantity of clothing and other valuables amounting in the aggregate to upwards of one hundred dollars. The thieves then entered one of the toll gates on the Jamaica South Road, kept by Nehemiah Areson, and stole a considerable sum of money with which they escaped. Officer Samuel W. Bowker of Rockaway was notified of the robbery and started in pursuit. He came to this village, obtained a warrant from Justice John S. Snedeker, and then proceeded to Williamsburg where he ascertained the names of most of the gang, and with the aid of Detective Frost succeeded in arresting two of them, and brought them to this village on Thursday. Officer Bowker then returned and arrested three more which were placed in the cells in this place on Friday.

The prisoners gave their names as Joseph Simmonds, Samuel Fish, Buck Ellison, Thomas Field, Ezekiel Chester. Committed for further examination on Saturday last.

A colored man by the name of Andrew Lohman, of Wilmington, Delaware, was arrested in Newport on Thursday, the 19th instant, on the charge of burglary:—

It seems Lohman had sold a quantity of rags to a junk dealer in that city, and among them were discovered *the remnants of some* articles which were known to have been stolen from various places within a few weeks. This discovery led to the search of Lohman's house, in Charles Street, where quite a number of articles were found, which will undoubtedly prove the complicity of this man in numerous burglaires which have taken place of late, some of them within a stones throw of the City Hall. Lohman is now in a safe place awaiting his trial.

In the police report of the Hartford Press appears the following:

Pete Williams, a drinking, fighting, troublesome colored man, who was let off a week or two ago on condition that he would leave town for Poughkeepsie, where he said he belonged, was arrested again last night. He said he *did* leave town, but "came back for his things." One of the "things" found upon him when arrested was a short thick cudgel of green wood, with this inscription elaborately carved in the bark—"Down You Go By G—d." During the night he tried to whittle out of the watch-house. On a general charge of drunkenness and fighting he was sent to jail for sixty days.

David Jackson, (colored) who, with several others escaped from jail last week, was recaptured in New Brunswick and brought back to his old quarters on Sunday morning, where he is now heavily ironed, to prevent any future attempts being made by him at a second escape.

What a Missouri Slaveholder Thinks.—The St. Louis Democrat publishes an interesting letter from a slaveholder residing in Marion county, Missouri, who owns thirty-five slaves, and who takes this view of Fremont's proclamation: If the result of the Confiscation act shall be freedom to some of the slaves, the government nor the President cannot thereby be blamed, for they have not forced the war. I see no principle in justice or law why negroes should be excepted from confiscation any more than any other species of property, and if they are justly and legally forfeited by the owner to the government, they thereby become the property of the government and subject to their disposition, and I know of no right that the rebels who have forfeited them by their own acts, have to dictate to the authorities in power the manner in which they should be disposed of, whether to be sold again to loyal citizens, or set free. I confess I have no complaint to make of Mr. Fremont for his *late* proclamation. It would have been sufficient, perhaps, if he had left off with the word "confiscation;" but he did not, and I am rather inclined to the view that the proclamation has had a better effect, as it has set the people to thinking more about results.

PERSONAL.

In the Superior Court, September 14th, before Judge Russel, John S. Rock, M. D., was, on motion of T. K. Lothrop, Esq., examined and admitted to practice in all the Courts of this Commonwealth.

The Venerable Austin Steward, of Canandaigua, N. Y., is now in this city.

DIED.

Jackson.—In Philadelphia, on the 31st ult., Elizabeth Jackson, relict of Benjamin Jackson, in the 81st year of her age.

Past her suffering, past her pain,
Cease to weep, for tears are vain;
Calm the tumult of your breast,
She who suffered is at rest.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The colored man who left a pocket knife in an Eighth Avenue car, on Sunday evening Sept. 8th, may obtain the same, after proving property, by calling at the office of the Anglo-African.

Special Notices.

GRAND PIONEER FESTVAL.

Attention is called to the Pioneer Festival, in behalf of the Gerrit Smith Land movement, to take place Thursday evening, October 10th, at Prince Street Hall. Dr. James McCune Smith, John Peterson, and others whose substantial interest in this movement is gratefully acknowledged, will be present, and address the company upon the importance of this enterprise. Full particulars next week.

T. B. VOORHEES'
EXCURSION TO BULL'S FERRY,
BY BOAT AND BARGE.

Owing to so many being disappointed in not attending the last Excursion, caused by an unavoidable delay, it will be repeated

On Thursday, the 26th Inst.

giving all an opportunity to enjoy the [illegible]

PROF. ROBT. H. BROWN

will be in attendance.

Parties can bring their children and enjoy the country air, as we shall lay at Bull's Ferry for three hours, returning at 6½ o'clock, landing at 30th and 22d Streets, each way, *reaching the city* early in the evening for all that wish to go off. The boat and barge will then make another excursion up the river, and return by 12½ A.M.

TICKETS FOR THE WHOLE EXCURSION

THIRTY CENTS EACH.

The steamer will stop at South 7th Street, Williamsburg at 1 o'clock, P.M.; Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, at 1½; Jersey city 1½; thence to Spring St., leaving there at 2½ with the barge, and will land at 22d and 30th Sts.

N.B. There will be no delay, as the boat will be prompt in her landings.

COME AND HELP US.

There will be an entertainment given for the benefit of the Rev. Mr. Manning, on Thursday evening, October the 3rd, 1861, in the Zion M.E. Church in Devoe St., Williamsburg city.

The committee knowing the pecuniary embarrasments under which the Trustees are laboring and their inability to make provision for their Pastor for the coming winter, desire to do what they can, to meet his pressing wants—and they cordially invite all the friends of the Rev. Mr. Manning to lend a helping hand.

Donations of any kind will be thankfully received. Tickets 25 cents, children under 12 years [illegible] cents, to be had of the *following* committee

Miss Jane A. Williams,
Mrs. Octavia Buckus,
Mrs. M. E. Hicks,
Mrs. Rudolphine Schemerhorn,
Miss Frances A.E. Fitch,
Mrs. Thomas Thompson.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven, opposite the Railroad depot.

Rev. Henry M. Wilson is now Assistant Secretary of the African Civilization Society, No. 26 Bible House.

Office hours Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, from ten A. M. till two P. M.

As many letters are sent to his care for different persons in this city, it would be well for parties expecting letters to call at Mr. Wilson's Office.

THE PROPOSED NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS.

For the above work the undersigned would state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that he wishes to collect full and accurate accounts of all cases of abuse growing out of Slavery, of the loss of *time, property and life,* whether among whites, Indians, or blacks. He is not particular as to the length of the articles, for, when we come to the publication, it may be best to abridge some statements; but the original communications will be carefully preserved and placed in some historical *collection for preservation* and reference. Whatever will serve to illustrate or add interest to the statements, such as photographs or engravings, or autographs of the persons, or maps and plans of the localities named, will be thankfully received and carefully preserved. If the case has been published in the papers, or in pamphlets or books, please make reference to them or forward them. Names of persons, places, and dates, which, if divulged would involve the parties in difficulty, may be withheld in the communication. Let every one send on what he or she may have to communicate as early as possible. We shall feel greatly obliged to Editors who will copy this advertisement and give it a favorable notice, and all who will promptly respond to this call will receive our hearty thanks.

Address, L. G. OLMSTEAD, New York.

Information Wanted in regard to Alexander or Sandy Hogan, son of Betsey Hogan. He left the service of Mr. Jenkins in Baltimore, in June, 1859, and came to the North to solicit money to purchase the freedom of his wife. He is believed to have been in Birmingham, N. Y., about five weeks ago. Skin light brown. An aged mother is anxious to ascertain his whereabouts, and will be grateful for information sent to Wm. Still, 107 North-Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Anti-slavery papers please copy. 3t.

Letters or newspapers for Hayti or Jamaica will be promptly forwarded if left with Mr. N. R Ashby, at Lewis & Co.'s store, 24 South Street. New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this ro any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,

BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG,

Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS

of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.

Don't Forget,
168 EWEN ST.,
9 1y. Williamsburg.

JUST PUBLISHED
"THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN LIBERIA."

The Anniversary address, on the 26th July, 1860, in Cape Palmas, Liberia, by the Rev. Alex. Crummell, B.A.

For Sale at the Anglo-African Office, 48 Beekman St., New York. Price 15 cents. 8 4t.

TO LET.—THE UPPER PART OF HOUSE 277 South Fourth St., Williamsburg, consisting of front and back parlors, and a large bedroom, with the back basement. Rent nine dollars a month, to be paid strictly in advance. nquire on the premises, or at the office.

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMODATE a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 19½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate. 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tf.

A NEW WORK
TO BE READY ABOUT THE 25TH OF SEPT.
REPORT OF THE NIGER VALLEY
EXPLORING PARTY
BY
M. R. DELANY, CHIEF COMMISSIONER
TO AFRICA.

CONTENTS.

Political Movements.
Succeeding Conventions.
History of the Project.
Arrival and Reception in Liberia.
Liberia—Climate [illegible]
Diseases—Cause, Remedy.
The Interior.—Yo[illegible]
Topography, Clim[illegible]
Diseases of this p[illegible] Africa.
Treatment, Hygein[illegible]
Missionary Influ[illegible]
What Africa now [illegible] Legitimate
Commerce.
Cotton Staple.
Success in Great Brit[illegible]
Commercial Relations [illegible]
The time to go to Africa.
Concluding Suggestions.

Complete in sections (chap[illegible]tively from I to XVII, being most con[illegible]ranged in cut-in or side marginal notes, embra[illegible] every subject therein treated, so that in an in[illegible] any point or paragraph of interest may be at [illegible] to.

A learned and candid gentleman who [illegible]sided many years in Africa, after glancing over the proof sheets, pronounced it the most interesting and instructive work ever issued on that subject, and should be in the hands of every friend of Africa. It is a complete text-book.

The work contains 76 large pages, and will be sold at the low price of

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

All Orders should be addressed to the Publisher,

THOS. HAMILTON,
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CHILDREN'S CLOTHING
Ready-Made and Made to Order, By
MRS. S. WILKINS & CO.,
610 Pine, above Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
7-13t.

A SCHOOL WANTED.—A YOUNG LADY, a graduate of one of the High Schools of this State, and who is fully qualified as a teacher, is desirous of obtaining a school where the salary would not be less than $200 a year. Address Thos. Hamilton, 48 Beekman St., N.Y.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the Art of Singing. He will be at home at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, and at Zion Church, N. Y., on Thursday evening, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. Singing schools taught and private instruction given on moderate terms.
3tf. ROBT. HAMILTON,

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES H. Fortes, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 Mulberry Street, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.
Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMAN'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5—4t

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 Sullivan Street, New York. 4-1t

DENTISTRY.
BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist,
79 Thompson St., N. Y.

MRS. E. LEONARD,
FASHIONABLE
DRESS MAKER,
25 Sullivan Street, New York.
Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.
3tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING
By Mrs. Mary Johnson, 130 West 30th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.
Boarding for Ladies, [illegible]
" " Gentleman, 3.00
Lodging per week, 75
13t.

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
CARD AND JOB PRINTER.
219 Centre Street, New York.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is W[illegible] Vegetable extract. For Sale at 10 S[illegible] Grand Sts.,

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. [illegible]

BROWN'S POPULAR [illegible]

[illegible]

Poetry.

SLAVE-HOLDER'S PARODY.

The following Parody was written by a gentleman who formerly resided at the South.

Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell,
How pious priests whip Jack and Nell
And women buy, and children sell,
And preach all sinners down to hell,
And sing of heavenly union.

They'll bleat and ba, dona like goats,
Gorge down black sheep and strain at motes,
Array their backs in fine black coats.
And seize their negroes by their throats,
And choke for heavenly union.

They'll church you if you sip a dram,
And damn you if you steal a Lamb,
Yet rob old Tony, Doll and Sam,
Of human rights and bread and ham,
Kidnapper's heavenly union.

They'll talk of heaven and Christ's reward,
And bind his image with a cord,
And scold and swing and lash abhorr'd,
And sell their brother in the Lord,
To hand-cuff heavenly union.

They'll read and sing a sacred song,
And make a prayer both loud and long,
And teach the right, and do the wrong,
Hailing the brother, sister throng,
With words of heavenly union.

We wonder how such saints can sing,
Or praise the Lord upon the wing,
Who roar and scold and whip and sting,
And to their slaves and mammon cling,
In guilty conscience's union.

They'll raise tobacco, corn and rye,
And drive and thieve and cheat and lie,
And lay up treasures in the sky,
By making switch and cowskin fly,
In hope of heavenly union.

They'll crack old Tony on the skull,
And preach and roar like bashaw-bull,
Or braying ass, of mischief full,
Then seize old Jacob by the wool,
And pull for heavenly union.

A roaring, ranting, sleek man-thief,
Who lived on mutton, veal and beef,
And never could afford relief,
To needy sable sons of grief,
Was big with heavenly union.

Love not the world, the preacher said,
And winked his eye and shook his head,
He seized on Tom and Dick and Ned,
Cut short their meat and clothes and bread,
Yet still loved heavenly union.

Another preacher whining spoke,
Of one whose heart for sinners broke,
He tied old Nancy to an oak,
And drew the blood at every stroke,
And prayed for heavenly union.

Two others op'ed their iron jaws,
And waved their children-stealing paws,
There sat their children in gew-gaws—
By stinting negroes backs and maws,
They keep up heavenly union.

All good from Jack another takes,
And entertains their flirts and rakes,
Who dress as sleek as glossy snakes,
And cram their mouths with sweeten'd cakes,
And this goes down for union.

Fremont's Proclamation.

Behold against the western sky
The sacred banner waves on high;
That banner which our race has borne
A thousand years triumphant on,
Gleaming through England's glorious days,
Lightning our father's darkest ways,
The beacon bright on Plymouth's night,
The flame that rose from Bunker's height,
High o'er Our country, like a star,
To guide the Nation's holy war.
Thank Heaven! Still flaming high we see
The banner of Man's Liberty.
We'll guard it, Freemen, through the fight;
Our war-cry sings "God and the Right."

LIBERTAS.

Boston, September, 1861.

THE WAR.

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

Objections are raised in unexpected quarters against abolishing slavery by the war. The scheme is being denounced as being inhuman, insurrectionary, and full of horrors. Let us take this bull by the horns in the argument, as Fremont in one quarter of the battle field has taken it in his proclamation, giving freedom to the slaves of all rebels in Missouri, and thus striking a blow directly at the heart of the rebellion.

In the first place, a war for emancipation would be quite as just and righteous in itself as a war for the subduing of rebellion. If the rebellion be not subdued, there is an end to all honest government, and a destruction of American liberties. But on the other hand, if slavery be not subdued, the establishment of the slave government over the continent would be a greater calamity for mankind.

In the second place, What is there in a war for emancipation any more inhuman than in a war for putting down rebellion? Is not slavery as great a sin in God's sight as rebellion? Is not slavery as injurious to mankind, and as destructive of all good government, as rebellion? And is not the emancipation of the enslaved as clearly a command from God as obedience to the Government? And is not a war in defence of others' rights quite as benevolent as one in defence of our own? And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?

In the third place, What is there in a war for emancipation any more insurrectionary or inhuman than in a war for putting down rebellion? Is it any more inhuman for blacks to be enlisted in fighting against rebellious whites, than for whites to be enlisted in fighting against their brethren? The war for emancipation would simply be a legalized, well-ordered martial insurrection against rebels and traitors. The war to put down the rebellion is much wider and more fearful, occupies vaster territories, and necessitates the fighting and the sacrifice of greater numbers of white soldiers, than it would if it were a war to put down slavery, the cause of the rebellion. The war for emancipation, instead of increasing, would speedily and rapidly reduce the horrors of arw, gathering them into a smaller compass, and instead of covering the whole ground of the rebellion needlessly, would concentrate a force against that one fortress or intrenchment which commands all the enemy's positions, and being invested, would compel him to surrender at all points.

A correspondent of the "Tribune" of August 19th, from a Southern State, declared that the Government would "have to inaugurate some system of emancipation as an act of mercy to the whites of the South, and for the purpose of controlling elements otherwise uncontrollable and destructive."

Now a national act and proclamation of emancipation is not an insurrection, nor its proclamation, but simply an invitation of enlistment under authority and protection of the United States Government. It is just what a proclamation of the marriage ordinance would be in a region where there had been nothing but promiscuous licentiousness. The marriage act would intervene to put a stop to such licentiousness, subduing it within the permanent bounds and channels of domestic life and virtue. And just so, the proclamation of liberty to all the inhabitants of the land would be the proclamation, not of insurrection, but of legitimate obedience and protection under the guardianship of law.

As fast as the army, making or carrying this proclamation, advanced, so fast and so far the slaves would be put under protective arrangements and rules, a system of continued employment and care, drafted and regimented for service, or if kept on plantations, kept at work, the plantations being the property of the Government, and the slaves kept as free laborers. But beyond the advance and occupation of the army, the proclamation of liberty would simply prepare the way for such advance. If it produced a temporary insurrection, this would so paralyze and occupy the power and whole attention of the enemy, as to render an immediate advance, conquest, and occupation by the army an easy and inevitable movement; and whenever any insurrection had begun, it would cease instantly on the presence of the army, being turned into a legitimate and military, and no longer insurrectionary movement.

The country in rebellion must be subdued, and for the present governed as a conquered territory, conquered by a free Government and people, and to be governed by that Government, just as the free territory is governed, under the rule of "no involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime." If any human beings henceforward in all the rebellious states are to be put to involuntary servitude, it must be the rebels themselves, taken in the act of rebellion against the Government. Let them be made the slaves, and let the blacks be appointed their overseers. Such would be the result of emancipation, that is, the just reduction and punishment of the rebels, who have filled their country with all the inhumanity and miseries of war for the sake of slavery, and the deliverance and orderly employment of the slaves by the conquering Government.

Yet in the face of all this, we have the strange phenomenon of persons arguing that liberty to the slaves must on no account be proclaimed or permitted, because it would set the whole South in all the miseries of a civil and servile war! But what are the very opponents of emancipation themselves proposing on the largest scale, but just a devastating, desolating war to put down the rebellion, a war against the rebels, which, if it involves anything, involves all the inhumanities of war on both sides! And they mean to maintain this, yet will not adopt the one measure of freedom to the enslaved which would put an end to all this! They will continue the war, with all its horrible desolation and sacrifice of friends more than foes, rather than admit the boon of emancipation, because, they say, this would involve insurrection, and insurrection would be savage and inhuman against the rebels and their social state! An insurrection would be so full of horror to their enemies, that they prefer to desolate the households of their friends!

For the honor of our country, let the word Freedom to all the inhabitants of the land go forth, and thus let this dreadful rebellion be subdued in the speediest possible way.—INDEPENDENT.

THE SHARK.

AN ADVENTURE AT THE PEARL FISHERY.

One breathless day we were floating in our little boat at the pearl fishery, watching the diving. "We" means my wife, myself, and our little daughter, who was nestled in the arms of her "ayah," or colored nurse. It was one of those tropical mornings, the glory of which is indescribable. The sea was so transparent that the boat in which we lay, shielded from the sun by awnings, seemed to hang suspended in the air. The tufts of pink and white coral that studded the bed of the ocean beneath, were as distinct as if they were growing at our feet. We seemed to be gazing upon a beautiful parterre of variegated candy tuft. The shores, fringed with palms and patches of a gigantic species of cactus which was then in bloom, were as still and serene as if they had been painted on glass. Indeed the whole landscape looked like a beautiful scene beheld through a glorified telescope. Eminently real, as far as detail went, but fixed and motionless as death.

Nothing broke the silence save the occasional plunge of the divers in the water, or the noise of the large oysters falling into the bottom of the boat. In the distance, on a small narrow point of land, a strange crowd of human beings were visible. Oriental pearl merchants, Fakeers selling amulets, Brahmins in their dirty white robes, all attracted to the spot by the prospect of gain, (as fish collected round a handful of bait flung into a pond,) bargaining, cheating, and strangely mingling religion with lucre.

My wife and I lay back on the cushions that lined the after part of our little skiff, languidly gazing on the sea and sky by turns. Suddenly our attention was aroused by a great shout, which was followed by a volley of shrill cries from the pearl-fishing boats. On turning in the direction the greatest excitement was visible among the different crews. Hands were pointed. White teeth was gesticulating violently. Then two or three negroes seized some long poles and commenced beating the water violently. Others flung gourds and calabashes, and old pieces of wood and stones, in the direction of a particular spot that lay between the nearest fishing-boat and ourselves.

The only thing visible in this spot was a black, sharp blade, thin as the blade of a pen-knife, that appeared slowly and evenly cutting through the still water. No surgical instrument ever glided through human flesh with more silent, cruel calm. It needed not the cry of "Shark! shark!" to tell us what it was. In a moment we had a vivid picture of that unseen monster, with its small watchful eyes and his huge mouth, with its double row of fangs presented before our mental vision. There were three divers under water at this moment, while directly above them hung suspended the remorseless incarnation of death.

My wife clasped my hand convulsively, and became deathly pale. I stretched out the other hand instinctively and grasped a revolver which lay beside me. I was in the act of cocking it, when a shriek of unutterable agony from the ayah burst on our ears. I turned my head quick as a flash of lightning and beheld her with empty arms, hanging over the gunwale of the boat, while down in the calm sea I saw a tiny little face swathed in white, sinking—sinking—sinking!

What are words to paint such a crisis? I was roused from a trance of anguish by the flitting of a dark form through the clear water, cleaving its way swiftly towards that darling little shape that grew dimmer and dimmer every second as it settled in the sea. We all saw it, and the same thought struck us all. That terrible, deadly black fin was the key of our sudden terror. The shark! A simultaneous shriek burst from our lips. I tried to jump overboard, but was withheld by some one; little use had I done so, for I could not swim a stroke. The dark shape glided on like a flash of lightning. It reached our treasure.

In an instant all we loved on earth was blotted from our sight. My heart stood still—my breath ceased—life trembled on my lips. The next moment a dusky head shot out of the water close to our boat—a dusky head whose lips gasped for breath, but whose eyes shone with the brightness of superhuman joy. The second after, two tawny hands held a dripping white mass above water, and a second and the brave pearl-diver had clambered in, and laid my little daughter at her mother's feet. This was the shark. This the man-eater. This hero in sun-burned hide, who with his quick, acquatic sight had seen our dear one sinking through the sea, and had brought her up to us again, pale and dripping, but still alive. What tears and what laughter fell on us three by turns, as we named our gem rescued from the ocean "Little Pearl!"

BE KIND TO THE AGED.

Age, when whitening for the tomb, is an object of sublimity. The passions have ceased—hopes of self have ceased. They linger with the young, they pray for the young while their spirits are looking beyond the grave—and oh! how careful should the young be to reward the aged with their fresh warm hearts, to diminish the chill of ebbing life. The Spartans looked upon a reverential respect for old age as a beautiful trait of character. Be kind to those who are in the Autumn of life, for thou knowest not what suffering they may have endured, or how much of it may still be their portion. Do they seem unreasonable and disposed to find fault or murmur? Allow not thine anger to kindle against them; rebuke them not, for doubtless many have been the crosses and trials of earlier years, and perhaps their dispositions, while in the Spring time of life, were more flexible than thine own. Do they require aid of thee? then render it cheerfully, forget not that the time may come when thou mayest desire the same assistance from others, that thou renderest unto them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think it is not hard if much is required at thy hand, lest when age sets its seal upon thy brow and fills thy limbs with trembling, others may wait unwillingly, and feel relieved when the coffin-lip has covered thy face forever.—"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

AN UNFORTUNATE PATIENT.

A self-sufficient "regular," who took up the business of a physician, and pretended to a deep knowledge of the healing art, was called to visit a young man afflicted with the apoplexy. Bolus gazed long and fixedly; felt his pulse and pockets and finally gave vent to the following sublime opinion:—

"I think he's a gone feller."

"No, no!" exclaimed the sorrowful wife, "do not say that."

"Yes," returned Bolus, lifting his hat and eyes heavenward at the same time, "Yes, I do say so; there ain't no hope, not the leastest mite, he's got an attack of 'nihil fit' in his lost frontis."

"Where?" cried the startled wife.

"In his lost frontis, and he can't be cured without trouble and a great deal of pains.—You see, his whole planetary system is deranged. Fustly, his vox populi is pressing on his advalorum; secondly, his cutacarpal cutaneous has swelled considerablly, if not more; thirdly, and lastly, his solar ribs are in a concussed state, and finally, 'he ain't got any money,' consequently he is bound to die."

HOW TO KEEP MEN AT HOME.

There would be fewer wretched marriages, fewer dissipated, degraded men, if women were taught to feel the angel duty which devolves upon them, to keep the wandering steps of those who are tempted so much more than they, in the paths of virtue and peace—to make them feel that in the busy world all is noise and confusion—that at home there is order and repose—that their eyes look brighter when they come—that the smile of welcome is ever ready to receive them, the books are ever ready to be laid aside to administer to the husband's pleasure; they would find amusement then at home, nor strive to seek it elsewhere. And not alone to the higher class of society, should this be taught—it should be a lesson instilled into the minds of all, high and low, rich and poor. Fewer heart-broken wives, weeping and scolding, would stand waiting at the doors of public houses to lead the unsteady steps of the drunken husbands home, if that home had offered a room as cheerful, a fire as bright, a welcome as friendly and cordial as at the tap room they frequent. Duty has seldom so strong a hold on a man as woman; they cannot and will not for duty's sake, remain in a dull, tedious or ill-managed, quarrelsome home, but leave it to find elsewhere the comfort and amusement which fails them there, and, when riot and revelry have done their work, the wives and sisters, who have done so little to make them otherwise, are pitied for bad husbands and brothers.

FALLING IN LOVE.

This "falling in love" is a singular thing. 'Tis what everybody laughs at, and what everybody does. 'Tis what grave and proper people frown and shake the head at, and incontinently run behind the door, crying, (pity such hypocrite should ever get anybody to love them well enough to hide away with them,) 'tis the beginning of sorrow and the beginning of joy; it is indirectly the means of all trouble in this world. Don't contradict. It is. Think awhile, and see if it is not so. In a world peopled by human beings, the element which lies at the foundation of life could perpetuate only delight; but in a world like ours, where to live is to suffer, and to love is to live and to cause life, what then? Is our proposition established?

All young persons are eager to become acquainted with love. Many grosser minds care only for passion; but generally there is a great deal of sentiment and refinement in the love of youth. It lacks depth, however; the first love is rarely the best love. It is but the pretty prelude, so charming and gay, that heralds the approach of the master passion of love. It may, to be sure, endure and deepen, and strengthen into the life's long love; but it is not often so. Sweet as are the songs of poets about "first love," there is but little truth in them, as the world can testify. The swelling and overhasty heart of youth, trembling with its desire to overflow into some other heart, is touched but slightly by some chance hand, and out goes its ready affection. For a white brow, for a pretty foot or hand, for a sparkling eye, a mouth, a winning voice, youth will go mad and do a thousand foolish things, the memory of which all haste is made to bury when middle-age is gained. But every one can know what are the motives and emotions which prompt him or her to seek a life-long union with a lover.

If to the inclination of fancy and the fervor of passion be added a conviction in desires and sympathies, the twain are one; if the love they feel for each other raises them nearer to God: if they feel that they can bear with each other's faults, and love each other still when heart and flesh fail; if their affections have folded about each other until they have clasped deeper than the moral frame which their eyes behold, and have fastened themselves firmly to the deathless spirit, there can be but little, very little danger that they are entering a path in which their bodies must march side by side until they reach the grave; while all the time their hearts go wider and wider asunder. God have mercy on all who thus comfortless are marching; and give clear sight, and a wise and pure heart to all who are yet to enter upon the conjugal journey.

A WOMAN'S PARADISE.

A roving adventurer who has hunted the elephant, the rhinoceros, the lion, the tiger and boa through the jungles of Asia, and the wild swamps and broad plains and boundless forests of Africa, writes home that he has found a people in the latter country, on the upper Zimbezi, that astonish him more than any other tribes that he has ever met with. They are intelligent and hospitable, "and are almost entirely governed by their women." Some of the tribes have female chiefs, and say that has been their custom from time immemorial. But where the supreme ruler is a man, the governing influence comes from the women. If you ask a man for anything, or about anything, he replies that he will see what his wife says about it; and as the wife says so must it be. Women vote on all political questions. The religious and judicial oaths also recognizes the supremacy of woman, as everybody swears "by my mother." When a man marries, he takes up his abode with his wife's people, and has to contribute handsomely towards the support of his mother-in-law, and to assume a highly respectful attitude—a sort of kneeling posture—in her presence. The girls of a family inherit the paternal property, and the sons have not only to earn their own living, but also to be responsible for the support of their unmarried sisters. On the whole, the Upper Zimbezi country is a sort of woman's paradise, and the very best country in the world for strong-minded women, and mothers-in-law to emigrate to.

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.—In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment, and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your hands, and diligently too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." He who stays in the mill, grinds not he who comes and goes.

Attend to your business, never trust any one else. "A pot that belongs to too many is ill stirred and worse boiled."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot-lid." "Save the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love shall beggar prove."

Rise early. "The sleepy fox catches no poultry."

"Plow deep, while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep."

Treat every one with civility and respect. "Everything is gained, and nothing lost, by courtesy."

"Good manners insure success."

Never anticipate wealth from any other source but labor, especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance. "He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go a long time barefoot." "He who runs after a shadow hath a wearisome race."

Above all things, never despair. God is where he was. He helps those who truly trust in him.

AFFECTING STATEMENT.—The solemnity of the battle-field and the true nature of the work of war have an impressive exhibition in the following which we know to be literally true:—

A soldier who was in the battle of Bull Run, said that after the first fire of the enemy upon our troops, a great many men fell, wounded all around. And from many of them the cry went up, 'God have mercy on my soul.' So earnest was the cry, and so contagious that I found myself making almost unconscious to myself, the same prayer over and over again, as I was fighting, "God have mercy on my soul." He said that for two or three nights, after leaving home and arriving here, he could not sleep. Ringing through his ears, through all the hours of a wakeful night, was the impassioned, earnest cry, a cry which he could never forget, "God have mercy on my soul!" such a cry as none but men passing into eternity could utter.

PRETTY GOOD.—An old colored man, near Victoria, Texas, who was the only Baptist in the neighborhood, always "stuck up for his own faith," and was ready with a reason for it, although he was unable to read a word. This was the way he "put 'em down:"

"You kin read, now, keant you? Well, I s'pose you've read the Bible, hain't you?" "Yes." "You've read about John de Baptist, hain't you?" "Yes." "Well, you never read about "John de Methodist," did you. You see I has de Bible on my side den.

LONDON THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—It is said that late investigations show that there is no longer any foundations for the pretence that the largest cities in the world are to be found in the Orient. No city, either in China or Japan, can vie in populousness with London; while in commerce, manufactures, and all that goes to make substantial importance the cities of Asia are far behind the great commercial centers of the enlightened world. Paris, indeed, comes nighest London in these and other respects; but she is, nevertheless, some distance behind the elder city. By the census just made the population of London is stated at 2,800,000, showing an increase within about six years of nearly 500,000 persons.

AN OLD toper being urged to drink the beverage prepared by God himself to nourish and invigorate his creatures, and beautify his footstool, indignantly replied,—No, water is dangerous—very. It drowns people—it gets into their chests—into their heads—water on the brain for instance. And then it makes that infernal steam what's allers blowing a fellow up. Water! no I'll drink none ont. Let him drink it that likes."

"JOHNNY," said a mother to her son, a little boy of nine years, "go and wash your face. I am ashamed to see you come to the table with such a dirty mouth."

"I did wash it, ma," and feeling his upper lip and looking grave he added "I think it must be a moustache coming, mother!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

SOOTHING SYRUP.

Every mother should be prepared to act in the capacity of both nurse and physician to her children she can, if she will, discharge these duties much better than any one she can employ. If she does not, she ought to know that there is a Medicine prepared by an old nurse and female physician which has stood the test of many, many years, and is the most perfect thing on earth for children teething; it also cures Wind Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, and is sure to regulate the bowels. We say to every mother, do not le your own prejudices, or the prejudices of others stand in the way of the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP certainly does, as the name implies, "soothe" the little sufferer into a quiet, natural sleep, from which it awakes invigorated and refreshed. And for the cure of diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Wind Colic, &c., we have never seen its equal.

We have always been, and still are, opposed to the practice of drugging infants. This article has no deleterious effects whatever, and from our own experience (we speak advisedly) we have every confidence in it, and can heartily recommend it to all mothers. Take our advice—use it—and you will as strongly recommend it to others as we have to you.

When we say that MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP acts like a charm, we do but reiterate the language of every person who ever used it for their children, for all diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery and Diarrhœa, Wind Colic and Cholera Infantum. It will produce quietude and rest, relieve all suffering, and the infant will awake invigorated and refreshed, and not with the dull and stupefying effects of preparations of opium.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States.

During the thirty years of unprecedented and increasing popularity of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, innumerable "CORDIALS" and other nostrums, prepared by pretended M.D.'s, have sprung up and lived but a mushroon existence, the SOOTHING SYRUP has been constantly increasing in popularity, and become a household word, and

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for the health of their children, by the use of her invaluable article.

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5. Paints, Grease, Tar, and stains of every description vanish as by magic, before its wonderful, searching, erasive powers.
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Are composed of Sarsaparilla, Dock-root, Rheubarb Thoroughwort, Dandelion, Prickly Ash, Bark, &c they should be taken not only in the Spring, but at all seasons of the year, as they operate directly on the liver, removing from it all coating of morbid matter, and restoring it to its normal action; also opening the bile ducts, causing the requisite flow of bile so essential to good health. Their influence upon the kidneys, also, is advantageously felt; at the same time they operate upon the blood, cleansing it from all impurity or taint of any kind. Humors of long standing are eradicated from the blood, thereby speedily curing jaundice, headache, weak stomach, sore eyes, nervousness, and other chronic diseases arising from impurity of the blood.

The palatableness of these bitters renders them agreeable to every one, and being composed entirely of vegetables, they may be used by all classes of people with safety.

Sold for the low price of 25 cents per pint bottle.

DR. CLARKE'S
SUGAR-COATED HERB PILLS.

These pills are made mostly from a valuable herb hat grows on the proprietor's farm.

Warranted to cure Bilious Stomach, Bilious Bowels, Bilious Colic, Bilious Fever, and all diseases which arise from a bilious state of the system viz, Jaundice, Headache, Heartburn, Sour Stomach Liver Complaint, Weak Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, and a host, of diseases too numerous to mention, as their number is legion.

Warranted to cure diseases peculiar to the female sex

Warranted at all times safe and efficient.

Warranted for a gentle family physic not to have an equal in America, operating without pain.

Warranted not to contain calomel, aloes, gamboge colocynth, or other drastic poisonous drugs, which always do the system more hurt than good, and by their continued use are sure to cause a derangement of the liver, bring on costiveness, and its inevitable consequence, piles, and dyspepsia, and finally break down the constitution, and cause the victim to drag out a miserable existence. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wily poison. Your life is your own,—preserve it. Take a simple herb, sure in its effects, but safe and pleasant,—no wrenching pains, no ill effects, and made pleasant to take by a fine coat of sugar. Children love them, ladies admire them, fools and wise men cannot do without them, doctors prescribe them,—and every body takes them. Yes, every body; from the honest farmer and mechanic to the most learned philosopher. And why? Simply because they are good, excellently good; and will do you good.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

DR. CLARKE'S COUGH AND CROUP SYRUP.

It is the most wonderful, effective and extraordinary medicine for the lungs ever used by man. It is perfectly safe and pleasant to take, and gives relief immediately. Thousands have been cured by its use, and tens of thousands will be again. All who use it pronounce it to be the best lung remedy ever discovered. Common coughs and colds are dispelled by the use of only a few doses, and children can be cured of croup at once if taken in its first stage. Long standing diseases require perseverance, but a cure will be guaranteed. No medicine before ever possessed such excellent healing and curative power for the lungs. It seems, with almost magic power, to dispel the most severe cases of cough and throat ail.

Vocalists and public speakers should not fail to keep a bottle on hand at all times. A small quantity taken occassionally renders the voice beautifully clear and the lungs extremely strong. Words cannot fully express the great benefit to be derived from the use of the world-renowned remedy. Delay not, but procure a bottle at once. Use it if needed and if not, keep it till necessity requires its use, as all, sooner or later, are overtaken by some unpleasant affection of the lungs or throat.

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The Weekly Anglo-African.

"MAN MUST BE FREE!—IF NOT THROUGH LAW, WHY THEN ABOVE THE LAW."

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Poetry.

WORK AND THINK.

Hammer, and tongs, and anvils ringing,
Waking echoes all day long,
In a deep-toned voice are singing
Thrifty Labor's iron song.
From a thousand fly wheels bounding,
From a thousand singing looms,
Night and day the notes are sounding
Through the misty fact'ry room.
Listen! workman, to their playing—
There's advance in every click;
Still they're singing—still they're saying,
"Whilst you labor, learn to think!"

Think what power lies within you,
For what triumphs ye are formed,
If, in aid of bone and sinew,
Hearts of emulation warmed.
Mighty Thought ye woo and cherish,
What shall hold your spirits down?
What shall make your high hope perish?
Why shall ye mind fortunes frown?
Do ye wish for profit, pleasure?
Thirst at Learning's fount to drink?
Crave ye honor, fame or treasure?
Ye the germs have— work and think!

Think! but not alone of living,
Like the horse from day to day;
Think! but not alone of giving
Health for pelf, or soul for pay;
Think! O, be machines no longer—
Engines mades of flesh and blood!
Think! 'twill make you fresher, stronger;
Link you to the great and good!
Thought exalts and lightens labor,
Thought forbids the soul to sink!
Self-respect and love of neighbor,
Mark the men who work—and think!

Think! and let the thought now nerve you;
Think of men who've gone before
Leaving lustrous names to serve you;
Yours the path they've plodded o'er;
Freedom fights and wins her charter
With the sword of thought—the pen!
Tyranny can find no quarter
In the ranks of thinking men.
Think! for thought's a word of power—
Power to make oppression shrink;
Grasp ye then the precious dower!
Poise it—wield it—work and think!

Hold your hands up, toiling brothers;
'Mongst us be it ne'er forgot
Labor for ourselves and others,
Is for man a noble lot.
Nobler far, and holier, higher,
Than vain luxury can claim,
If but zeal and worth inspire,
And true greatness be our aim,
Power to compass this is given—
Power that forms the strongest link
'Twixt an upright man and Heaven,
His noblest power—the power to think!

THE MASTER KEY TO OUR PROSPERITY.

Mr. Editor,

The wants of the black man are generally summed up in a few words; each and every one among us admitting the fact.

The following comprise our most essential wants:—Union, Wealth, Education, Force of Character, Incentive and Encouragement. The method of acquiring these necessities are by our different leading advisers presented in as many different modes. Who is right or wrong remains to be seen, time will decide all.

I claim that one method of attaining the above requirements, is the sustenance of a journal through which our progress, wants, hopes, and all general information connected with the black man's interest can be discussed, reproduced, conveyed or circulated.

It creates an anxiety for education and all that stimulates to a moral and religious elevation. It strengthens the feeble intellect and displays the radiant light of the strong and cultivated, which reflection is now lost upon a weak and comparatively benighted race.

While it induces many to seek popularity by contributing to its columns, it develops that hidden talent which, by encouragement, is perfected, and gradually assumes that position that man's duty to his God and fellow man is his prerogative and undoubted obligation; it produces that incentive which gives force to character, a desire for competition in the several branches of industry and mental improvement; it furnishes argument to combat the many slanders cast into our teeth by enemies; to substantiate our manhood with proof, which we have at hand to satisfy those who deny the originality of our ideas, our capability of uniting and sustaining any measure productive of good, independent of their (the white man's) assistance; it raises us in our own estimation, as we by degrees feel the firmness of the foundation upon which our sacred cause is building.

Sir, the disseminating of practical views for contemplation or adoption has the tendency to produce that union we much need, and have heretofore sought for in vain. "Union is strength." The concentration of means. It increases and consolidates our advisers. The Bible tells us that "in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom." Then with a faithful adherence to the cause we have espoused, let us cling to the only key that will effectually unlock the treasure our necessities demand.

The sustenance of a journal offering the inducements the "Weekly Anglo-African" presents should be our determined, united, and inseparable action. Let it become the people's text book—the people's palladium.

Let the Ministers of the Gospel recommend it with all fervor, and endeavor by their commanding influence and spirit of Christian love to impress it upon their church and congregation; point them to that channel which leads to eminence, respect, and a national recognition, the key to which lies in the prosperity and sustenance of the glorious "Anglo-African.".

The Rev. Mr. Gloucester has initiated a very commendable project for the immediate wants of the paper, and whose exemplary generosity I hope will be followed, for the paper must live beyond to-day. Let us calculate for the future also. When the dark days of this unhappy and sin-cursed Republic shall have past and our great boon shall have been accomplished, may we in gratitude recall the names of Hamilton, Gloucester, and others whose steadfast, self-sacrificing efforts shall become our household words, their portraits our household gods.

R. H. V.

LETTER FROM NEW HAVEN.

Dear Anglo,

I am deeply interested in and highly gratified with the re-appearance of the much-loved "Anglo-African.' My delayed congratulation is no proof of disinterestedness on my part, for I hoped ere this to have some interesting matter for publication, respecting religious affairs in this vicinity.

Religious interest seems in every quarter here to be at a stand still, for reasons not obvious to me; therefore, as the old adage has it "the darkest time is just before day," it only remains for me to anxiously look, earnestly hope, and ardently pray for the radiance of the heavenly star to descend through the thickened and benighted gloom of coldness that seems to cluster around the entire land, and cause each heart to realize and once more acknowledge the fact that

"His presence disperses the gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice."

Yet amid these discouragements I am pleased to report the organization of a Sabbath School. As there was heretofore none connected with our church, I organized one on Sabbath, August 18th, with 11 scholars and 3 teachers which since has increased every Sabbath and numbers now 31. The only obstacle now is to procure an efficient library which I am daily striving to and hope soon will accomplish.

I think if there was a little more punctuality in the distribution of the "Anglo" here, a great many more copies might be disposed of—for even now while I write on Tuesday, 24th, up to 1 o'clock, the last number of that paper has not reached me nor several others who are complaining much of the neglect, and as I often take an extra copy to send to my friends in Nova Scotia, I feel quite disappointed.

The weather here is lovely, the beautiful change taking place in the leaves on the trees betokens the approach of cold winter.

Joseph G. Smith,

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 24, 1861.

LETTER FROM NEWARK.

Newark, N.J., Sept. 24, 1861.

Mr. Editor,

The Rev. John Thompson, pastor of the Academy St. M.E. Church, who has been quite ill for some weeks with a spinal complaint, left here for Sag Harbor, L. I., on Thursday last, with the expectation of regaining his health and returning to the resumption of his pastoral duties, in four weeks. He is very much esteemed by his large flock and has their sincere sympathies. I do not know who is to supply his pulpit in his absence.

The Rt. Rev. Peter Ross, Superintendent of the 2d District of the Zion M.E. Church, preached in the Academy St. Church on Sabbath afternoon and evening—text, afternoon, Acts 13 chap. 18 verse—evening, 2d Cor. 5 chap. 1 verse. Both discourses were excellent and well appreciated by those who listened, and on Monday evening 23d inst., while visiting Mrs. S. Williams' house, he was agreeably surprised by a host of ladies and gents coming in and presenting him with a purse of $5. How opportune! Mr. Ross is en-route from Pennsylvania to Providence, R. I., where he resides. He was well pleased with his visit, having a sister and daughter here, who with his legion of friends, vied with each other in making his time pass most agreeably.

The infant son of Mr. Wm. and Mrs. Mary M. Neal, aged about eight months, died on Saturday evening, and was buried yesterday. The general health of our people in the city and vicinity is pretty good.

Mr. S. Spencer, from Port-au-Prince, on government business in Canada, made his friends a flying visit last week. He looks and feels well, and brought news of the convalescence of the Rev. J. T. Holly and others of the New Haven Colony, in Hayti.

'Rec. in Cur.

COLORED SOLDIERS.

Mr. Editor,

I saw by your last number an article taken from the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati "Inquirer," respecting colored troops of Canada and elsewhere holding themselves in readiness to be accepted by the United States Government.

Permit me to say that this subject should be investigated thoroughly by colored men of sound sense, for be it remembered that this government has played so ignoble a part in the execution of the fugitive slave law, and has returned (and has yet on hand) so many fugitives to return by military force that the slaves in the South are now enraged at the doing of the North towards themselves, and it is probable that the South will ere long bring upwards of a half million of them into the field. Then, and only then will our services be accepted. The colored man who would accept the job of fighting the slaves is worthy of death.

J. G. S.

New Haven, Con., Sept. 24, 1861.

IRA ALDRIDGE, THE GREATEST LIVING TRAGEDIAN.

As Mr. Aldridge is now astonishing and delighting all Europe with his wonderful performances, we reprint for the benefit of our readers a brief sketch of his life, prepared by an early and talented personal friend of his, and published in the Anglo-African Magazine for January, 1860.

Nearly half a century ago—in 1816–17, to wit—there sailed from the port of New York, in one of the Liverpool packets, as steward thereof, a tall black man named Brown. He belonged to a class which, at that time and for years afterwards, even to the present day, occupied a respectable and responsible position. The steward was then, next to the captain, the most important personage in the ship. Dressed in his brilliant-colored morning-gown and red slippers, he was wont to receive passengers with a "stately courtesy," which was duly reciprocated by those who went down to the sea in ships. The stewards of the different lines of packets vied with each other in their style on board ship, and in their private houses. They were all colored, and sailed to every port, at home or abroad—Liverpool, Canton, Bremen, Charleston, New Orleans, Savannah, &c. There are yet among us, in a flourishing old age, some of the stewards of that good old time: Henry Scott, the retired merchant, whose name is an anologue for probity, and George Lawrence, Senior, and of a somewhat later day, Benjamin Fisher, the "bluff salt" who reigns in the Vanderbilt "skimmer of the seas." And of those who have shipped on their last voyage, Bowser, Mack, Burchell, Portee, Harry Brown, Moses Sheppard, George B. Williams, and a hundred others;

"Quæ regio terris ?"

What part of the earth does not bear witness to their presence?

In 1816–17, Mr. Brown, steward of a Liverpool liner, gave up following the sea, and hired a house on the north side of Thomas street, (nearly opposite that since made famous by the Helen Jewett tragedy,) and fitted up a tea-garden in the rear of the lot. In the evening he made the garden attractive by vocal and instrumental music. His brother stewards and their wives, and the colored population generally, gave him a full share of patronage. Among his *artistes* were Miss Ann Johnson, since Mrs. Allen, the mother of an excellent *cantatrice* of the present time, and James Hewlett. These evening entertainments were not dry affairs; brandy and gin-toddies, wine-negus, porter and strong ale, with cakes and meats, enabled the audience to gratify several senses and appetites at the same time. James Hewlett was quite a character in his line; a very fine singer for the times, he added by degrees, dramatic exhibitions to the entertainments. His off nights were invariably spent in the gallery of the old Park Theater, and spent not in vain, for he soon became celebrated for the talent and versatility which enabled him—anticipating Mathews, we believe—to perform several widely differing characters, very perfectly, at one exhibition. He followed the fashionable world to Saratoga, and in the height of the season, when rival singers would scatter their paper announcements through the hotels, there would appear, thickly scattered around, tastily printed on white satin:

"JAMES HEWLETT,
Vocalist, and Shakespeare's proud
Representative
Will give an entertainment
IN SINGING AND ACTING
In the Large Room of the United States
Hotel.
&c., &c., &c.

Hewlett was a mulatto, of middle height, with sharp features, and a well-set, coal-black eye. He was a native of one of the West India Islands.

So great was Mr. Brown's success with his tea-garden, that in four or five years he built a theater in Mercer street, above Prince, then, of course, well up-town. The edifice was of wood, roughly built, and having capacity for an audience of three or four hundred. The enterprise was quite successful, the audience being composed largely of laughter-loving young clerks, who came to see the sport, but invariably paid their quarter for admission.

The father of Ira Aldridge was Daniel Aldridge, a straw-vender in the city of New York. Mr. Aldridge was a strict member, in high standing, in "Old Zion." We well remember the old gentleman—short in stature, with a tall, broad-brimmed white hat, mounted on a high cart filled with his merchandise, and dolefully crying STRAW, S-T-R-A-W! through the streets, especially on Saturday nights. He was a native of Baltimore, and his wife (Ira's mother,) of North Carolina; so that the great actor himself hails from the region which has produced so many distinguished colored Americans.

Ira Aldridge was born in Chapel street, (now West Broadway) in the city of New York, in 1808.* At the time of the existence of Brown's theater, he attended the African school in Mulberry street, on the site now occupied by colored Ward School No. 1. He was among the "big boys" of our schoolmates, yet we do not recollect, nor do others of his schoolmates, that he especially distinguished himself in any direction. We have a dim remembrance of a great fight in which he was engaged with one Joe Prince, on the spot until recently occupied by the New York Gas Light Co., at the corner of Collect and Hester streets, when one—but which of them, we cannot say—got terribly whipped. His attainments were about the average of the scholars in attendance upon the school, then taught by the late Mr. Charles C. Andrews.

It was a peculiar talent, constantly exercised by that teacher, to find out what a boy was good for—in other words, the bent of the child; and having once ascertained this, he would spare no pains to cultivate such bent with untiring industry. Mr. Andrews felt, and often said, that the character of the race was in the keeping of his scholars, and that they must exert themselves to maintain it. "Ira," in the words of his elder brother, Mr. Joshua Aldridge, now resident in New York city, "being a somewhat intelligent lad, was held in considerable favor for his quickness and attention to his studies, both by his teacher and schoolmates. He lost his mother while yet a child, and being of a roving disposition, only remained at home a few months after his father's second marriage; he shipped on a brig, and sailed South. While in a port in North Carolina, he attracted the attention of a slave dealer, who offered the captain five hundred dollars for him; but the captain, who happened to be a Christian man, refused the offer, saying that "the boy had trusted to his honor to carry him back to New York." Shortly after his return home, Brown's theatre was opened, and Ira, with his brother Joshua, took to the stage; but their father finding it out, took them away from the theatre. Some time after this, Ira again shipped, this time as steward in a vessel bound for Liverpool. It happened that Mr. James Wallack, the actor, was passenger in the same vessel. Mr. Wallack engaged Ira as his personal attendant while on the passage, and on the arrival of the vessel in Liverpool, Aldridge left her with that view. He has not since (this was in 1826–7) returned to the United States." In 1828–9 he was engaged in a subordinate capacity in Astley's Amphitheater, London.

In September, 1832, while in Liverpool, the writer of this sketch happened to put up at the same hotel with the wife of Mr. Aldridge. She was an English lady, the daughter of a late member of Parliament, and had made a run-away match with the African Roscius. She was a lady of fine accomplishments and great conversational talent. She showed me a bust, in plaster of her husband, and very anxiously inquired whether he had the true negro features, seeming especially desirous that he should be perfect in this way. Mr. Aldridge himself was absent on a professional tour, and I did not have the pleasure of meeting him until nearly two years after in the city of Glasgow, where he fulfilled an engagement at the Royal Theatre, then under the management of the Mr. Alexander.

The engagement was a very successful one, the actor drawing large audiences and winning golden opinions from the press. The waters, however, did not run smoothly behind the scenes. Mr. Alexander, a tall, stalwart, coarse man, of great energy and perseverance, had won success in the management by alternately cuddling and scolding his audience in the midst of his own performance, and by bullying his actors behind the curtain. No small portion of the attraction to young gentlemen in the pit arose from his habit of suddenly breaking off in the midst of Rob Roy, with:—"Ye Gods in the gallery must na licht your pipes at the gas-jets, and let your brent papers fall on the gentlemen below"—or as suddenly leaving the boiling cauldron and coming down to the foot-lights with:—"Madam, will you please stop that wean's crying!"

One night, between the acts, Mr. Alexander, in a towering passion at some mishap, turned to vent his rage on Mr. Aldridge; the latter firmly resented; Alexander uplifted sword in hand, sprang towards Aldridge, the latter, with a similar weapon quietly disarmed the manager, without stirring a footstep; grasping his sword again he rushed on shrieking—"I'll kill him, don't hold me back"—the latter being addressed to two female supes, who easily led him away.

The good people of Glasgow, at the time we write of, were especially "down upon" two institutions—Popery and the theatre; and a man of repute—which meant a God-fearing, church-going individual—was certain of losing caste if he patronized, or even ventured within the precincts, of either. Anti-slavery men, who were for the most part rigid dissenters, entertained these prejudices in the highest degree. The Secretary of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, the late John Murray, whose distinguished friendship I had the honor to enjoy, was so thorough in his anti-popery and anti-theater views, that it was with some reluctance, one Saturday morning, that I mentioned to him that my old schoolmate, Ira Aldridge, would perform that night at the Royal Theater. To my surprise and delight, he at once proposed to go, which we did. It was his first and only visit to a theater. He was "carried away" by the acting of Mr. Aldridge, insisted on an introduction, and invited us to breakfast next morning. The "reunion" was a most pleasant one. When we left, and walked down Sauchiehall Street to the coach, (Mr. Aldridge was obliged to leave that morning to fulfill an engagement at Edinburg,) Aldridge grasped my arm, and his large, lamping eyes filling with tears as he exclaimed, "Oh, God, what unexpected treatment to a poor outcast actor!"

Mr. Aldridge had not yet ventured on the London boards, although he had constant engagements in the provinces, and had received an offer from a Metropolitan manager. He was devoted to his profession, and determined to give several years of hard study and constant practice, before he risked his reputation, and that of his race, to the ordeal of City criticism. A few years after, feeling that he might make the venture, he accepted an engagement in London, which drew out the following:

[From the London Spectator, October 13th 1835.]*

"The African Roscius (in 1834.)

Mr. Aldridge, a native of Senegal, appeared as Othello, at Covent Garden Theater, on Wednesday. His person is tall and well-formed, and his action free-flowing and graceful; his face is not disagreeable, though, we have seen better looking Africans, but is not susceptible of much variety of expression. His voice is rich, melodious and sonorous withal, and in passages of tenderness its tone had great sweetness. It resembles Macready's, but has more volume. Indeed, the acting altogether—though with due intervals—reminded us of that great tragedian. His deportment is manly, and occasionally dignified; he moves and speaks with deliberation and self-possession. He evinced a *great deal of feeling and nature in his performance*; these, indeed, were its redeeming qualities; but they could not reconcile us to its numerous and glaring defects. Its beauties, however, surprised us more than its faults."

"*An African is no more qualified*, &c. In one particular alone, we might expect a native African to be better qualified by nature to personate a character of his own clime and complexion, that is, in having the fiery temperament of these children of the sun. But herein Mr. Aldridge possesses no advantage; he is a remarkable exception to the general rule, being on the contrary tame and *larmoyant*. So that in fact he is without the natural qualifications which are essential to the verisimilitude of the character. The swarthy actor is not new to the stage; he has played at several provincial theaters, and in some of the minor houses of London. His declamation is not only ineffective, but faulty. Mr. Aldridge's grief is querulous and lachrimose, and his pathos wining. In the most violent bursts of passion he was deficient in energy and power; though in depicting the struggles of mental agony and suppressed emotion he was vigorous and natural. The range of characters in which Mr. Aldridge can appear must necessarily be very limited, we therefore expect his acting to be the more perfect. 'He has no genius, but is not without talent.'',

Such was Mr. Aldridge in 1834. *Per contra*, let us look at the same Ira Aldridge, the colored tragedian, in 1858. (See "Anglo-African Magazine," Vol. I., p. 69.)

Here is a splendid example, worthy the emulation of all our colored youth. See the contrast. In 1834, Mr. Aldridge is pronounced by a competent London critic to be one who "has no genius, but is not without talent," and in 1858 he is pronounced the first of living tragedians, producing effects only equalled by the wonderful Rachel, in her best *role*. Let young Anglo-Africans, when they feel the weight and the manifest nature of the barrier in their way to eminence, remember that, in 1858, the first living tragedian in the world was Ira Aldridge, an American black man, who was once a pupil in Colored School No. 1, Mulberry St., New York City.

We say this as a splendid example, for the reason that the severe criticism of the London paper, in 1834, falling upon him when he had reckoned himself fit for the London stage so far from discouraging, only acted as a stimulant to Mr. Aldridge, and drove him to a more severe course of dramatic study, which, after twenty years of persevering assiduity, placed him on that pinnacle of fame, to attain which he had started out. What greater difficulties can there be in the way of any of our young men?

In his up-hill struggle after eminence, Mr. Aldridge met the warmest encouragement from the Irish people. Some of his best friends are among the middle and higher classes in Dublin and Belfast, who urged him constantly to aim at the highest excellence; and among the common people he has hosts of friends and supporters, who cheer him on, as only Irishmen can cheer. When we look to-day at the sentiments of Mitchel, Meagher, and O'Conor, on the one hand, and at the *chronic hate* with which the Irish masses in America act out such sentiments towards the colored man in America, we are led to alter the celebrated line and exclaim—"*Qui trans mare currunt coelum et animam mutant.*" *

"At Belfast, in Ireland, Mr. Aldridge played Othello, for ten days, to the Iago of the younger Kean, and also Orozembo to the same artist's Alvan. On the Continent he appeared in Amsterdam, Brussels, Berlin, Breslau, Vienna, Pesth, Konigsberg, Dantrice, the Hague, Berne, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Dresden, Cracow, Gotha, and other cities, personating characters of every style and nationality. In most of these cities he received substantial tokens of approbation. The King of Prussia, at Berlin, wrote him an autograph letter, accompanying the first-class medal of Art and Science. The Emperor of Austria conferred on him the Grand Cross of Leopold; and at Berne he received the medal of merit in the shape of a Maltese Cross. In Germany, Aldridge was looked on as performing his Shakspearian characters with marked ability; but in England he has not often appeared in any of Shakspeare's plays, except Othello and the Merchant of Venice. In Zanga, Orozembo, Zarambo, Rolla, Hugo (Gumbo?) in the Padlock, and other characters, the physiognomy of which suits his color, he is thought to display rare excellence. He is also a good comedian. After returning from his continental tour, Aldridge appeared at Covent Garden, in 1857; and after an engagement at the Britannia, was about to visit Sweden, whither he had been invited by King Oscar." (New American Encyclopedia, Vol. I., p. 805.)

Mr. Aldridge is so nearly a pure negro, that there is probably not one thirty-second portion of white blood in his veins. His complexion is black, and yet of that shade through which the red blood may be seen glowing beneath. His hair is woolly. His features, of that negroed type which we see in the Egyptian Sphynxes, are well represented in the plate accompanying this number. He is above the middle height, athletic, and of noble presence. Of the British actors, he may be classed with Garrick, in that it is hard to say whether he excels most in tragedy or comedy. His triumphs on the Continent are the greater from the fact that he used the English language in the various stages, whilst his audiences were French, German, Russian or Norse. He reached eye and ear and heart by something higher than pantomime, inasmuch as the tones of the voice swept the heart-strings with their resistless magic. It was the human appealing to the human, through the universal language of passion which accomplished these highest triumphs of art.

With Dumas, the father, first of living novelists, and Dumas the son, first of living dramatists, and Ira Aldridge, the first of living actors, who will have the hardihood to deny that the negro, in the middle of the nineteenth century, is fully entitled to the first place in the Temple of Art?

PARSON SURELY'S EXPERIMENT.

A SKETCH FOR WEATHER GRUMBLERS.

The small parish at Fallowdale had been for some time without a pastor. The members were nearly all farmers, and they did not have much money to bestow upon the support of a clergyman; yet they were willing to pay for anything that could promise them any due return of good. In course of time, it happened that the Rev. Abraham Surely visited Fallowdale, and as a Sabbath passed during his sojourn, he held a meeting in the small church. The people were pleased with his preaching, and some of them proposed inviting him to remain with them, and take charge of their spiritual welfare.

Upon the merits of this proposition there was a long discussion. Parson Surely had signified his willingness to take a permanent residence at Fallowdale, but the members of the parish could not so readily agree to hire him.

"I don't see the use of hiring a parson," said Mr. Sharp, an old farmer of the place. "He can do us no good. A parson can't learn me anything."

To this it was answered, that stated religious meetings would be of great benefit to some of the younger people, and also a source of good to all.

"I don't know about that. I've heard tell of a parson that could pray for rain, and have it come at any time. Now, if we could hit upon such a parson as that, I would go in for hiring him."

This opened a new idea to the unsophisticated minds of Fallowdale. The farmers often suffered from long droughts, and after arguing a while longer, they agreed to hire Parson Surely, on the condition that he should give *them* rain whenever they wished for it, and on the other hand, that he would also give them fair weather when required. Deacons Smith and Townsend were deputised to make this arrangement known to the parson, and the people remained in the church while the messengers went upon their errand.

When the deacons returned, Mr. Surely accompanied them. He smiled as he entered the church, and with a bow he saluted the people there assembled.

"Well, my friends," he said, as he ascended the platform in front of the desk, "I have heard your request to me, and, strange as it *may* appear, I have come to [illegible] your proposal; but I do it only [illegible] condition, and that is, that [illegible] *for a change of* weather [illegible] mous."

This appeared very [illegible] every member of the parish had a [illegible] terest in the farming business, [illegible] long it was arranged that Mr. [illegible] *should* become *the* pastor, and that he should give the people rain when they wanted it.

When Mr. Surely returned to his lodgings his wife was utterly astounded on hearing the nature of the contract her husband *had entered into*; but the pastor smiled and bade her wait for the result.

"But you know you cannot make it rain," persisted Mrs. Surely, "and you know, too, that the farmers here will be wanting rain very often when there is none *for them. You will be disgraced.*"

"I will learn them a lesson," returned the pastor.

"Ay, that you cannot be as good as your word; and when you have learned it to them they will turn you off."

"We *shall* see," was Mr. Surely's reply, and he took up a book and commenced reading.

This was a signal for the wife to desist from further conversation on the subject, and she obeyed.

Time flew on, and the hot days of midsummer were at hand. For three weeks it had not rained, and the young corn was beginning to curl up beneath the effects of the drought. In this extremity the people bethought themselves of the promise of their pastor, and hastened to him.

"Come," said Sharp, whose hilly farm was suffering severely, "we want rain. You remember your promise."

"Certainly," returned Mr. Surely. "If you will call for a meeting of the members of the parish, I will be with them this evening."

With this the applicants were perfectly satisfied, and forthwith they hastened to call the flock together.

"Now, you'll see the hour of your disgrace," said Mrs. Surely, after the visitors had gone. "Oh, I am sorry you ever undertook to deceive them so."

"I did not deceive them."

"Yes, you surely did."

"We shall see."

"So we shall see," added the lady.

The hour of the meeting came round, and Parson Surely met his people at the church. They were all there, some anxious, the remainder curious.

"Now, my friends," said the pastor, arising upon the platform, "I have come to hear your request. What is it?"

"We want rain," bluntly spoke Farmer Sharp; "and you know you promised to give it to us."

"Ay—rain—rain," repeated half a dozen voices.

"Very well. Now, when do you want to have it?"

"To-night. Let it rain all night long," said Sharp, to which several others immediately assented.

"No, no, not to-night," cried deacon Smith. "I have six or seven tons of well-made hay in the field, and I would not have it wet for anything."

"So I have hay out," added Mr. Peck.—"We won't have it rain to-night."

"Then let it be to-morrow."

"It will take me all day to-morrow to get my hay in," said Smith.

Thus the objections came up for the two succeeding days, and at length, by way of compromise, Mr. Sharp proposed that they should have rain in just four days.

"For," said he, "by that time, all the hay which is now cut can be got in, and we need not cut any—"

"Stop, stop," uttered Mrs. Sharp, pulling her worthy husband by the sleeve. "That is the day we have set to go Snowhill. It mustn't rain then."

This was law for Mr. Sharp, so he proposed that the rain should come in one week and then sat down.

But this would not do. "If we can't have rain before then, we'd better not have it at all," said they.

In short, the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all, for the good people found it utterly impossible to agree upon a time when it should rain.

"Until you can make up your minds on this point," said the pastor, as he was about leaving the church, "we must all trust in the Lord." And after this the people followed him from the church.

Both Deacon Smith and Mr. Peck got their hay safely in, but on the very day Mr. Sharp was to have started for Snowhill, it began to rain in good earnest. Mr. Sharp lost his visit, but he met the disappointment with good grace, for his crops smiled at the rain.

Ere another month had passed by, another meeting was called for a petition *for rain*, but with the same result as before. Many of the people had their muck to [illegible] and rain would prevent them. [illegible] wanted it immediately—some in [illegible] in two, and some in three days, while other parishioners wanted to put it off longer. So Mr. Surely had no occasion to call for rain.

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* The New American Encyclopedia states: Art. "*Ira Aldridge or Roscius*, the real name of whom was said to be Hewlett, is a mulatto, . . . born in a village called Bellair, about 1810; was apprenticed to a ship carpenter, . . . and from association with the German population, which is very large on the western shore of Maryland, learned the German language." Of these six *statements*, not one is true! The writer evidently confounds James Hewlett with Ira Aldridge.

* We may be mistaken in the year; the paragraph is copied from the files of the "N. Y. American" in the N. Y. Historical Society's Library, and the year is left out of our copy.

* "They who cross the ocean change both their skies and their minds." Mr. Jeremiah Powers, at the O'Conor indignation meeting the other night, gave strong evidence to show that this change of mind will not be permanent; he said, the "blackest kind of men in New York are securing beautiful white Irish wives" &c.

One year rolled by, and up to that time the people of Fallowdale had never once been able to agree upon the exact kind of weather they would have, and the result was that they began to open their eyes to the fact that this world would be a strange place if its inhabitants should govern it.

On the last Sabbath in the first year of Mr. Surely's settlement at Fallowdale, he offered to break up his connection with the parish; but the people would not listen to it. They have become attached to him and the meeting, and they wished him to stay.

"But I can no longer rest under our former contract with regard to the weather," said the pastor.

"Nor do we wish you to," returned Sharp. "Only preach to us, and teach us and our children how to live, and help us to be social, contented and happy."

"And," added the pastor, while a tear of pride stood in his eye, as he looked for an instant into the face of his now happy wife, "all things above our proper sphere we will leave with God, for 'He doeth all things well.'"

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

A NOBLE PROPOSITION.

ROBERT HAMILTON Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I congratulate you at the appearance once more of the Anglo-African, —a paper that gained, for the time it existed, more prestige than any other that had preceded it.

Now sir, the glorious question is, "Shall it live? I call it glorious, from the immense importance of the hour that is now upon us.

It will live if we bring our patriotism, our love for the truth, not to a boiling, but a moderate heat. Let each brother and sister, father and child, do what they can—take stock in it at a fair premium. The premium to be paid in Hallelujahs when its work as a Journal for Freedom is over.

Sir, I propose to unite with some in investing Five Dollars to begin with; what will others answer? I propose no plan upon which it is to be paid, but leave that to your better judgment—but I suppose you need the money as soon as you can get it. I therefore pay immediately. Now who will be the next customer.—if not for five, for four—for three—for two—for one! for fifty cents? Keep in remembrance, friends, that this stock pays glorious in premiums, however small be the investment. Yet you must still remember, that greater the investment, more glorious the premium!

Now sir, I believe I have said enough; perhaps more than enough—for, after all, all that is requisite is but for the people to know your need, and they are ready to nobly respond.

Yours in behalf of the good cause.
J. N. GLOUCESTER.

The following are responses to the above proposition, including Mr. Gloucester's subscription:

J. N. Gloucester,	$5
H. Highland Garnet,	1
Henry M. Wilson,	1
Ezekiel H. Dias,	1
"A Friend,"	1
Robert H. Vantine,	1

LET US DRILL!

If the Government sees fit to refuse the enrollment of black soldiers, that is no reason why black men shall refrain from organizing themselves into military companies for purposes of drill. "In time of peace prepare for war" is sound doctrine: how much sounder, nay necessary, the policy "in times of war prepare for fighting!"

Our mutual relations to the country at large, and to ourselves especially, enforce upon us the duty of becoming familiar with soldierly exercises.

It is pride rather than prejudice which shuts colored men from the military ranks. The white men of the North believe themselves able to whip and subjugate the white men of the South. With numbers, money, arms and provisions in their favor, they look upon it as a confession of weakness if they call black men to their aid. We must not forget that this privilege to fight in their ranks is almost the only one which they now refuse us. By giving passports to black men the present Administration admits our citizenship: by employing us in the Custom House in this city in clerical positions, this Administration is in advance of any of its predecessors. Two steps in advance is quite as much as we can reasonably expect from a Cabinet composed of men all of them born in slaveholding States and brought up in slaveholding times. Our expectation of all rights should not shut our eyes to the admission of some rights.

We can see the coming necessity for black soldiers and officers. Within the first hundred miles that they march due South from Washington, the commanders of our armies will see it also. They will have a hundred thousand slaves to control, and will not have white men enough to spare for the controling of them. The question as to what they shall do with "contrabands," already embarrasses the Government. This question must grow in importance and must be met. The wicked proposition of one or two interested white men, to transport them *out* of the country, is hardly less infamous than the ferocious purpose of some slaveholders to butcher them. The proposition stinks in the nostrils of God who has other purposes in view for colored citizens of these United States. The man who murdered "the life" of glorious old "John Brown" after his execution in Virginia, is not quite strong enough to consign to a living grave two or three millions of emancipated colored Americans, even with the assistance of the American Secretary of State.

In either event, whether the Federal Government by emancipation shall conquer the South, or whether the Federal Government by withholding emancipation shall be conquered by the South and forged to submit to secession—in either event there will be a great and pressing need for colored men well drilled in military tactics, and accustomed to military organization.

In addition to such reasons which concern our relations to the whites, there are reasons of equal force arising from our relations to each other which urge the necessity of our becoming acquainted with arms and military tactics.

Such drill from its very nature prepares us for aggressive movements. We have hitherto been simply acting on the defensive—the prey of individual or class whom interest or hate or policy might urge to pounce upon us. Such drill will add to our carriage and demeanor, take away the slouchy slip-shod step too frequent among our young men, and replace it by the firm self-confident, self-reliant tread of the soldier-citizen. Such drill by forming our young men into companies will cement a new union among them, and teach them these lessons of mutual respect and relative subordination so greatly needed among us. Ten such companies, amounting to about one thousand men, with black field and company officers, marching down Broadway, at the date of these presents would send a thrill through the country such as would elevate us in our own, and also in public opinion to a height we have never won before.

So let our young men take up this matter in earnest and commence this good work. Praying will help us a great way, but the skill and ability to fight will help us a great way also.

Brownson on Immediate Emancipation.

The ablest and most influential writer in the Roman Catholic Church in America, MR. A. O. BROWNSON, Editor of *Brownson's Quarterly Review* has astounded and electrified the country with a long and most able discussion on the war question, assuming the ground that the rebellion can only be put down by a proclamation of emancipation on the part of the Federal Government.

This most important paper, if placed fairly before the people of the North will create that public opinion which alone is needed to force the Government up to the duty of emancipation. Its chief merits are a full grasp of the whole subject, a clear acknowledgement of the full citizenship of our enslaved brothers, (*his brethren*) of their right to enfranchisement on the soil that gave them birth, and a magnanimous ignoring of the bug-bear dangers of emancipation. We shall publish a large part of this able paper in our next issue, and hope that our men of means will raise the funds to spread it before the people.

HIDE AND GO-SEEK,—Beauregard and McClellan.

"WAITING FOR THE WAGON."—The Hon. Gerrit Smith says, in his last sermon, abolitionists are waiting "until the country is up to the low point of saving itself (by emancipation).' Now if the country gets up to the low point of saving itself by declaring the slaves free, what need will there be of abolitionits. And if the country "don't see" that mode of salvation, whose duty is it to strive to open its eyes?

WILLIAM C. H. CURTIS, ESQ., will lecture before Fountain Union Lodge No. 1, I. O. of G S. and D. of S., on Thursday evening next, the 10th inst., at the Masonic Hall, corner of Broome and Forsyth Sts. Admission free. Mr. Curtis is an able speaker and will, no doubt, have a large audience.

Laying of a Corner Stone at Cranston. R.I.

MR. EDITOR,

Having a few spare moments, I avail myself of the opportunity to communicate to you a notice of an interesting occasion I witnessed last Sabbath: namely, the laying of the Corner Stone of Mount Zion Church, at Cranston, a town adjacent to Providence.

The day was very unpleasant in consequence of a storm which continued until noon. Although the rain ceased it was quite wet under foot and threatening overhead. The exercises were to commence at 3 o'clock, but owing to the weather they did not begin until nearly an hour later.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather there was quite a large gathering—more than was expected, but not as many as there would have been had the weather been favorable. The preliminaries being completed Rev. I. H Loyd introduced Rev. Edward Scott, late pastor of Pond St. Baptist Church, who opened the exercises with the following hymn:—

"Behold the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lay."

which was admirably performed by the choir, subsequent to which prayer was made followed by reading a portion of Scripture and singing the second hymn.

Rev. S. M. Giles of New Bedford then addressed the audience from Matt XVIII. 19; 20. The theme of the discourse was upon the progress of Christianity: the instrumental means by which it was propagated; its influence upon the human heart &c. In conclusion he alluded to the present event of erecting an edifice as one of the evidences of Christianity advancing and urged as the only means of its perpetuation: the necessity of a holy Ministry the principles of Christianity exemplified among the members, and a strict observance of God's ordinances and precepts.

A collection was taken up while the choir sang one of its choice pieces. Subsequently Rev. I. H Loyd read a document giving an account of the rise and progress of the congregation in Cranston.

At the request of several friends the following poem was read, composed and presented by Rev S. M. Giles, as a memorial:

MOUNT ZION CORNER STONE.

Almighty God thy blessings grant,
On what we here perform:
And may thy dwelling place be where
We lay this Corner Stone.

We consecrate to Thee O Lord,
The place on which we stand;
The offering that we now present,
Accept it from our hand.

O may thine eyes be on this place,
Grant thy protecting care;
And when the saints together meet,
Then lend an ear to prayer.

Upon this sacred spot of ground,
May many souls find rest;
And numbered with salvation's heirs,
To be forever blest.

When those who hear us on this day,
Shall rest beneath the sod;
Then may their children fill their place,
In singing praise to God.

When time shall cease and saints no more
On earth together meet;
May those who sang God's praises here,
In Heaven each other greet.

With grateful hearts and holy fear,
We bow before thy throne—
Asking thy blessings where we lay
Mount Zion Corner Stone.

Several persons contributed some small mementos, all of which, with the history and poem were enclosed in a box and deposited in the Corner Stone. Rev. J. Hicks assisted by Revds. S. M. Giles and I. H. Loyd then raised the stone and put it in its place while the choir sang several select anthems. The laying of the stone which occupied about half an hour; being completed, the audience was dismissed with singing the doxology,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

and benediction by Rev. J. Hicks. The whole exercises were solemn and interesting. The dimensions of the house will be 30 by 50 feet, with a basement under it. It is intended to be completed before this winter. We wish the Society success in their efforts,

MORRIS.

Providence, R.I., Sept. 28th, 1861.

Letter from Dr. Delany.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28th, 1861.

MR. ROBERT HAMILTON:

Dear Sir—I simply notice the letter of Mr. W. Wells Brown in the "Pine and Palm" of the 28th inst., written from Chatham, Canada, to correct a most flagrant and designedly mischievous misrepresentation therein stated; that I in a speech in London (Canada,) had declared that the "first thing" I intended to do after going to Lagos, was to "take off the King's head!"

It is merely necessary for me to pronounce this as false in toto, which I do: as a side from the intimate friendship which exists between me and all the native authorities at Lagos (as my Report now just out will show); but no rational person could be capable of such folly as I am here charged with by Mr. Brown, all glaringly to promote for his employer, Haytian Emigration.

I have always treated Mr. Brown as a gentleman, and heretofore regarded him as a friend, and would not now notice his uncouth (and certainly unwarranted) attack, only to correct this shameless misrepresentation.

It is not necessary for me to state that my destiny is fixed in Africa, where my family and myself, by God's providence, will soon be happily situated.

Very respectfully your friend,
M. R. DELANY.

WHO MADE THEE A PRINCE AND JUDGE?

The above language was used by an Israelitish bondman in disparagement of his fellow oppressed Israelite for presuming to be equal to their masters and rulers, and our memory has been forcibly recalled to the passage, by a letter in the *Pine and Palm* of the 28th of September, written from Chatham, Canada, by Mr. Wm. Wells Brown, in which he holds up to ridicule the position of Dr. M. R. Delany in his association with some of the first Scientific and Literary Institutions in Europe.

After elaborately quoting various positions occupied by him, while abroad, Mr. Brown adds:—"I have copied the above *verbatim et literatim*, so that those who judge the ribbon of honor and the highfalutin, may see that the colored man is rising;" continuing the next paragraph in a strain of contempt and derision, scarcely to be believed, and certainly never expected to be seen coming from such a source.

But the better to show up Mr. Brown's position in this attack, we give below an extract of a letter in the paper of the same date from Mr. W. J. Watkins, in which he is endeavoring to prove the impossibility of the black man's ever rising to an equality with the whites in this country, for the very reason that he will ever be the subject of disparagement.

"I believe that in this country our condition will, at some time, be ameliorated. But mere amelioration will satisfy no black man whose aspirations are sufficiently elevated. What I want is *equal rights* in the broadest significance of that hackneyed term. Yes, Equal rights!! Equal access to every position in the Republic with the white man. Now this cannot be until we are sufficiently powerful to extort respect from the white man. As I believe the white man will always be the dominant power in this land, I must also believe that he will always be the ruling power, and that no black man will ever be President of these United States, or Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

In a country where *we* are "the people," where we regulate all the governmental machinery, where no avenue to honor is closed upon a black complexion, in the language of the "contraband" alluded to, "we can grow up to be men!"

Let me give you a little incident. This morning I went up the street to see a colored man of the highest respectability, to obtain his name for *The Pine and Palm*. His name is Benjamin Talbot, and he is an excellent blacksmith. I arrived at the shop, and the following colloquy took place between one of the hands and myself:

"Good morning sir. I am looking for a gentleman by the name of Talbot. Is he in?

"No, sir," replied one of the hands, "there is no such man working here."

"There must be some mistake," I replied, "he told me he worked here."

"Well," replied another hand, (a mean gawky, mealy looking fellow,) "he don't work here."

"He is a colored man," said I.

"O," they both remarked, "he means Ben., we call him *old Ben*."

Now "old Ben" was at least 55 or 60 years old, and had not yet attained the position of a man or of a gentleman. He, Mr. Talbot, indeed! Old Ben forever!"

Here then, we have the exact import of Mr. Brown's sneering: it must be "Old Ben forever!" How dare any black man, however qualified, presume to rise above the level which American oppresion assigns him? But Mr. Watkins asks for, and would have even "Old Ben" to attain to "*equal rights* in the broadest significance—equal access to every position in the Republic." It would have been well for Mr. Brown had he taken a lesson in self-respect from Mr. Watkins before making his unfortunate attack upon Dr. Delany; and we don't believe that the feelings and designs of that attack, will find an echo or response from any respectable colored person in the United States.

We are in earnest about this matter, and intend to put our foot upon it, as we consider the destiny or claims of every "black man, whose aspirations are sufficiently elevated"—in the language of Mr. Watson—to be involved in it.

The spirit of Mr. Brown, as expressed towards Dr. Delany, would condemn Miss Jinnings for claiming a seat in a 3d Avenue street car; justify the New York Medical Association for not admitting Dr. Smith to membership: condemn Dr. Ray for making application to obtain the position of Director of the City District Dispensary, or condemn all or any of them: did they obtain the object, for giving publicity to the same, though it may have been an important business part of their advertisement?

Once for all, our face shall ever be turned against the spirit of such attacks, as it makes no difference whether they emanate from Parson Brownlow or William Wells Brown, it is the same in principle.

We have never seen in any communication either private or public, while absent, in any manner refering to *his* positition; but we do remember seeing in the columns of the different anti-slavery papers, letters telling that he had taken by the hand, the Minister Detocquville and lady, and Victor Hugo of France. It would be well for some men to think of themselves before attempting to hold up others to ridicule, especially for that which to all right thinking persons is commendable in itself.

Letter from Rev. H. H. Garnet.

The following interesting letter from Mr. Garnet to his wife, who kindly handed it to us for publication, will be read with pleasure by our readers:

23 ISLINGTON TERRACE,
Liverpool, Eng., September 13, 1861.

My Dearest Wife—We arrived in Liverpool yesterday evening, at 5 o'clock, after an extremely pleasant passage of twelve days.

We had on board *four hundred* passengers, 340 in the steerage, and 60 in the saloon. Twelve years ago my treatment on board of an English steamer from New York to this place was very different from that which I have just received. Then I was caged up in the steward's room of one of Cunard's vessels, and although a first class passenger, I was not allowed to go into the saloon, or to eat at the table with white humanity.

How changed now. On a steamship belonging to the same nation I took a first class passage, asked the steward to give me my berth, and assign me my seat at the table. My ticket was given me without a remark, an elegant state-room with *six berths* was placed at my disposal, and my seat at the table was between two young American gentlemen, educated at St. Mary's College in Maryland, and on their way to Rome to finish their studies for the Roman Priesthood. And I am happy to say that I did not receive a look, or hear a word during the whole voyage, that grated upon my very sensitive feelings.

As usual, I was sea-sick all the voyage, more or less. When I went on board I *resolved* not to be sick; but as soon as we cleared Sandy Hook old Neptune called for me, and lead me to the side of the ship and told me to *throw my resolutions overboard*, which I did in double quick time, and for a while I felt as if I did not care if he threw me over after them.

On the Sabbath, after worship, we were all gratified to see two whales. They were none of your juveniles, or babies like Barnum's, but were respectable "old folks," and like most other folks of their color, they made considerable stir. A lady exclaimed, as her little under jaw dropped down about an inch, "as nigh as I can guess," "Oh, why do they make such a noise and commotion? they are the biggest fishes in the sea—and they are black, too." I said, "Madam, you have accounted for the noise they make."

On the fifth day we passed an iceberg, about the size of the City Hall Park, with a crystal palace resembling very much our City Hall. This straggling northern loafer had been cruising about in that part of the Atlantic for several weeks, and seemed bent on mischief. These icebergs will in time probably become the source of great annoyance, and dangerous to travelers across the Atlantic. The ice is of course continually increasing in the Arctic seas, and consequently detatched portions of those eternal mountains of ice will continually increase in their desertions.

On the tenth day a little child two years old died, and for the first time I witnessed the solemn scene of a funeral at sea. The mother of the child was a devoted Christian and a member of one of the Presbyterian churches of New York, and died a few months ago. The father, with an aching heart, was on his way back to his native England, with his motherless babes. God took the eldest, and its spirit went up to heaven to meet its mother. One ascended from a sick chamber on the land, the other from an almost pestilential steerage of a ship on the ocean. O how sweet was that heaven to reach! Heaven is central to every portion of our sad and sorrowful earth. When the little pilgrim died, many hands were offered to lay it out. The father begged that a coffin might be made for its remains, instead of the poor sailor's winding sheet. British tars at once acceded to his wishes, and a coffin was made and neatly stained. They then put the little baby in, perforated it with several holes, and put in a cannon shot, so it would easily sink. The bell struck three in the afternoon. The captain, officers and men prepared for the services, and the passengers, fore and aft, assembled as near as possible to the gang-way. The captain and surgeon performed the solemn burial services of the church of England, and at the proper place the board was tilted. A little splash was heard, and the last remains of the young voyager disappeared in a moment. Just then the sea sent up one of his awful and terrible wails which no mortal can describe, and the foam of his billows seemed to spread a white pall over the tombless grave. But the sea shall give up its dead, and they that are in their graves shall hear the voice of God, and come forth.

On the eleventh day at dawn we saw the green hills of Ireland, and at 8, A. M., we passed and saluted the Great Eastern, outward bound. She appeared very much like an island, or a good sized manufacturing village. While we were rolling and pitching, she triumphantly ploughed through the waves, without even deigning to bow her proud head.

Soon after my arrival in Liverpool I set out to find my old friends Mr. and Mrs. James Johnson, formerly of Troy, N. Y., and accomplished my object in twenty minutes. I found them well, and doing very well, and greatly comforted by their lovely, obedient and accomplished daughter.

May God bless all "your friends and mine."

I leave to-night at 11 for London.

Yours truly,
HENRY HIGHLAND GARNET.

Red Bank, Rumsen, Fairhaven and Port Washington, N. J.

MR. EDITOR:—

Having returned from a days' incursion into Monmouth County, New Jersey, I respectfully submit a report for the ANGLO-AFRICAN and its readers.

The region passed over is one of the finest agricultural districts imaginable, and the immense quantities of fruit and vegetables produced have made it the kitchen garden of New York city.

In the pleasant village of Red Bank, Rumsen and Fairhaven, I found many colored families, all of them apparently in comfortable circumstances. I closely canvassed those places, but the number of subscribers obtained was not equal to my expectations. It was gratifying to learn, however, that nearly every person spoken to intends subscribing soon, and several (whose names I have furnished you,) intend calling at your office, some of them next week, for that purpose.

Some anti-slavery publications were disposed of on the way, and it appears that the "next time" I may sell any imaginable quantity, though from information given many have more reading matter than they know what to do with. Indeed at one place where I stopped for refreshments, a young lady declared that she has so many books that she can't read them all, and that she has had to give some away, and burn others up for the purpose of getting rid of them.

In the evening (September 9th,) I attended a Camp meeting of the Bethel people at Port Washington, where I obtained the privilege of inviting them to subscribe for the ANGLO AFRICAN, for which those having the meeting in charge will please accept my thanks. The grove illuminated with blazing barrels casting their light over the assemblage, presented a fine appearance, well calculated to add solemnity to the interesting religious exercises. Rev. W. H. Winder, of Freehold, and Lewis P. Conover were the speakers. The meeting broke up next morning, Tuesday, when Mr. Winder left to prepare for a Camp meeting soon to be held at Englishtown, near Freehold, N. J. It will commence on the 14th and end on the 23d.

OCCASIONAL.

The Freed Men at Fortress Monroe.

To the Editor of the Weekly Anglo-African:

You published recently some account of the "Contrabands," as General Butler styled them. I do not like the term. Freed men—or ex-slaves would suit me better—but it is probable the freed slaves in Virginia will long be called "Contrabands." Supposing your readers would be pleased to know something more about them, I send you additional particulars.

Nearly one thousand eight hundred men, women and children are now under the protection of General Wool, who has succeeded General Butler, in command at the Fortress. Some of them fled from their masters, and the masters of some of them fled from their slaves. You know that the celebrated John Randolph, of Virginia, once prophesied that the time would come when the masters would flee from their slaves. Many of the freed men, about four hundred, are working for the Government. Others are industriously supporting themselves in various kinds of employment. Chaplain Jones has written that "a more interesting field of missionary work was never opened to the Christian public."

Two thousand Primmers and a variety of Sunday-school cards have been forwarded, so that elementary and religious instruction is attended to with very encouraging success. The people are delighted beyond measure with the opportunities enjoyed, and say that "the good Lord" has at length answered their prayers. Mr. Lockwood, the missionary sent by the American Missionary Association, to attend to their moral, physical and religious welfare, says:

I now open a subject as thrilling as it is novel. I have ascertained that a very large portion, probably more than half of the 'married' contrabands have been married only in slave fashion, by 'taking up together,' or living together by mutual agreement, without the least marriage ceremony. General Wool has been consulted, and he advises the administration of marriage in due form in regard to parties who, without having been married in fact, are living as man and wife. The leaders of the colored people agree as to the propriety of the measure. Mr. Lockwood has accordingly 'published the names of a large number, and afterwards married them in a Christian manner.'

Many of them seem to be consistent Christians, and there are among them several of superior abilities, and fervent piety, whose prayers and exhortations are exceedingly interesting. Those who were raised near the Fortress and Seminary had experienced slavery in a milder form than those who came from the interior of the State; but all longed for freedom. Mr. Lockwood writes that the meetings are well attended, and there is the manifest presence of the Spirit in awakening and quickening prayer. Numbers desire to be freed from the bondage of sin and Satan, while God is delivering them from the bondage of man.

Mr. Lockwood writes under date of Sept. 16, as follows:

Thank and praise the Lord! Yesterday was a high day in Zion. At half past nine, A. M., opened Sabbath-school in ex-President Tyler's house, near Hampton. A new thing under the sun! A Sabbath-school among Virginia freemen! Little did the ex-President think that his house would ever be used for such a purpose. A Tyler compromise with a witness! Commenced with the usual exercises; repeated together the A. B C. card; arranged the classes, employed those that could read (even a little) as teachers; let them teach a little while; gave direction for the future, and closed the school in due form. Elementary books and papers were distributed. All felt that it was the beginning of better days for them and their children, and in glad anticipation hailed the time when they and their children should all be "taught of God."

A similar course was pursued in the Sabbath-school in the gymnasium of the Seminary at two P. M. All were eager for books. This morning, I find those who received them, old and young, busy learning to read, during the leisure morning hour. But I have scarcely begun to meet the demand.

I have received a letter from one of the contrabands, this morning, containing an affecting appeal—many yesterday were kept from meeting by want of proper attire. I am convinced that five thousand dollars worth of clothing would be well appropriated. And I have no doubt that were the matter brought before the public in the right light, and to the requisite extent, the charitable people of the free States would cheerfully contribute to supply all the necessities of the people. I am sure that anti-slavery men and women especially would delight to respond to such an appeal. Individuals in Boston and Wilmington, Delaware, have already made inquiries in regard to these wants, with the view of supplying them. May the Lord open the heart and the hand of many a cheerful giver in this direction.

Mr. Lockwood, after stating that religious meetings have multiplied on his hands, and have greatly increased in numbers and interest, says:

Last week I had a meeting every morning except Saturday, which I needed for rest preparatory to the Sabbath. I expect to have nearly or quite as many meetings weekly. In these meetings a number signified an earnest desire to seek the Lord, and become emancipated from the thraldom of sin. Yesterday I held a sunrise prayer meeting and three preaching services, one near Hampton, one at the Seminary gymnasium, and one at Fortress Monroe, in Military Hall. There were besides several prayer and exhortation meetings, one conducted by an engineer and the rest by contraband leaders. The meetings were very largely attended and of marked interest. After the first preaching service, the people sang, with great enthusiasm, a chant in regard to Joseph and Moses and the deliverance from Egypt, said to have been introduced about nine years ago. It was one of the songs upon which slavery placed its ban; yet the people would sing it by themselves. Tell me not that slaves! even in this mild region of slavery, have no desire for liberty, when they secretly pour out their own souls in such a strain as that. One of their melodies runs thus:

"Go down to Egypt—go tell Pharoah,
Thus saith my servant Moses—Let my people go."

Among the freed men is a man named Davis, who is very intelligent and eloquent. Mr. Lockwood alludes to him in the following paragraph:

The afternoon meeting was one long to be remembered. After I had finished my discourse, several of the exhorters spoke. One of them, Mr. Davis, is an Apollos. I spoke of his eloquence, &c., in former letters, but his address yesterday was a masterpiece. It melted every heart. He appealed to the soldiers present who were in rebellion against God striving to put down rebellion in this land, and asked them how they, who had been taught to read the Bible, and learned the Lord's Prayer in infancy from a mother's lips, could stand in judgment, when a poor despised and inferior race, who, though denied the Bible, had been taught of God and found their way to Christ, should rise up and condemn them. He then turned to his fellow contrabands and entreated them to embrace thankfully, and improve the boon already given. He considered the present a pledge of the future—the virtual emancipation of fifteen or eighteen hundred, the promise of the emancipation of four millions. The Lord works from little to great.

Mr. Lockwood alludes to the deceptions practiced in men who travel South, and even in masters, on regard to the desire of slaves for freedom. One of the freed men said:

If his master had asked him before his conversion, if he wanted to be free, he would have told him a lie, and said that he did not want liberty, for he well knew that if he had answered otherwise, he would have been sold down far South. But when he was made free to Jesus he felt that he could say, Lord it is enough, I can patiently wait for any other liberty, till thy time comes. Yet he could not help saying out ever and anon, "Lord, how long?" shall I and my fellow bondsmen always be slaves? He longed and sometimes almost hoped that he should see such a day as this, yet the blessing was so great and so improbable, that he feared he should he without the sight. "But now," said he, "our eyes see and our hearts enjoy, and shall we not manifest our gratitude to the great Emancipator, by turning unto Him, and embracing a double freedom."

Mr. Lockwood is very desirous of an assistant, as his labors are so arduous. As soon as sufficient funds are received his wishes will be gratified. He has employed Mrs. Leabe, a free colored woman, to teach a week day school. Pious soldiers assist in the Sabbath-school on Sundays. As the season advances clothing will be wanted for many who will otherwise suffer. Donations in money and clothing are earnestly solicited. They can be sent to me at No. 61 John Street, New York, or forwarded direct as follows, to Rev. L. C. Lockwood, care of Captain Burleigh, Seminary, near Fortress Monroe, Virginia; sent by Adam's Express, freight pre-paid.

LEWIS TAPPAN.

Letter from Newark.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 2, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—

Thursday the 26th instant was observed in our city as a day of fasting and prayer—that the blessing of God may rest upon those who are loyal to the Union, and that success may attend those who endeavors to subdue the rebels of the South, and bring about peace and happiness. Many of our M. E. Churches joined together and held prayer-meetings through the day. The Plane Street Presbyterian Church was open for service in the morning and afternoon. In the evening the Rev. Mr. Adams preached an able discourse from Isaiah the Prophet.—"And is this not the fasts that I have proclaimed; that you undo the heavy burden and let the oppressed go free?" The meeting was well attended.

We regret to announce the death of two of our venerable citizens, Mr. J. Statia and Mr. Fields. The mysterious working of Providence called these two men to the place appointed for the living both in one day. Their loss will be felt by a large circle of relations and friends.

William, the escaped slave, and Mr. Jones his agent, lectured to a large audience on Monday evening in the lecture room of the Plane Street Church. William gave many interesting facts concerning the great battle at Bull Run, and his escape from the iron heel of oppression. He also showed the form of some of the batteries in Virginia that he was engaged in building, and how he could whip the rebels providing he was Captain. At the close of the lecture it was proposed that William should stand at the door with the contribution box. This being done he received a handsome sum, the exact amount I did not learn.

Mr. Peter Hedges, a student from the Ashmun Institute, Oxford, Pennsylvania, where he has been for three years preparing for the ministry, returned to resume his studies for the present season, at the close of which he expects to sail for Africa as a Evangelist.

During his vacation he has visited a large circle of friends, and has received many handsome gifts, the principal one being a silver watch which was presented to him by the ladies of this city.

The young people's Christian Association are preparing for a Declamatory Exhibition to come off in two weeks.

ISAAC TEMBROOK.

A Discourse by Dr. Pennington.

On Monday evening last, according to announcement on Sabbath, a goodly number of the respectable colored citizens assembled in Zion Baptist Church, Rev. John T. Raymond, to hear a discourse by Rev. Dr. Pennington.

The subject was one of marked interest and abounded with great ability, as the Doctor is ever wont to do, showing our relation and duty as an American people in general, and the colored people as a class in particular—to the government of the United States, and its relation and duty to us.

Nothing less than the Union entire with Emancipation, was the duty of the American Government, and anything short of that was defying the wrath of Heaven, and trampling under foot the eternal love of God, indelibly written upon the heart and conscience of every human being.

The Doctor concluded by exhorting the colored people to permit no misconceived idea to mislead them, but ever stand firm and loyal to the country, and although their loyalty was spurned, their aid coldly rejected, and the fiery ardor of their patriotism partially quenched by the cold waters of prejudice against them—yet he knew that the vital spark was still alive in the smouldering embers of adversity, which would yet be kindled into a flame, that would assist in warming into cheerfulness the sad hearthstones made vacant by the fall of their brave white brethren—who have led the van in the strife of battle.

It was announced that the doctor was nearly ready and expected to sail for Europe on Saturday the 5th current, and his friends would meet him in a farewell assemblage at Shiloh Church, corner of Prince and Marion Sts, on Thursday evening, the 3d.

OBITUARY.

A MOTHER IN ISRAEL FALLEN.

Died in this city, September 24th, of Paralysis, Margarette Thompson, aged 80 years.

The writer had not the pleasure of an acquaintance with deceased, but has often heard her name mentioned by the members of Shiloh Church (of which she has been a member for almost half a century,) with much respect.

The following short biographical sketch was written by one of the first ladies of the city who has long known Mrs. Thompson, and who speaks of her Christian character in terms of highest praise.

Margarette Thompson was at Albany, New York in the year 1780, in the family of Mr. Van Ransellaer, with whom her mother resided, and with whom her sister and brother were brought up.

She lived in Judge Coe's family in Hackensack, and also in the Lesparard family, where she was much esteemed.

She became a disciple of Christ, under the ministry of Dr. Romaine, and remained in that Church until the Rev. Samuel E. Cornich was settlee in New York, when she attached herself to his congregation, and afterward to the Rev. T. S. Wright's Church. She was a consistant and faithful Christian, and for several years of feebleness and suffering her great desire was to be with Christ.

Her patience and submission was very edifying to those who visited her, and taught them how a "Christian ought to die."

"Her end was peace."

Her funeral took place from Shiloh Church. The Rev. James N. Glosoester and the Revernd A. M. Freeman officiating.

ROSSVILLE S. I.

We paid a hasty visit to this village a few days since, the occasion being an entertainment given for the benefit of the A. M. E. Zion Church.

We were pleased to find that our friends had erected a very commodious building since we were last there. This entertainment was given to assist in sinking a small debt still due on the property.

The Rev. Messrs. Colman and Pitts were present, and labored to make the affair a success, but we are sorry to say that it did not meet the expectation of the friends.

The nonappearance of Dr. Penington was a sad disappointment to the people, which feeling must have been greatly augmented by the babbling of the writer, who managed nevertheless to stir up the bile of some of the secessionists of the place by a few remarks upon the war—its cause, and its cure. One gentleman insisted that niggers were the cause of the war, therefore they ought to fight.

Now from the manner in which this was said we are satisfied that this man would have been the first to prevent us from going to the South to fight.

We found several of our friends in comfortable circumstances, their large gardens giving evidence of much thrift.

Mrs. Henry Stevens showed us a well which she had dug and stoned up with her own hands. The Rev. Messrs. Barcroft and Purnell have very fine places and we hear that the Messrs. Harris are also quite successful.

We take great pleasure in recording the successes of our old friends.

NEW BOOKS.

Official Report of the Niger Valley Exploring Party. By M. R. Delany, Chief Commissioner to Africa. New York: Thomas Hamilton, 48 Beekman Street. London: Webb, Millington & Co., Fleet Street. Pp. 75. Price, 25 Cents.

It is refreshing to turn from the myriad shames of to-day towards a man of mettle in downright earnest. Such a man is betrayed in every page of the interesting little *brochure* before us. It is the only book that has had the power to withdraw our strained attention from eager watching for every rumor or breath from the seat of war. And if our readers would like to be relieved for an hour or two from the absorbing topic which is driving the nation mad, they would do well to invest the small sum named above, and—shades of Colonization avaunt!—follow Dr. Delany to Africa.

The personality and vitality of the man carry us along with him in spite of ourselves; he is evidently alive, and about. The first two sections, or chapters, give a history of the origin of the movement. As far back as 1831–2, when quite a youth, he determined to go to Africa; he does not say with what special object. In 1853–4–9, he plans his movement, or rather creates it, for every step is up-hill work. He needs authority, and he creates a convention of colored people at Cleveland; he causes the convention to appoint a Board of Commissioners, and causes this Board of Commissioners to appoint him, along with Professor Campbell, Robert Douglass, of Philadelphia, and James W. Purnell, of Canada, to be the "Exploring Party, to make a Topographical, Geological and Geographical examination of the Valley of the River Niger, in Africa, * * for the purposes of service and general information; and without any reference to, and *with the board being entirely opposed to any emigration there as such*," * * granting "the right of the Commissioners to negotiate in their own behalf, or that of any other parties, or organization for territories." "It being agreed and understood that this organization (the Board) *is, and is to be exempted from the pecuniary responsibility of sending out this expedition.*"

We are delighted with the sight of this 'commission." It is decidedly a big thing. Any one not bound for Africa with all his might, prepared to go it blind, would have torn it to atoms and thrown it in the face of the Board. It is on the decided work-for-nothing-and-find-yourself principle. Jefferson Davis' privateer documents are respectable along side of it.

Yet we are glad to see this "Commission." It throws historical light on the celebrated treaty with the King and chiefs of Abbeokuta, which has been discussed in these columns. We understand *now* why the treaty was not made in behalf of "the Board of Commissioners" who gave the party their *commission*; and was made in behalf the "African Race in America." The "Board of Commissioners" had shirked the treaty in advance; and the party were forced to make this treaty in the name of "other parties" as their commission read, and these "other parties" were "the African Race of America." To what race did the "Board of Commissioners" belong?

But the "party" acted in the teeth of their instructions when they made arrangements to colonize Abbeokuta with the "African Race in America," contrary to the express avowal of the Board.

We do not rehearse these things as a matter of fault-finding or cavil, but simply to show that the head and front of the whole matter, Dr. Delany, was, not to be disturbed or baulked by trifles, and that Board of Commissioners, colored convention, &c., &c., were but so many means which he created to carry out his end.

As our review of this Report is a labor of love, we will endeavor to say more about it next week. In the mean time let all our readers procure it, that they may follow our criticisms intelligently.

"Hospitable graves in Hayti!"—In a letter to the "Pine and Palm" from Hayti, Rev. T. J. Holly announces *fourteen deaths* among the New Haven colony alone. As the colony numbered less than a hundred, this is a frigthful mortality, and should rest as a pall upon those, who for motives best known to themselves, are decoying our people to their graves. Mr. Holly himself adds, "Come on, then, brave, stout hearted emigrationists—friends of a colored nationality, *who are not afraid to die*, if need be, and here is a *home* and a *wide field* of development for you." We do not doubt, from the heat of the climate, that decomposition occurs much sooner in Hayti than in Connecticut. But it does seem a queer way to build up "colored nationalities" by enriching a soil already the richest in the world.

Differences of opinion.—Mr. Holly says of the dead New Haven colonists, that "Their deaths were a triumphant witness in behalf of the noble cause of Haytian Emigration."

The Editor of "the pine and palm," who is generally believed to be James Redpath, says, on the contrary, "We do not regard the deaths of which he (Holly) speaks, as a triumphant witness, &c., but as a sad evidence of the fatal folly of refusing to obey the rules of living, which experience has laid down for the tropics."

We would respectfully suggest that "fatal folly" is properly applied to the unfortunate dead; but it was the "fatal folly', of listening to whom? of obeying whom? The very person who, with Haytian gold gingling in his pockets, coolly turns round and calls his dead victims *fools*.

A Scene in a Christian Land.—Can our readers read the following, copied from the Baltimore "Clipper," without asking themselves whether it is possible that they are living in a land laying claims to the highest civilization, and engaged in efforts to extend christiauization into parts of the globe where no such God-defying scenes are ever enacted?

On Sunday night a negro woman, named Louisa Ann Murray, was found by a policeman on Aisquith Street, endeavoring to make her way out of the city. The woman had a chain fastened to her neck by means of a padlock. She had with her two small children of hers, and upon being intorrogated stated that she and the children belonged to Mr. William Kelly, of Baltimore, and that she had been whipped a few days since, and the chain placed about her neck; the end of the chain, she stated, being attached to a cannon ball, which she succeeded in detaching and ran away, taking with her her two children. She was detained in the central station house yesterday morning, when she was returned to her master.

A Marriage of Contrabands.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal writes from Old Point Comfort on the 8th inst. as follows "I had supposed that my servaces in this particular department of clerical duty were likely to be suspended while in old Virginia, but it apperrs not. I have been applied to by two contrabands who had lived for years as man and wife, but whose masters had assured them that marriage was not necessary or right in slaves. Now they have learned that God's law extends to them and is obligatory on them, and if human law in Virginia recognizes no marriage tie as binding on slaves, or to be respected by masters, God's law does, for he is no respecter of persons. The ceremony will be gladly performed by me. God pity these poor heathen in a Christian land, and may the missionary institution of slavery as some some call it, show less degrading fruits or be speedily struck its death blow and cease to pervert religion itself from its holy mission, making its name a cloak for the foul mouster slabery.

Arrest and Return of a Fugitive Slave.—One day last week, a man named Monck Levy, a resident of Louisville, came to this city in search of an absconding "chattel" named Eliza, quite a neat and well-dressed quadroon, about twenty-eight years old, "which," or who, he believed to be secreted somewhat heresbout. On Saturday she was discovered in the Colored Orphan Asylum on Ninth street, and taken before Commissioner Halliday, who sanctioned the claim of Mr. Levy by remanding her to Louisville in his charge. She admitted that she had always been well treated, and did not seem greatly disinclined to return. When asked why she ran away, she replied, "Liberty is sweet."—Cincinnati Gazette of Sept. 23d.

Civilization in New Jersey.—The Bordentown Register of Sept. 20th, furnishes editorially the following evidence that the people of that place, at leart, are not willing that the world should think that all relics of *heathenism* had been swept from the long benighted State of New Jersey. However, some progress is shown in the transaction; for twenty years ago the "fun" would have lasted a whole day, instead of a "full hour."

Plucky.—Quite a bloody and disastrous fight occurred in West street, on Monday last, between two "she contrabands," all on account of the "green eyed monster." The conflict lasted a full hour, during which time considerable wool was pulled and a quantity of blood spilt, besides the manufacture of a nice lot of rags—for it is said that "big Jule" was almost stripped! The boys had plenty of fun. Nobody interfered, and the fight lasted until one or both gave out from sheer exhaustion. We have'nt heard which claims the victory.

Slaves in the Revolution.—Slaves owned by tories, in the days of the Revolution, were not only set free, but all able-bodied slaves were permitted to enlist, and at the close of the war manumitted.—These slaves which were the confiscated property of the tories, became the property of the State, and in 1786 the following act was passed, providing for the subsistence of the aged and ingrm:

"Be it enacted, &c., that all negro slaves become the property of the people of the State, by the attainder or conviction of any person whomsoever, and now in possession of the Commissioners of Forfeiture, be and they are hereby manumitted." Again: "That the Commissioners of Forfeitures for the several districts be and are hereby required to provide for the comfortable subsistence of all such slaves as by age and infirmity are become unable to gain subsistence, at the expense of the people of the State."

New York was then a slave State, just as Missouri is now.

SUMMARY.

The Baltimore papers of the 25th ult. state that a colored man, by the name of Benjamin Simms, was arrested on the charge of throwing stones, while intoxicated in the windows of the Saratoga street church. He stated that his lady love having visited said church in company with another gentleman and seated themselves near the window he could not resist the temptation to throw a stone at them. At the suggestion of Justice Hiss he received thirty-nine lashes.

At Waynesville, Ohio, on the 14th ult., a colored man named Wm. Carter, killed in self-defence, another colored man by the name of Lucius Whittingham. It was stated in Court that Whittingham had procured a knife for the express purpose of killing Carter. On the day of the occurrence, Whittingham approached him and threatened to cut out his heart, when for self-preservation, Carter struck Whittingham with a huge club, fracturing his skull, which resulted in his death.

Elizabeth Facts was arrested on the night of the 9th inst. in Baltimore, charged with being an absconded slave, the property of one S. H. Tagart.

The Elmira Gazette, in its report of the races over the Hawley Course, near that place, says: "only two entries for the foot race were made, which was won by a colored man from Elmira."

A colored woman named Charity Hall died in the Central station house, Baltimore on Monday night 24th ult. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from intemperance and exposure.

PERSONAL.

The Geotgetown (Del.) Messenger of September 25th contains the following:

"An old colored man, by the name of Benjamin Brown died at Laurel on Thursday last, aged about 80 years who deserves a passing notice. Brown has been in the habit of preaching to his colored brethren in all parts of the country, and has gained a wide reputation for his funeral discourses. He was unlettered, but possessed good natural talent for one of his race, and his sermons were often listened to with attention. He was honest and upright and the utmost confidence was placed in his piety. He had the respect of all classes."

The Rochester Express of the 27th ult. says: "Charles Taylor, colored, who left Rochester with the 13th Regiment, in the capacity of servant to Capt. Scherffel, returned home on furlough. He was in the Arcade this morning, in the centre of a group of curious observers, to whom he was narrating incidents of Bull Run. He had upon his back a knapsack taken from a Georgia Rebel on that occasion with his own hand. He fought in the ranks of the 13th throughout the day with a musket which he took from a fallen soldier, and thinks that he did as much execution as the circumstances would allow."

Mrs. Mary O. Monroe, widow of the late Rev. W. C. Monroe, and her two sons returned from Hayti last Saturday, in schooner Joseph Grice. Mrs. Monroe reports the death of Rev. John W. Lewis, leader of the Lawrence colony.

The Oswego Gazette furnishes the following item: "Died in Richford, in this county, on the 11th inst., Augustus Van Buren, a colored man, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and two years. He is said to have been, at one time, the slave of the father of Martin Van Buren.

Rev. M. M. Clark recently returned from Africa was advertised to lecture at Plainfield and Indianapolis last week. The Journal of the latter place remarks: "Mr. Clark is an educated man, and made a visit to Africa to obtain information that is considered important by that portion of the Christian community who have the Missionary cause at heart. His lectures will be interesting, and we bespeak for him a good audience, both at Plainfield and Wesley Chapel.

The Burlington, (Vt) Free Press thus notices Mr. Garnet's departure for Europe: "The Rev. H. H. Garnet, [colored], left N. Y. a few days ago, for Europe, with a regular passport of citizenship, signed by W. Seward, Secretary of State. Such a return to the usage of the government previous to the last few years must fill Judge Taney with horror."

John S. Rock, Esq, of Boston has been appointed and commissioned by the Governor and Council, a Justice of the Peace for Suffolk county, Mass.

Osborne P. Anderson, the only surviving representative of John Brown's party at Harper's Ferry is now in this city.

It will rejoice the friends of Rev. John P. Thompson, who was so severely injured by a fall in Newark, N. J. a few weeks since, to learn that he has arrived at his home in Sag Harbor and is now convalesent.

Rev. W. E. Walker and lady returned from their Easteru tour at the early part of this week, and left immediately for their home at Trenton, N. J.

Capt. Edward Fleming of Nassau, N. P. arrived here last Monday night with a fine assortment of pineapples.

MARRIED.

Married, Sept. 25th, 1861, by the Rev. Wm. Johnson Alston, Mr. Wm. Wilson, of Washington, D. C., to Miss Henrietta Lambert, of New York City.

DIED.

Cooper.—At Newport, R. I., Sept. 25th Mrs. Dianah Cooper, sister to Mrs. Clinton, the mother of Right Rev. J. J. Clinton, Superintendent. She lived and died a Christian, leaving this world in the triumph of faith. Her hope, anchored within the vale, enabled her to out-ride every storm. Her soul has gone to God; it has gone to its home, no more amid peril and error to roam. The eyes are no longer dim. Her soul is in Heaven enjoying the unclouded smiles of God, that fills all the glorious place.

J. F. L.

Providence, Oct. 1st, 1861.

Special Notices.

A MENTAL FEAST.

There will be a Mental Feast given by the Male and Female Sinking Fund attached to the Branch of A. M. E. Zion Church, 231 West 16th Street, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, the 9th and 10th of October, 1861, for the benefit of said Church. There will be speaking and singing on the occasion, and refreshments.

Exercises commence at 8 o'clock. Admittance at the door, 10 cents.

Names of the Committee:

Mrs. M'rg't Jackson, Mrs. Lucretia Robinson,
" H. A. Harper, " E. K. Jackson,
" Mary A. Forbes, " Sarah Jane Ray,
" Margaret Duncan, Miss Martha Eato,
Mr. Abraham Ray, Mr. John Pulley,
Mr. John Ray.

LOVE, PURITY, AND TRUTH.

Good Samaritan Lectures.

The second of the Course will be delivered by William C. H. Curtis, Esq., on Thursday evening next, the 10th inst., under the patronage of Fountain Union Lodge No. 1, at their Rooms, corner of Forsyth and Broome Streets. Subject—Development of Truth.

The public are most cordially invited to attend.

N. B.—Admission Free.

Charles R. Hornbeck, W. C.
Julia Hamilton, W. P. D.
John D. Bagwell, R. S.

DONATION.

The Annual Donation for the benefit of Rev. Henry M. Wilson, will take place at the Lecture Room of the Seventh Avenue Presbyterian Church, on Thursday evening, Oct. 23, 1861. An efficient committee of gents and ladies, whose names will be published in next week's issue, will manage this Benefit.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

Rev. Henry M. Wilson is now Assistant Secretary of the African Civilization Society, No. 26 Bible House.

Office hours Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, *from ten A. M. till two P. M.*

As many letters are sent to his care for different persons in this city, it would be well for parties expecting letters to call at Mr. Wilson's Office.

THE PROPOSED NEW BOOK OF MAR-

For the above work the undersigned would state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that he wishes to collect full and accurate accounts of all cases of abuse growing out of Slavery, of the loss of *time, property and life*, whether among whites, Indians, or blacks. He is not particular as to the length of the articles, for, when we *come to the publication, it may be best to abridge* some statements; but the original communications will be carefully preserved and placed in some historical collection for preservation and reference. Whatever will serve to illustrate or add interest to the statements, such as photographs or engravings, or autographs of the persons, or maps and plans of the localities named, will be thankfully received and carefully preserved. If the case has been published in the papers, or in pamphlets or books, please make reference to them or forward them. Names of persons, places, and dates, which, if divulged would involve the parties in difficulty, may be withheld in the communication. Let every one send on what he or *she may have to communicate as early as possible.* We shall feel greatly obliged to Editors who will copy this advertisement and give it a favorable notice, and all who will promptly respond to this call will receive our hearty thanks.

Address, L. G. OLMSTEAD, New York.

Information Wanted in regard to Alexander or Sandy Hogan, son of Betsey Hogan. He left the service of Mr. Jenkins in Baltimore, in June, 1859, and came to the North to solicit money to purchase the freedom of his wife. He is believed to have been in Birmingham, N. Y., about five weeks ago. Skin light brown. An aged mother is anxious to ascertain his whereabouts, and will be grateful for information sent to Wm. Still, 107 North-Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Anti-slavery papers please copy. 3t.

Letters or newspapers for Hayti or Jamaica will be promptly forwarded if left with Mr. N. R. Ashby, at Lewis & Co.'s store, 24 South Street. New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHITE'S

VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR,

FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH, AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely *Gray*.

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh and unpleasant in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth, turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea-voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full of dandruff, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this, and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hair-brush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off, always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that cases of failure will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and perseveringly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

BADEAU'S

STRENGTHENING PLASTER.

AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR

LAME OR WEAK BACK, PAIN OR WEAKNESS IN THE SIDE, CHEST, STOMACH, OR LIMBS. A CERTAIN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, PLEURISY, LIVER OR KIDNEY COMPLAINT, SPRAINS, BRUISES, &c., &c

Persons disposed will find this plaster particularly servicable

Dyspeptic persons will find a permanent relief from its use, as it keeps a continued heat, acting as a gentle counter irritant, removing the inflamation of the stomach without breaking the skin. Persons engaged in sedentary pursuits should use these Plasters constantly, as they give strength to parts weakened by constant sitting and stooping.

For STRAINS and SPRAINS they are infallible, *affording relief immediately and without fail.*

For RHEUMATISM there is no external application equal to them, promoting the general circulation, and

PREVENTING A RETURN

of the excrutiating pain.

These plasters are prepared with great care, and of the best material, and to prevent fraud the name of the originator is placed on the back of each one. In purchasing ask for BADEAU'S PLASTER. See that the name BADEAU is written on the back, *or you will be deceived.*

P. A. WHITE, Sole Proprietor.

P. A. WHITE,

Corner of Frankfort & Gold Sts.,

GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

A FRESH AND PURE ASSORTMENT

OF

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

GENUINE

LUBIN'S EXTRACTS

AND OTHER PERFUMERY,

FANCY SOAPS, FINE HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES, FAMILY ARTICLES, HAVANA SEGARS, &c., &c.

All his articles are purchased with great care, and are warranted to be pure, fresh, and genuine.

MEDICINE CHESTS

carefully made up.

All orders promptly attended to, on receipt of the CASH.

Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared.

PAIN-KILLER.

We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, Diptheria and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent linament for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

Dr. Walton writes from Coschocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, Diptheria, *or Sore Throat*, that is so alarmingly prevalent here; and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

Rev. H. L. Van Meter, writing from Burmah, says: "The *Pain-Killer* has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

Rev. Jabez Swan says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy."

Rev. A. W. Curtis: "By its use I entirely cured a felon in a few days."

The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

The New York Examiner says, "We have used the Pain-Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the family medicine box."

The N. Y. Independent says, "We have used it, and it proves to be all it professes."

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, *Proprietors.*

10—13t

GRAND

PIONEER FESTIVAL,

TO AID A SETTLEMENT UPON

THE GERRIT SMITH LANDS,

WILL BE GIVEN ON

THURSDAY EV'G, OCT. 10, 1861,

AT PRINCE ST. HALL, N. Y.

This entertainment suggested by the peculiar state of the country and encouraged and supported by wise and good counsel for the best interest of the people, will be one of the most finished efforts presented before the people of this city for many years.

The following gentlemen have kindly volunteered to briefly address the guests upon the features of this movement:—

Dr. J. McCune Smith, Mr. T. Downing,
" Wm. Lively, " John Peterson,
Rev. J. N. Gloucester, " J. J. Zuille,
" David Stevens, Zion, " Robt. Hamilton,
" C. B. Ray " Jere'h Powers,
Prof. W. J. Wilson.

A YOUNG LADY WILL PRESIDE AT THE PIANO.

Tickets of Admission 38 Cents,

TO BE HAD OF THE FOLLOWING COMMITTEE:

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Wright Seaman,	Mulberry St.,
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BROOKLYN.

Peter Vogelsang,	No. 2 Stanton St.,
Francis Thompson,	No. 4 Hick Street,
Henry Ross,	No. 80 High St.

WILLIAMSBURG.

Mrs. Theo. Giles,	No. 54 Johnson St.,
Mrs. Chas. Harris,	Varet St. & B'way,
Miss Hope Conyers,	No. 77 S. 7th St.,
Miss Elizabeth H. Case,	Varet St. & B'way,

Theodore Giles.

HATS, CAPS & FURS

IN THEIR VARIETY.

First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS.

The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.

10 1y.

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 East 13th St., one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.

10 5t

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen it you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this ro any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,

BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG

Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,

CASSIMERES

AND VESTINGS

of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.

Don't Forget,

168 EWEN ST., Williamsburg.

9 1y.

JUST PUBLISHED

"THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN LIBERIA."

The Anniversary address, on the 26th July, 1860, in Cape Palmas, Liberia, by the Rev. Alex. Crummell, B.A.

For Sale at the Anglo-African Office, 48 Beekman St., New York. Price 15 cents. 8 4t.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. Eli N. Hall, Pastor, cor. DeKalb and Hudson Avenues, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:

10½ o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7½ "	P. M.

10 4t.

TO LET, A FRONT ROOM ON THE FIRST Floor of house No. 61 Leonard Street, Williamsburg. Inquire on the premises. 10 tf.

MRS. ANDERSON,

CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS

Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

TO LET.—THE UPPER PART OF HOUSE 277 South Fourth St., Williamsburg, consisting of front and back parlors, and a large bedroom, with the back basement. Rent nine dollars a month, to be paid strictly in advance. Inquire on the premises, or at the office.

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMODATE a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tf.

A NEW WORK

REPORT OF THE NIGER VALLEY

EXPLORING PARTY;

BY

M. R. DELANY, CHIEF COMMISIONER TO AFRICA.

CONTENTS.

Political Movements.
Succeeding Conventions.
History of the Project.
Arrival and reception in Liberia.
Liberia—Climate, Soil, Productions.
Diseases—Cause, Remedy.
The Interior.—Yoruba.
Topography, Climate, &c.
Diseases of this part of Africa.
Treatment, Hygeine, &c.
Missionary Influences.
What Africa now Requires to Direct Legitimate Commerce.
Cotton Staple.
Success in Great Britain.
Commercial Relations in Scotland.
The time to go to Africa.
Concluding Suggestions,

Complete in sections (chapters) consecutively from I to XVII, being most conveniently arranged in cut-in or side marginal notes, embracing every subject therein treated, so that in an instant any point or paragraph of interest may be at once cited to.

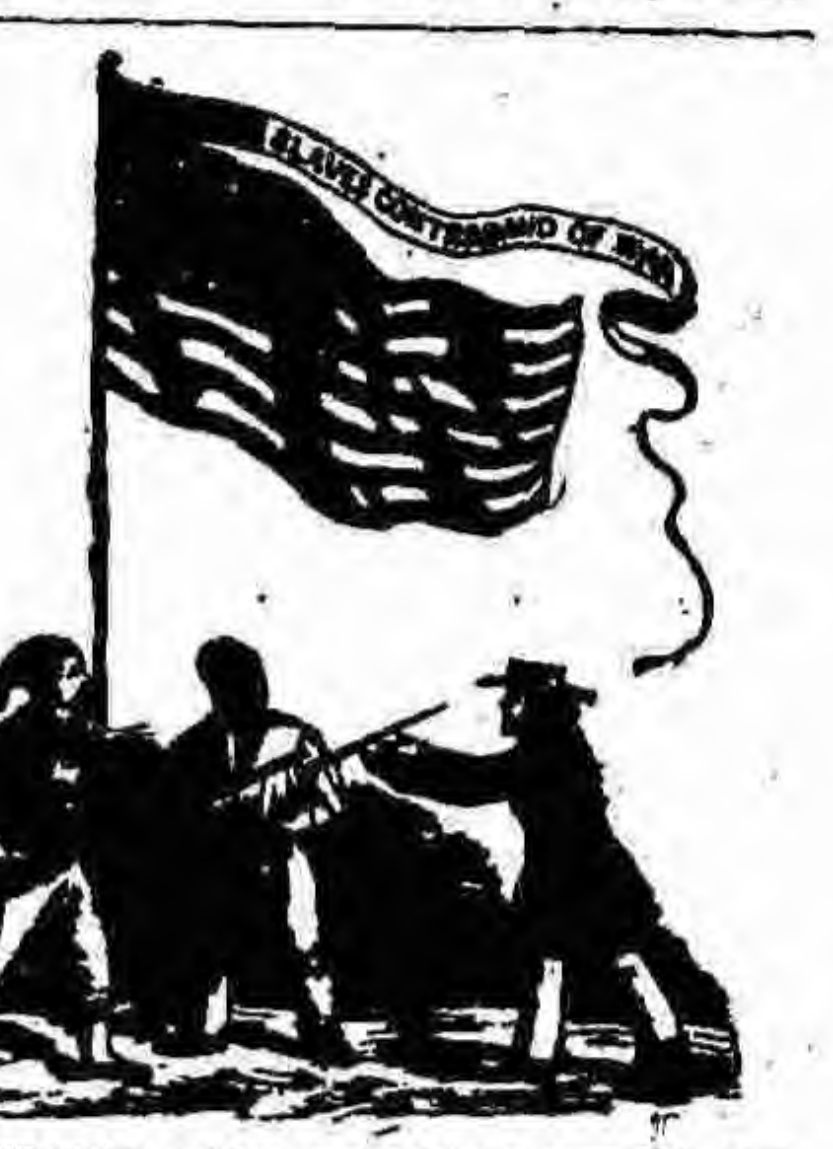
A learned and candid gentleman who has resided many years in Africa, after glancing over the proof sheets, pronounced it the most interesting and instructive work ever issued on that subject, and should be in the hands of every friend of Africa. It is a complete text-book.

The work contains 76 large pages, and will be sold at the low price of

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

All Orders should be addressed to the Publisher,

THOS. HAMILTON,
48 Beekman St, N. Y.



THE ZOUAVE AND SLAVE ENVELOPE Price per thousand $5; per hundred 60 cents; packages of 25 each, 20 cents.

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PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE

BY

MRS. W. S. WILKINS & Co.,

610 PINE, ABOVE SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA 7-13t.

LADIES' FURNISHING STORE.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

Ready-Made and Made to Order, By

MRS. S. WILKINS & CO.,

610 Pine, above Sixth Street, Philadelphia. 7-13t.

A SCHOOL WANTED.—A YOUNG LADY, a graduate of one of the High Schools of this State, and who is fully qualified as a teacher, is desirous of obtaining a school where the salary would not be less than $200 a year. Address Thos. Hamilton, 48 Beekman St., N.Y.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. THE UNdersigned respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the Art of Singing. He will be at home at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, and at Zion Church, N. Y., on Thursday evening, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. Singing schools taught and private instruction given on moderate terms.

3tf. ROBT. HAMILTON,

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. Fortes, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 Mulberry Street, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMAN'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5—4t

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 Sullivan Street, New York. 4-1t

DENTISTRY.

BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist. 79 Thompson St., N. Y.

MRS. E. LEONARD,

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DRESS MAKER,

25 Sullivan Street, New York.

Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions. 3tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING

By Mrs. Mary Johnson, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies,	$2.50
" " Gentleman,	[illegible]
Lodging per week,	75

y13t.

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,

CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

219 Centre Street, New York.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts., 2 tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 182 Suffolk Street. Terms very moderate. 10 1y.

BROWN'S POPULAR RESORT,

The undersigned takes the privilege to inform his Friends and the public generally that as he has recently fitted up his SALOON anew, he is now prepared to furnish them with Ice Cream, Fruit, and other Delicacies.

BENJ. F. BROWN,
70 Bleecker St
between Broadway & Crosby St.

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts.

Poetry.

THY WILL BE DONE!

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night: with Thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayer we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead in times like these
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou, the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

REMARKABLE TRANCE.

Communicated in a letter from F. D. Richardson, M. D., of Cold Spring, N. Y., to the American Journal of Medical Science.

In the month of January, 1814, being surgeon of the U. S. Frigate President, commanded by Commodore John Rodgers, cruising off the coast of South America, a sailor, belonging to one of the tops, about 23 years of age, named ——, burst a vessel in his lungs, and was brought down to me, about suffocating with the sudden and great discharge of blood. I succeeded in stopping the hemorrhage; he was confined to his cot, and put upon low diet, and the use of such medicines as the case demanded. During my attendance upon him I discovered nothing in his conversation or actions different from ignorant, rough, profane men in the same station. My mates said that to them he was at times insolent, swearing terribly at the refusal of such things as would have been injurious to him, saying they wished him to starve. He was to all appearances extremely illiterate. After doing well for some time, a vessel, having the appearance of an enemy's frigate hove down upon us, and as all hands were at quarters and a fight expected to commence in a few minutes, knowing the spirit that animated all aboard, I thought proper, before descending to the cock-pit, to call on this man, and forbid his making any attempt to move, as it might prove fatal. He promised to obey faithfully; but at the moment he heard the first sound of the gun he sprang upon deck and ran to the gun where he was quartered. The excitement was so great that the blood burst forth from his mouth and nostrils in a full stream, and in this deplorable condition he was brought down to me in the cock-pit.

I with some difficulty saved him from immediate death. He was returned to his berth and put to the same course as before. The weather being hot and calm, I hung his cot between two ports, on the gun-deck, from which he was obliged to be removed to the berth deck, whenever we were called to quarters at night, a strange sail being near. He had occasional discharges of blood, and became much debilitated. During all this time, being apprised that his dissolution was nigh, I do not remember of witnessing any change of expression or feelings, as far as the state of his soul was concerned. Soon after dinner time Dr. Birchmore reported his death to me. The usual orders were given to his messmates to lay out the body and watch it. Dr. Birchmore called upon me to inform me that the supposed dead man had revived, and addressed his messmates in such a manner as to astonish every one, and bring tears from the eyes of all who heard him; that he then addressed himself to the surgeon's mate, and had now sent for me. I immediately repaired to the spot, and found him leaning upon and supported by a messmate; and a doctor at each wrist trying to find a pulse. He was universally cold, without any perceptible pulsation, his eyes bright and animated, his speech strong and distinct, without any discharge of blood from the lungs, although he had been exercising them so long. All the men not upon duty on deck surrounded the sick bay, and were gazing with wonder at the scene. I was then brought to attend his address, which was long, and consisted of language strong and appropriate, great fluency, good grammar, and words well put together.

My surpise was too great to permit me to recollect more than a small part of what he said. He declared that he was dead, that his spirit had been separated from his body, that he had beheld the glories of the other world, of which, if language could convey an idea, he was not at liberty to give a description; that he was only allowed a short time to return to earth, and give the advice he was now communicating to certain officers and men. He was extremely solemn and impressive, and what he uttered was in such a correct and pure style, that it might have been heard with satisfaction from a pulpit, delivered by a learned divine. After finishing with me he ordered me to send for Commodore Rodgers, as he said he must deliver a message to him before he finally quit us. I waited upon the Commodore and delivered the order. The Commodore stared, and for a moment hesitated how to act, fearing some deception, and the ill effects it might have upon the minds of the superstitious seamen; but he descended, when such a scene presented itself as is seldom witnessed by man. Imagine to yourself for a moment such a man as Commodore Rodgers, in a sick bay, by lamplight, surrounded by a hundred or more witnesses, standing before a common sailor, supposed to have been dead, who commenced to address him in words like these: I have sent for you, sir; some hours since I would have trembled at your frown and feared your displeasure; but now sir, I am your superior, being a messenger from Heaven to you; therefore, listen to what I shall say. He then touched in a handsome manner upon the different duties and relative situation of commander and men, dwelt upon the great responsibility of his station, his power to do good, the force of good example, humanity, etc.

When he had concluded, his head sunk upon his shoulders, and he appeared once more to be lifeless. The Commodore retired to his cabin, sent for me, and requested from me a philosophical explanation of what had happened. I endeavored to give one, which it would take up too much time to repeat; but there was, and ever will be, one insurmountable difficulty in the case, without admitting something like inspiration, to wit, how or what manner he acquired the knowledge of such excellent language, and delivered himself with such fluency and ease, smoothly and clearly, being an uneducated, common topman. Not knowing what might take place after what I just witnessed, I laid down and retired to rest. Late at night I was called out of my room to see a man who was very ill, and hanging in a hammock near the sick bay. After bleeding him and giving him an anodyne, I went to haste into the bay to get something, no one was present but myself; all hands not on duty were sleeping soundly around me; a solitary lamp threw a sickly light. Upon turning my head aside, what struck my eyes but the aforesaid corpse sitting up in his bed, fixing his glaring eyes upon me. I became motionless and almost petrified, when I was relieved from this unpleasant situation by his exclaiming, with a loud voice and much authority, Give me some water. I never obeyed an order so quickly before. Springing to a tin mug that stood near him. I approached, presented it to his lips, he drank of it, and closed his eyes forever. The next morning he was buried, or committed to the deep. I never saw more anxiety depicted upon the human face than every man discovered during the reading of the funeral service. Among six hundred and fifty men, I believe not a fearless eye could be found: and when the body was slid into the sea, every one, I was about to say, instinctively looked over the side, when their surprise was not lessened by beholding the body arise to the surface once or twice before it finally disappeared. It was astonishing the effect this affair had upon the language and countenances of the men for some days, especially those who had heard the address.

The Commodore was delighted to learn, that so far from representing fighting to be criminal, he spoke of love of country, and recommended discipline, attention to orders, obedience, and performance of duty in time of action.

HOW SLAVERY LOOKS IN MISSOURI.

A volunteer in one of the regiments in Missouri gives the following illustration of the beauties of slavery in that section of country:

"I have seen slavery in all its forms in this State. The negroes do everything, or rather half do everything, and it is always more work to boss them than to do the job.

For instance, in passing a mill I saw the following:—A farmer's wife, perhaps, found that her meal chest had a bottom, whereupon her lord must start with a detachment of his field hands, to the grist-mill, half a dozen miles distant, which detachment took up its line of march in the following order:

1st, Farmer leading horse with bag of corn, and hand No. 1 riding, and afraid he'll fall.

2d, Horse with bag of corn, and hand No. 2 riding.

3, Horse with bag of corn, and hand No. 3 riding.

Recapitulation—
1 white man,
2 horses,
3 negroes,
3 bags corn,

Estimated that said bags held two bushels each, which makes a total of 6 bushels of corn.

Corn worth per bushel, 15c.

Total value, 90c.

White man's labor, one day, (would have to wait for grist, which would, together with going to the mill and returning home, consume the whole day) worth at least 75c.

Three negroes' labor, one day, each 50 cts.—$1,50.

Three horses labor, one day each, 25c.—75c.

First cost of producing corn, 5c. per bushel—30.

Total cost of producing meal, $3,30.

Total value of meal when produced deducting toll, say 25c. per bushel, $1,50.

Amount expended more than value of meal, $1,80.

The above will show the manner in which they labor in slave districts. In a free State a pair of horses, a wagon and driver, would take a grist of 25 bushels to mill, accomplishing in one day what would take this farmer, three negroes and three horses, four days to do, and saying nothing about the interest on the value of the chattels.

Slave labor cannot be profitable in any way but wielding the hoe on Southern plantations. Slave breeding in this State as also breeding for other markets, may be profitable for those who are soulless enough to follow raising and driving human beings to the auction block.

JOHN A. WASHINGTON.

While a party of rebel officers were "observing" our pickets near Elkwater, Virginia, yesterday, a "vagrom" bullet, hurtling into their midst, perforated the uniform of Col. John A. Washington, somewhere in the region of the diaphragm, and instantaneously terminated the military and mental career of that famous individual. Famous on two accounts, first, that he was a roundabout descendant of the great patriot whose illustrious name lends honor to everything with which it is even remotely connected; and, secondly, that he once had the unspeakable pleasure of being done up in excellent wood-cuts, as one of the individuals to whom John Brown and his terrible army gave such a nightmare of apprehension. When the old partisan burst upon the sleepy denizens of Harper's Ferry, and disturbed their equanimity so seriously, Col. Washington was one whom they visited. His two hundred and eighteen pounds avoirdupois were comfortably disposed upon a feather bed, over which hung one of the swords of the immortal patriot—one that he had swung on many a battle-field and never sheathed with dishonor. As John Brown pounced into his room, the Colonel raised his night-cap tremblingly, gasped convulsively and covered his head with the quilts incontinently, while Old Ossawatamie reached out his bony fingers, clutched the sword and bore it off. When Brown and his fanatics were fighting like tigers in the arsenal, the Colonel was traveling in an opposite direction; but when Brown was standing chained and haltered upon the scaffold, Colonel Washington was there, on a big, black horse, wearing a red sash and looking as brave and martial as one of the paletots. By some means the sword of the *Pater Patriæ* was carried away with those who escaped, and when old Brown was buried, amid the stony hills of North Elba, it lay upon his coffin. The family were magnanimous and honorable enough, however, to restore it to its owner. Colonel John A. received it, hung it up once more on the pegs over the bedstead, and it is to be hoped slept as sweetly and snored as loudly as ever, with no dread fears of "nigger insurrection" to disturb his dreams. When conspiracy assumed the form of rebellion, and the government was threatened with overthrow, Col. John A. took down his sword, not to defend the institution his great ancestor had given the labors of his life to create and establish, not to preserve the constitution he had helped to frame, not to sustain the government of which he was the first Chief Magistrate, not for those purposes, but to aid the criminal wickedness of those who seek to efface all the principles Washington lived to establish: who declare that he and the other fathers "were mistaken, and incorporated a mischievous error into their theory of politics." Colonel John A. was a brilliant man; a good, hearty eater; a valiant and mighty champion at wine suppers; a pleasant companion in a story telling circle; a fine looking personage in uniform—but unfortunately he was not bullet-proof, else we should not be called on to establish his obituary. One of those painful casualties which so seriously interfere with the prosecution of little schemes like that in which himself and his fellow-rebels were engaged, has removed him from the theater of operations. We need not say that we regret the fact—for with all his peculiarities, the history of Harper's Ferry does not show that Colonel Washington was a brave man, and it is not pleasant to record the decease of a coward under such circumstances. A hero balances life against glory, and willingly takes the hazard of the stake; but if a man is not a hero, it must be particularly uncomfortable to die as the Colonel did. Yet "he who takes a sword shall perish by the sword," and the unworthy descendent of a noble house, we hope, is not the only leader among the rebels with reference to whom this truth will speedily be exemplified.—*Troy Times.*

PERILS OF TEACHING GRAMMAR TO YOUNG DAMSELS.

MR. EDITUR:—

I have been sendin' my darter Nancy to a skoolmaster in this naberhood. Last Friday I went over to the skool just to see how Nancy was gettin' along, and I sees things I don't like by any means. The skoolmaster was larnin her things intirely out of the line of eddyeashun, and, as I think improper. I stayed awhile in the skool house, and heered one class say their lesson. They was a spellin', and I tho't spelled quite exceedingly. Then cum Nancy's turn to say her lesson. She said it very spry. I was shoct! and determined she should leave the skool. I have heerd that grammer is an uncommon fine study, but I don't wan't any more grammer about my house. The lesson that Nancy said was nothin' but the foolishest kind uv talk, the ridiclest love talk you ever seed. She got up, and the first word she said was "I love!" I looked at her rite hard* for doin' so improper, but she went rite on and sed, "Thou lovest, he loves!" and I reckon you never heard such a rigmarole in your life—love, love, love, and nothing but love. She said one time, "I did love."

Then the skollars laffed, but I wasn't to be put off, and I sed:

"Who did you love, Nancy—I want to know—who did you love, Nancy?"

The skoolmaster, Mr. McQuillister, then put in, and he said he would explain when Nancy finished her lesson. This sorter pacyfied me, and Nancy got on with awful luv talk. It got wus and wus every word. She said "I might, could or would love."

I stopt her again, and said I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The skoolmaster tried to interfere, but I wouldn't let him say a word. He said I was a fool, and I knocked him down and made him holler in short order. I taulkt the strait thing to him. I told him I'd show him how he'd learn my darter grammer.

I got the nabers together, and we sent Mr. McQuillister off in a hurry, and I recon tharl be no more grammer teachin in these parts soon. If you know of any rather oldish man in your region that don't teach grammer, we would be glad if you would send him up. But in the footure we will be keerful how we employ men. Young schoolmasters won't do, especially if they teaches grammer. It is a bad thing for morals. Yours til deth.

THOMAS J. SOLE.

THINGS THAT ARE FOOLISH.

A great many foolish things are said and done in the world, among which an unknown writer classes the following:

For a young man to think he does himself credit by hanging around stores and taverns, smoking bad cigars and paying for whisky and oysters, in order to be called "liberal," by a set of youths as soft in the brain as himself.

For a lady to be annoyed because gentlemen do not always give her the best half of the street, and the nicest seat in the public assembly. She should not forget that these conventional courtesies are not her right any farther than they choose to concede them.

For an unfledged clerk to think that he must buy extravagant gloves and cravats for every festival occasion, because Jones, whose father is worth thirty thousand dollars, does so. The best way of proving his manhood would be to leave such things entirely alone.

For a girl to stay away from a party because she has worn all her dresses and can't have a new one. Isn't it something akin to discontent for her imagine that people have nothing to do but to think about her dresses.

For a man to be extra fastidious about cologues, diamond finger rings, and scented pocket handkerchiefs, and then set society at defiance with his cigar case and tobacco-box.

For a girl to think that she is establishing her character as a young lady of fashion, by allowing her mother to toil through all the drudgery of the house, and then investing her money in gaudy broaches and artificial flowers.

For a man to suppose himself a gentleman because he touches his hat to a party of spendidly dressed young ladies, while he scorns to lend a helping hand to the woman struggling across the street.

For a simple working girl to buy imitation jewlry, because her wealthy neighbor spends a small fortune in the real.

For an elderly young lady to think she renews her bloom by dressing in the style of sixteen, with pink roses in her bonnet and carmine roses on her cheeks.

For an old bachelor to attempt to darn his own stockings without a good stock of patience, or to venture where there are a dozen pretty girls.

JOKING WITH A BARBER.

Stopping for a day or two at a village a short way from Boston, Jeems went to a barber's to get shaved. On entering, and casting his eye about the room, he perceived that the barber drove a double trade of tonsor and small grocer.

"Shave, sir?" said the barber to his customer, whose face sufficiently indicated the object of his visit.

Jeems made no reply, but drawing himself up to a lofty height, proceeded, in the attorney fashion, to interrogate the barber as follows:

"Sir, you are a barber?"

"Yes, sir; have a shave?"

"And do you also keep this oyster cellar?"

"Yes, sir; have any oysters?"

"Well, sir, this occupation of yours gives rise to the most horrible suspicions. It is a serious thing to submit one's head to the manipulations of a stranger; but if you can answer a couple of questions to my satisfaction I should like to get shaved."

The barber said he would try.

"Well, sir," said Jeems solemnly, "do you shave with your oyster-knife?"

"No, sir," said the barber, smiling.

"One question more," continued the interrogator, "and remember that you are under an oath, or rather, recollect that this is a serious business, (the barber started) one question more; do you never open oysters with your razor?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed the barber, indignantly, amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders.

"Then shave me," said Jeems, throwing himself into the chair, and untying his neck-cloth with the air of a man who has unshaken confidence in human nature.

A GREAT SCARE.

The Indian scare at Horicon, a few days since, has had no parallel, as a laughable farce, since the frogs of Windham. There is a settlement of some one hundred Indian twelve miles north of Horicon, in the populous country of Dodge—the feeble remant of the once proud Winnebago tribe. They are naturally peaceable, and would never be otherwise were it not for the interference of "pale faces" and the evil influence of fire-water. It seems that a Dutchman killed an Indian's pony. The Indian was mad; and as whiskey worked within him he became sanguinary in his disposition. He sought out the Dutchman, and threatened to kill him. The latter, terrified at the demonstration, rushed headlong toward the town, alarming the neighbors, who, as they spread the word from one to another, magnified it by degrees until it had increased first to the murder of a whole family, then to the massacre of a community, and finally—most singular of all—to the uprising of eight hundred Indians for the slaughter of all Horicon! It is strange that the good people of Horicon swallowed the greatest story, and were themselves seized with this senseless panic. But that they did is now history, and may only be accounted for on the ground that "Madness ruled the hour." A moments reflection would have shown them that an irruption of Fejee Islanders was quite as likely as eight hundred wild Indians. They armed themselves, and telegraphed the alarm all over the country. Milwaukie was called upon for munitions of war, and the astonished officials, who forwarded them, could solve the strange problem in no other way than that the Horicon telegraph operator was drunk. Armed men arrived at Haricon from all the neighboring towns. Not less than twenty came from the town of Hartford, twenty miles distant. Within twenty-four hours the streets of Horicon were alive with the preparations of defence; and not till then, when fully five hundred citizens had shouldered their rifles, was it discovered that the Indians were quietly making their baskets at New England settlement, with no thought of scalp or scalping-knives, and that nobody had been or was likely to be hurt! And so ended the Indian scare.

A PREACHER'S ADVICE.—Lorenzo Dow once closed a discourse with the following language, which is as singular for its quaintness as practical in its advice:—"I want you, my young sinners, to kiss and get married, and devote your time to morality and money-making. Then let your home be provided with such necessaries and comforts as piety, pickles, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, and benevolence, bread, virtue, wine and wisdom. Have these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Do not drink anything intoxicating, eat moderately, go about business after breakfast, lounge a little after dinner, chat after tea, and kiss after quarrelling. Then all the joy, the peace and bliss this earth can afford, shall be yours until the grave closes over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier world.

A man in La Cross, Wis., a few days ago, rushed to the river swearing that he would drown himself. When he had waded in to the depth of his waist, his wife, who followed him, seized him by the hair, and then, as a local editor describes it, "she led him back till they reached a place where the water was about two feet deep, where she pulled him over backwards, soused him under, and pulled his head up again. "Drown yourself"—(down he went)—"leave me to father the brats"—(another plunge)—"get drunk"—(another souse)—"and started for the river"—(another dip)—"better use rot-gut"—(another dip and shake of his head)—"I'll larn ye to leave me a widow, and all the men at the war!" After sousing him to her heart's content she led him out a wetter if not a better man, and escorted him into the house and closed the door."

A good story is told of a rustic youth and a country girl, who sat facing each other at a husking party. The youth smitten with the charms of the beautiful maid or vented his passion in sly looks, and now and then touching Patty's foot under the table. The girl, determined to make the youth express what he appeared so very warmly to feel, bore with these advances a little while in silence, when she cried out, "look here, if you love me why don't you say so, but don't dirty my stockings."

A good anecdote is related of a well-known vagabond who was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. Having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he from a capacious pocket of his tattered coat a loaf of bread and half a dry codfish, and holding them up with a triumphant look and gesture to the magistrate, exclaimed:—"You don't catch me that way! I'm no vagrant. Ain't them visible means of support.

A drunken lawyer, on going into church, was observed by the minister, who addressed him thus: "I shall bear witness against you at the day of judgment." The lawyer shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied: "I have practiced five years at the bar, and have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to turn State's evidence."

NEW SONG.—"How do you like the clam song?" asked an old lady of her daughter as they stepped into the street after a popular concert.

"Clam song!" exclaimed the young lady in astonishment. "Why, what do you refer to, mother?"

"Why, the first one she sung."

"Oh! you mean Shells of the Ocean, don't you, mother?"

"Well, yes," said the old lady, "I do think that was it; it was something about clams, any way, and you know I do like them so well. Didn't you like it?"

"Mr. Smith, you said you once officiated in a pulpit; do you mean that you preached?"

"No, sir, I held the light for the man that did."

"Ah, the court understood you differently. It understood that it came from you."

"No, sir! I only throwed a little light upon it."

"No levity, Mr. Smith. Crier, wipe your nose and call the next witness."

QUAKER'S QUERY.—"Obadiah," said a venerable elder to his grandson, "thou knowest it is against the discipline of the society to of Friends to fight."

"Yes, grandfather."

"Is that shooting thing in thy hands a rifle?"

"Of course it is, do you think I would have any other."

"I'm told that it is the best kind; now thee must take it right out of thy grandfather's sight."

At an evening party, lately, a young man from England was boasting of the pedigree, wealth, and importance of his ancestors.

"Oh, yes," said Sam H., "your father and mine spent part of their lives together."

"Where was that?" sharply inquired the other.

"Pap, I planted some potatoes in our garden," said one of the smart youths of this generation to his father, "and what do you think came up?"

"Why, potatoes, of course."

"No, sir-ee! There came up a drove of hogs and ate them all. The "old man gin in."

A lady who was taken suddenly ill, became almost immediately delirious. Her husband was sent for. He went into the room, and the doctor said to him:

"She will not know you—her senses are gone entirely."

The sick woman looked up and said, "Ah! I know what you want; make him a glass of warm toddy!"

"Pooh," said the husband, "she's not delirious at all—she talks quite rational."

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

SOOTHING SYRUP.

Every mother should be prepared to act in the capacity of both nurse and physician to her children she can, if she will, discharge these duties much better than any one she can employ. If she does not, she ought to know that there is a Medicine prepared by an old nurse and female physician which has stood the test of many, many years, and is the most perfect thing on earth for children teething; it also cures Wind Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, and is sure to regulate the bowels. We say to every mother, do not le your own prejudices, or the prejudices of others stand in the way of the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP certainly does, as the name implies, "soothe" the little sufferer into a quiet, natural sleep, from which it awakes invigorated and refreshed. And for the cure of diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Wind Colic, &c., we have never seen its equal.

We have always been, and still are, opposed to the practice of drugging infants. This article has no deleterious effects whatever, and from our own experience (we speak advisedly) we have every confidence in it, and can heartily recommend it to all mothers. Take our advice—use it—and you will as strongly recommend it to others as we have to you.

When we say that MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP acts like a charm, we do but reiterate the language of every person who ever used it for their children, for all diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery and Diarrhœa, Wind Colic and Cholera Infantum. It will produce quietude and rest, relieve all suffering, and the infant will awake invigorated and refreshed, and not with the dull and stupefying effects of preparations of opium.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States.

During the thirty years of unprecedented and increasing popularity of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, innumerable "CORDIALS" and other nostrums, prepared by pretended M.D.'s, have sprung up and lived but a mushroom existence, the SOOTHING SYRUP has been constantly increasing in popularity, and become a household word, and

THOUSANDS OF MOTHERS THANK

MRS. WINSLOW

for the health of their children, by the use of her invaluable article.

PRICE 20 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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THOS. HAMILTON,
48 Beekman St., N.Y

TIME, MONEY, AND LABOR SAVED,

BY USING

B. T. BABBITT'S

SUPERIOR FRENCH

CHEMICAL ERASIVE SOAP,

Made and improved by the ORIGINAL INVENTOR of the German and Austrian Chemical Erasive or Detersive Soap, of which the *real* and *genuine article* has, since its first introduction to the American public, been most favorably known, as the *Best* and *Cheapest* Washing Soap in the market, and with the present improvement, which is not known to any other manufacturer, we CHALLENGE THE WORLD to produce a better article.

1. One pound of it will accomplish as much as three pounds of any other soap.

2. But one quarter the time and labor are required to do the same amount of washing, as with the best of family soap.

3. It does not injure the most delicate fabric; will tend to set the colors, and wash cleaner than any other soap in use.

4. Clothes need no boiling, and but little rubbing with the hands, thus avoiding their wear upon the wash-board.

5. Paints, Grease, Tar, and stains of every description vanish as by magic, before its wonderful, searching, erasive powers.

6. It is invaluable to Machinists, Printers Painters, and all others using Inks, Oils, etc. for washing hands; it does not chap them (like other soaps,) but will cleanse and soften the skin.

7. It may be used in hard or soft water, and is adapted for use in all climates.

Put up in one pound bars, sixty bars in each Box.

For sale by the bar or box by

THOS. HAMILTON,
48 Beekman Street.

MEDICAL.

THE BEST MEDICINES IN THE WORLD!!!

The following invaluable medicines may be obtained of

THOMAS HAMILTON, 48 Beekman St.

DR. CLARKE'S

VEGETABLE SHERRY-WINE BITTERS,

Are composed of Sarsaparilla, Dock-root, Rheubarb Thoroughwort, Dandelion, Prickly Ash, Bark, &c they should be taken not only in the Spring, but at all seasons of the year, as they operate directly on the liver, removing from it all coating of morbid matter, and restoring it to its normal action; also opening the bile ducts, causing the requisite flow of bile so essential to good health. Their influence upon the kidneys, also, is advantageously felt; at the same time they operate upon the blood, cleansing it from all impurity or taint of any kind. Humors of long standing are eradicated from the blood, thereby speedily curing jaundice, headache, weak stomach, sore eyes, nervousness, and other chronic diseases arising from impurity of the blood.

The palatableness of these bitters renders them agreeable to every one, and being composed entirely of vegetables, they may be used by all classes of people with safety.

Sold for the low price of 25 cents per pint bottle.

DR. CLARKE'S

SUGAR-COATED HERB PILLS.

These pills are made mostly from a valuable herb that grows on the proprietor's farm.

Warranted to cure Bilious Stomach, Bilious Bowels, Bilious Colic, Bilious Fever, and all diseases which arise from a bilious state of the system viz, Jaundice, Headache, Heartburn, Sour Stomach Liver Complaint, Weak Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, and a host, of diseases too numerous to mention, as their number is legion.

Warranted to cure diseases peculiar to the female sex

Warranted at all times safe and efficient.

Waranted for a gentle family physic not to have an equral in America, operating without pain.

Warranted not to contain calomel, aloes, gamboge colocynth, or other drastic poisonous drugs, which always do the system more hurt than good, and by their continued use are sure to cause a derangemen of the liver, bring on costiveness, and its inevitable consequence, piles, and dyspepsia, and finally break down the constitution, and cause the victim to drag out a miserable existence. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wily poison. Your life is your own,—preserve it. Take a simple herb, sure in its effects, but safe and pleasant,—no wrenching pains, no ill effects, and made pleasant to take by a fine coat of sugar. Children love them, ladies admire them, fools and wise men cannot do without them, doctors prescribe them,—and every body takes them. Yes, every body; from the honest farmer and mechanic to the most learned philosopher. And why? Simply because they are good, excellently good; and will do you good.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

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BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race where some succeed
While the others are beginning:
'Tis luck at times, at others speed,
That gives an early winning.
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor,
But keep this wholesome truth in mind,
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor;
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never.

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another;
But while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother.
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to beat the rest,
'Tis better late than never.

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, tho' the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor,
But ever keep this truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never.

[Reported for the Anglo-African.]

SERMON BY REV. W. JOHNSON ALSTON.

The following sermon was preached in St. Philip's Church, in this city, on Thursday the 26th of September—on the NATIONAL FAST DAY—by the minister in charge, the Rev. William Johnson Alston; he hoping that the humble explanation and exhibition of the Divine Word may lead us all to right thought and action in this trying crisis through which we are passing:—

Isaiah, 58: 6, 7. "Is not this the fast that I have chosen to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the *oppressed go free*, and that ye *break every yoke*? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?"

Beloved brethren and hearers, is not the question, viz: Why have we assembled ourselves together been and perhaps even now is struggling for audible—verbal expression? Feeling that such may be the case, we hasten to give what we deem to be a reasonable answer to the anticipated interrogation. And the first is, viz: That our Chief Magistrate, the President of the United States has been solicited by the unanimous voice of Congress, both of the Senate and House of Representatives, to proclaim and set forth a day of National Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer!

2nd. The Governor of the State of New York, coinciding with the expressed wish of the President, has called upon the loyal citizens to observe the same.

3d. That every citizen of our Modern Babylon might observe this fast, our Mayor has issued a proclamation requesting a strict observance of the day; and for this end he has sent a circular to all the heads of departments in the city, especially asking "that they will close their offices and shops to-day" (this we quote from a city paper).

4th. Our chief officer in the church—the Bishop—have sent a request to the clergy under his jurisdiction to open their churches for the observance of the fast, and also appointed the portions of Holy Scripture, &c., for the same—among which the 3d chapter of the prophecy of Jonah, which we read as the first lesson for this morning. The other lesson from the Old Testament is the 58th chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, from which our text is taken.

Now this is done on the part of our National, State and Church Officers, viz: That it may be with us as a nation it was with the inhabitants of the great city of Nivevah who were threatened with destruction by reason of their great iniquity! Hence Jonah in obedience to the Heavenly Command exclaimed aloud within that city, viz: "Yet forty days and Nivevah shall be overthown! So the people believed God, and proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth from the greatest of them even to the least of them. And the king said "let man and beast be covered with sackcloth and cry mightily unto God; yea, let them turn every one from his evil way and from the violence that is in their hands."

And the king gave his reason for so doing, viz: "Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from His fierce anger, that we perish not!" Then as an evidence of the sincerity of their repentance we read in the verse following, viz: "And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that He had said that He would do unto them; and He did it not!"

Now in this striking example of the Nivevites, we see the forbearance and long-suffering of God towards sinful people and nations, viz: that they are spared from impending Divine judgments on their timely and sincere repentance.

But the question may have arisen in the minds of not a few among ourselves, viz: Why should colored people in the loyal States] observe the fast? Here let us ask ourselves the question contained in the geography of our country, viz: "What forms the American Nation? the answer is the whole of the people of the United States."

Now this answer gives a reason for our observing the day—we are men! As colored citizens of the United States, we are, or should be, deeply interested in the struggle going on in the land, as we shall at once see by looking at the cause of the trouble—which is African Slavery—as now being fully admitted by all! The free people of color in the North, as a race, are identified with the enslaved, and we suffer by reason of that identification; because slavery has *cursed every descendant of Africa*, we all feel the weight of that curse upon us to-day, and that it will so continue until the shackles of the inhuman system are broken, and every man enjoy the heaven-born gift—Freedom!

But again, as colored citizens, we should be interested in the great National conflict now going on, because the signs of the times are ominous of good to the slave! They indicate that his galling chains and fetters are loosening and that the foundation of the brutal Institution (*to master and slave*) is giving way! and like the once giant of the forest (the oak) from the effects of age, incapacitated to stand the howling storm and wind, like a drunken man reels and rocks and is now ready to fall!—to which every *colored man, woman and child*, and also every true philanthropist, from the bottom of their heart can say, amen, amen!

Hence all men of every race should welcome the fall of slavery.

But do American citizens asks why?—we answer still in addition to what we have already, viz: Because the existence and continuance of African Slavery in America is *contrary to* the spirit and genius of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of these United States. The former is the *foundation of the latter*; therefore the same spirit pervades and breathes through both, and that spirit is seen in the following clause of the Declaration, viz: "We hold these truths to be self-evident,(so plain that the mere child may understand) that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

All men are created with an equal right to employ their faculties of body or of mind in such manner as will promote their own happiness either in the present or in the world to come. That every man has the right to use his own powers of body or of mind, in such manner as he will, provided he do not use them so as to interfere with the rights of his neighbor. And he, therefore, who for the gratification of his own pleasure places his fellow-man under any other conditions of existence is guilty of the most odious tyranny, and seems to me (says Mr. Wayland, in his Moral Philosophy) to arrogate to himself the authority of the most High God!

The system of slavery being contrary to the spirit and genius of the *Declaration* and Constitution of the United States, is there fore contrary to the views and designs of the *framers of these instruments of freedom.* Jefferson and Madison, as also the fathers of our country, including George Washington, their leader.

To get a true idea of the preciousness and worth of freedom, on the part of the fathers of our country, notice the force and effect of his words, who by them fired the breast and nerved the arms of his country men to break their fetters and cast off their yoke of bondage, viz: "As for me give me liberty or give me death!"

George Washington showed clearly what were his views on the subject of African Slavery, in that before his death, he was careful not to let death overtake him with his own and the responsibilities of others at the bar of judgment where men must give an account of the deeds done in the body while upon earth and be accordingly rewarded or punished, he made arrangements for the emancipation of all of his slaves.

Having been engaged in the holy war of freedom, and achieved a triumphant victory, he has left on the page of history his bright example concerning the enslaved.

And that example had, for a while, its proper and intended effect—State after State declared its slaves *free*, until the spirit by which Washington and the Revolutionary fathers were actuated by, died, and a spirit diametrically opposed, have taken its place, a spirit that craves to blight and curse the whole land!

As an evidence of this, to-day as a nation, we are in a state of rebellion and actual warfare.

All with unerring certainty may trace the origin of our present National troubles to that section of our dearly blood-bought country, where the children who have been nourished and brought up and protected by kind parents, have actually risen up against the Government and the holy principles upon which it was founded, viz: Religious, Political and Civil liberty—and doubtless but for a lack of true principle on the part of ourselves in the free States in going to combat with the enemy, the success which crowned the Revolutionary fathers, would have long ere this, been the heritage of the great Northern army.

But beloved brethren and hearers, let us not despair, but on the centrary, be encouraged to hold up our head that we may behold with joy the visible hand of Divine Providence in this matter.

From the long and uninterrupted existence of slavery in the land as a National Institution, we have become basely corrupted in morals; for our wealthy and influential citizens, in both sections of the country, (with some honorable exceptions) just previous to the fall of Sumter, were a unit on the subject of slavery, whereas *to-day*, contrary to the most distant expectations of both sections, we are divided and in battle array, each against the other. We are to-day suffering under one of the worse calamities that ever befell a nation, viz: At war with itself!

And He in whom we live and move, and have our being, has taken the matter into His own hands, because of the *injustice* of our rulers, both in the State and the Church. Hence He says to us by His servant, Jeremiah, viz., "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the Prophets prophesy falsely, and the Priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end whereof?"

And since our civil and religious authorities have failed to deal justly with their fellow-men, all of them, so as to conform and harmonize with the teaching with "the first and great commandment, to love the Lord our God with all the heart, mind and strength, and the second, which is like unto it: to love our neighbor as ourself.

The Almighty seemingly has taken the matter into his own hands to show that while He ordinarily makes use of men as humble instruments to accomplish His righteous ends upon earth, yet He is at the same time wholly independent of man. And, my hearers, to-day the American nation is convinced of this fact. We all, rulers and subjects, begin to realize that God exercises power over the affairs of heaven and earth.

We have an unmistakable evidence of this in the fact of our being assembled here, and the purpose for which we are gathered together, viz., at this very moment the loyal part of our Government are, as it were, bowed before heaven in "sackcloth and ashes!"

By this very act we acknowledge that we have sinned against God, and violated the laws of humanity. Our position is a becoming one, but oh, unless there is something more than form in this matter, unless our hearts are sincere, we but aggravate our guilt by attempting to mock him, to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid. Let us remember that "Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap." So that those words in the chapter from which our text is taken, may not be applicable to us, viz., "Behold ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fists of wickedness; ye shall not fast as ye do this day to make your voice to be heard on high." But on the other hand may our hearts be in perfect harmony with the spirit and teaching of the text, viz., "Is not this the fast that I have chosen to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh!"

In the first place the plain and practical lesson to be learned from the text on the part of the now acknowledged Chief Magistrate and his constituents is, to declare the general act of Emancipation throughout the length and breadth of the country, so that the 4,000,000 of slaves may in the first place be brought to the liberty of manhood, physically and intellectually; so that, secondly, they may be brought to the liberty of the glorious gospel.

Again, the plain practical lesson taught by the second verse of the text seems to apply most happily to our rulers respecting their conduct towards the poor fugitive in his flight from oppression and chains, and panting and fainting for the glorious boon of freedom. The text warns us not to continue as we have been, and are at present doing, viz., seizing and rending him whom God has created in His own image, and after his likeness, back to his cruel oppressors; but on the contrary to supply his wants, to take him out of the position of a brute, and to place him in that of a rational and intelligent and accountable being, remembering that God has made of one blood all the nations that dwell on the face of the earth. Hence we all are brethren!

These, beloved, are the lessons which, if received and practically carried out, will redeem the nation from the threatened destruction, and soon we shall be entitled to the remark made respecting Great Britain and her West India emancipation, viz., "Time, which develops the freedom that act created, adds continually to its luster; and long after England's highest achievements in acts or in arms shall have been forgotten, this grant of liberty shall testify to the grandeur of her power, and to the magnanimity of her people."

Oh! nation threatened with ruin from on high hearken to, and for our salvation, comply with His words as seen in the text, where He seems to speak to our President and his loyal subjects, viz., "Is not this the fast that I have chosen to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke!"

And to encourage us so to do, He in the eighth verse tells us what will be the happy result, viz., "Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee, the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward! then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am."

Finally let us all bear in mind the solemn fact that no expressions of humiliation can make that man a true penitent who does not "loose the bands of wickedness!" That no man's faith justifies him which does not "work by love," and that he who loves God will love his brother also. Indeed the consciousness of our love for the whole human race, and especially those of the household of faith, this is to the Christian one of the unmistakable evidences of his acceptance with the Father, true discipleship with our blessed Saviour, and in communion with the Holy Ghost. If, therefore, we love our brother in the heaven-taught sense of the term, we shall not dare to enslave, or in any way wilfully or intentionally injure him, but on the other hand strive to elevate and do him good.

And, beloved, if we, as a part of the oppressed, have our hearts and minds conformed to the will of heaven and the spirit and teaching of the text, though we may not go personally into the field and heat of the battle, yet even here, and at our family altar, we may have power with Him in whose hands are the destinies of all things and all men.

Do you ask how? We answer—By humbling ourselves before Him in deep humiliation, fasting and prayer.

See the case of the children of Israel in their flight from their cruel *oppressors* in Egypt. Behold the effect of the prayer of Moses to God in their behalf. The enemy was in their rear; on either side were impassible barriers, and in front was the Red Sea! But in this dilemma Moses, their leader, cried unto God *in prayer*, and in answer to that faithful supplication the sea was divided, and a highway of escape was opened up for them!

See again the instance of St. Peter by his enemies cast into prison, and the time set for his execution, but the Church prayed for him, and in answer to which an angel came down from heaven and liberated him.

Lastly see the case of Paul and Silas in the prison at Philippi. At midnight they prayed and sang praises to the Most High God, and the foundations of the prison were shaken, their place of confinement was opened, their bands broken, and they were by Divine power liberated.

In our prayers let us remember the bond, as bound with them, to the glory of God, and their temporal and spiritual salvation for the Redeemer's sake, Amen!

TRIALS AND PERILS OF A BLACK SHOWMAN.

Having wandered a respectful distance from the more public thoroughfares, the Hudson river and the Hudson river railroad, to find as I might hope to do, audiences whose appetites were seldom feasted with the novelty of art or satiated with exhibitions of fancy; a casual glance as I entered the village of F———, at the primitively constructed buildings, and the predominance of that peculiar costume of German attire—a short gown and petticoat—assured me that was the place. A secluded and out-of-the-way one indeed, at the foot of the Catskill mountains, which, however, might have been taken for one at the foot of the Harz Gebirge in Germany. I found but little difficulty in getting a hall and an audience.

Elated with the success I had met the first night, and encouraging anticipations of greater the next, without further delay, I sought and obtained accommodations with a respectable colored family, and retired early with visions of quarters, shillings and dimes flitting before my excited imagination the whole night long. Welcome intruders pressed on every side, money gingled in every pocket, and glistened between delicate fingers, until all that could had gained admission. My only regret was, that, not *so many persons*—but *so many* shillings should be left outside.

The scenes I exhibited were "Uncle Tom's Cabin," naturally calculated to excite, but doubly more so, when aided by the additional influence the hope of gain inspires. My debut, I was assured, was a happy and successful one. "The lecture," said the village parson, "was excellent."

With these impressions of passed success, and the hope of future, without further preparation or posting, I had concluded to indulge the privilege of enjoying my repose, until a late hour, as I was weary and fatigued from constant travel and excessive labor. It was in August and I disencumbered myself of every garment but one, and drew the sheet over my face to exclude the light from a crevice in the window. My sleep then seemed sweeter and sounder than ever. Yet still I was not oblivious to essential precautions. As the crowd pressed with their quarters, shillings and dimes I urged them (I thought,) to be patient—not to push the door down. *Still they* increased, and insisted on being at once admitted, and pressed the harder. Each fearing he might be left out, and each striving to get in first. Bang, bang, bang went a dozen weapons in the hands of determined and anxious boys. I sprang (I thought,) just as the door gave way before them to arrest their progress and receive the charge.

The spring awoke me, and sure enough there I stood confronting a crowd of a dozen or so of women, young and old, armed and equipped, and in the most hostile and defiant attitude. The effect of this transition was beyond conception. Instead of a crowd of smiling and pleasing countenances, and money gingling in full pockets, and between delicate fingers, there actually stood a crowd whose features were distorted with rage, and each grasping firmly some rude weapon of ancient and uncivilized warfare which each manifested both the determination and the capacity to use, I cannot say without ceremony, for it seemed all ceremony on their part, and all seemed to be taking a part in it, by the use of the most incomprehensible gingle I ever heard. I gazed astounded, and affrighted. I was *not only* speechless but dead; *yes* dead in the literal acceptation of that lifeless term. So I concluded it was the only reasonable solution I *could give of my condition*, and the new order of things around me. So I began as far as I had the power of concentration of thought to exercise it systematically and logically in the investigation of my case.

First.—*Who am or who was I?*

Ans.—Was A. B., am now (I expect,) his spirit!

Second.—*Where am I?*

Ans.—Must be in one of the spheres of the spirit world!

Third.—How come I here, or when did I die?

Ans.—Didn't die, must have got killed, *run over by the railroad, or blown up by a* steamboat!

Who are these, (not in white with palms in their hands) but in short gowns and petticoats and broom-sticks, tongs, pokers, &c. in their hands?

Ans.—The inhabitants of one of the spheres. It is not the infernal [illegible] it heaven.

During these instantaneous [illegible] and conclusions, though [illegible] the rapidity of spiritual powers, the babble and gabble was going on, accompanied with all kinds of menaces, grimaces and wry faces, and hostile demonstrations.

I said nothing, I could say nothing, I was speechless. I was unquestionably dead, and it appeared doomed too, and the sentence about to be executed. But how did I get killed? again thought I, between my shivers and shakes. Let us see (as I retreated,) I left "Schynowhatopeck" in the train yesterday at 4 o'clock, P. M. I know I did; paid the fare, fifty cents—know I did. Arrived at 2—know I did. Exhibited and lectured—know I did. Took in nine fifty—know I did, for I counted it over nine times; have got it in my pocket under the pillow—know it is, or was. Put up with an old colored lady in G Street—can't think of her name. That's nothing. How can I—strange—aint acquainted. Went to bed at eleven—know I did. Let us see. Have I been run over? is any bones broke? gesticulated with arms and feet, made faces, spit on the floor, winked, scratched my head, and made all kinds of manœuvres and *contortions to discover* the masticated member, but in vain. Must have died in a fit, then thought I. Never was mortal in *such a critical dilemma. Ah! but am I a* mortal? was the question I was trying to settle before I could determine on the propriety of prayer, the last resort of mortals. I indicated by a complacent and indifferent smile that (if dead) I had been sent to the wrong place; and also indicated by motion that I was quite aware of the fact, but that I was only passing through to a much *higher* one. But this seemed but to increase their dissatisfaction, and confirm them in the determination to deal out to me the punishment of those in that sphere.

They all seemed to say the same thing at the same time, and a dozen things at the same time, and approached me in as many directions, with as many uplifted weapons. While there I stood naked, dead and doomed. When killed? how killed? or by whom must be left to future consideration. My doom, however, seemed certain and inevitable. Just as I yielded to receive it, some one seemed to have made a discovery. All hands with exultation instantly sprang at the box containing my exhibiting apparatus and sheet or canvas on which I exhibited, and instantly tore the latter from the box, on seeing which all instantly sprang at me with imprecations, and I instantly shrank under the bed with the ease and rapidity of a spirit, as I thought I was. But the expectation of the surprise that drew them to the box proved a disappointment. They thought they had discovered what they sought; but they had not, and again instantly surrounded me under the bed, and by a most fierce and vigorous assault, front and rear, and sides as well, with pokers, broomsticks, tongs, &c., compelled me to come out. But O, dear! I made an ineffectual attempt to fly. Then I tried to become invisible, but I could perform none of those mysteries that spirits are supposed to be capable of. Then I thought I *might* be in purgatory, where spirits are not in possession of their full powers. The Romanist *may be right* after all.

But I had no time to settle this solution neither by fact nor philosophy. After emerging from my place of retreat, one of the persons or spirits made another instantaneous movement right at me. I certainly came very near flying this time. She caught hold of and elevated to my armpits, the only garment I had on. It now, for the first time, suggested itself to me that something was lost, and I was supposed to have it. During all this time, which, though was but a few moments, a young man who entered or came to the door with them, yet remained in the door as stern and as unmoved as a statue, was now seen to bite his lips evidently to suppress laughter. This I saw, and I looked at him imploringly. He smiled visibly and expressively. Never did the assenting smile of lover afford such relief as that smile did to me. I spoke for the first time, I had seen him over night and knew he spoke good English.

"For God sake, Mr.," said I, "what's the matter?"

He laughed outright, as if he would burst. The features of all were instantly changed. Then he spoke for the first time, "Aunt Betty has lost her smock." (German for undergarment.)

"My God," said I, "I have not got [illegible] Schmock, schmock, I don't know [illegible] schmock is; tell 'em so, won't you? [illegible] quick, do.

He was yet roaring with [illegible] patiently waited on their [illegible] ley should terminate.

"Well," he [illegible] [illegible] most solemn manner that I was innocent—that I had not "Aunt Betty's schmock," never seen Aunt Betty's schmock, and did not know what a schmock was. It now occurred to me that when I first woke in the morning, *just after light, on going to close* more closely one of the shutters, I saw a New York German rag-picker in the yard. This fact I mentioned to the young man, and he in German communicated it to them. The siege was instantly raised; all at once started in the direction I pointed, and left me there as I had been all this time with nothing on but my shirt.

Trembling and shaking I drew on my clothes, and followed to see the fun.

He was soon overhauled in one of the lanes leading out of the village. On seeing them he certainly must have apprehended their designs. But nothing daunted, he made ready for battle, against such fearful odds by facing about so as to afford protection to his rear, and placed himself in the most hostile and defiant attitude. Without farther preparation or parley hostilities commenced. Broomsticks, pokers, tongs, the ready weapons of women-fighters fall thick and fast, and rattled in terrible confusion over the head and shoulders of the *poor, ill-fated* rag-picker. His only weapon was his gutter-hook, too light and too short for effective service. Some of the younger women not insensible to the advantages of a rear insult, scaled the fence and got hold of his bag as it swung from his shoulders, and pressed him close against the fence. Finding his arms confined by the pulling on the bag, he threw them up to relieve himself, which effort caused the strap to slip up around to his throat. By this strategical manœuvre of the girls in the rear, and the fierce assault in front, there was no alternative but unconditional surrender a prisoner of war, and suffer himself to be sacked. The latter, therefore, was made to disgorge its ill-gotten contents, viz., three undergarments, seven house-cloths, two old bedquilts, three dead cats, two short gowns, five petticoats, and any number of old socks, dish-rags and other rags too numerous to mention; a claimant for each of which appeared as they were dragged forth; each dealing the poor half-dead rag-picker a severe blow as the just reward of unsuccessful plunder.

It is needful to say that I was entirely exonerated and restored to confidence.

BARNUM.

[For the Anglo-African.]

A VISIT TO MONTROSE, PENNSYLVANIA.

MR. EDITOR:—

I arrived in this beautiful village on the 26th ult., and preached twice on the Sabbath to large congregations. We had truly *a time of refreshing* from the presence of the Lord. Our people here appear to be in a pretty good condition, many of them *by industry and economy* have succeeded in accumulating considerable property. Mr. Edmund Bacon keeps a first class grocery store, and is doing business on quite an extensive scale. He also owns several very fine houses. Mr. William Wares is carrying *on a soap and candle factory*, and is doing an extensive business, and is the owner of a large and commodious dwelling. Mr. Edward Williams is a miller by trade, and has been quite successful in business—he owns three very handsome dwellings. Mr. William Smith is a first class plasterer, and is doing a fine business. Messrs. Washington & Dorsey are moulders in Mr. Sear's foundry, and have constant employment. Mr. Singer is a blacksmith, and is considered an excellent workman. There is considerable real estate owned by Messrs. Hammond, Gilmore, Bowie, Stout, Nelson, Dorsey and others. Messrs. Charles Morris, Jackson, Lacy, William [illegible] wife and four children left here on the [illegible] ult., for Hayti—several others talk of [illegible] next month.

There are two colored [illegible] Churches, namely, Zion and [illegible] appear to be in a [illegible] The colored public [illegible] white lady, and is [illegible] dition.

There are [illegible] Order of [illegible]

[illegible]

Montrose, Pa., Oct. [illegible]

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

A NOBLE PROPOSITION.

ROBERT HAMILTON Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I congratulate you at the appearance once more of the Anglo-African,—a paper that gained, for the time it existed, more prestige than any other that had preceded it.

Now sir, the glorious question is, "Shall it live? I call it glorious, from the immense importance of the hour that is now upon us.

It will live if we bring our patriotism, our love for the truth, not to a boiling, but a moderate heat. Let each brother and sister, father and child, do what they can—take stock in it at a fair premium. The premium to be paid in Hallelujahs when its work as a Journal for Freedom is over.

Sir, I propose to unite with some in investing Five Dollars to begin with; what will others answer? I propose no plan upon which it is to be paid, but leave that to your better judgment—but I suppose you need the money as soon as you can get it, I therefore pay immediately. Now who will be the next customer,—if not for five, for four—for three—for two—for one! for fifty cents? Keep in remembrance, friends, that this stock pays glorious in-premiums, however small be the investment. Yet you must still remember, that greater the investment, more glorious the premium!

Now sir, I believe I have said enough: perhaps more than enough—for, after all, all that is requisite is but for the people to know your need, and they are ready to nobly respond.

Yours in behalf of the good cause,

J. N. GLOUCESTER.

The following are responses to the above proposition, including Mr. Gloucester's subscription:

J. N. Gloucester.	$5
H. Highland Garnet.	1
Henry M. Wilson,	1
Ezekiel H. Dias,	1
"A Friend,"	1
Robert H. Vandyne,	1
Miss Susan Tindall	1

Memorial of the People to Congress.

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND, TO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF."

To the Congress of the United States:

The undersigned, citizens of ———, State of ———, respectfully submit—

That as the present formidable rebellion against the General Government manifestly finds its root and nourishment in the system of chattel slavery at the South; as the leading conspirators are slaveholders, who constitute an oligarchy avowedly hostile to all free institutions; and as, in the nature of things, no solid peace can be maintained while the cause of this treasonable revolt is permitted to exist: your honorable body is urgently implored to lose no time in enacting, under the war power, the total abolition of slavery throughout the country—liberating unconditionally the slaves of all who are rebels, and, while not recognizing the right of property in man, allowing for the emancipated slaves of such as are loyal to the Government a fair pecuniary award, as a conciliatory measure, and to facilitate an amicable adjustment of difficulties; and thus to bring the war to a speedy and beneficent termination, and indissolubly to unite all sections and all interests of the country upon the enduring basis of universal freedom.

We copy the above petition from the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and congratulate our friends of the old organization for the getting up of this highly practical and important measure. We join them with all our heart, soul and might, in the endeavor to obtain signatures to this excellent petition.

Every name attached to it is a death-blow at the heart of slavery. If signed by a hundred thousand petitioners, Congress will notice it, if by five hundred thousand, Congress will respect it, if signed, as it should be, by two millions of persons some shrewd man will attain the glory of introducing the bill to declare IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION, and it will pass by a large majority. If the President signs it, well, if he refuse, it will be passed over his veto!

Here then is anti-slavery and anti-rebellion work directly before us. Every man, woman and child can strike a blow: there will be no rejection on account of color: a black man's signature is as good as a white man's, and will strike slavery just as severely. Getting signatures to this petition is especially *our* work. If they will not let colored men use the arm of flesh against slavery, let us show them our devotion by pressing the less potent arm of peaceful petition. We may thus keep it before the people that we are alive and in earnest about this war: that we seek the way and follow it, by which we can be of the greatest service to our country. It is meet and right that we should seek the emancipation of our brethren in bonds.

However much disposed to find fault with the Government for its pro-slavery conduct, we must remember that it has hitherto been surrounded almost exclusively by pro-slavery influences. The President was born in a slave State, and only escaped being a slaveholder by the providential poverty of his parents. He is from one of the lowest, most God forsaken classes in all the country—the poor whites of the slave States. His Cabinet are either slaveholders or were born, and to a large extent, brought up in slave States, and the crooked ways of politics, by which they gain power and place, has engrafted slavery-worship into the very marrow of each one of them. It is expecting little less than a miracle, nay the greatest of miracles, if we look for anti-slavery acts from such men. We might as well expect moles to see with their sightless germ-orbs.

This President, however, and his Cabinet can be made to *hear*. The mighty voice of an aroused people calling for *Immediate Emancipation* would awaken a new and stronger sensation than Parrot guns or rifled cannon. Even the icy heart of Seward would be touched as with fire, would swell up with the finest apostrophe to liberty ever dressed in words. Let us to work, then brethren, while it is yet day, cut out the memorial from our paper, paste it on a sheet of paper, sign it yourself, and call upon your neighbor to do likewise. Let us work while it is yet day, for unless this emancipation be proclaimed, the night cometh, the night of slavery, dark, terrible overshadowing this and many following generations.

This vs. That.

GENERAL BUTLER writes in behalf of the "contrabands," and he is genteelly cashiered into a department (New England) where neither war nor slaves are likely to be troublesome.

GENERAL FREMONT proclaims emancipation to the slaves of rebels, and he is snubbed by the President, and the pipe is laid which will inevitably lay him upon the shelf.

COMMODORE STRINGHAM gives emancipated slaves a chance to work a gun against slaveholders at Hatteras Inlet, and he is turned out of his command (after a victory gained) and is replaced by a Marylander, whose command is at once distinguished by two great gifts of arms and medicines to the enemy, one by capture and the other by running the blockade.

Per Contra.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN announced his willing- to put down slave-insurrections in Western Virginia, and he is made virtually Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States

GENERAL BANKS returns fugitive slaves across the Potomac, and he is ranked *Major General*, and civilian that he is, is kept in a most important post in the army.

COLONEL DURYEA sends back fugitive slaves from Baltimore, and he is advanced to the rank of Brigadier General.

We Should Not Drill.

MR. EDITOR,

In your issue of the 5th inst. the "leader" advocates zealously and intelligently the great necessity now existing for our people to "prepare for war," by our young men organizing themselves into military companies for the purpose of drill; which is all very well, provided *we* can get arms, ammunition and accoutrements, at this trying time, for the government is unable to supply the pressing needs of the white troops now in the field.

But, if every arsenal in the country was filled to repletion with arms, &c., I would most humbly yet determinedly demur to our young men organizing for the purpose of drill, until we compel our white brethren to remove all obstacles now in the way of our gaining more thorough scientific and mechanical knowledge; for what would appear more droll, or excite greater well-deserved ridicule than a Broadway parade of a regiment of our young men armed with all the implements of warfare, and not two in the whole regiment understanding the process of manufacturing a fire-arm, an accoutrement, or even the simple ammunition.

But it is infinitely of greater importance that we strain every energy to drill our young men into habits of sobriety, frugality, chastity and economy that they may attain to wealth, education and unity, that they may acquire force of character, positions of influence and the high standard of self-respect, that they may develop enterprise, talent, and other exemplary traits of character, and that they may *all* practically prove day by day that their highest unswerving hopes lie within a life of truth and righteousness.

Men make soldiers, ergo, the best type of men *must* make the best soldiers. When the exigency overtakes us, in which we will need our young men as soldiers, we will require the bravest and most intelligent: for the cause which we will be called to defend will be as much more sublime and holier than the war of our Revolutionary Fathers, as that was in comparison to the present pro-slavery rebellion.

Our army then must be of the most perfect physical, intellectual, and moral soundness and purity, and to aid in attaining to that high standard of all excellence we should all immediately lay hold with might and strength, not first to drill as military companies, but in the more important essentials, to the formation of character, so when in the Providence of God, the time comes when we *must* act, that we may be all fully prepared to do our part in totally annihilating the demon slavery, and all other unrighteous systems.

REC. IN CUR.

Newark, N.J., Oct. 7, 1861.

Letter of Daniel Fraser to Rev. Dr. Pennington, and Reply Thereto.

NEW LEBANON, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1861.

Respected Friend—

I have learned (through the public prints) that a society has been formed in New York with the view of forming a colony in Africa. If I have a correct idea of the purposes of that society, its members seek the extinction of slavery and the foreign trade thereof. With many others, I greatly desire that all efforts to give every human soul a right to its own body, will be successful, and if I rightly judge of the signs of the times, providential agencies are at work with more than ordinary energy to that effect, against various phases of human vassalage.

Feeling much interest in your projected colony, I hope you will bear with me in offering a few suggestions relative thereto. I have learned that in transplanting a tree there may be a good head and a straight, fresh looking stem, yet if the roots are not in proportion, and are denuded of their ramifications, the tree may possibly live in a low degree, but it will be greatly exposed to die. In planting a colony the case is similar in a higher degree. A great many tender roots of feeling and ties of association are broken up, therefore it is needful to exercise great care for those that remain. The ~~life and~~ prosperity of a community is much dependent on the tender ties which connect its members; hence during the process of transplanting, I would suggest that persons of fatherly and motherly tendencies gather up and protect the tender sensibilities of the intended colonists, particularly while at sea, so that when planted the fruit of the young colony may blossom effectively, and have a favorable effect on the surrounding communities. If my feelings are correct, Africa will be best won through her effections. A little self-sacrifice, or a little self-seeking, on the part of the founders of the colony, will go a great way for good or for evil.

No doubt the attention of the colonists will, with as little exception as possible, be directed the first year to the raising of food, so as to render the people mostly independent of foreign supplies. Spare no pains to make labor honorable; the leading men and women can do so if they will; those who cannot do much can do a little—can cultivate at least one patch of beans, or other life-sustaining plants; the boys and girls should also be encouraged to do the same; and if each of them should raise half a bushel of Lima beans the first season, it would have a good effect upon them to reward them with a fruit tree for planting near their home. Boys from ten to fourteen, if their labor is properly directed, can maintain themselves and pay for their education. If you succeed in rendering labor honorable in your colony, it will be of immeasurable benefit in all coming time, and will go a great way towards abolishing slavery in Africa. Jesus taught his disciples to perform what is called menial offices. He took water and washed his disciples feet; in that water will be found the true solution of human vassalage. There is a continual tendency in all communities to form an upper crust; Jesus never recognized it. On the contrary He instituted the nobility of Heaven, to attain to which the great had to become little. As a beginning to that end, let your upper crust be those who pulverise the crust of well cultivated fields. Nothing can impart so healthy a tone to a young community as to know that they raise their own bread, and that they mean to do so, having faith in God, and in their own muscles and bones, to that effect. The people of Liberia suffered greatly by betaking themselves to buying and selling, and neglecting their land. Depend not on trade and commerce over much, but rather let trade and commerce depend on you, as they always have done and always will do, on those who raise their own food and can supply the wants of others.

No doubt the selection of food for your colony, till it can provide for itself, has occupied your attention, and that that which is suitable to the climate will be preferred. Europeans introduced into the West Indies, along with some other bad habits, salt pork, meats, fish, &c. The consequence is, that diseases which ought not to exist anywhere, obtain there among all classes. Correct physical and dietic habits are of more importance to individuals and communities than is generally accorded to them. In old settled countries hundreds and thousands may die from the effects of false dietic habits, and their place will soon be filled up. Not so in a colony; the death of a few important men may prove a serious loss; and a prevailing sickness would soon blast your fondest hopes. From many years attention to cases of disease, from lengthy personal experience and collected facts, embracing the habits of many nations, and animated with a desire for your success, I feel constrained to state that the nearer you can bring your people to living on parenaceous substances with suitable addition of fruit, the better it will be for them as regards health, clearness of intellect, and morality. And your young colonization people, if brought up on a plain unstimulating diet, I venture to assert, will exceed the boys and girls of New York in the use of letters and figures, and before them in morality, so far at least as passional emotions are concerned, and in being governed and trained to a life of sobriety and order.

It is of importance that an ample supply of field and garden seeds be on hand at the right time and place. In the shipment of seeds cause them to occupy an airy part of the vessel; and in packing seed take the packing-box to a tinsmith to be lined with tin, all the joints to be soldred, and when full, solder on the lid, and then nail up the box. A failure of seed would be a very serious and discouraging accident. And, when the ground is ready, I hope an abundant supply of yams, tanyas and sweet potatoes will be provided. The sweet potato is deserving of special notice; in eight weeks from planting a crop can be gathered, if planted according to the West India method. There the tuber is not planted to yield shoots to plant from, as is done in this country, but a piece of the stem merely is broken off and laid in the ground, a few inches being left out. This mode of planting has another advantage, viz., before the first crop is gathered other stems are furnished for planting. Yams are excellent food, but take a long time to perfect their crop; they will grow from a piece of any part of the tuber.

To maintain your cultivated land in a state of fertility will bye-and-bye call for attention. Nearly all the cultivated land in this country and in the West Indies, has been recklessly managed. Land which formerly yielded paying crops of sugar are now worthless for that purpose. This arises primarily from false conceptions of the uses to which land ought to be applied. Land has been sugared, tobaccoed and cottoned to destruction, to gratify the depraved appetites, tastes and whims of the so-called lords and ladies of creation, till it has become almost worthless. Land was given to be lived upon, and whatever is taken from it in the shape of food, should be returned as manure. Land so treated will increase in fertility, because the primary constituents of the soil do progress, providing it has rest occasionally. The Mosaic law enjoining rest for all cultivated lands at stated periods, was founded in the nature of things, and ought to be religiously observed. To rob land of its fertility is theft. There is a piece of land before me, at present, which has been under the plow for the last fifty years. I think I can safely affirm that, had it rested one year in seven, in forty-three years, the crops thereof would have been greater in bulk and better in quality, than those of the fifty continuous years. Hence there would have been a saving of seven years labor during that period. Land continually under the plow loses the mechanical condition favorable to fruitfulness, and insect life is thereby greatly increased also; very minute creatures attack the leaves of the tender plants, and sometimes a certain crop will be nearly destroyed; while the same kind of plants the same season on land less injudiciously treated, will yield a remunerative crop. Some plants are more subject to the attacks of insects than others; cotton is, I believe, one of them. In China two successive crops is as much as the land will bear.

It will be found advisable not to plant a great width of any one plant at first, rather let the colonists feel their way; slow but sure, is the voice of experience in agricultural matters. Neither is it advisable to grow any one plant, even if it be a food-yielding one, very exclusively; and if it is not food-yielding, the objection is still greater. Ireland depended on the potato, and her population was swept off by the million; Madeira cultivated the vine, and her people were beggared. Virginia cultivated tobacco, and where do we find her? breeding human beings for sale!!! and is at this moment drinking to the dregs the fiery cup herself has prepared—exhausted land, slavery, and civil war; and the end is not yet.

No people should place their reliance on one class of plants. Suppose cotton is a leading crop, let the aggregate be at least three fourths, and that of cotton one fourth, or perhaps one sixth of cotton would be all that could be safely borne.

The land and climate of the western coast of Africa yield products for exportation which pay as well, and I presume better than cotton can do. Ground nuts for oil are largely exported, perhaps one hundred thousand bushels annually. Medical plants, roots, barks, capsules, and dye stuffs might be looked to; also dried and preserved fruits. Lima beans are worth, in New York, from four to six dollars a bushel.

The great secret of success is in sticking to the land, to the plough-handle and the hoe; living on plain, wholesome fare, avoiding showy houses and dress, keeping at work, and "gathering up the fragments that nothing be lost," with heart centering in God, desiring his blessing, to enable you to live in peace with your neighbors, and one another.

In dividing your colony into neighbor hoods, if the face of the land will admit of it, locate them due east, west, north and south of your house of worship; this will help to impress order on the minds of the people, and enable them to assemble speedily in all cases.

Cleanliness of person and of dwelling, embracing the sanitary condition of the colony will call for your attention. No excremental matter should be suffered to lie about uncovered; health of body, a pure sense, and fertility of land, are alike involved. Indolent habits of mind as well as of the body, require attention in a warm climate; every one, as far as practical (or in rotation) should have an office of some kind in which to serve the public. It is of great importance to society to have children brought up to a regular and practical discharge of their little duties. Children so brought up, as a general thing, always make efficient men and women, and if, in addition, they are trained to correct physical habits, you will find that a good foundation has been laid for moral and spiritual righteousness. If the physical habits are wrong, all the moral and religious instruction is liable to be set aside.

It would give me much pleasure to be able to hope that the religious conventionalities of New York would not be imported into Africa, and that in your colony there would be room for the demonstrations of the Spirit and the power thereof. The African character requires a goodly degree of personal religious freedom; cramping the Spirit is grieving the Spirit. External demonstrations of the Spirit should not be stifled, they have a great effect for good on the young. Staid, sleepy sermons shut up the avenue of spiritual revelation to the individual soul, and shuts out the light of the oil of life. A little religious noise now and then will not hurt anybody. Whenever the Spirit works after the penticostal manner, there will be external demonstrations; they may indeed seem foolish, but the seeming foolishness of the Spirit reaches the human soul, where the wisdom of the wise cannot go. The white race (so called) try to worship God through their intellect, the colored more through their effections. In this particular they are superior to the white race. Therefore give free course to the Spirit, for it will work, if not hindered, according to the proper gifts of every man or woman. Every neighborhood should have its own religious element, or center, or church in miniature, a government, a police, a sanitary committee, and a physical, moral and mental educational board for itself; the central government exercising the same functions as those of the neighborhoods; the people would thereby be trained to self-government, and the settlement of a new colony, and the formation of a government would be simultaneous.

Let me hope that in all your intercourse with the natives, every one will deal fairly with them even in all small matters, and that all will feel responsible for the peace of the colony. The nations of the earth will yet be made to feel that righteousness is a strong tower, that justice is a wall of defense, and that the principles of peace are stronger than those of war, even as truth is stronger than error.

Yours, very respectfully,

DANIEL FRASER.

Dr. Pennington's Reply.

RESPECTED FRIEND,

When I first received the above letter addressed to me, I was impressed with the belief, that you intended it for some other individual. I have no acquaintance with you personally; and the only connection I have at the Bible House is as a life member of the Society who owns that building.

So far as regards the formation of the Society to which you refer, as you do not give the name of said body, I shall not attempt to guess what Society you mean.

So far as regards the colony, I think you should make thorough inquiries of parties about the Bible House before you embark in the scheme.

I have seen a letter addressed by Lord Alfred S. Churchill, of London, England, March 16th, 1861:—To the editor of *The Record* newspaper of that city, in which his lordship states that a company of above one hundred christian men and women has been formed in this city to go to Africa, under the leadership of a prominent colored minister, that they call skilful sugar and cotton growers. Lord Alfred S. Churchill is not the man I know to make such a statement, unless he had received information of such a nature from a party in New York, much less would he predicate upon it an appeal to the British public for funds to carry out the object, as he does in said letter.

And here I may state to you, that I have no personal knowledge of any such company as Lord Churchill speaks of, or any such colony as you speak of; and I am told by those most likely to know, that there is no prospect of forming a colony that will meet the expectations of the British cotton merchants, who are being looked to for money.

But my friend, as your letter contains your experience which will be valuable to both white and colored colonies in other parts of the world as well as Africa; allow me to give it thus to the public, as I am sure many will thank you for the excellent suggestions.

Yours very respectfully,

J. W. C. PENNINGTON.

312 W., 26th street, N.Y., Oct. 7, 1861.

Letter from Rev. W. H. Bishop.

MR. EDITOR:

Sir,—Some time has passed away since I have had the privilege of seeing the ANGLO-AFRICAN. Sir, I have just closed my labors as Superintendent in the second or Southern district of the Zion connexion. My recent visit to Baltimore, Md., and Washington, D. C., was very pleasant. I found the Churches in the District of Columbia in very good condition, temporally and spiritually, notwithstanding the great excitement in the Government, &c. Our people seem to enjoy more peace and greater privileges than ever; indeed they seem to be looking up in anticipation of still better times. The Church in Baltimore is very much embarrassed by reason of a very heavy debt upon her; but spiritually in good condition. Having closed my labors in the second district, I have entered upon my official duties as superintendent of the first district of the A. M. E. Zion Church.

COTTON.

The ship John Bright, from Liverpool, arrived at this port on Wednesday, Oct. 2d, having 108 bales of cotton on board as freight.

This simple announcement made by the daily papers on Thursday, without note or comment, is well calculated to bring reflection to many minds, but there is no class so deeply interested in this statement as is the people for whom this paper is published.

This is not the first arrival of foreign cotton at this port since the commencement of the war, but is the beginning of a trade that is well calculated to strike the slave power at the South with terror, while it will bring joy and gladness to the cabins of the enslaved there, and thankfulness unspeakable to us who are but partially free.

The efforts made by Great Britain and France to raise cotton in their possessions to rid themselves of the dominion of the slave-holders of this country, has been greatly ridiculed by the pro-slavery press, and the efforts of these governments have been pronounced to be a failure; but behold the result! Not only are they not a failure, but they are a glorious success, and a success, too, at the very time most desired. Surely the hand of God is in it. Who could have imagined at the commencement of this enterprise that at the very time that it was most desirable that those efforts should succeed, that the MAD men of the South would so act as to unwittingly show the world that they are entirely impotent for harm. That *their* cotton can be dispensed with is no longer a question of time; it is a reality. If any doubt this, let them doubt no longer. The seeming desire of Great Britain to uphold the Southern Confederacy was not a fact, but it was only a stratagem of the manufacturers to make assurances doubly sure until they could weather the point which lies a few days journey ahead on the ocean of time. They now announce that they have cotton enough on hand, that, by little prudence on their part, will last them a year, by which time Africa, India, Egypt and the islands of the sea, will have yielded such a crop as to entirely overwhelm the cotton-growers of the South.

Who is there that will not shout "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST," at such a result.

When it is recollected that this grand revolution has been brought about by peaceful means, that not one drop of blood has been shed to accomplish it, but that on the contrary the beneficent influences of Christian civilization have thereby permeated the dark regions of the earth, and men have thus first learned their duties and obligations to the world, the mind instinctively turns to Him who is the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and in adoration humbly ascribe all the praise.

LETTER FROM NEW BEDFORD.

MR. EDITOR,

It affords me much pleasure to communicate the fact that we are still making rapid progress in those things that help make society desirable, and give tone and character to the same.

Our city, in spite of the dullness of the times, and the absence of business with our people, has been unusually gay with summer festivities.

The Old Folks' Concert, forming one of the most prominent features, under the direction of Mr. John Freeman, given at Liberty hall, Sept. 27th, 1861, with a troup of 25 performers, was a grand success—there being present about six hundred persons of all shades.

The above named hall is one of the largest and most central in our city, and is fitted up with all the paraphernalia for a theatre; but is used principally for Lectures, Concerts, &c., &c. It would have astonished most of the readers of your paper, in New York City, to have seen the numbers of "Anglo-Africans" occupying the best seats in the hall, while others, who were not so fortunate, were obliged to use their opera glasses, which I am happy to say, were there in great profusion, so as to get a better view of the stage.

The concert gave general satisfaction, and from what I learn, many are anxious for a repetition.

General business is much depressed on account of the war, yet our people do not seem to heed it much, for all that, judging from the numberless pic-nics, sociables and pleasure parties they have been having during the Summer season.

T. S. B.

NEW BEDFORD, Oct. 1st, 1861.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE ENTERTAINMENT AT WILLIAMSBURG for the benefit of the Rev. Mr. Manning, given on Thursday evening, October 3rd, was, deservedly, a perfect success. We say deservedly, for no pastor in the "Burg" has labored more assiduously for the welfare of his congregation than has Mr. Manning; deservedly, for success should certainly have crowned the earned efforts of the committee of ladies having the affair in hand, and whose constant desire is to contribute to the creature wants of their esteemed pastor. May every effort of theirs prove equally successful.

The company was large and respectable, comprising many of our best citizens, among whom we are pleased to say were Rev. Messrs. James Hamilton, Edward Matthews, and Thomas A. Davis. The pecuniary result of the affair was certainly satisfactory, the committee being enabled to place in the hands of Mr. Manning nearly twenty eight dollars.

ZION CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG.

MR. EDITOR,

The Zion M.E. Church had their regular quarterly meeting on Sunday, the 6th inst. The church was opened for "Love Feast" as early as 6 o'clock in the morning. There was quite a large number present, and among them was ex-Bishop Rush, Right Rev. William Bishop, Rev. William Pitts, and a host of friends from New York. The Love Feast was opened by the Pastor, with a very suitable hymn, and the services throughout evinced the sincerity of the participants. It was continued till a late hour in the morning. Preaching by the Rev. Thomas Elliott. In the afternoon the house was crowded—the Rev. William Pitts delivered a very good discourse, after which the Lord's Supper was administered by the Right Rev. William Bishop, assisted by several other ministers, the rite of Baptism was conferred by the Pastor to one infant. In the evening the ex-Bishop Rush preached to an immense concourse of persons, who seemed delighted to hear the "old man eloquent" once more—everything passed off satisfactorily, and I think it the best quarterly meeting they have had this year.

A. W.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BAPTIST CONVENTION.—On our fourth page will be found a synopsis of the proceedings of this important body. It reached us too late, we regret to say, for our last issue.

THE public evening schools now being open, and the old band of faithful teachers at their posts, let there be a grand attendance; by this means we will not only show that we appreciate the opportunity, but that we honor those who have so long and so faithfully served the public as teachers. No charge for tuition or books.

MR. BROWN AND DR. DELANY.

In reference to these gentlemen last week, the last paragraph of the article might have been better understood, had it read. We have never seen any communication either private or public from Dr. Delany while absent, in any manner referring to *his* position; but we do remember seeing in the columns of the different anti-slavery papers letters from Mr. Brown, telling that he had taken by the hand, the Minister Detocquville, and Lady and Victor Hugo of France.

COLORED REGIMENTS.

MR. EDITOR:—

In your issue of September 28th appears an able and elaborate article on the "Formation of Colored Regiments." I have no desire for contention at a time like this, with those who differ honorably from me in opinion; but I think it but just once in a while to speak out and let the world know where we stand on the great issue of the day, for it is by this means that we have to succeed in arousing our people from a mistaken policy of inactivity, at a time when the world is rushing like a wild tornado in the direction of universal emancipation. This inactivity that is advocated is the principle that has ever had us left behind, and will leave us again unless we arouse from lethargy and arm ourselves as men and patriots against the common enemy of God and man. For six months I have labored to arouse our people to the necessity of action, and I have the satisfaction to say not without success. I have seen companies organized and under the most proficient modern drill in that time. I have seen men drilled among our sturdy going colored men of the rural districts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, in the regular African Zouave Drill, that would make the hearts of secession traitors, or prejudiced northern Yankees quake and tremble for fear.

Now, I maintain that for all practical purposes whatever be the turn of the war preparation on our part by the most efficient knowledge of the military art and discipline, is one of the most positive demands of the times. No nation ever has or ever will be emancipated from slavery, and the result of such a prejudice as we are undergoing in this country but by the sword, wielded too by their own strong arms. It is a foolish idea for us to still be nursing our past grievances to our own detriment when we should as one man grasp the sword—grasp this most favorable opportunity of becoming inured to that service that must burst the fetters of the enslaved and enfranchise the nominally free of the north. We admit all that has or can be said about the meanness of this government towards us—we are fully aware that there is no more soul in the present administration on the great moral issues involved in the slavery question and the present war; than has characterised previous administrations; but, what of that? it all teaches the necessity of our making ourselves felt as a people at this extremity of our national government worthy of consideration and of being recognized as a part of its own strength. Had every State in the Union taken active steps in the direction of forming regiments of color; we should now instead of numbering eight regiments or about eight thousand five hundred men have numbered seventy-five thousand—besides awaking an interest at home and abroad, that no vascilating policy of the half hearted semi-secessionists of the North could have suppressed.

It would have relieved the administration of so much room for cavil on the slavery question and colored mens right to bear arms, &c. It is a strange fact that now when we should be the most united and decided as to our future destiny; when we should all have our shoulders to the wheel in order to enforce the doctrine we have ever taught of self-reliance and ourselves striking blows for freedom; that we are most divided, most inactive, and in many respects most despondent of any other period of our history. Some are wasting thought physical and intellectual in counseling emigration, (which I have nothing against when done with proper motives,) other are more foolishly wasting time and means in an unsuccessful war against it; while a third class and the most unfortunate of the three, counsel sitting still to see the salvation of God. Oh, that we could see that God will help no one that refuses to help himself; that God will not even help a sinner that will not first help himself. Stretch forth thy hand said the Saviour to the man with a withered hand. He did so and was healed. Take up thy bed and walk, said he, and the man arose; go and wash said he to the blind man, and he did it. How many are the evidences of this kind. God is saying to us to-day as plainly as events can be pointed out,—Stretch forth thy hand; but we sit idly with our hands folded, while the whole world, even nations thousands of miles distant across the ocean, are maddened by the fierceness of this American strife; which after all is nothing less than God's means of opening the way for us to free ourselves by the assistance of our own enslavers if we will do it.

Can we be still under such circumstances [illegible] if ever colored men plead for rights, or fought for liberty, now of all others is the time. The prejudiced white men [illegible] South never will respect us until they are forced to do it by deeds of our own. Let us draw upon European sentiment as well as unbiassed minds in our own country, by presenting an undaunted front on the side of freedom and equal rights; but we are blindly mistaken if we think to draw influence from any quarter by sitting still at a time like this; the world must know we are here, and that we have aims, objects and interests in the present great struggle.

Without this we will be left a hundred years behind this gigantic age of human progress and development. I never care to reply to such views as those which set up the plea of previous injustice or even of present injustice done to us as a reason why we should stand still at such a time as this. I have lived long enough to know that men situated like ourselves must accept the least of a combination of difficulties; if, therefore, there is a chance for us to get armed and equipped for active military service, that is one point gained that never can be gained in a time of peace and prosperity in this country, and that could have been done months ago, and can now be done in a few weeks if we adopt the measure of united effort for its accomplishment.

Does any one doubt the expediency of our being armed and under military discipline even if we have always been sufferers at the hands of those claiming superiority? But enough of this. As to public demonstrations of this kind weakening the arm of the Federal Government, I must say that I was prepared to hear that remark among Democratic Union savers; but I am startled to hear it from among our own ranks of unflinching abolitionists.

Indeed, sir, the longer the government shrinks the responsibility of such a measure the longer time she gives the rebel government to tamper with the free colored people of the South, and prompt and prepare their slaves for shifting the horrors of Saint Domingo, from the South to the North, and in such an event could we rid ourselves from the responsibility of entering the field more than any other northern men whom the government choose to call into active service?

Could we more effectually exercise proper discretion without arms, without drill, without Union, than by availing ourselves of all these at the present time looking boldly forward to that auspicious moment.

The South (as I have said in an article written for the Philadelphia "Press," and copied into several popular journals,) can mean nothing less than emancipation, by the act of her having thousands of free colored men as well as slaves, even now under the best military discipline. England and France of course would favor such a project, should the South thus snatch the key to a termination of this rebellion from the hands of the Federal Government. But what better off would we be, sitting here like Egyptian mummies, till all this was done, and then be drafted and driven off undisciplined, to meet well-disciplined troops, who will then truly be fighting for freedom; and while we could have no other motive than to help conquer a peace for the Union still in its perfideous unregenerate state, tell me not that it will be optional with us, in the event of emancipation by the South, whether we fight or not. On the contrary, there is no possible way to escape it, but to either commit [illegible] Africa, the the climate of [illegible] would not be cool enough [illegible] ardor of fighting Abolitionists against the hell-born prejudice of the North and the cowardly black man who would sit here quietly with his arms folded (instead of taking advantage of the times) till even the emancipated slaves of the South, vigorous in their majesty, force him to rise and flee to Canada to save his unsavory bacon. Let us then sir, hear no more of these measures of actual necessity, inaugurating a "dilemma, inviting enmity, and obstruction to the few, both North and South, among our people enjoying partial freedom." That is a work that cannot be accomplished by loyal patriotic efforts to prepare a hundred thousand men to do service for God, for freedom, for themselves. Sitting still, shirking the responsibility God has thrown upon our shoulders, alone can engender such a dilemma.

Your correspondent also asks whether: "Once under any discipline, subject to the control of the government officers or military orders, we could dictate when and where the blow should be struck? Could we enter upon Quixotic crusades of our own projecting; independent of the constituted authorities or these military chiefs? Sir it appears to me that under whatever changes of governmental policy; our favor would be courted more under such circumstances; and our dictation received with more favor and regard both by the authorities, chiefs, and the people at large, than by our weak effeminate pleadings for favor on the merits of our noble ancestry, rather than nerving our own arms and hearts for a combat that we have long half-heartedly invited by our much groanings and pleadings at a throne of grace.

The issue is here; let us prepare to meet it with manly spirit, let us say to the demagogues of the North who would prevent us even now from proving our manhood and forsight in the midst of all these complicated difficulties; that we will be armed, we will be schooled in military service; and if our fathers were cheated and disfranchised after nobly defending the country, we then [illegible] have the manhood to defend the right and the sagacity to detect the wrong [illegible] enough to secure to ourselves the primary interest we have in the great and moving cause of the great American Rebellion. I am as ever yours for truth and justice.

ALFRED M. GREEN.

FRIENDS INDEED.

Before and since we commenced the publication of this Journal, we had the promise of many influential gentlemen that we should have their assistance in its publication.

They said that our people were without a weekly organ through which their grievances would be stated, and hence the absolute necessity of such a paper.

We knew that with their assistance our task would be a comparatively easy one, and that our undertaking would soon be a splendid success.

We are pleased to announce that while many of the promises made have failed, parties unpledged, both ladies and gentlemen have come forward and seeing our necessities, have done what they could to hold up our hands, among whom we take great pleasure in mentioning the following: The Reverends J. J. Clinton, J. W. Loguen, S. V. Berry, J. N. Gloucester and Mr. Philip A. White, Druggist. Messrs. Clinton and Loguen have sent in quite a number of subscribers, always refusing to take the percentage, and Mr. Berry has been instrumental in making our weekly sales in New Haven large. Mr. White has greatly assisted us as his advertisement will show. For these evidences of desire for our success, these friends will please receive our grateful thanks.

UNION CAMP MEETING.

A Union Camp Meeting was held in the village of Craigville, Orange county, September 12th, under the auspices of the A. M. E. Zion Church, although the Committee whose names were attached to the call was partly composed of white persons.

The Rev. William McFarland, was the elder in charge, assisted by the Reverends Messrs. John Tappan, John Anderson, George Washington, and local preachers, George Harden and Samuel Defries.

We are pleased to hear that the best of order prevailed, and that the meeting was a great success.

MORE NEW JERSEY CIVILIZATION.

In our last paper we copied from the Bordentown Register, an account of a street fight between two females in that town, which was relished so much by the order-loving citizens that it was suffered to continue "until one or both gave out from sheer exhaustion;" we now give our readers, from the Newton Democrat, another illustration of the high state of civilization existing in that region:

"On Sunday evening, at the close of a highly successful Camp Meeting near Stillwater, conducted by a celebrated colored preacher, named "Brother Hannibal, late from Richmond," the Camp was stormed by a detachment of troops belonging to the army of his satanic majesty, and seriously troubled; the attack was opened by a shower of shells from a masked battery, and a large quantity of boiled eggs were thrown, causing a general scattering of the worshippers. "Brother Hannibal, late from Richmond," was struck by one of these missiles in the breast, and his shirt front, as well as his equanimity seriously injured. Nobody was hurt, but the camp was broken up and the army of worshippers [illegible] to retreat under cover of the [illegible], leaving the ground [illegible]."

ECCLESIASTICAL.—At a meeting of the Quarterly Conference [illegible] Church, New [illegible] evening, September 1[illegible], 1861, [illegible] purpose of hearing and deciding certain charges preferred by the Rev. Wm. H. Decker, of Poughkeepsie, against the Rev. Alexander Posey of Sag-Harbor, which charges were as follows, to wit: 1st, insubordination; 2d, rebellion; 3d, schism, which charges being thoroughly investigated, and established by evidence produced, the committee agreeing thereto, being confirmed by the Quarterly Conference, on motion:

Resolved, that the Rev. Alexander Posey be suspended from all official standing until the ensuing Annual Conference.

Signed in behalf of the Quarterly Conference and committee.

Rev. David Stevens, Chm'n,
Jenkins Williams, Sec'y.

ANGLO AFRICAN WAR ITEMS.

A correspondent of the Port Jarvis (N. Y.) Union Writing from Port Tobacco, (Md.) says:

"Large numbers of slaves run away from the fields as we pass, and continue to remain with the troops until reclaimed by their owners, who have never failed to make their appearance in due time, carrying away their terror stricken property. Poor fellows! some of them, after cutting their hair, and adopting other methods of disguise, and perhaps for several days escaping detection, have after all, while happy in fancied security, been discovered, and with tears of disappointment, not unmingled with those of fear, claimed and taken away. One of our boys, a few miles back, was asked by, and immediately became the protector of the brightest little Ebony you ever saw. I never shall forget how delighted the little fellow was when told to come along and he would be cared for. He was with us for a day or two, and had become quite a favorite. Congratulations were expressed that he was safe, while the assumed owner with great pride would point him out as his boy. He was found and snatched by his master at last, however, and amidst the groans and hisses of the whole Regiment, and the sobs of the victim, he was hurried away from our presence. Of course we possess no right, though we may the inclination, to take these applicants with us. We can not afford to say "come along," while on their knees they beg to go; but we know full well that they will be followed, and carried back, where in all probability a dreadful punishment awaits them.

SUMMARY.

At the trial in New London of a colored man named Abraham Peterson and his two daughters on the charge of keeping a house of ill fame, the eldest of the daughters made an evident impression upon the court and the spectators by frankly declaring (as her reason for declining the services of counsel which were considerately tendered her) that she could "lie fast enough" herself!

In Philadelphia on Friday, 27the ult., a little colored girl, about twelve years of age, residing on Fifth street, near John, was badly burned by her clothes taking fire from a grate. In her fright she ran into the street, the flames enveloping her whole person, and forcing from her cries of the greatest agony. As soon as possible the flames were extinguished, but not until the child had been so badly burned that there are but little hopes of her recovery.

The Harrisburg Patriot makes the following statement and claims that the transaction is "a nuisance"—"a sore grievance."

Very few of our readers are aware that recently the Directors of the North Ward School district have removed their colored school from the rear of the State Capitol to the building occupied as a school in Broad street. A school for white children is held in the room up stairs, and that for the colored children on the first floor.

The bridge over the canal, on Mitchell Street, Binghamton, was carried off on Sunday 22nd ult, by being run against by the boat Alida. Both stringers were broken and a complete wreck made of the structure. The boat was under the command of James Jackson, of Binghamton—a colored man. He was arrested, and judgment found against him by Esquire Wescott for $50. His boat was running without any loading, and stood very high out of water.

We clip the following from the Baltimore Clipper of the 23rd ult.

Three negroes named John Carter, Henry Sorrell and James Jackson were arrested, charged with being runaways, by officers of the Southern District. Upon threatening and questioning them, it was ascertained they were runaways from Virginia, and had made their way to Baltimore in a canoe. They state their masters had been pressed into the service of the South, and they were told they would have to fight or be killed, and rather than let the Yankees have them, they would hang them. The poor negroes say they would sooner try their fortunes in attempting to escape. They were sent to jail by Justice Showacre.

Mr. F. Murrell of Bridgewater at an Agricultural Fair recently held at Beaver, Pa., exhibited a lot of spoons, ladles, bowls, &c., carved from wood. They were disposed upon a fantastic wooden rack, which was in itself quite a curiosity.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati "Commercial," writing from Leesburg, O., under date of Sept. 28th says:

"While the down train was stopping at this station this P. M., some five or six of Captain Sosman's company, made an unprovoked assault upon a quiet and inoffensive colored man by the name of Williams, beating him with clubs and stones, and to make sure work, shooting him in the jaw, leaving him for dead. A dispatch was sent to Chief of Police Dudley who arrested the whole company on their arrival at the L. M. Depot. It is hoped the guilty ones may be ferreted out and brought to justice."

The Elkton (Md.) "Democrat" of 28th ult. contains the following:

"Report reached here yesterday from Sassafras Neck, that a young negro man named Frederick, belonging to Capt. M. C. Pearce, of this town, committed a rape on a young lady about fourteen years of age in Sassafras Neck, on Thursday last. He was arrested taken to Cecilton, and the matter investigated, and from thence taken to a tree in the vicinity of the act, and hung. These are the facts as reported to us."

The Goshen [illegible] states:

On Saturday [illegible] 14th ult., near New Windsor, [illegible] boys, named Charles E. [illegible] Johnson, were drowned [illegible] dock. Simmons fell [illegible] attempted to save him. [illegible] and twelve:

The Haverstraw Messenger of the 2[illegible] ult.

On Wednesday evening last, a Ball was held in the Wigwam by the colored population of this village, when during the evening, Edward Foreman, who was well and favorably known, not only in this village put throughout the County, was frolicking with some of his companions, when he fell and received such a serious injury, as to cause his death on Saturday.

The Sunday School connected with the Methodist Church Greenport L. I., gave a concert on Wednesday evening 25th ult. for the benefit of the pastor of the church, Rev. Clinton Leonard. The programme was well executed.

We find the following in the Philadelphia Press of Sept. 26th.

A colored man, named William Miller, was admitted to the Pennsylvania Hospital yesterday morning, having received a compound fracture of the arm under the following circumstances: It seems that Miller had been employed by the volunteers of one of our camps near the city to cook rations, and had been away from his home for some days. Upon his return to his house, in the vicinity of Sixth and Carpenter streets, he found a man in his wife's company, whom former jealousy had aroused a suspicion against. Miller at once attempted to remove him from the house, but the other resisted, and, seizing a hatchet, dealt Miller a powerful blow on the left arm, causing a very serious compound fracture of the bone, three large pieces having been extracted by the surgeon yesterday morning. The perpetrator of the act has been arrested and committed to await the result of the injury.

On Tuesday afternoon 17th ult. while some boys were crabbing on one of the ice-breakers at the Railroad drawbridge, a short distance above Peekskill, one of them, a colored boy, by the name of Henry Howard, aged about 15 years, accidentally fell in and was drowned. It was some time before his comrades missed him, and when they did they immediately gave the alarm. Joseph Keyser went to the place where he was supposed to have fell overboard, and procured a boat and boat-hook, and after grappling a short time succeeded in procuring the body. It had been in the water about an hour.

About seven o'clock P. M. on the 4th instant, says a Nova Scotia exchange, while Henry Hudson, of Annapolis, constable, was in the act of serving a process at the house of one Schanks, a mulatto, at the Bay Shore Granville, a son of Schanks, about fifteen or sixteen years of age, deliberately levelled a gun at Hudson, and, melancholy to relate, shot him through the head, killing him instantly. An inquest has been held on the body, and a verdict returned in accordance with the facts. The boy has been apprehended and now lies in jail.

On Wednesday night, the 25th ult., a colored man named Isaac S. Stephens, while returning to Newark from Patterson in a wagon, was attacked by two men near Bloomfield, one of whom seized the horse by the bridle while the other dragged him from the vihicle, beat him severely, and robbed him of about ten dollars. The rascals made good their escape.

A colored boy named James Marsh, who lived in the family of Capt. Thos. Brownell of Newport R. I., was drowned on Saturday morning, 21st ult., by being knocked overboard, by the boom of a yacht in which he was sailing with the Captain. His body was recovered on the following Monday morning, near the place where he was lost. It was conveyed to the house of Capt. Brownell and buried therefrom. He had been in Capt. Brownell's employ for several years, and had won for himself the esteem and attachment of the family and others who knew him, for his natural vivacity, "smartness," and docility of disposition.

At Baltimore, Wednesday morning, 25th ult., a colored man named James E. Mitchell, employed in an oyster packing establishment near the Bonded Warehouse, at Canton, was arrested, charged with stabbing Jeremiah Boston, also colored, in the right leg with an oyster knife. The quarrel grew out of an apron which Boston wore, and which the accused asserted was his property. Justice Griffin committed Mitchell to jail for court.

MARRIED.

THOMPSON—GROOVER.—In Tarrytown, Sept. 28th, by the Rev. Dr. Todd, Mr. Elijah F. Thompson to Miss Mary M. Groover, of Hagerstown, Md.

RAANKINS—DOBBINS.—On Sunday evening, Oct. 6, by Rev. M. Manning, Mr. Thomas C. Rankins, of New York city, to Miss Rebecca Dobbins, of Williamsburgh.

SMITH—HAMMOND.—On Tuesday evening, Oct. 8th, by Rev. M. Manning, Mr. Samuel B. Smith, of Africa, to Sarah Ann Hammond, of Williamsburgh.

HARDING—CARMAN.—Married, Oct. 10th, by Rev. Wm. Johnson Alston, Mr. James Harding, of Philadelphia, Penn., to Mrs. Caroline E. Carman, of New York city.

DIED.

BOARDLEY.—At Saratoga Springs, on the 30th of September, after a severe attack of rheumatism on the brain, Simon Boardley, in the 43d year of his age.

Special Notices.

T. B. VOORHEES'
GRAND
INTRODUCTORY SOIREE
Will take place
On Monday Ev'g, Oct. 14th,
AT CONVENTION HALL, 177 WOOSTER STREET.
Leader of the Orchestra,
PROF. ROBERT H. BROWN.
Tickets 25 Cents.

This Soiree will be the opening assembly for the season, during which there will be a rehearsal every Monday and Thursday evening, after 10½ P.M. Private class for subscribers, every Thursday evening, from 8 to 10½ P.M.

For further particulars see future advertisements in this paper.

[illegible]ENTION COMPANY!

[illegible], march to 178 [illegible] St., [illegible] 14th, at 7½ o'clock.

By order of
[illegible], Capt.

AGENCY
FOR TROY AND VICINITY.

Mr. James R. Benham is the regularly appointed Agent for the Anglo-African for Troy, Lansingburg, Waterford and vicinity. All orders or communications for the paper may be left with Mr. Benham on board of the steamer "Cornelius Vanderbilt."

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

DONATION.

The Annual Donation for the benefit of Rev. Henry M. Wilson, will take place at the Lecture Room of the Seventh Avenue Presbyterian Church, on Thursday evening, Oct. 23, 1861. An efficient committee of gents and ladies, whose names will be published in next week's issue, will manage this Benefit.

Mrs. Caroline Bess, 131 Le Roy St.,
" Dianah Colbourne, 97 W. 33d St.,
" Abigail Till, 18 Greene St.,
" Elizabeth Jackson, Bergen, N. J.
" Charlotte Houseman, 97 W. 33d St.,
" P. Lawrence, 97 W. 33d St.,
" Jane A. Riley, 106 Green St.

Miss Susan Tindall, 56 W. 17th St.,
" Elizabeth A. Schenck, Bergen, N. J.
" Sarah Thompson, 12 Lexington Av.
" Matilda Schenck, Bergen, N. J.
" Margaret Thompson, 67 E. 29th St.,
" Rachel Schenck, Bergen, N. J.

GENT'S COMMITTEE.

Mr. J. Bess, 131 Le Roy St.,
" S. F. Colbourne, 97 W. 33d St.
" [illegible] W. 53d St.,
" [illegible]
" [illegible] W. [illegible] St.,
" [illegible] King St.
" [illegible] Sousa, 25 [illegible] St.

AN IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The members of the N. Y. African Society for Mutual Relief are earnestly requested to attend an important meeting of the Society on Monday evening, Oct. 14th, at the Old Hall, 42 Baxter Street.

J. J. ZUILLE, Sec.

FIRST COLORED AMERICAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. L. Tilmon, pastor, worship in the Hall, 194 Green Street, between Amity and Bleecker Streets. Hours of worship: 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.; 3, P. M.; and 7 1-2, P.M. 11—1y

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

REV. ELI N. HALL, Pastor, cor. DeKalb and Hudson Avenues, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:
10½ o'clock, A. M.
3 " P. M.
7½ " P. M.
10 4t.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PAIN-KILLER.

We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, DIPTHERIA and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent linament for Rheumatism.

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Dr. Walton writes from Coschocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, DIPTHERIA, or *Sore Throat*, that *is* so alarmingly prevalent here; and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

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The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

The New York Examiner says, "We have used the Pain-Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the family medicine box."

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The Anniversary address, on the 26th July, 1860, in Cape Palmas, Liberia, by the Rev. Alex. Crummell, B.A.

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Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

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A NEW WORK
REPORT OF THE NIGER VALLEY
EXPLORING PARTY;
BY
M. R. DELANY, CHIEF COMMISSIONER
TO AFRICA.

CONTENTS.
Political Movements.
Succeeding Conventions.
History of the Project.
Arrival and reception in Liberia.
[illegible]
[illegible] Remedy.
[illegible]
Cotton Staple.
Success in Great Britain.
Commercial Relations in Scotland.
The time to go to Africa.
Concluding Suggestions.

Complete in sections (chapters) consecutively from I to XVII, being most conveniently arranged in cut-in or side marginal notes, embracing every subject therein treated, so that in an instant any point or paragraph of interest may be at once cited to.

A learned and candid gentleman who has resided many years in Africa, after glancing over the proof sheets, pronounced it the most interesting and instructive work ever issued on that subject, and should be in the hands of every friend of Africa. It is a complete text-book.

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MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. THE UNdersigned respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the ART OF SINGING. He will be at home at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on MONDAY EVENING, and at ZION CHURCH, N. Y., on THURSDAY EVENING, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. Singing schools taught and private instruction given on moderate terms.

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THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 18 Sullivan and 20 Grand Sts. 2 tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE [illegible]. Mrs. Gant can accommodate a few [illegible] and Gentlemen, at her residence, 182 Suffolk [illegible]. Terms very moderate.

BROWN'S POPULAR [illegible]

The undersigned takes this [illegible] his friends and the public generally [illegible] he has recently fitted up his SALOON [illegible] is now prepared to furnish them with

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WHITE'S
VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH,
AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely *Grey.*

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh and unpleasant in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any [illegible] which injures the skin of the head, or diverts [illegible] takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall or turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause which obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the healthy, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth, turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive [illegible], allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental anxiety, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is *perfectly effected* by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea-voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full of dandruff, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this, and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hair brush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed; this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT, in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off, always brushing the way it will go, not backward and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum, or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that cases [illegible] will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and persevering ly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

BADEAU'S
STRENGTHENING PLASTER.
AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR
LAME OR WEAK BACK, PAIN OR WEAKNESS IN THE SIDE, CHEST, STOMACH,
OR LIMBS. A CERTAIN CURE
FOR RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, PLEURISY,
LIVER OR KIDNEY
COMPLAINTS,
SPRAINS, BRUISES, [illegible]

Persons disposed [illegible]

[illegible] SPRAINS they are [illegible] immediately and without fail.

For RHEUMATISM there is no external application equal to them, [illegible]

PREVENTING A RETURN

[illegible] you will be deceived.

P. A. WHITE, Sole Proprietor.

Poetry.

THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful,
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage,
And the vine by the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrines of home:
Let the pure, the fair, and the graceful there
In their loveliest lustre come:
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the germs
Of Nature and of Art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temples of our God—
The God who starred the uplifted sky,
And flowered the trampled sod;
When he built a temple for himself,
And a home for his priestly race,
He reared each arch in symmetry,
And curved each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul:
They shall bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll:
Plant with the flower of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about thy path
In Paradise shall bloom!

BAPTIST CONVENTION AT NEW BEDFORD.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 2, 1861.

To the Anglo-African,

Having returned home from a tour down East, I thought perhaps it might not be uninteresting to give you some slight account of things said and done by the American Baptist Missionary Society—one of the institutions of the day—regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York.

This Institution has done much good already, and bids fair to do still more. Our Annual Meeting convened at Salem St. Baptist Church, in the city of New Bedford, on Sept 19 1861. The convention was called to order by Rev. Jerh. Asher, Corresponding Secretary. In the absence of the preacher and his alternate, the introductory sermon was preached by Rev. Wm. E. Walker, from Matt. 6; and last clause of 24th verse, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Stern fidelity to God the only surety of success.

There was quite a number of attendants, especially when we consider the present crisis in financial matters and how exceedingly difficult it is to turn attention to anything but the war question.

The convention was permanently organizen by the appointment of officers for the ensuing year, consisting of Revds. Sampson White of Brooklyn, New York, as President; John S. Kenny of Philadelphia, Pa. Vice President; Wm. E. Walker of Trenton, N. J., as Secretary; Jacob Day of New York, as Treasurer; Rev. Jeremiah Asher of Philadelphia, Pa., as Corresponding Secretary. Executive Board, Wm. Nichols, New York; Wm. Thomas, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thos. Watkins, West Philadelphia; Geo. M. Dixon, New York; James Fells, Philadelphia.

The usual committees were appointed, and reported (together with the report of the Rev. John Barnett, missionary from Africa, who has been in the employ of the convention near two years,) which after some very interesting remarks were adopted. The embarrassed state of the convention prevented their keeping a missionary any longer in the field at present. Rev. Wm. E. Walker was appointed as missionary of the State of New Jersey. A Committee was also appointed on national affairs, who reported as follows through their chairman, Rev. Wm. E. Walker:

Whereas, the national difficulties under which we now labor are the result of a gross violation of the laws of God and humanity: We, therefore, feel under grateful sense of acknowledgement to Almighty God in thus verifying his promise, by executing righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

And whereas, we further regard this affliction as a wise and just visitation of God's Providence to the end that this nation may repent of their sins, and make restitution for the wrongs done.

Therefore, be it Resolved, that in view of the national difficulties which now afflict the country, brother fighting against brother, [illegible] concomitant evils growing out of [illegible] recognise in it the hand of God [illegible] this nation have oppressed the [illegible] the person of our brethren, by [illegible] bondage, and by the [illegible] both by law and public [illegible] free colored population [illegible] breath of the country.

Resolved, that while the very [illegible] of the Government are shaken by the [illegible] overthrow of Republican institutions are threatened, the national government [illegible] to regard us a [illegible] citizens, by not allowing colored men [illegible] arms in defence of free [illegible] own most sacred rights [illegible] their persons [illegible] which are in jeopardy.

Resolved, that we [illegible] assumption of the national administration as unwarrantable and unjust, inasmuch as we have ever been peaceable, loyal, and inoffensive.

Resolved, that while we are thus deprived of this privilege and right, we desire it to be distinctly understood that although we shall have to stand still, we cherish the hope that we may see the salvation of the Lord, in the deliverance of the oppressed and the full and entire recognition of all our rights when peace shall ensue.

Resolved, that while we deprecate all the evils which now exist in the country and ardently desire their final overthrow, yet there are many things in the government which we both love and cherish, and hope will be perpetuated.

Resolved, that we recommend to each church and individual the necessity of offering their devout prayers to Almighty God to stay his judgments, restore peace to our distracted country, and so over-rule this affliction as to cause the national government to be admitted on the principles of justice, right and equality.

Rev. Wm. E. Walker,
Rev. Edmund Kelly,
John Oliver.
} Committee.

A committee also on Haytian Emigration were appointed, consisting of brethren John Oliver, Boston, Rev. L. H. Grimes, Boston and Wm. Jackson of New Bedford, who reported adversely, which report, after some lengthy discussion and considerable alteration, was adopted.

The preaching during the convention was of an able and interesting character. The convention closed its session on Wednesday evening the 20th inst., with the usual interesting ceremony, communion of the Lord's supper, to meet on the Thursday before the 4th Sunday in August, 1862, in Philadelphia.

WM. E. WALKER.

TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN AFRICA.

Mr. Robert Hamilton:

Dear Sir,—I have been perusing the Report on the Niger Valley, by Dr. Delany, just published by Thomas Hamilton, and also the recent work of Chaillu, containing his hunting observations, &c., &c. The book of Dr. Delany is a document of great force and language terse—clear and to the point, and quite equal in style to the best competitors for such honor among the white writers; and I hope those gentlemen who so perseveringly assert the defective literary organization of the whole colored race will spend twenty-five cents in the purchase of the Report. It will, perhaps, throw a ray of light on this mooted point. I have been struck with the many narrations in Chaillu of the superstitions obtaining every where in Africa in respect to witchcraft. And though this has been adduced in proof of the supposed inferiority of the blacks, to me it furnishes a very different train of thought, and I wonder that writers and travelers in Africa have treated the matter so flippantly.

The discoveries in animal magnetism or mesmerism have elevated that topic above the jeer of ridicule among the facts of real life, if not into the classification of science; and it would be worth investigation, perhaps, to see whether modern spiritualism is not so closely allied in its marvels to the demonology and witchcraft of Africa as to open up a new method of leading the Fetish devotees to a better understanding of the true philosophy of the facts which they discover so crudely, and which designing men among them, as elsewhere, pervert so lamentably.

The following from Chaillu will set this matter clearly before your readers.

Before leaving Goumbi, a grand effort was made by the people to ascertain the cause of their king's sufferings. Quengueza had sent word by my men to his people to consult *Ilogo*, a spirit said to live in the moon. The rites were very curious. To consult Ilogo, the time must be near full moon. Early in the evening the women of the town assembled in front of Quengueza's house, and sung songs to and in praise of Ilogo, the spirit of Ggonayli (the moon,) the latter name being often repeated. Meantime a woman was seated in the centre of the circle of singers, who sung with them, and looked constantly toward the moon. She was to be inspired by the spirit, and to utter prophecies.

Two women made trial of this post without success. At last came a third, a little woman, wiry and nervous. When she seated herself the singing was redoubled in fury; the excitement of the people had had time to become intense, the drums beat: the outsiders shouted madly. Presently the woman, who, singing violently, had looked constantly toward the moon, began to tremble. Her nerves twitched; her face was contorted; her muscles swelled; and at last her limbs straightened out, and she lay extended on the ground, insensible.

The excitement was now intense and the noise horrible. The songs to Ilogo were not for a moment discontinued. The words were little varied, and were to this amount:

"Ilogo, we ask thee!
Tell who has bewitched the king!

"Ilogo, we ask thee,
What shall we do to cure the king?

"The forests are thine, Ilogo!
The rivers are thine, Ilogo!
The moon is thine!
O moon! O moon! O moon!
Thou art the house of Ilogo!
Shall the king [illegible] O Ilogo!
O Ilogo! M moon! O moon!"

These words were repeated again and again, with little variation. The woman, who lay for some time insensible, was then supposed to see things in the world of Ilogo, and was expected to bring back a report thereof. When she at last came to, after half an hour's insensibility, she looked very much prostrated. She averred that she had seen Ilogo; that he had told her Quengueza was not bewitched; that a remedy prepared from a certain plant would cure him; and so on. I am convinced the woman believed what she said, as did all the people. It was a very curious instance of the force of imagination and extreme excitement.

H.

SUBDUING A REBEL.

A STORY FOR OUR OWN TIMES.

There lived in a certain neighborhood not far distant from here, a roystering, rowdy bully, Jim Blander. Jim was "sum" in a fight, a kind of pugilistic Napoleon. Many and bloody were the affairs he had in his lifetime, and had invariably come off best. Jim not only considered himself invulnerable, but all the fighting characters in the surrounding country conceded it was no use in fighting Jim, as he was considered to be a patent threshing machine, that could not be improved on. In Jim's neighborhood had settled quite a number of Quakers. From some cause or other, Jim hated the "shad-bellies," as he called them, with his entire heart; he often declared that to whip one of these inoffensive people would be the crowning glory of his life. For years Jim waited for a pretext. One of Jim's chums overheard a young Quaker speak in disparaging terms of him. The report soon came to Jim's ears, not a little magnified. Jim made desperate threats what he was going to do with Nathan, the meek follower of Penn, on sight; besides various bruises and contusions he meant to inflict on Nathan's body, in his chaste language he meant to "gouge out" both his eyes and, "chaw off" both his ears.

Nathan heard of Jim's threats, and very properly kept out of his way, hoping that time would modify Jim's anger. It seems, however, this much-to-be-desired result did not take place. One day friend Nathan was out riding, and in passing through a long lane, he espied Jim entering the other end. Nathan might have turned and fled, but his flesh rebelled at this proceeding.

"I will pursue my way peaceably," said the Quaker, "and I hope the better sense of the man of wrath will not permit him to molest me or allow him to do violence to my person." Nathan's calculations as to the lamb-like qualities of his adversary were doomed to be disappointed.

"O, ho," thought bully, as he recognized Nathan, "I have him at last. Now I'll make mincemeat of shad-belly. I will salt him and pickle him, too."

"Wilt thou please dismount from thy horse?" said Jim, seizing the bridle of Nathan's horse and imitating his style; "my soul yearneth above all things to give thee the biggest mauling man ever received."

"Friend James," replied Nathan, "thou must not molest me, but let me go on my way in peace. Thy better judgment will surely tell thee that thou canst not be possibly benefitted by personally injuring me."

"Get down in a moment," thundered Jim; "get down you canting, lying, mischief-making cowardly hypocrite. I'll drag you down if you don't dismount."

"Friend James, I remonstrate against thy proceedings and against thy language," replied Nathan. "My religion teaches me sincerity; I am neither a liar, a mischief-maker, nor a hypocrite; I am no coward, but a man of peace; I desire to pursue my way quietly—let me pass on."

"Get down," persisted Jim, "down with you; I want to beat some of your religion out of you; I must give you a flogging before I leave you. I think by the time I am through with, you'll pass for a tolerably decent man; I'll teach you a short and easy lesson on the importance of minding your own affairs and the risk you run in slandering your neighbors."

"I will not dismount," said Nathan, firmly, "loosen thy hold from the bridle."

"You won't, won't you!" said Jim; "then here goes," and he made a desperate plunge to collar the Quaker.

Nathan was on his feet in an instant, on the opposite side of the horse. The Quaker, although of much smaller proportions than his persecutor, was all sinew and muscle, and his well-knit form denoted both activity and strength. His wrath was evidently kindled.

"Friend James," he implored, "thy pertinacious persistence in persecuting me is annoying; thou must desist, or peradventure I may so far forget myself as to do thee some bodily harm."

"By snakes!" said Jim, coming toward Nathan, "I believe there is fight enough in broad-brim to make the affair interesting. I wish some of the boys were here to see the fun. Now, friend Nathan, I am going to knock off the end of your nose; look out!"

Suiting the action to the word, Jim, after various pugilistic gyrations with his fists, made a scientific blow at the nasal formation of our Quaker friend; but Tom Hyer couldn't more scientifically have warded it off.

Jim was evidently disconcerted at the ill success of his first attempt; he saw he had undertaken quite as much as he was likely to accomplish. Jim, however, straightened himself out, and approached Nathan more cautiously. The contest began again. Nathan stood his ground firmly and warded off the shower of blows skillfully, which Jim aimed at him.

"Friend James," said Nathan, in the heat of the contest, "this is mere child's play. I see there is but one way of bringing this scandalous and wicked affair to a close, and that is by conquering thee; in order to do this, I will inflict a heavy blow between thine eyes, which will prostrate thee." Following out the suggestion, Nathan struck Jim a tremendous blow on his forehead, which brought him senseless to the ground.

"Now," said Nathan, "I will teach thee a lesson, and I hope it will be a wholesome lesson, too. I will seat myself astraddle of thy breast; I will place my knees upon thy arms, thus, so that thou cannot injure me when thou returnest to consciousness. I hope I may be the humble instrument of taming thy fierce, warlike nature, and make a better and more respectable man of thee."

As the Quaker concluded, Jim began to show some signs of life. The first impulse of Jim, when he fairly saw his condition, was to turn Nathan off. He struggled desperately, but he was in a vice—his effort was unavailing.

"Friend, thou must keep still until I am done with thee," said Nathan. "I believe I am an humble instrument in the hands of God to chastise thee, and I trust when I am done with thee thou wilt be a changed man. Friend James, does thee not repent of attacking me?"

"No," said James; "let me up and I'l show you."

"I will not let thee up, thou impious wretch," replied Nathan; "darest thou profane the name of thy Maker—I will punish thee for that—I will check thy respiration for a moment."

Nathan, as good as his word, clutched him by the throat. He compressed his grip, and a gurgling sound could be heard; Jim's face became distorted; a tremor ran through his frame. He was evidently undergoing a process of strangulation. The Quaker relaxed his hold, but not until the choaking process had sufficiently, as he thought, tamed the perverse spirit of Jim. It took some moments for Jim to inhale sufficient air to address the Quaker.

"I will knock under," said Jim; "enough, let me up."

"No, thou hast not got half enough," replied Nathan. "Thou art now undergoing a process of moral purification, and thou must be contented to remain where thou lyest until I am done with thee. Thou just profaned thy Maker, friend James," continued Nathan, "confess, dost thou repent thy wickedness?"

"No, hanged if I do," growled Jim.

"Thou preverse man," replied Nathan, in an imploring tone, "say that thou repentest thy wickedness."

"I'll be hanged if I do," growled Jim.

"Wilt thou not," replied the Quaker, "must I use compulsory means? I will impress thy windpipe again unless thou givest me an answer in the affirmative—say quick, art thou sorry?"

"No, I—y-e-s," shrieked Jim in a gurgling tone, as the Quaker's grip tightened, "Yes I am sorry!"

"Is thy sorrow a godly sorrow," inquired Nathan.

Jim rather demurred, giving an affirmative answer to this question, but a gentle squeeze admonished him he had better yield.

"Yes," replied Jim, "now let me up."

"I am not done with thee yet?" said Nathan.

"Thou hast been a disturber of the peace of this neighborhood time out of memory—thy hand has been raised against every man—thou art a brawler. Wilt thou promise me that in future, thee will lead a more peaceable life, that thou wilt love thy neighbor as thyself?"

"Yes," answered Jim, hesitatingly, "all but the Quakers."

"Thou must make no exceptions," replied Nathan.

"If I say yes to that—I'll die first."

A struggle now ensued between the two, but Jim had his match.

"Thou must yield James," said Nathan, "I insist on it," and he again grasped Jim by the throat. "I will choke thee into submission; thou must answer affirmatively—say after me, 'I promise to love my neighbors as myself, including the Quakers.'"

"I promise that?" said Jim, I'll be cursed if I do."

"I will check thy respiration if thou don't," replied Nathan. "Wilt thou yield?"

"No, I won't; I'll be blasted if I do," answered Jim.

"Thee had better give in," replied Nathan, I will check thee again if thee does not—see my grip tightens."

And Nathan did compress his grip, and the choking process went on. Jim's face first became distorted, then purple—his tongue lolled out, and his eyes protruded from their sockets—his body writhed like a dying man's. Nathan persisted in holding his grip until Jim became entirely passive; he then relaxed his hold. Jim was slow in recovering his speech and his senses; when he did, he begged Nathan for mercy's sake to release him.

"When thee will make the promise I exact from thee, I will release thee, but no sooner," replied Nathan.

Jim saw that he was powerless, and that the Quaker was resolute. He felt it was no use to persist in his stubbornness.

"I will give in," he replied, "I will promise to love my neighbor as myself."

"Including the Quakers?" insinuated Nathan.

"Yes, including the Quakers," replied Jim.

Thou mayest arise then, friend James," answered Nathan, "and I trust the lesson thou has learned to-day will make a more peaceable citizen of thee, and I hope a better man."

Poor Jim was completely humbled; he left the field with his spirits completely cowed. Not long after this occurrence the story became bruited about. This was more than Jim could bear. He soon after left the scene of his many triumphs and his late defeat, and emigrated to the "far west." The last I heard from him he was preparing to make another move. Being pressed for his reason why he again emigrated, he said a colony of Quakers were about moving into his neighborhood. He was under an obligation to love them, but he was of the opinion that distance would lend strength to his attachment.

A MEDICAL COMPLICATION

Not long since the Doc. was "called in" to prescribe for my grandmother. Taking the old lady's wrist between his fingers and requesting her to run out her tongue, he "opened out."

"Ma'am," said he; "the diaphragm of your occipital flamingo has united with the diagnosis of your metscarpal lusus naturæ, which has brought about a multicaulus of your opthalmia, thus producing an inflammation of the secondary slogan, and a total collapse of the elementary perihelion belonging to the os-knee-pan."

"Sakes and mercy on me! how did I ketch it so bad?"

"And, ma'am," continued the doctor, spreading out grandly, "I discover by the superincumbent flatulence of the pulsation in the left lobe of your wrist, a slight tincture of antimony, which must be checked."

"Sakes! will it swell?"

"And further, ma'am—there is a large abscence gathering in the lacteal region of your sponsorial curriculum, which has been accumulating in the lower fangs of your solar system, and spreadin' generally."

"What on earth 'll cure me?"

"Well, you must bathe your epigram in hot water, soak your ears in cotton lozengers, which will dispel your constitutional marasmus and restore your apocalypse to its natural conjunctions. Then take three of these pills every two minutes for two days, or until perspiration ensues. It'll sooner or later burst out like an eruption of Mount Vesuvius."

"Corruption of Count Pegasus! What's that?"

"After which rub yourself with the compound extract of the carbonate of old gin; take a dose inwardly, and then go to bed ahem!"

The doctor coughed again, but the old lady never raised her head. She was asleep and her blackened pipe lay broken at her feet. The doctor gave one more loud "ahem!" buttoned up his coat, pulled on his gloves, and so departed.

He had talked her into the land of dreams.

Children.—Blessed be God for all that the children enjoy! Did you ever think of it, how independent children are of circumstances? How the children of the poor are as happy with a penny toy, with a bit of broken china, a rag-baby, or their mud pies, as the offspring of the rich with their endless variety of playthings, selected with so much care from the most expensive shops? Do you know how ready children are to find employment in any condition, with a contentment and cheerfulness which grown up people may indeed envy? It is not until they become acquainted with the conventionalities of the world, and find they lack what is most important in the world's eye, that discontent creeps into the heart, and dissatisfaction takes the place of this blessed state.

Lord Macauly, passing one day through Seven Dials, bought a handful of ballads from some street singers, who were bawling out the contents to a gaping audience. Proceeding on his way home, he was astonished on suddenly stopping, to find himself surrounded by half a score of urchins, their faces beaming with expectation.

"Now, then," said the historian, "what is it."

"Oh! that's a good 'un," replied the little boys "after we've come all this way"

"But what are you waiting for?" said Macauley, astonished at the lads' familiarity.

"Waiting for? Why, for you to sing, to be sure."

Sir Walter Scott wrote, "The race of mankind would perish did we cease to help each other. From the time the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the dew of death from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask for it of their fellow mortals, and no one who has it in his power to grant, can refuse without incurring guilt."

A Western clergyman, in presenting a revolver to one of the volunteers, said: "If you get into a tight place and have to use it, ask God's blessing if you have time, but be sure and not let the enemy get the start of you. You can say amen after you shoot."

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a missionary of an elderly lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracks? Certainly, you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs; "leave them with the heels toward the door, if you please."

"Did you ever see an elephant's skin," asked a teacher in an infant school in a fast neighborhood.

"I have!" shouted a six year old at the foot of the class.

"Where?" inquired old specks, considerably amused at his earnestness.

"On the elephant," shouted prodigy, gleefully.

"The times are hard, wife, and I find it difficult to keep my nose above water." "You can easily keep your nose above water, husband, if you didn't keep it so often above brandy."

"Now, gentlemen," said Sheridan to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other. Are we to drink like men or like beasts?" Somewhat indignantly, the guests exclaimed, "Like men, of course." "Then," he replied, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S
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Every mother should be prepared to act in the capacity of both nurse and physician to her children she can, if she will, discharge these duties much better than any one she can employ. If she does not, she ought to know that there is a Medicine prepared by an old nurse and female physician which has stood the test of many, many years, and is the most perfect thing on earth for children teething; it also cures Wind Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, and is sure to regulate the bowels. We say to every mother, do not let your own prejudices, or the prejudices of others stand in the way of the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

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As the surging throng move to and fro,
'Tis a pleasant sight, I ween,
To mark the figures that come and go
In the ever changing scene:

Where the sinner treads with the publican proud,
And the priest in his gloomy cowl,
And Dives walks in the motley crowd,
With Lazarus cheek by jowl;
And the daughter of toil, with her fresh, young heart,
As pure as her spotless name,
Keeps step with the women that make their mart
In the haunts of sin and shame.

How gaily steps the country lass
In the midst of the city's ills,
As freshly pure as the daisied grass
That grows on her native hills;
And the beggar, too, with his hungry eye,
And his sad wan face and crutch,
Gives a blessing the same to the passer by,
An' he gives him little or much.

When night has beaten the world's tattoo,
And in dusky armor dight,
Is treading, with echoless footsteps, through
The gloom of the silent night,
How many of these shall be daintily fed,
And will sink to slumbers sweet,
Yet many shall go to a sleepless bed,
And never a crumb to eat!

Ah, me! when the hours go joyfully by,
How little we stop to heed
Our brothers and sisters' despairing cry,
In their woe and their bitter need!
Yet, such a world as the angels sought
This world of ours we'd call,
If the brotherly love that the Father taught
Were felt by each for all.

Yet a few short years, and this motley throng
Will all have passed away,
And the rich and the poor, and the old and young,
Will be undistinguished clay:
And lips that laugh and lips that moan
Will in silence alike be sealed,
And some will be under a stately stone,
And some the Potter's Field.

But the sun will be shining just as bright,
And so will the silver moon,
And just such a crowd will be here at night,
And just such a crowd at noon:
And men will be wicked and women will sin,
As ever since Adam's fall,
With the same old world to labor in,
And the same God over all.

A. R. D.

WHAT ARE WE COLORED PEOPLE DOING? OR LIKELY TO DO.

Mr. Editor,

The present condition of affairs in this country, cannot but arrest the attention of the most indifferent observer, and in view of such condition the question has been, and is still being asked, what are we colored people doing? or are likely to do.

In our humble estimation we are not called upon to put forth any exertions in the present contest looking to its arrest.

We have had no finger in stirring up the water of secession. We have all along maintained the even tenor of our way, struggling to show to our oppressors everywhere, that we needed only an opportunity to exhibit how well we could come up to the true standard of citizenship, which would demonstrate our right to the full enjoyment of all rights, known to white men under the constitution.

No people better than the American, understand the real, intrinsic worth of the blacks. And this knowledge is not of yesterday, but it has lived upon the page of history since the days of the revolution.

In that great contest for self-government, our fathers did dare upon the battle field, to place their feet towards the enemy, as far as others who dared to step most far. No one will question this, for no one doubts it. Indeed we have the immortal satisfaction to know that a black man was the first to fall in the conflict, which in reality commenced in the streets of Boston, and which ended in severing the thirteen colonies from the mother country. Every school boy knows of "the giant of a negro Crispus Attucks." Then descending the scale, if you please, we have yet to learn the name of the black who deserted his colors upon any revolutionary battle field, or shrunk from the fight upon Lake Erie, under Perry, or who like a sneak and coward refused to bear arms gallantly under the lead of Jackson, at New Orleans.

We claim to have done our share in rendering this republic great, and by our sweat and toil made princely rich those who have not yet ceased to enslave, villify, and degrade us.

Are these the rewards due to brave men for great services? Is it thus that we are to be treated? And shall we, the descendents of noble sires, now fly to arms and *sacrifice our lives to bind new chains upon our already fettered limbs?* No! God *forbid*. We have a lamp to guide our feet, and that lamp is the history of the past, its *memory is eternal*, its teachings are irresistable.

Since the adoption of the Federal Constitution up to the present what has been our country's record upon the question of slavery?

A few negroes were liberated in Maryland and Virginia. The more northern states afforded to be generous and enacted emancipation bills, because the institution from reason of the climate would not pay

Since then how many states have abolished slavery? Not one.

The African slave-trade was vigorously gone into, and men, women and children were stolen to serve strangers in a strange land.

The Florida war provoked simply because the Indian not so religious as his white neighbors, gave protection to fugitives.

In 1850, the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill. Oh! ye powers of darkness did there ever go forth from your gloomy chambers an enactment which could rival this in pains, in penalties, in bloody cruelty!

Then the Dred Scott decision putting it beyond the possibility of a black to have any rights, and consequently to have nothing in common with humanity.

Then the revival of the slave trade, and the popular heart, and the popular sentiment seem to have culminated upon it.

This revival was not alone advocated by the loathsome politicians, but it found admirers and supporters in the American pulpit.

And jus there is the great trouble—that had slavery been kept among the political parties, and not allowed to scatter its poison, things would have worn a different face, and we could have relied upon the Church to uproot the evil. But her high walls and spires are made of cotton bales, the priest fattens upon the unpaid toil of Eve's children. Her sacrament which in the beginning was intended to remind us of the Last Supper, in these hypocritical times better represents the mangled flesh, and warm blood of the murdered negro, than it calls to mind the elements distributed by a Saviour's hand.

The administration which is the exponent of the people dont claim the present struggle to be a war for emancipation, but simply to bring back the seceded States to their old allegiance, and crowning slavery with her usual rights.

This is Mr. Lincoln's theory and practice, but he is extremely dull who solaces himself with the idea that the revolted States are going to return, with the old basis for a platform. Secession is a fixed fact so far as the South understands it.

We blacks must learn wisdom, and bide our time. God's handiwork is as clearly manifested in this war, as ever it was in the days of Pharaoh and Moses. He lead the children of Israel by a way they knew not of, and He is determined to break our chains, if in so doing he destroys the Republic. If this be God's programme (and every day's developments makes it more clear), who dares say him nay?

We have nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by entering the lists as combatants. In the first place the authorities have not called upon us, next to force ourselves upon the people uninvited, would be to defeat the grandest ends the world has ever seen worked out.

And suppose we were invited, what duty would we then owe to ourselves and our posterity? We are in advance of our fathers. They put confidence in the word of the whites only to feel the dagger of slavery driven still deeper into the heart throbbing with emotions of joy for freedom. We are not going to re-enact that tragedy. Our enslaved brethren must be made freedmen, and the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" solemnly and religiously stipulated in the bond. We of the North must have all rights which white men enjoy; until then we are in no condition to fight under the flag which gives us no protection.

The edict has gone forth, and like the Medean and Persian Law, it cannot alter, viz., The North must conquer the rebellious States, or in turn be overrun by slavery. The South fights with an earnestness so terrible that it brings down a foe at every shot. The North starts with determination, but retreats ere the fight is decided.

Now while these two serpents are eyeing each other from the opposite banks of the Potomac, preparatory to the fatal spring, we who in times past have been educated to wait, wait a little longer, for we can afford it. Our cause is safe. Mr. Lincoln, if Davis drives him hard, as a matter of self-defence must proclaim freedom throughout all the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof. If upon the opposite Davis discerns the hand-writing upon the wall, rather than be conquered, will blow freedom's trump from the highest summit of the everlasting Blue Ridge, and gather around his standard millions of brave souls, whom no bayonet could ever again reduce to bondage.

Five month's since no man North of Mason and Dixon's line ever dreamed that to-day would find this Union a frail bark floating simply by mercy's consent. Mr. Lincoln expected to have "crushed out" Secession with his three months' men. How short sighted are human calculations! He little knew the indomitableness of the Secession devil that had been gaining strength for thirty years. He knows it now, but alas! too late!

Thank God the final issue is beyond the control of administrations. Upon each day the conflict deepens, and exceeds in proportions the growth of Otos and Ephialtes, mentioned in Heathen mythology. The two contending parties are but the instruments of a "Higher Law." They may capture and return fugitives, but the "irrepressible conflict" becomes none the less formidable.

God lives! He yet controls in the affairs of men. He still directs the lightning's course, and the thunderbolt which annihilates slavery he holds in his own right hand.

IVANHOE.

Troy, Oct. 7, 1861.

THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Mr. Editor:—

In presenting my experience, permit me to say, for the satisfaction of your city readers, that the incidents related below did not happen in this city or State. My sad misfortunes I charge not to any lack of patriotism on their part, for they happened in a part of the country where our people had not the advantages that those of this city have, and therefore upon consideration of these melancholy facts, I now entertain a forgiving spirit, believing that as I hope myself to be forgiven, so should I entertain the like feeling for those who have so seriously wronged me and mine. Having naturally a philanthropic spirit, I from my earliest recollections promised to devote my life to the good of those whose sorrows and sufferings were more or less closely connected or immediately identified with my own in this country, consecrated to human slavery by the degenerate sons of the first great Revolution of the United States. To give you an idea of my earliest predispositions, I must tell my story in my own simple manner:

In my days of boyhood glee I sought the open fields, the sea-girt shore, the apple orchard or the tall forests of oak, chestnut and walnut trees. While listening to the hum of bees, or the roaring of the boisterous waves, as they broke upon the long beach, to be seen in the distance, or upon the uneven shore sparsely lined with small trees and underbrush, or when basking beneath the tall forest shade, enjoying the heavenly music of a thousand warblers of its feathery inhabitants; how I longed for the arrival of that time when manhood's morn should dawn upon me that I might contribute my share towards that leaven which leaveneth the whole lump! At the age of fifteen though seemingly but a youth, and in fact but one in either experience or age, the strong desire to share the responsibilities of those many years my senior, I entered the arena claiming that respect and consideration due only to those twice my own age and acknowledged capabilities; but having made the bold step impressed by duty, I determined not to retract, but to meet it, cost what it might.

By perseverance and industry, regularity in all my habits, unassumed dignity, with an aspiring disposition, it was my fortune soon to hold position in society, only conferred upon those whose experience in life's various changes and knowledge of human nature entitled them to such, a mind well developed by such education as those who have looked forward and grasped the glittering tokens that of old bedecked the warrior, the champion returning flushed with hard-fought victories from the din of battle; or the eminent statesman who leads his country through a crisis, which but for his wisdom would have foundered.

While endeavoring to know and understand *the wants of those suffering with* myself from a thousand or more disabilities, I *found myself often brought in contact with* those whose education and zealous efforts *in our behalf entitled them to my respect*, and their advice worthy of acceptance as a guide to that end for which we were willing and self-sacrificing co-workers. After listening to the advice of many, and considering the practicability of the different plans, I resolved upon one that coincided with my own predetermination, should it seem possible of accomplishment—one that had long engrossed my anxious mind before the mention of it by my adviser, a philanthropic talented friend, whose cause was our cause.

That idea was the publishing of a journal to be issued weekly, and inviting one and all among our people of every mental capacity and cultivation to contribute to its columns; but not without knowing to some extent the many difficulties I should be obliged to encounter, the task and great patience necessary in overlooking, correcting, etc., before setting up in form the many contributions of manuscripts which I had reason to believe would follow the invitation, from some anxious to benefit their fellow men by good advice and example—others to cast in their mite, their all, to fill the columns of a sheet published by one of their own people whose efforts they would happily encourage.

Well, to be as brief as possible, that you may not weary in this recital, I will without going into minute details inform you of my progress and result in philanthropic experimentalism. Having been of an industrious turn, economical in my expenditures, it was my fortune to have laid aside quite a little sum, called rainy day stores.

The sum necessary for the object before me, after investing rainy day stores, I was encouraged to believe, would be forthcoming from my numrous patrons as a spontaneous out-pouring of Christian hearts for a benefit beyond ~~estimation, conferred upon a~~ down trodden race, each arguing that it would cost less sacrifice of comfort, life, health, money and time on the part of the supporters of the journal than any other project brought forward for our adoption. The many epistles of value from cultivated intellects from different sources, flowing with an abundance of interesting and useful information which I had reason to believe existed, but hidden from the masses for the want of that journal to carry the tidings far and wide, encouraged me, and it only remained with me to make the commencement. Whether my ideas were air built castles or facts realized, I leave you to draw your own conclusions. No doubt you know the patriotism of this great people as well perhaps, if not better than my humble self. At all events the confidence I entertained in my inexperienced but well-disposed heart towards my people, that success must attend so beneficial a project with blessed results, impelled me to not only invest all I had, but to assume responsibilities, which if not discharged by the assistance of those I would benefit, must ruin me forever. But sir the object was great, and the hazard necessarily must be great. Full of confidence in a people who I had been told once ranked first in arts, science and literature, and all that creates and makes great, what had I to fear but my own abilities? With these feelings I buckled on my armour. My first step was to Herald the glorious news throughout the Union thus:—A new channel is this day opened to you, my heart crushed, poor, despised brothers—it is for you to say whether it shall live as your mouth-piece, your recorder—my services are at your bidding, my paper is yours, one object is ours, one common destiny, live or die shall mark our course. Give me your voice, your helping hand. Upon the reception of this, cheers and prayers went up from every fire-side, from every heart. The longed for means was now at hand, glory to God's holy name.

For a season, though short, permit me to inform you, my encouragement was all that I could ask, but gradually the object of the paper was lost sight of. The very persons, loudest in their hallelujahs, wanted a paper to compete with the Ledger. The New York Ledger—supported by not only an immense capital, but the first and highest cultivated intellects of this country. Instead of information in relation to our people's wants, of their general welfare and progress, they wanted stories to amuse them, written by a Cobb, or a Fanny Fern, an Edward Everett, or I could not have their patronage. What a blow was that my countrymen! That indeed was "the unkindest cut of all."

My poorly supported journal lived two years—it beggared me and mine—it involved me almost irretrievably; I struggled and bore up while there was a straw to lean upon. At last disappointed and ruined, I was obliged to resign my efforts in that direction and apply myself to such labor as the times offered for the sustenance of my family whom I had robbed of their dependance for the good of those who little appreciated my sacrifices or my project. Driven to my wits' end for a sustenance, in times similar to the present, after seeking every where for employment day after day and finding none, my children crying for bread, distracted and crazed beyond endurance, upon a cold and stormy night I rushed into the street, made my way to the dock re*solving to end my misery by making one* less to burden society with his troubles. *After offering up a fervent prayer for my* wife and children I gave the last fatal leap, *as I supposed, into the deep, deep waters.*

As I felt the cold waters freezing my *limbs, and choking the life out of me*, I suddenly awoke from my slumber. I had only been dreaming. The whole that I have related was but a dream, brought on by *much thought upon the many difficulties* a poor editor must naturally contend with, *who for the good of his people devotes his* whole means and attention. You may imagine, *sir, my gratification when I found* that I was not an editor, and was still well and upon *terra-firma, free from those disagreeable recollections forced upon an unfortunate editor, ruined by his love of philanthrpoy lured away by glittering promises and glorious hallelujahs.*

R. H. V.

THE VIRGINIA FREEDMEN:

THEIR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

To The Editor of the Anglo-African:—

Mr. Lockwood, the missionary of the American Missionary Association, writes from Fortress Monroe, under date Sept. 27th and 28th, and says:

"Yesterday ~~being Fast-day, servile work~~ was generally suspended. I held two preaching services and one prayer-meeting. Two or three other meetings were held by *the people themselves*. All were deeply interesting. The heartiest prayers went up by the freedmen for the President, the Generals, and the Union, associated as they are with their fond hopes. In the afternoon, *one of the exhorters named Thorten held a* meeting at Old Point, while I had a service at the Seminary. Tuesday and Wednesday I established a good school at the Fortress, under the instruction of Mrs. Bailey, assisted by Miss Jennings, and James, a bright boy, who acts as monitor. These are all colored persons, and Mrs. Bailey is a free woman. The number of scholars will range from forty to sixty. I have also established a private school for the colored adults and children in the Hygeia Hospital, (in a part of the hotel,) under the instruction of a crippled man.

"I have distributed a large number of Union Primers; and it is interesting to see the workmen on the road and elsewhere *taking out their books at every leisure interval*, and teaching one another to read. Men, women and children evince an ardent thirst for knowledge, especially for Scriptural knowledge. As soon as they can *spell out words*, they want a Testament, so that I have already distributed seventy-five. Still we have, like the apostle, some if not 'many adversaries.' I am happy to express my obligations to Capt. Burleigh, and all at the seminary, and to all the officers and other friends in and about the Fortress, who speak well of me and my work, and in various ways give me aid and comfort. But there are those about here, and some in official posts, who do not relish these 'new measures.' The spirit of slavery, though slumbering here, is not dead. It is manifested toward the freedmen, as well as toward those who are trying to benefit them. Attending solely and discreetly to the business for which I came here, I possess my *soul in patience, assured that God can make* the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath restrain."

Before Gen. Butler left the command here he took a decided stand with the claimants for runaway slaves. On one occasion, when the claimant and fugitive were both before him, Gen. B. asked the latter if he wanted to go with his old master. The man replied, "No, sir." "Well, then," said Gen. B., "you need not go. Sir, you cannot have him." Gen. Wool, one day, when a "contraband," claimed by his old master, was summoned before him, asked him "if he was willing to go back," and received for answer, "I do *not* wish to, sir." "Then," said the General, "you shall not be forced to go, and if any man attempts to molest you, come to me." This is noble! But the same stand has not been taken in every case.

One of the "contrabands" said to Mr. Lockwood, "If one is returned, why may not all be? and if I am to be returned, let me be returned now, and not kept in suspense as to my fate." Another said, "Masters have tried to make us believe that the Yankee only wished to sell us to Cuba, to get money to carry on the war." Some say that masters who now pretend to be Union men were strong Secessionists; and they shake their heads when told they have changed their sentiments, shrewdly suspecting that it is only to regain their slaves. It requires steady and undeviating firmness and consistency to inspire these "strangers" with confidence in Government, and sympathy for its success. Mr. L. does all he can to quiet their fears, repress their complaints, and inspire them with confidence and trust. He writes, under date of Sept. 28th:—

"I want, to the extent of my ability, to co-operate in good faith with those in authority; and I am happy in having secured the good will of so many. The Lord continue to give me favour among officers and people, and save me from the evil designs of adversaries! Our school was this afternoon visited by two naval officers. One of them spoke approvingly of the undertaking, and thought it would be good for the children on their return to slavery, to which he thought they were inevitably doomed. He *thought the war would soon terminate*, and that then the slaveholders would have a just claim to their property. And this officer is a New Englander! Chaplain Jones of the U. S. ship Minnesota subsequently called, and said he had seen a favourable notice of the enterprise in the papers, and was much pleased to see the thing started. He had had it in his heart himself to do something for this people.

"After the reading exercises the children sung, 'There is a happy land,' and then, all kneeling, Chaplain Jones led, and the children followed in the Lord's prayer. He afterwards prayed extemporaneously, and offered fervent petitions for the children and the enterprise. We all felt gratified. Col. Wardrop of the Coast Guard, in a friendly manner, said he had seen a favourable notice of our work in a Boston paper."

Under date of Sept. 30th, Mr. Lockwood writes:—

"Yesterday was a good day for us. Attended a refreshing sunrise prayer-meeting. At 9 1-2 attended Sabbath-school at Ex-President Tyler's house. A goodly number of children and adults were present. At 11 o'clock held a preaching service at Brother Davis's, in a large building built for a mill, and called Dr. Wood's Mill. Quite a large concourse. I preached on God's household covenant and family religion. ~~Married four couples, including Peter~~ Herbert, an exhorter, whose wife at the commencement of their living together assigned as a reason for their not being particular in regard to regular marriage, that 'the master could separate them the next day.' In administering the rite I lay great stress upon the clause, 'What God hath joined together, let no one put asunder,' and I most fervently pray that no power on earth may come between them to separate *those whom God has made one.*

"At 3 o'clock, at the Seminary, preached on the Gospel marriage feast, and married six more couples. The occasion was one of signal interest. One aged man could not *refrain from rising and uttering* praise and glory to God for the privilege of living to see this day. He seems to feel like good old Simeon. In the evening married eleven more couples at the Fort, and explained the nature and obligations of the ordinance, and the peculiar circumstances in their case demanding it. I showed the evils of polygamy, as illustrated in the quarrels and other disorders in Jacob's family, in the corruptions of heathenism, and the impurities of Mormonism; spoke of Christ's sanction of marriage at Cana, etc. . . . I think my teachings and administering in this matter are having a striking effect on the tone of morals here. Expect to unite in marriage a number of others next Sabbath. *The course pursued has vexed some corrupt* soldiers, but the authorities here has quelled their opposition. Please send me a hundred engraved marriage certificates, such as are sold in Nassau Street. They will tend to deepen the sense of the importance of the rite."

Under date of October 1st, Mr. Lockwood writes:

"I have just visited the school of Mrs. Peake, (the colored teacher,) near the Seminary, with great satisfaction. Am delighted at the good order and rapid improvement in so short a time. The school numbers forty-five children, and others are expected. She offers to teach a school for adults in the afternoon. The school for children occupies from nine till twelve o'clock. She has several classes that spell well in the book and out of it. She is also teaching writing and the elements of arithmetic with encouraging success. She intersperses the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, catechetical exercises, singing, etc. It is certainly a model school, considering the circumstances. She surely deserves compensation, though she began without any such expectation, feeling that she should be fully rewarded in having the privilege of doing *good in this way*. Both the teacher and scholars seemed to appreciate my remark that their's was a favored lot, in enjoying what their parents did not, the privilege of assembling Sabbath and week-days for instruction, without fear or *molestation*. I closed the school with prayer, during which the children all kneeled and observed the strictest silence and order. This is not a day of small things, though the beginning of days, but already a day of great things. To God be all the praises."

Mr. Lockwood says there is some instruction given by several on a smaller scale near Hampton. He wishes to have a good teacher for that section. Mr. Davis, the eloquent exhorter, he says, would make a good teacher, and if compensated would take charge of that district. He is at present supporting his family by labor. Mrs. Baily is doing quite well in the school at Fortress Monroe, but she has not the experience of Mrs. Peake. If she continues in charge of the school she will need compensation, as she was burned out in Hampton, and is a widow. "Please forward two hundred copies of the Infant's Primer, and four hundred of the Pictorial Primer. Card multiplication tables would be very acceptable, with slate cards. We hope, by and by, to get black boards made. I find the variety of large reading cards very useful in enabling the whole school to be engaged simultaneously a part of the time in following the pointing of the teacher, in spelling and reading. After a time elementary geographies will be in place. So Providence leads, and we must follow. Affectionately your's in the Lord."

Contributions, in money or clothing, can be sent to Lewis Tappan, Treasurer, No. 61 John Street, New York, or to Rev. L. C. Lockwood, care of Captain Burleigh, Seminary, near Fortress Monroe, Virginia, by mail or express.

[*From the Argus, Chatham, C. W., October 8th, 1861.*]

HAYTIAN EMIGRATION AT A DISCOUNT IN CHATHAM.

A large meeting of our colored citizens assembled last evening in the old Princess Street Church, to oppose the expatriation, or Haytian Emigration scheme, originated for the purpose of colonizing such colored persons in Canada and the United States, as could be induced to go through the wily plan now endeavored to be carried out by James Redpath, in his book, "The Haytian Guide," and his newspaper—"The Pine and Palm," both of which are burdened with beautifully exciting stories of the great advantage of Hayti, as the most desirable and future home of the colored people of Canada and the United States.

The meeting was organized by appointing J. Holden, Chairman, and I. D. Shadd, Secretary.

After the Chairman had stated the object of the meeting, Mrs. M. A. Cary was called for to address the audience, which *she did with a force usual to her sex*. She compared the present emigration movement to the old worn-out and thrown off scheme of African colonization, and compared Redpath's "Guide to Hayti" with old colonization documents, from both of which she read extracts, to the derision of the scheme and the contempt of Redpath and his agent, all or whom were shown up to be unsettling and removing the people for the pay they get.

Mr. J. H. Harris made appropriate remarks, and called on the *friends of Hayti*, as he believed one or more advocates were present, to speak out and present Hayti's claims.

Mr. Menard—who is one of the contributors to the emigration paper—"The Pine and Palm," came forward with his usual rhodomontade; but finding his work rather up hill, shortly resumed his seat. Mr. W. H. Wilson, who it is claimed always takes the negative, seemed rather diffident about attacking the subject, and like Mr. Menard, vacated the floor.

Mrs. Carey's resolutions which, by the by, composed the subject of discussion, were put to the house and carried with but three dissenting voices.

We give the resolutions as adopted:

Whereas, extraordinary exertions are now being put forth, to induce the colored people of these Provinces to emigrate to the Island of Hayti, through specious representations of paid agents of the Haytian Government, thereby causing a too confiding people to forego the certainties of a healthy climate, British nationality, individual prosperity, and the fullest exercise of religious freedom, for the doubtful advantages of complexional nationality with its attendant evils, among the Haytians, a people woefully divided upon complexional, social and political grounds, and who can give no guarantee of security to life, liberty and property, by reason of the same, therefore

Resolved, That while we concede the right of individual emigration, duty to God, ourselves and our neighbor, which is paramount to all rights, imperatively enjoins the obligation to inquire into the advantages to be derived from residence in the countries to which we are invited, before promoting an emigration which may prove disastrous to colored people.

Resolved, That in the information to be derived from the past history and present condition of Hayti, by facts elicited from the "Guide" by James Redpath, by statements from returned emigrants, and from the well-known fatality of climate in the Tropics to masses from Temperate regions, *we see nothing to commend* the Haytian scheme to favorable consideration, but on the contrary, upon the evidence thus afforded, record our condemnation of those who encourage the removal from Canada of our agriculturalists and laborers, our most sturdy and responsible classes, without the certainty of opportunities in Hayti as favorable as those they forsake.

Resolved, That the indignation of an insulted and injured people in Canada and the United States, should point out as men greatly to be suspected, the hired agents in this movement, whether black or white, who so shamefully tamper with the best interests of a once sorely oppressed people, and who on the pretence of destroying slavery by the cultivation of free cotton in Hayti, travel throughout the land, unsettling the people by their specious but dangerous theories, receiving and accepting unblushingly, at the same time, the congratulations of our enemies, for unparalled success in the nefarious work of expatriating the free colored people from this Continent; the work in which "Clay and Webster"—known Colonizationists, long ago failed.

It is quite evident from the resolutions that the thinking portion of our colored population are not to be led astray by this new fangled movement of Mr. Redpath and his coadjutors.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.

Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.

A NOBLE PROPOSITION.

ROBERT HAMILTON Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I congratulate you at the appearance once more of the Anglo-African,—a paper that gained, for the time it existed, more prestige than any other that had preceded it.

Now sir, the glorious question is, "Shall it live? I call it glorious, from the immense importance of the hour that is now upon us.

It will live if we bring our patriotism, our love for the truth, not to a boiling, but a moderate heat. Let each brother and sister, father and child, do what they can—take stock in it at a fair premium. The premium to be paid in Hallelujahs when its work as a Journal for Freedom is over.

Sir, I propose to unite with some in investing Five Dollars to begin with; what will others answer? I propose no plan upon which it is to be paid, but leave that to your better judgment—but I suppose you need the money as soon as you can get it. I therefore pay immediately. Now who will be the next customer,—if not for five, for four—for three—for two—for one! for fifty cents? Keep in remembrance, friends, that this stock pays glorious in premiums, however small be the investment. Yet you must still remember, that greater the investment, more glorious the premium!

Now sir, I believe I have said enough; perhaps more than enough—for, after all, all that is requisite is but for the people to know your need, and they are ready to nobly respond.

Yours in behalf of the good cause.

J. N. GLOUCESTER.

The following are responses to the above proposition, including Mr. Gloucester's subscription:

J. N. Gloucester,	$5
H. Highland Garnet,	1
Henry M. Wilson,	1
Miss Mary A. Chambers,	1
Ezekiel H. Dias,	1
"A Friend,"	1
Robert H. Vandyne,	1
Miss Susan Tindall,	1
Austin Steward,	25

An Archbishop on the War.

Archbishop Hughes is not unknown to the political history of our city and State: the charge of his fold in Christ, has been too quiet a walk for his active, not to say ambitious mind: if the State by its organic law has determined that it can get along very well without the help of the priest, this priest has found it utterly impossible to keep his fingers from meddling in State affairs: he evidently believes in a church militant, and is ever itching to give vent to his proclivities. With some hundred thousand voters and votes at his absolute command, he is of course "a power" among politicians, if not in the State.

Yet he is a sort of malaprop in political matters, or rather, with reverence be it spoken—a pig, like the one in the story whose owner was driving it to Cork—the efforts of his Grace go by contraries. Some twenty years ago he buttonholed Wm. H. Seward in the grave-yard of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Mott Street, about Catholic fingers in the school-fund-pie, and that touch, like the black pudding in the story, has clung to Seward's nose dragging him down and down and down with a pertinacious suasion which cost him the nomination at Chicago: for the native American party had just life and venom enough to sting the wily Secretary to death on that occasion. So in this instance the Archbishop politically destroyed his friend by meddling in politics. In like manner some eighteen years ago Bishop Hughes went to Carrol Hall to put down sectarian or protestant education at the public expense: out of which effort there has grown up the splendid school system of our city a thousand times stronger than it could have been but for the evil-intended movement of our malaprop prelate.

To day, the Archbishop steps forth

"—by merit raised
To that bad eminence,"

as the sole defender of American slavery amid the ruins and disasters which slavery has brought upon the land: like the "arch-angel ruined" whom Milton describes, or rather in consonance with his malaprop character, it is to be hoped that he may blast with his foetid breath, the cause he undertakes to defend. The ostensible occasion for the Archbishop's essay in favor of slavery, is the article of Mr Brownson, on emancipation, which appeared in the last number of "Brownson's Quarterly Review," a Catholic magazine. He commences by stating that Mr. Brownson maintains "that the end and purpose of the war is not, or at least should not be, merely to sustain the Constitution, Government, and Laws of the country, but to abolish slavery in the Southern States." Let us see what Mr. Brownson says in his own words: we quote from the Review, p. 512 "certainly we said in the article on "The Great Rebellion," in our last Review, the North has not taken up arms for the destruction of Negro-slavery, but for the maintenance of the Federal Government, the enforcement of the laws, and the preservation of the Union, This is true. *The liberation of the slave is not the purpose and end of the war in which we are now engaged.* The war is a war against rebellion engaged in by the rebels for the purpose of making this a great slaveholding Republic, in which the labor of the country shall be performed by slaves, either black or white; and if to defeat the rebellion, the destruction of slavery is rendered necessary and be actually effected, it will change nothing of the character or purpose of the war. It will have been necessitated by the rebellion, and the rebels will have only themselves to thank for the destruction or abolition they force us to adopt in defence of liberty, the Union, and the authority of the government."

As Mr. Brownson says just the contrary to what the Archbishop accuses him of saying, we must set down the latter, not as a common, but as [illegible] Archiepiscopal liar: he tells a tall lie, which is none the better for being a mitred lie.

THE ARCHBISHOP ON CAUSES—(CASUISTRY?)

"Even our Catholic Dr. Brownson holds that slavery is the cause of the war. This happens to be simply impossible, except in the sense that a man's carrying money on his person is the cause of his being robbed on the highway. Slavery existed since the Declaration of Independence and before; and if it ever could have been the cause of civil war, should have broken out say eighty or one hundred and twenty years ago. Slavery therefore is not the cause of the war."

We have heard that there is a quiet and retired prison in Rome, where drunken, driveling or otherwise debauched priests are quietly placed, so that they may not bring further scandal upon the Church. The above paragraph indicates not only the propriety of such a prison, but moreover that there is at least one priest too many at large therefrom.

THE ARCHBISHOP ON "KEEPING A HOTEL."

"In the South, free blacks are sometimes the keepers of respectable hotels, and wealthy planters choose to patronize them. In the North, if a black man was rich enough to purchase the Astor House, he would have no white guests."

How happened it that the South grew so ferocious at the report, that one HAMLIN, a so-called mulatto, was about to be assistant-keeper of the White House at Washington?

The Archbishop has evidently led a very secluded life—gastronomically as to eatables—in New York. Only think of a man in New York, forty years, and yet never heard of Downing's! We do not wonder that his reverence can lie: how could a man tell the truth, in Gotham, whose tongue has never come in contact with a good oyster? We have seen it recorded that his reverence has visited Newport in "the season." Did he ever hear of such a place as the "Sea Girt House." If not, he is a meeker prelate than we take him for; and he must have "convived" in some Irish shanty on potato and salt for dinner.

THE ARCHBISHOP ON THE SIXTH AVENUE RAIL-ROAD.

"Even in this great city of New York, though their (colored people's) money is just the same as that which white people use, they cannot be admitted into an omnibus or railroad car, occupied by white people, without being reminded by a printed sign that it is a privilege and not a right."

True for you Archbishop! But there happens to be five lines of railroad cars in New York city wherein colored persons are admitted without question or sign. There is but one line of cars which disgraces the city as you state. Now if your reverence will give a helping hand in the right direction—that is, PRAISE the Sixth Avenue Company for its bad manners—the sign will be forthwith abolished!

THE ARCHBISHOP ON PERPETUAL SLAVERY.

"THE TERRIFIC PART OF THE QUESTION IS, THAT NOT ONLY THE INDIVIDUALS BROUGHT TO THE AMERICAN CONTINENT OR ITS LANDS ARE THEMSELVES TO BE SLAVES, BUT THEIR POSTERITY IN LIKE MANNNER, FOR ALL TIME TO COME. THIS IS THE ONLY TERRIFIC FEATURE ABOUT AMERICAN SLAVERY. AND YET IT IS NOT ALIEN FROM THE CONDITION OF MANKIND IN GENERAL. ORIGINAL SIN HAS ENTAILED UPON THE HUMAN RACE ITS CONSEQUENCES FOR TIME AND ETERNITY. AND YET THE MEN WHO ARE LIVING NOW HAD NO PART IN THE COMMISSION OF ORIGINAL SIN. THE DRUNKARD, THE THIEF, THE BAD MAN OF ANY DESCRIPTION, ENTAILS UPON HIS POSTERITY EVILS WHICH THE FORFEITURE OF HIS OWN PERSONAL LIFE CANNOT PREVENT OR REPAIR."

Now, according to another part of his paper the Archbishop says "the American slave became such by falling a prisoner of war in Africa, and by sale to the trader"—neither of which was a crime nor even a fault, but simply a misfortune on the part of the slave. What possible analogey does this bear to original sin? Is misfortune a sin? Then there must be some hard Irish sinners now down in Dixie's land; and the gallant Colonel Corcoran, whom the Archbishop so justly praises, must be a leading sinner. Should the South condemn this Colonel and his gallant fellow prisoners to slavery, will the Archbishop admit that the perpetual enslavement of their children, and children's children, will be guaranteed and defended by the Catholic Church, as one of the just analogies of original sin.

THE ARCHBISHOP "DON'T SEE" LIBERIA, NOR LAGOS, NOR ABBEOKUTA.

"Africa, it is well known, is a country of savages, not having the slightest gleam of hope as to prospective civilization. We may say that in all the Southwestern section of Africa there is no such thing known as a natural freeman."

We would like to know what our distinguished and learned friend, the Rev. Alexander Crummell has to say to this. He states that the noblest specimens in mien, port and gait, of freemen, he has ever seen, are the Congoes, the aboriginals of this portion of Africa. What has our African traveller *Delany*, known to the uncircumcised as Dr. Delany, to say to this? What has his unbreeched friends ALAKE, Ogubonna and other lords of the soil, to say?

Nay, if there is not a "natural freeman" in all this part of heaven's footstool, are they all natural slaves? *If so*, where are their masters?

THE ARCHBISHOP ENDORSES CHARLES O'CONOR.

"We cannot go so far as to agree with an eminent Catholic jurist and lawyer, in saying that slavery is a Divine institution. The rest of his eloquent dissertation is far from being out of harmony with the principles of the Catholic Church. It is at least a Divine permission of God's providence."

So, probably, is hell. We see that in Charles O'Conor's school for educating the North into the belief that "Slavery is right, and just," Archbishop Hughes takes position as an eminent professor.

THE ARCHBISHOP ON MADAME RESTELL.

"We are aware, indeed, that on the score of morality much can be said with truth against slavery. The marriage bond, creating the relation between husband and wife among slaves is not always respected by their masters. . . . We would ask, is there a moralist even of the abolition school, who does not know that there is pervading all our free States (and possibly many of those in which slavery is recognized), an occult science by which, in order to protect an unmarried female from public shame, both the mother and her unborn child hre destroyed by a brutal, barbarous operation. The degraded condition of thousands of females in our large cities in the free States furnishes a hint that it is for those who are without sin to cast the first stone."

We have done with this archiepiscopal defence of Slavery.

It is remarkable that with all his affluence of knowledge and observation, his Grace shuns the daylight of science, education, development, and all the sweet charities of life, when he seeks examples wherewith to defend and uphold slavery, and plunges into the dark, desperate and criminal abodes of vice and lechery for instances whereon to rest his argument. It might have occurred to one whose position should make him pure-minded, that that institution could hardly be worth the defending which dragged his pure and holy mind into the haunts of vice and crime in search of its analogies.

The slur upon abolitionists in relation to vice in our northern cities, his Grace knows to be utterly undeserved; it is a lie by implication, and he knows it. He knows full well that moral reform, the higher reform which seeks to elevate and dignify woman in her noblest sphere in life, sprang from the hot-bed of abolitionism, and is upheld by the Garrisons, the Phillipses, the Gerrit Smiths, the William Goodells, the Frederick Douglasses, the Parker Pillsburys, the Stephen Fosters, and their glorious condjutors in the work of abolitionism. He knows, too, that the noblest Romans of them all, the Tappans, almost a quarter of a century ago by their diligent and expensive researches, and publication of the facts, in regard to prostitution in the city of New York, laid the foundation to those principles of social science which now occupy the attention of the most learned and philanthropic minds in England and France.

We pity the sorrows of the poor old man, who with mitred brow, and the holy cross forever resting on his breat, can find no fitter theme for his trembling pen than a defence of chattel slavery. We pity the feebleness of the poor old mind which can find no holier employment than lying and misrepresantation, as a means of keeping down the already down-trodden. "Forasmuch as you have refused a cup of cold water unto the least of these, you have refused it also to me"

We pity, we grieve, but we do not despair. "The stars in their courses fight against Sisera." We feel it through the earth, and the air, and the heavens, that slavery is doomed.

Two pictures rise up before our mental vision; the one is of a prelate in his episcopal mansion on Murray-hill, surrounded by a pliant priesthood, the golden insignia of his office, and all the appliances with which learning and the wealth of old can surround him, the out-door air around him bristling with the spires of church palaces which his energy and genius have almost created out of this metropolitan See—and he is pleading for a continuance of slavery, for another lease of a thousand years to Satan upon earth. The other picture is "away down South in Dixie," in the solemn woods, and under the solemn stars; it is a dark browed man, bent down by years, his back scarred and seamed with the lash, and his joints knotted with years of toil—he is alone, all alone, for his wife was long since snatched from his bosom to minister to his master's lusts, and his children, two boys sold away, far away, and his girls one by one seized in the early bloom of youth and damned to the bitter fate of their dead mother—this old and bereaved and bruised man, in broken accents, exclaims "How LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG!" And if there be in all this Universe a God of Justice and of Mercy, to whom will he bend His ear, to the negro slave, or to the Archbishop?

POPULAR LECTURES.

The Rev. Mr. Hall, Pastor of Bethel Church, is now delivering a course of lectures on the Different Races of Mankind.

We are pleased to hear that on each Thursday night the lecture-room of the Church is crowded by a very intelligent audience, whose close attention makes manifest their deep interest in the subject.

LETTER FROM REV. H. H. GARNET.

Office of the African Civilization Society,
New York, Oct. 14th, 1861.

DEAR ANGLO:—

The accompanying letter having been transmitted for publication, I hasten to forward the same to you, that the wings of your deeply interesting and valuable paper may soon bear it to the eyes of every friend of God, and bleeding, neglected Africa.

With much respect, I am yours, &c.,

HENRY M. WILSON,
Sec. Af. Civ. Society.

50 BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE,
London, Sept. 27, 1861.

REV. H. M. WILSON:—

I am again in the great English metropolis, among kind and generous friends, who without stint give me evidences of their sympathies for my injured race. At my lodgings I found my worthy friend, Professor Robert Campbell, and his interesting family, and had the happiness to congratulate him upon the birth of a fine daughter, which event gives to Britain another subject. The mother and child are doing well. It was also my pleasure to meet at the Anti-Savery Office our eloquent friend, the Rev. J. Sella Martin, of Boston, who has been so fortunate as to meet with marked attention from many of the leading men who conduct the reformatory enterprises of the city. Mr. Campbell's efforts in the great work which engages his attention, have been crowned with complete success, and in a few weeks he will be able to sail for his "mother land." He has received the countenance and approval of many of the best men in the kingdom, who respect him, and love the cause which he has espoused. Among the philanthropists of England the motto is, "Universal emancipation, negro nationality, the extermination of the slave-trade, and the redemption of Africa." A glorious career is before Mr. Campbell, and it is my opinion that he will make his mark upon the shores of time if it shall please God to spare his life, which will challenge the admiration of the whole race in ages yet to come. Let the young men of America arise from the dust, for the day is breaking, and darkness is taking its flight. The set time has come when the numerous promises of God to Africa is about to be fulfilled. The system of negro slavery is rapidly passing away, and ere long it will thunder to the ground. If "Cotton is King," it seems to be the opinion of the combined powers of Europe that it has no divine right to reign in America, where we boast of having "a State without a King." By recent intelligence we learn that the King of Lagos has fully ceded that important sea-port to the Crown of England, and thus that portion of the African coast which is destined to command the trade and commerce of the whole Niger Valley, is henceforth to be under the watchful eye of Great Britain, who will not only encourage the development of the vast resources of Central Africa, but will also introduce Christianity, and drive the accursed slave-traders from those shores. An English Governor is actually appointed at Lagos, and a Consul at Abbeokuta. It is likewise stated, by those who are in a position to know, that the British Government are now organizing a powerful and a very extensive plan of operations by which the slave trade in Dahomey will be effectually destroyed.

Lieutenant Glover, late of the Niger Expedition, is now exploring the waters in the neighborhood of Porto Novo, with the view of operating against Abomey, the capital of Dahomey, should the King persist in his nefarious trade in human flesh. Indeed it seems to be the policy of the British Government to introduce agricultural improvements into Africa, on an extensive scale, especially in the department of cotton, accompanied by the various appliances of Christian civilization. All these grand stupendous measures have been dictated not solely by humane considerations, but likewise to a very great extent by self-interest applied to trade and commerce. Jeff. Davis and his rebel gang have done much towards urging the British people to look for new cotton fields. They must have cotton, and the slave States, they clearly see, will not soon be in a condition to give the requisite supply, and therefore they intend to seek it elsewhere. The two hundred millions of dollars which they annually pay to the United States for cotton will pass into other channels, and Africa will get her share; and thus in the providence of God the plant which has been the curse of her exiled children, will by intelligent labor become the blessing of her children at home.

The people of England are divided into three classes as to their opinions upon the American war. Number one have no sympathy with it while the Government fail to make the abolition of slavery the plain and acknowledged issue, and if they never do this, this class do not care which conquers. Number two are with the Administration for law and order. Number three go for the South generally, and cotton in particular. In the first are found the vast majority of the English people; in the second are found a few, who are ultra in their conservatism; and the third is composed of those whose consciences are locked up with their treasures, and who see everything through cotton.

I found on my arrival, not at all to my surprise, but greatly my disgust, that an agent who was sent out here by the African Civilization Society two years ago, had preceded me with his libelous letters, in which he vainly attempted to depreciate me, and our cause. The first act of kindness that I received from my friends in London, especially intended to assure me of their undiminished confidence in me, was the presentation of these infamous letters. One gentleman gave me a wolfish letter of this person, and said he did not want it, and that he despised the spirit in which it was written. I have the production in my possession, and shall put it in my cabinet of curiosities, and shall give it a place next to an extracted fang of a slain viper. Another gentleman to whom he wrote, remarked that "he would lay up his epistle as evidence against him in some future day." I have learned, too, that his approval and recommendation would have resulted in my certain defeat. He began to write here against me as early as last June, and was aided in his disreputable work by an unfortunate old negro, a Presbyterian minister of New York. They are suitable associates for each other, and no one in this country who know them, envies them. I see now why my coming to England was so much dreaded by certain individuals. I am armed with facts and documentary evidence, which some people will find it hard to meet, if I am spared to return.

The "African Aid Society," the "Jamaica Cotton Company," the "African Civilization Society" of England, the "London Emancipation Committee," and that veteran corps of anti-slavery friends, "The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society," have all received me most cordially. Among those to whom I am particularly indebted, I would mention Gerard Ralston, Esq., Counsel General of Liberia; F. Fitzgerald, Esq., Dr. Hodgkin, G. W. Alexander, Esq., L. A. Chamerovzou, Robert Campbell, Esq., Lyons McLoud, and General Depuy, Minister from Hayti, and Stephen Bourne, Esq.

The kindness and noble sentiments of the people here are very gratifying. It seems to me that I am in another world, and among another and a better race of beings than those with whom I have fought for these two score years and five. Coming from scenes of continual conflict, I am now enjoying a few moments of peace, only, however, to renew my strength to enter the field again—for I am enlisted for the war.

I am, my dear brother, yours truly for God, universal liberty, African civilization, and negro nationality.

HENRY HIGHLAND GARNET.

HAYTIAN EMIGRATION IN CANADA.

MR. EDITOR:

A celebrated anti-slavery orator tells with capital effect a story of an old man who presented a petition for the abatement of some nuisance, again and again, but without effect. Driven, at last, to desperation, he nailed his petition to the counter of the session chamber, before the gaze of the indifferent custodians of the public weal, and it was a constant reminder of their remissness.

The old man's prayer, it is needless to say, was granted. To the mind of many in this country the old man's example should be imitated by the people, would they do away with the nuisance of the hour Haytian Colonization. By nailing the petition to the counter, by keeping an agitation against it before the gaze of the world—by holding it up as they did its elder sister, African Colonization, to unutterable loathing—as with the old evil—its proportions must and will be diminished; and it will have to slink away into the covert the ultimate end of such schemes, without the ability to work out the great mischief its promoters seem determined, if unchecked, to accomplish.

There is an uprising of wrath invoked by the managers of this Haytian enterprise, that they little dream of, and that will, unless they take heed in time, descend upon the heads of their children in the long coming future. "Curses, like chickens, come home to roost," says an old adage, and, interpreting the signs, now very plain hereabouts, one can only cry out, beware! to those who, for pelf, run around seeking whom this scheme may devour. The people begin to realize, somehow or other, that white men, who so mercifully "mince" up the colored men who have for years pointed to the shoals and breakers in their voyage, bear watching; and that after all, with but few noble exceptions, all the oppression—all, all! is traceable to these same white men, with a few colored Judases to make it effective. They say it is so South and North, and ever has been so; and they talk loudly, here, about "a pound of preventive" being "better than a pound of cure" for the Hayti fever in Canada.

After all, we must thank the itinerant mercenaries—the paid agents of the Haytian government. I mean not a little. They have done as much unwittingly in this region—and as shown by the Pine and Palm, elsewhere, to create a doubt as to the fidelity of the movement, as all else by the peculiar way they prosecute their work.

It was all very well to send agents, and to scatter publications throughout the land in mid-winter; then, the name of a warm country made the chilly blood circulate more freely. It was a master-stroke of policy to engage the services of such men as John Brown, junior, (who is now, thank his stars, safely out of the advocacy,)—but to send Tray, Blanche, Sweetheart and ever so many besides—crowding one another upon the heels, and in indecent haste to insist upon marching on to Hayti

"Where colored men are free."

when the thermometer has been eighty degrees in the shade,—when Mr. Holly is calling those

"Who are not afraid to die."

and when a returned emigrant, well-known says that in his colony of less than one hundred, twenty-one had died, and forty more were sick when he left, is quite another matter.

In the winter men and women had began to "fix" for a start, and along through the season horses, sheep, cattle and utensils were quietly passing into other hands for a mere song.

Your noble young folks inaugurate festivals in order to open up the settlement, the long ago granted Smith lands—a grand movement and worthy of them; here, through the modern vandalism of this Haytian dispensation—valuable farms have, to use the popular expression, "been given away." I have in mind one nicely cultivated little farm, which was thrown away for an old silver watch and three dollars. Said the agents in cold weather, "Give away your farms and improvements rather than stay in Canada, you will never feel the loss;" and upon the hint some noble places were worse than sacrificed.

But, we trust that the beginning of the end is here. The warm weather instalment of agents, with their henchmen subs, esquires, and what not, all like Pharaoh's locusts now in the land, and wander there and here—some of whom have voted, aye, upon nearly every scheme good or doubtful for ten, yea, twenty years. Abolition, Central Africa, Roots and "Yerbs," Central America, Jamaica, Dominica, Laugh and grow fat, the Fugitives in Canada, and what not.

They preach, lecture, write, doctor a little, and to repeat a lady of the Baptist persuasion at the last Haytian meeting here. "How they do lie! Their crooked speeches, out of all proportion, unhinged and jointless, their extraordinary burlesques of our people throughout Canada and in the States; their mimicry of spoken language so unlike the truth; a sublime indifference to the lines and angles of fact and figure, in our actual condition, and not least the ill-concealed anxiety to nurse up droves for the next ship, &c., &c., cause the thoughtful among intending emigrants to inquire if Haytian gold is not at the bottom? Thus, you see, they are unwittingly furnishing the pound of preventive. But in addition to this aid from a quarter not expected, facts given by Mr. Newman, and lastly another emigrant well-known here, confirming Mr. Newman's statements, have caused many to pause to sound an alarm. One man of family sold farm and stock—but has since repurchased: another "right off for Hayti;" will soon build a barn; others will not go yet a while, &c.

A large and enthusiastic Anti-Haytian meeting was held here last night, the 7th instant.

In my next I will refer to those "sweet potatoes," and furnish a few interesting items from the returned emigrant's "carpet bag," which afford an "inside view" of Hayti.

M. A. S. CAREY.

"THE MORNING COMETH."

MR. EDITOR:

What a joy it is to escape from the busy bustling city; from the din of martial music, the resounding tread of regiments of cavalry, the roll of artillery, and the heavy tramp of infantry; to rest awhile in the haunts of nature, and give our spirits a temporary freedom from the strife and turmoil of daily life, from the smoke and stir of

"This dim spot which men call earth."

Was ever an autumn more beautiful than this! It has come like a triumphant Emperor arrayed in gorgeous robes of Tyrian dye, and the soft sunlight has wrought the chariot on which he rides, and the west winds musical as an Eolian lyre are his coursers. If ever life could seem rich, and full and ardent, or the spirit rest from its wearying struggles, and find within itself a sweet and placid repose, it would be here under these forest trees on this mild October day, while the sky is full of a tender mixture of blue and silver clouds, and the dreamy tremulous light has fallen into a delicious trance, and the sunshine is shaded down to a hue like the tinted hollow of a sea shell.

There is no incitement in such an atmosphere, nothing bidding us away to our daily warfare, to the torturing struggle for fame or the vain pursuit of happiness, no harsh voice telling o'er and o'er again—how full of sorrow and bitterness, and disappointment in life—none of this, but only peace and love.

One of our sweetest poets has termed the autumn days melancholy, "the saddest of the year." There is nought of sadness in this gorgeous landscape spread before me in the brilliancy of mingled coloring far far away until it is lost in the union of earth and sky.

The maples are all aglow in their flame colored leaves, the oaks and elms wear their imperial robes of purple and crimson, and the beech trees by some subtle alchemy, are transmitted to gold, while over all rests a dreamy haze like the halo of golden light with which the old missal painters were wont to surround the heads of the saints and apostles. No, there is nothing saddening but much that is bright and cheerful, much that fills our souls with gratitude to the great Creator, and our lips are ready to ejaculate with rapture and reverence, Oh, beautiful earth! Oh, beneficent God!

Would that we could attune our hearts to the harmony of nature, and keep them thus through all the fair autumnal months, but alas, we cannot, "the world calls us forth," and the booming of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the clash of steel, are sounds far more familiar than the gentle minstrelsy of the forest. Brave men have gone forth to battle, not yet for God and humanity, but ere long, we know that He whose throne is holiness, will place in their hands a banner of his own choosing, and none will dare say nay. Many of those who love liberty are inclined to look distrustfully upon the government and grow despondant because of the slow progress of events. It is natural that we should distrust mere human agencies when great interests are involved, yet we should not forget the record of history.

No revolution was ever inaugurated which stoped where its agents intended it should. When thoroughly aroused and in earnest men pause not to ask, Whither are we tending? A resistless tide bears them onward, and each individual finds that within himself which in a measure sanctifies his action and arouses an energy and determination which renders restraint impossible.

When Martin Luther remonstrated against the sale of indulgences by the Dominican monk he did not contemplate a powerful and irresistible onslaught upon the See of Rome—when Cromwell and the British Parliament sought to check the tyranny of the Stuart monarchy they never dreamed of bringing the king to trial for high treason against the realm—when the patriots disguised as Indians threw the tea into Boston harbor they meant only to prevent the payment of an unjust tax, and thought not of separating the colonies from the mother country. And yet the Papal supremacy was overthrown—Charles the First beheaded in his own capital—and the declaration of American independence promulgated.

Again and again I find myself repeating those significant words of the old prophet: "Watchman, what of the night?" and the watchman said,—"The morning cometh." "The morning cometh," and the insignificant hand of man, the combined strength of principalities and powers cannot prevent its glorious appearing. "The morning cometh;" faith has no fear, and we know that truth and justice, and love and mercy are attributes of an infinite God. Though the progress of events may be slow, and the character of each action but dimly or imperfectly evolved, the hand of Omnipotence controlls all, and the work will be carried forward through a sure development to its perfect end.

How glorious the thought that we shall yet behold the freedom of the fettered millions upon our soil! That the loathsome image of slavery must ere long fall from its pedestal and give place to liberty, pure and perfect, instinct with life, a living breathing presence! "Hope is patient, time is slow," and we can calmly wait to see the establishment of the unity and indivisibility of the States, purged from their guilt and complicity with slavery by the blood of their slain thousands, purified and redeemed by a baptism of fire. It will be a bitter atonement but in no wise disproportioned to the nations crime.

The political heavens may appear overcast with gloom, and clouds fill the horizon, yet behind them is the light of Divine Providence still shining, and the full effulgence of that day will yet burst upon us

"When man to man no more shall kneel
And God alone be God."

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 14, 1861. S. G. S.

LETTER FROM NEWARK.

NEWARK, N J., Oct. 8, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:

The Young People's Christian Association, a society founded for improving the young, both morally and intellectually continues to prosper. Lectures, essays and poems are regularly written and delivered by its members, both male and female. Within the past year there has been established by the young men a debating society, where questions of interest and importance are ably discussed by its members—furnishing proof that New Jersey is not entirely out of the world.

Your correspondent being a member of the Young People's Christian Association feels that the Society was underrated in the communication of Mr. Isaac Timbrook, in the issue of the 5th instant, where it states that the Association was preparing for a declamatory exhibition. I would like the readers of the "Anglo-African" to understand that the members are persons of talent and intellect, and with their school-boy days have forgotten exhibitions, and have turned their minds to something higher.

There are numerous beneficial societies among us, one of the most important of which is the Friendship Benevolent Society which held its third Anniversary on last Wednesday evening. It was a grand affair—the exercises consisted of two addresses—the first by the Rev. J. N. Gloucester, of Brooklyn, who embodied in his address by the past history of Newark, its societies and churches. The speaker alluded in glowing terms to the Plane Street Presbyterian Church, and of the life and character of its former pastor, the Rev. E. P. Rogers, who died in Africa, and paid a high tribute to his memory;—after which the Rev. J. V. Thomas was introduced to the audience, and proceeded to deliver an interesting address. At its conclusion the band played some beautiful airs, and the audience all joined in a grand promenade. Everything passed off agreeably.

D. J.

Letter from Paterson.

PATERSON, N. J., Oct. 14, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—

Permit me to drop a few lines in regard to Paterson affairs. Rev. Geo. Treadwell has returned to this city, and resumed the pastoral charge of Zion M. E. Church. His labors, so far, have given much satisfaction to the members. Some of our young men are arranging for a course of lectures during the winter, and are also agitating the subject of the formation of a (P)reserved Guard for home defence, the captaincy of which will be offered to your able correspondent "Occasional." Mr. Samuel Gouldbeck, a young man whose gentlemanly deportment has won for him a host of friends during his short stay here, will sail for Liberia next month.

Y. H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—R. H. V's reply to Professor A. M. Green, owing to its great length, is laid over until next week. We would here suggest to correspondents that in order to have an early insertion, their articles must be brief. The communications of "Hopeful," "H. H. H.," and John Willis Menard have been received.

ERRATA.

MR. EDITOR,

In your publication of the synopsis of the Baptist Convention's doings, I discovered two typographical *errors*, which not only destroys the *force*, but the *sense* intended. You will please do me the *justice* to correct the same in this weeks' issue. I noticed in the second paragraph after quoting the text—"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," you make me say stern fidelity to God, the only surety of success. Whereas it should be THEME—Fidelity to God, the only surety to success. Also in the last resolution:—Resolved—That we recommend to each church and individual, the necessity of offering their devout prayers to Almighty God, to stay his judgments, restore peace to our distracted country, and so over-rule this affliction as to cause the national government to be administered on the principles of right, justice, and equality, you have instead of, administered made it read (ADMITTED.)

WM. E. WALRER.

Trenton, N.J., Oct. 14, 1861.

OBITUARY.

Died in Williamsburg, on Monday morning, Oct. 14th, after a severe illness of several months' duration, Mrs. Mary Hodges, the faithful and affectionate wife of Rev. William J. Hodges, aged 58 years and 3 months. Mrs. Hodges was of highly respectable parentage, her father (Mr. Tippon) being an Excise Officer and a Deacon of the Baptist Church, Bromley, near London, where she was born, and her mother was of the Elliott family, one of the leading families of Washington, D. C. She was the sister of Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Crouch (deceased) of Brooklyn, Mrs. Hodges had been a member in good standing of the Baptist Church of Williamsburg for eighteen years, and was much esteemed by all with whom she was associated. She was the mother of three children, who lose in her a kind and indulgent parent.

Her funeral took place last Wednesday from her late residence, 9 Broadway, on which occasion a sermon was preached by Prof. Whiting. Her remains were interred in the Cemetery of the Evergreens.

Departure of Dr. Pennington.

BOARD OF STEAMER EDINBURGH,
Pier 44 N. R., Oct. 12, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:

Bag and baggage aboard. I am just departing on my third tour to the old country. I hope by the will of God to have a prosperous voyage as on the previous occasion. Be pleased to assure your readers that whatever I may have to communicate to them, of general interest, will be given through your columns and other acceptable sources of information. Farewell.

Yours, truly,
J. W. C. PENNINGTON.

A Wedding.

The Sixteenth Street Branch of Zion Church was crowded to its utmost capacity on Tuesday evening last, to witness the marriage of the chorister, Mr. Asa Francis.

The ceremony was performed by the Reverend David Stevens. The bridal party made a splendid appearance, and everything passed off very pleasantly.

TIGHT ROPE WALKING.—Quite a respectable number of ladies and gentlemen assembled in Hanft's Myrtle Avenue Park, on Monday afternoon, the 14th instant, to witness performances on a tight rope, by Professor LaMatieu, a young colored man. As the courtesies usually extended to the press were withheld on this occasion, we are unable to speak from personal observation, but learn that many wonderful feats were performed to the full satisfaction of the audience.

We are informed that the Professor intends leaving for the West Indies at an early day.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—As Cornelius Jackson was proceeding to his work in one of the Third Avenue cars on Wednesday morning, he was thrown from the front platform by a sudden lurch of the car, and had his foot crushed by the forward wheel. The injured man was taken to the Bellevue Hospital, where he died on Friday from exhaustion, consequent upon the injury in question. Coroner Jackson held an inquest upon the body, when the jury rendered a verdict of accidental death.

Deceased was fifty-six years of age, and was a native of this country.

WAR CORRESPONDENCE. We have just received a letter from an able correspondent (now near Bladensburg, Md., but who expects soon to be on the "sacred soil" of Virginia,) in which kind assurances are given, that regular correspondence from that quarter may be expected.

ZION CHURCH, FLUSHING. The Trustees of this church are making an appeal to the public for aid to purchase a lot on Grove street, on which to erect a meeting house. The Society is now under the pastoral charge of Rev. John Washington. The Trustees of the congregation are Stephen Smith, Chairman, John Schuyler, Secretary, George Seaman, Peter Harden, Elkinah Jackson, and George Watkins, Treasurer and Collector. The object is a worthy one, and we hope the citizens of Flushing will give the project that attention and aid which it deserves.

HINT TO AMERICANS PEDLING IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

A German went into one of the popular "Drug Stores" the other day to solicit orders for an article he had for sale. Not speaking English, he made motions which led us to believe he wanted to know the person to whom he was selling or the name and number of the Street; the proprietor politely handed him a label (being busy at the time,) pointing at the number and name of the street. The label happened to be marked "Arrow Root, from the Drug Store, No. ——— Street, New York. The next day he came with the article, presented his bill which read [illegible]

New York, Sept. 25th, 1861.

Mr. Bermuda Arrow Root,
Bought of A. B. & Co.

Half Dozen of ——— a eighty cents per dozen, ——— 40

Paid A. B. & Co.,
W. Y.

Americans should be careful in pedling in pedling in foreign countries not to commit similar errors.

ALOES.

HOW WE LOOK ABROAD.

Whatever we may think of the London Times, and our opinion of it is but little better than of the New York Herald; yet we must say that the following picture of this nation, drawn by it, is extremely just.

What a sorry figure we must cut in the eyes of the world; with what loathing and disgust will we be looked upon in the future, if we do not embrace the opportunity now offered for the nation's emancipation.

It must be remembered that the North has now lost the chance of establishing a high moral superiority by a declaration against Slavery. That ground might have been taken with infinite credit at an earlier period, but after the tenderness with which the South and its institutions have been treated up to the present moment, it is too late to allege Negro emancipation as the real object of the war, or to claim the merit of so lofty a principle of action. No body could shut his eyes to the fact that this principle was suppressed as long as it was thought possible that the insurgent States could be brought back, slaves and all, to the great American Union, and that its avowal was reserved for a moment when it was expected to subserve the operations of the campaign. The thorough-going Abolitionists of the North may welcome the consummation, however and whenever arriving, and we in this country also might, no doubt, hold that it was never too late to begin, and might accept with little scruple any policy tending to the extirpation of this infamous institution. That, in fact, will probably be the feeling on which the policy is based, if it is adopted at all. The Unionists will hold that while the country is convulsed, and the whole fabric of Government disorganized, the opportunity might well be taken to expel this noxious and ever threatening element from the heart of the nation. They will desire at any rate, to establish the doctrine of Free Soil, and to remove the blemish of Slavery from the American Union, whatever form the Union may take. The public, *too*, in this country would rejoice to see an end made of slaveholding, and so far the North might gain. It is impossible, however, to blink the fact the adoption of this *doctrine* would make any pacific agreement with the South utterly impracticable, would divide the great body of Unionists among themselves, and might deplorably aggravate, in all probability, the horrors of this unfortunate war.

ANGLO-AFRICAN WAR ITEMS.

A correspondent of the Portland "Transcript," in giving an account of a tramp through Calvert County, Maryland, writes:—

As we neared a large tobacco plantation about noon, the slaves, about thirty in number dropped their work and stood gazing, and clapping their hands, till we had passed from sight. Conspicuous among the group was an old woman, of perhaps sixty years, who knelt down and leapt in air alternately, exclaiming with clasped hands, "Bless de Lord! jes what I'se been praying for dese six months."

Having accomplished our object here, we started on our return—at nearly every plantation we were joined by one or more slaves, who expressed a determination to reach the free States if possible. Although we pitied the poor fellows, we could give them no encouragement. Maryland as a State is still loyal, and it is not for us to interfere with her Institutions, however much we may dislike them. We had gone some ten miles when their masters began to make their appearance in our rear, at first shy, as if fearing the reception Massachusetts men might give slave hunters, they followed on behind us hoping some opportunity would present itself for them to regain their "peculiar property." The Colonel, however, having assured them that his mission was not to "steal niggers," and that they were at liberty to take them wherever they could find them, a general stampede followed; the slaves struck out for the woods, their angry masters in hot pursuit; as far as we could see, the former had the best of it. One young master, whose appearance did not indicate half the intelligence of his slaves, returned unsuccessful, but boasted of having a "hound" at home, that would "fetch him out of them woods."

A correspondent of the Wisconsin State "Journal," writing from Washington, furnishes the following item:—

We left Harrisburg at six A. M., of September 25th, in very poor cars, but the best that could be furnished. Nothing of importance transpired until within ten miles of Baltimore—here four "contrabands" jumped aboard while the cars were running very slow, up grade. Each had an "instrument"—tamborine, guitar, bones and a triangle—and entertained the officers and men with music and singing. They sung several Union and Liberty songs, moving from car to car, collecting several dollars of loose change.

A Captain of Volunteers in General Sickle's brigade, on his return from a tour of duty through the intensely Pro-Slavery counties of Maryland below Washington, writes to a friend in this city as follows:—

"Many whole families fled on our approach to Virginia, leaving their fine houses, estates, cattle, furniture, &c., to the sole care of their negroes, who were all rejoiced to see us, supposing that we would set them free at once, which we should have done, as they are all for the Union, and the only real Unionists we met in that region."

A Washington dispatch of Oct. 9th, reads:

A fugitive slave was restored by a Pennsylvania regiment, and to make the surrender sure, he was escorted two miles beyond our lines by a file of soldiers.

Another contraband, belonging to a rebel officer, died in the City Jail yesterday.

In a despatch from Louisville it is stated that the Federal prisoners sent to New Orleans were escorted to their quarters in that city by a colored company.

A SLAVE ON FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION. We find in a Western exchange the following:

As an illustration of what may occur by reason of the modification of Fremont's Proclamation by President Lincoln, we give the following letter from Frank Lewis, the slave of the rebel Snead, to General Fremont:

"To Major General Fremont:

HONORED SIR: I was the slave of Thomas L. Snead. When I was confiscated with his property you gave me my freedom. I hear that this is not good, for I never have borne arms against the Government, and am therefore, in consequence of the modification of your proclamation, made by President Lincoln, not legally free. I intend, therefore, to go and fight in the rebel army until my freedom is fully and legally secured.

Yours, with respect,
FRANK LEWIS."

Upon which the editor of the Newark "Zeitung" says:

"That is quite right. The law of Congress summons the slaves to fight against the Union, because they can get their freedom in no other way. Prudent gentlemen, these Congressmen!"

SUMMARY.

In the report of the Court proceedings of the Trenton, N. J., Gazette, appears the following:

"David Jackson was next placed at the bar of the Court, charged in separate indictments, with the robbing of Mrs. Atkinson's boarding-house, and Dr. Charles Hodge's residence.

"The prisoner is a colored man of considerable intelligence, and created some amusement in the Court by refusing the assistance of counsel and managing his own case—cross examining the witness and arguing the case to the jury. He, however, met with the usual success of clients who are their own lawyers, and was convicted on both counts."

The following appears in the Syracuse Courier of the 28th ult.:

"Lost in this city, Saturday afternoon, a Gold Medal, presented by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, to Wm. Smith, a young colored man now in this city. It was enclosed in a velvet case, and had the name of the owner engraved upon one side, with the head of Queen Victoria on the reverse. The finder will be liberally rewarded on returning the medal to Rev. Dr. Beach or Rev. S. J. May."

The Cincinnati Times of the 24th inst., says:

About ten o'clock last night, a negro man, about 20 years of age, whose name we were unable to learn, and who was employed as a cook by the Hawthorne Guards, of Covington, was shot, at Camp King (Cole's Garden), by Samuel Brogan, of the Taylor Guards, of Newport, who was performing sentinel duty at the time. There is but one cistern in the camp, and the sentinels were ordered to keep especial guard upon it, as there are known to be Secessionists in the vicinity, and fears were entertained that it might be poisoned.

When the negro, who was unknown to the sentinel, approached the cistern, he was commanded to halt, but be continued to go on, regardless of the injunction, and the sentinal discharged his musket at him, the contents of which—a bullet and three buck shot—lodged in the unfortunate man's back, so that he died in about three hours.

The night was so dark, that Brogan could not discover the intruder's face, and he believed him to be a certain noted Secessionist in the vicinity, and Brogan was put under arrest, and will be court martialed, as a matter of course, but there can be little question that he did simply a soldier's duty and no more.

The Kinderhook Rough Notes states that Peter Cæsar a colored man, was shot on Guinea Hill by another colored man named Jacob Cæsar, Tuesday forenoon, and very dangerously wounded. It appears that Peter accompanied by another colored man, whom he had engaged to move his furniture to a house he had rented in the outskirts of this village, in passing the house of Jacob, (who was his uncle,) stopped and watered the horse. While Peter and his comrade were at the well, an altercation took place between him and his uncle, who ordered him off his premises, at the same time ran into the house and returned armed with a shotgun loaded with slugs and shot.—Approaching within ten feet of Peter, Jacob ordered the man aside, when he deliberately raised his gun and discharged its contents into the left side and arm of Peter, inflicting a dangerous, if not a fatal wound. Three or four slugs entered his abdomen causing internal hemorrhage, which his physician thinks will cause his death. It is stated that an old grudge existed between the parties, Peter having nearly pounded the life out of his uncle two years ago. Jacob was arrested, and the matter is now undergoing an investigation.

The Pittsburg "Dispatch" of Oct. 22nd, says:

A crazy man named Wally Sheldon, well-known in the city, particularly in the Sixth Ward, from the fact of his periodically becoming crazed, invariably from the effects of liquor, was arrested by officer Smithson, of the Mayor's police, on Monday evening. He attacked without cause and most cruelly beat a colored girl, on Bedford Street, and would have killed her but for the interference of neighbors. He was released from the Pennsylvania Hospital some weeks since, and went to St. Louis, from which place he returned a few days ago. He was committed to jail by Mayor Wilson, but will be immediately removed to the insane department at the city Poor Farm.

The fine schooner of Captain John Johnson, of Albany, was run into by one of the Hunter's Point Ferry boats on Thursday, the 10th instant, and badly damaged. She was immediately sent to the yard of the Ferry Company to be repaired, and is now probably in running order again. Had it not been for the presence of mind of the estimable lady of Captain Johnson, who took the name of the Ferry boat during great consternation, the Capt. would not have obtained any redress.

A colored woman by the name of Seymour was found dead along side of her bed on Sunday morning last, at her residence, near the corner of Union Avenue and Meserole Street, Williamsburgh. Coroner Murphy held an inquest upon the body, and the jury's verdict was that she came to her death by congestion of the brain, superinduced by intemperance.

On Saturday night, 5th instant, a colored man named John Cole, residing near the head of Saint Clement's Bay, Saint Mary's County, Maryland, was stabbed in an affray by a young man by the name of Chas. Thompson, and died from the effects of the wound the following Monday. Thompson up to last accounts had not been arrested.

PERSONAL.

Rev. J. W. Loguen is still hard at work. He writes us under date October 2d:—"I am having some of the largest and best anti-slavery meetings that I have had for years. The people seem ready and very willing to hear all that is presented to them on the subject. Now is our time, the accepted time, to make this guilty nation hear the story of the slave's wrong. I am now holding meetings between Syracuse and Binghamton, a distance of about seventy miles. I spoke twice last Sabbath in McGrawville, and since that twice in Freetown, and last night in Marathon. I am now in Lisle. I expect to be in Binghampton next Sabbath, when I will spend several days, and from there I will return to Syracuse.

The Rev. Alexander Posey publishes a card in the Sag Harbor Express of the 10th inst., giving his version of the difficulty in the Methodist Church of said place.

Dr. Delany will remain with us but a few days more. He is stopping at Mrs. Jinnings' Empire State Hotel, 541 Broome Street.

MARRIED.

BROWN—MUNDY.—In New York city, on Tuesday evening, 15th inst., by Rev. Wm. Johnson Alston, Mr. Enos Brown to Mrs. Rosanna Mundy, both of New York city.

BRICKERS—JONES.—At Weeksville, L. I., October 2, by Rev. George W. Le Vere, Isaac Brickers, of New York, to Margretta Jones, of Jamaica.

MYERS—NICHOLS.—Also Benjamin W. Myers, of Buslington, Pa., to Nancy Nichols, of Newtown, L. I.

DIED.

BOARDLEY.—At Saratoga Springs, on the 30th of September, after a severe attack of rheumatism on the brain, Simon Boardley, in the 43d year of his age.

BOND.—In this city, October 8, of consumption, Catherine Bond, aged 28 years.

JACKSON.—In this city, on Friday morning, October 11, Cornielus Jackson, aged 56 years.

RICHARDSON.—In St. Marks, Island of Hayti, in August, of consumption of the lungs, Geo. V. Richardson, aged 20 years and 1 month.

BRADFORD.—In this city, October 10, of old age, Fanny Bradford, aged 76 years and 10 months.

Special Notices.

GRAND CONCERT
AND
EXHIBITION.

The public are respectfully informed that the SABBATH SCHOOL attached to the A. M. E. CHURCH, Bridge Street, Brooklyn, will give its

ANNUAL EXHIBITION AND CONCERT,

On Tuesday Evening, October 22nd,

in said Church, for the benefit thereof.

The Church being greatly in need of funds it is hoped that this effort will meet with a generous response.

MICHAEL THOMPSOM, . . . Sup't.

PROF. S. C. WALDRON

Will preside at the Piano.

HENRY WILSON, . . Master of Ceremonies.
ROBT. HAMILTON, . . Musical Director.

ADMISSION 15 CENTS.

NO POSTPONEMENT.

Doors open at half-past six o'clock.

At the conclusion of the exercises the ladies of the Church will serve a SPLENDID REPAST in the Basement of the Church which will equal any TEA ever given in Brooklyn.

Admittance only Six Cents.

NOTICE.

To the Gentlemen and Ladies of the city and vicinity of New York: most respectfully we solicit your company at 102 W. THIRTIETH ST. on

MONDAY, OCT. 21ST TO 25TH,

Daily, from 4 to o clock, P.M., to attend

A GRAND

MENTAL FEAST
AND FAIR,

To be held by the undersigned Ladies of the 2nd A.M.E. Bethel Church, under the Pastoral charge of Rev. Wm. M. Watson.

The profits of the Fair to aid the Trustees in liquidating the indebtedness of the Church.

The Ladies will have on hand a variety of Goods both useful and ornamental, which they will offer for sale at low prices to suit the time and a Refreshment Table flowing with every variety of the season.

An exquisite Pianist will preside at the Pianoforte.

ADMISSION SIX CENTS.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Mrs. M. Ricks
Mrs. S. Houseman,
Mrs. J. Houseman,
Miss E. Johnson,
Mrs. A. Wright,
Mrs. M Bailey,
Miss A. Ward,
Miss S. Williams, Sec.

AGENCY

FOR TROY AND VICINITY.

James R. Benham is the regularly appointed Agent for the Anglo-African for Troy, Lansingburg, Waterford and vicinity. All orders or communications for the paper may be left with Mr Benham on board of the steamer "Cornelius Vanderbilt."

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delsart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

A MASS MEETING

To consider measures with reference to a settlement of the

GERRIT SMITH LANDS,

will be held, agreeable to adjournment, at Prince Street Hall, on Monday evening October 28, 1861. The public are invited to attend. The meeting will be addressed by a person who has resided three years upon his grant.

Charles L. Reason, Ch'mn.
J. H. Townsend, Sec'y.
Jeremiah Powers,
Chas. B. Ray,
Peter Vogelsang,
Henry Ross,
James P. Miller,
A. Roberts,
Theo. Giles,
Wm. H. Leonard,
James R. W. Leonard.

LECTURES.

The Rev. Alex. Crummell, of Liberia, W.A., is prepared to deliver the following Lectures, either singly or as a course, during the months of November and December:

1. The customs, genius, and characteristics of native tribes in Western Africa.
2. The growth of civilization along the Western Coast of Africa.
3. The progress and prospects of the Republic of Liberia.

Letters are to be addressed to Rev. A. Crummell, 217 Sullivan Street, New York. 12—4t

FAST DAY.

The Seventh Avenue Presbyterian Church, by Divine permission will observe next Sabbath, the 20th inst., as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer to Almighty God, for the revival of religion and his people, the conversion of souls, and the overthrow of oppression.

The exercises of the day being as follows: At 9 1-2 o'clock, A. M., Union prayer meeting; 10 1-2 A. M., Sermon by Rev. George W. Le Vere, of Brooklyn; 12 1-2 P. M., Union prayer meeting; 3 1-2 P. M., services by the pastor, assisted by Rev. Mr. Le Vere and others; 6 1-2 P. M., Union prayer meeting; 7 1-2 P. M., services by Rev. Charles H. Thompson, of Brooklyn, assisted by Rev. Mr. Alston, of this city.

N. B.—The prayer meetings will be in part conducted by the Elders and Deacons of this and other churches.

The donation takes place on Wednesday evening 23d inst.

John Bogart, } Elders.
B. F. Fisher, }
HENRY M. WILSON, Pastor.

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

REV. ELI N. HALL, Pastor, cor. DeKalb and Hudson Avenues, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:

10½ o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7½ " . . . . P. M.

10 4t.

FIRST COLORED AMERICAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

Rev. L. Tilmon, pastor, worship in the Hall, 194 Green Street, between Amity and Bleecker Streets. Hours of worship: 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.; 3, P. M.; and 7 1-2, P.M. 11—1y

Residence of the Pastor: 120th St., Harlem

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor. Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:

10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . P. M.

12—1y

DONATION.

The Annual Donation for the benefit of Rev. Henry M. Wilson, will take place at the Lecture Room of the Seventh Avenue Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 23, '61.

Mrs. Caroline Bees, 13½ Le Roy St.,
" Dianah Colbourne, 97 W. 33d St.,
" Abigail Till, 18 Green St.,
" Elizabeth Jackson, Bergen, N. J.
" Charlotte Housman, 97 W. 33d St.,
" P. Lawrence, 97 W. 33d St.,
" Jane A. Riley, 106 Green St.

Miss Susan Tindall, 56 W. 17th St.,
" Elizabeth A. Schenck, Bergen, N. J.
" Sarah Thompson, 13 Lexington Av.
" Matilda Schenck, Bergen, N. J.
" Margaret Thompson, 57 E. 29th St.,
" Rachel Schenck, Bergen, N. J.

GENT'S COMMITTEE.

Mr. J. Bees, 13½ Le Roy St.,
" S. F. Colbourne, 97 W. 33d St
" H. W. Bogart, 25 W. 53d St.,
" S. M. Till, 18 Green St.,
" J. Housman, 97 W. 33d St.,
" S. Van Horn, 5 King St.,
" A. Souza, 25 3d St.

ATTENTION COMPANY!

File right! Forward, march to 178 Prince St., on Monday evening, October 21st, at 7½ o'clock.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FASHIONABLE

DRESS MAKING,

SHIRT MAKING, EMBROIDERING, AND QUILTING.

Mesdames F. A. HAMILTON, O. A. NEWTON, and Miss A. M. HAMILTON,

187 Navy Street, Brooklyn.

Ladies' and Childrens' dresses cut and made in the most fashionable style and warranted to fit.

SHIRTS of all paterns made, and plain sewing executed with neatness; and durability of work guaranteed. Orders for EMBROIDERING promptly attended to, and QUILTING executed with dispatch.

Public patronage is respectfully solicited.

12-tf.

HENRY G. LEASK,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS
AND FURS,
COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.

Shipping Furs Bought. 12-tf.

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,
EMPIRE STATE HOTEL
AND
UNION HOUSE,
541 BROOME STREET,
Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. RAMSEY.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Pease call and examine the premises

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) RESPECTFULLY announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry makes it a very desirable and convenient place

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this in any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,
BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG

Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS

of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.

DON'T FORGET,
168 EWEN ST.,
9 1y. Williamsburg.

HATS CAPS & FURS
IN THEIR VARIETY.

First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS. The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 East 13th St., one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.

10 5t

JUST PUBLISHED
"THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN LIBERIA."

The Anniversary address, on the 26th July, 1860, in Cape Palmas, Liberia, by the Rev. Alex. Crummell, B.A.

For Sale at the Anglo-African Office, 48 Beekman St., New York. Price 15 cents. 8 4t.

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LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMODATE a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate. 9 13.

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MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the ART OF SINGING. He will be at home at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on MONDAY EVENING, and at ZION CHURCH, N. Y., on THURSDAY EVENING, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. Singing schools taught and private instruction given on moderate terms.

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NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTES, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 MULBERRY STREET, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; *fall is near and good help wanted for city and country.* 5—4t

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK. 4-1t

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BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist.

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Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.
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BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies,	$2,50
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Lodging per week,	75

y13t,

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
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THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts, 2 tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 182 Suffolk Street. Terms very moderate. 10 1y.

BROWN'S POPULAR RESORT.

The undersigned takes the privilege to inform his Friends and the public generally that as he has recently fitted up his SALOON anew, he is now prepared to furnish them with

Ice Cream, Fruit, and other Delicacies.

BENJ. F. BROWN,
70 Bleecker St
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WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and on Gold and Frankfort Sts.

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KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

A FRESH AND PURE ASSORTMENT

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DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

GENUINE

LUBIN'S EXTRACTS

AND OTHER PERFUMERY

FANCY SOAPS, FINE HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES,

FAMILY ARTICLES, HAVANA SEGARS, &C., &C.

All his articles are purchased with great care, and are warranted to be pure, fresh, and genuine.

MEDICINE CHESTS carefully made up.

All orders promptly attended to, on receipt of the CASH.

Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared.

WHITE'S
VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR.

FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH,
AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely *Gray*.

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh and unpleasant in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea-voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full of dandruff, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this, and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hairbrush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off, always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward and forwards. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that cases of failure will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and persevering ingly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

BADEAU'S
STRENGTHENING PLASTER.
AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR

LAME OR WEAK BACK, PAIN OR WEAKNESS IN THE SIDE, CHEST, STOMACH, OR LIMBS. A CERTAIN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, PLEURISY, LIVER OR KIDNEY COMPLAINT, SPRAINS, BRUISES, &C. &C.

Persons disposed will find this plaster particularly serviceable.

Dyspeptic persons will find a permanent [illegible] from its use, as it keeps [illegible] the stomach without [illegible] gaged in sedentary pursuits [illegible] constantly, as they give strength [illegible] by constant sitting and stooping.

For SPRAINS and SPRAINS [illegible] affording relief immediately [illegible]

For RHEUMATISM there is [illegible] tion equal to them, [illegible] tion, and [illegible]

PREVENTING A [illegible]

of the excruciating pain.

[illegible]

P. A. WHITE.

Poetry.

OUT IN THE COLD.

With blue cold hands and stockingless feet,
Wandered a child in the cheerless street,
Children we e many, who housed and fed,
Lovingly nestled, dreaming in bed,
Carroled their joy in a land of bliss
Without a thought or care of this,
They were warm in humanity's fold,
But this little child was out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Bleak blew the wind thro' the cheerless street,
Dashing along the merciless sleet.
All furred and shawled, man, woman, and child,
Hurried along for the storm grew wild,
They could not bear the icicles blast,
Winter so rude on their pathway cast,
Alas, none pittied—no one consoled
This little wanderer out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

She had no father—she had no mother;
Sister none, and never a brother,
They had passed on to the star-worlds above,
She remained here with nothing but love.
"Nothing but love"—ah! men did not know
What wealth of joy that child could bestow,
So they went by and worshipped their gold,
Leaving the little one out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Wandered she on till the shades of the night
Veiled her shivering form from sight,
Then with her cold hands over her breast,
She prayed to her Father in Heaven for rest.
When hours had fled, 'neath the world's dark frown,
Hungered and chilled she laid herself down—
Laid down to rest, while the wealth rolled,
In carriages passed her out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Out in the cold, lo! an angel form
Bro't her white robes that were rich and warm.
Out in the cold, on the sleeping child,
The sainted face of a mother smiled,
A sister pressed on her brow a kiss,
Led her 'mid scenes of heavenly bliss;
And angels gathered into their fold
That night, the little one out of the cold—
Out of the cold.

THE BLACK MEN OF THE REVOLUTION AND WAR OF 1812.

The following statement of facts were published in the National Era July 9, 1847. They are from the able and polished pen of John G. Whittier. Let them them be remembered.

The return of the festival of our National Independence has called our attention to a matter which has been very carefully kept out of sight by orators and toast-drinkers. We allude to the participation of colored men in the great struggle for freedom. It is not in accordance with our taste or our principles to eulogize the shedders of blood, even in the cause of acknowledged justice; but when we see a whole nation doing honor to the memories of one class of its defenders, to the total neglect of another class, who had the misfortune to be of darker complexion, we cannot forego the satisfaction of inviting notice to certain historical facts, which, for the last half century, have been quietly elbowed aside, as no more deserving of a place in patriotic recollection, than the descendants of the men to whom the facts in question relate have to a place in a Fourth of July procession.

Of the services and sufferings of the colored soldiers of the Revolution, no attempt has, to our knowledge, been made to preserve a record. They have had no historian. With here and there an exception, they have all passed away, and only some faint tradition of their campaigns under Washington, and Greene, and Lafayette, and of their cruisings under Decatur and Barry, lingers among their descendants.

Yet enough is known to show that the free colored men of the United States bore their full proportion of the sacrifices and trials of the Revolutionary war.

The late Gov. Eustis, of Massachusetts, the pride and boast of the Democracy of the East—himself an active participant in the war, and therefore a most competent witness—Gov. Morrill, of New Hampshire, Judge Hemphill, of Pennsylvania, and other members of Congress, in the debate on the question of admitting Missouri as a slave State into the Union, bore emphatic testimony to the efficiency and heroism of the black troops. Hon. Calvin Goddard, of Connecticut, states that in the little circle of his residence, he was instrumental in securing under the act of 1818, the pensions of nineteen colored soldiers. "I cannot," he says, "refrain from mentioning one aged black man, Primus Babcock, who proudly presented to me an honorable discharge from service during the war, dated at the close of it, wholly in the handwriting of George Washington. Nor can I forget the expression of his feelings, when informed after his dischare had been sent to the War Department, that it could not be returned. At his request it was written for, as he seemed inclined to spurn the pension and reclaim the discharge." There is a touching anecdote related of Baron Steuben, on the occasion of the disbandment of the American army. A black soldier, with his wounds unhealed, utterly destitute, stood on the wharf just as a vessel bound for his distant home was getting under weigh. The poor fellow gazed at the vessel with tears in his eyes, and gave himself up to despair. The warm-hearted foreigner witnessed his emotion, and, inquiring into the cause of it, took his last dollar from his purse, and gave it to him with tears of sympathy trickling down his cheeks. Overwhelmed with gratitude, the poor wounded soldier hailed the sloop, and was received on board. As it moved out from the wharf, he cried back to his noble friend on shore, "God Almighty bless you, master Baron!"

"In Rhode Island," says Governor Eustis, in his able speech against slavery in Missouri, 12th of 12th month, 1820, "the blacks formed an entire regiment, and they discharged their duty with zeal and fidelity. The gallant defence of Red Bank, in which the black regiment bore a part, is among the proofs of their valor." In this contest it will be recollected that four hundred men met and repulsed, after a terrible and sanguinary struggle, fifteen hundred Hessian troops, headed by Count Donop. The glory of the defence of Red Bank, which has been pronounced one of the most heroic actions of the war, belongs in reality to black men; yet who now hears them spoken of in connection with it? Among the traits which distinguished the black regiment, was devotion to their officers. In the attack made upon the American lines near Croton river, on the 13th of 5th month, 1781, Colonel Greene, the commander of the regiment, was cut down and mortally wounded; but the sabres of the enemy only reached him through the bodies of his faithful guard of blacks, who hovered over him to protect him, *every one of whom was killed*. The Rev. Dr. Harris, of Dunbarton, New Hampshire, a revolutionary veteran, stated in a speech at Francestown, New Hampshire, some years ago, that on one occasion the regiment to which he was attached was commanded to defend an important position which the enemy thrice assailed, and from which they were as often repulsed. "There was," said the venerable speaker, "a regiment of blacks in the same situation—a regiment of negroes fighting for our liberty and independence, not a white man among them but the officers—in the same dangerous and responsible position. Had they been unfaithful, or given way before the enemy, all would have been lost. Three times in succession were they attacked with most desperate fury by well-disciplined and veteran troops, and three times did they successfully repel the assault, and thus preserve an army. They fought thus through the war. They were brave and hardy troops."

In the debate in the New York Convention of 1821, for amending the Constitution of the State, on the question of extending the right of suffrage to the blacks, Dr. Clarke, the delegate from Delaware county, and other members, made honorable mention of the services of the colored troops in the revolutionary army.

The late James Forten of Philadelphia, well known as a colored man of wealth, intelligence, and philanthropy, enlisted in the American navy under Captain Decatur, of the Royal Louis, was taken prisoner during his second cruise, and with nineteen other colored men, confined on board the horrible Jersey prison ship. All the vessels in the American service at the period were partly manned by blacks. The old citizens of Philadelphia to this day remember the fact, that when the troops of the north marched through the city, one or more colored companies were attached to nearly all the regiments.

Governor Eustis, in the speech before quoted, states that the free colored soldiers entered the ranks with the whites. The times of those who were slaves was purchased of their masters, and they were induced to enter the service in consequence of a law of Congress, by which, on condition of their serving in the ranks during the war, they were made freemen. This hope of Liberty inspired them with courage to oppose their breasts to the Hessian bayonet at Red Bank, and enabled them to endure with fortitude the cold and famine of Valley Forge. The anecdote of the slave of General Sullivan, of New Hampshire, is well known. When his master told him that they were on the point of starting for the army, to fight for liberty, he shrewdly suggested that it would be a great satisfaction to know that he was indeed going to fight for his liberty. Struck with the reasonableness and justice of this suggestion, General Sullivan at once gave him his freedom.

The Honorable Tristam Burgess, of Rhode Island, in a speech in Congress, first month, 1828, said: "At the commencement of the Revolutionary war, Rhode Island had a number of slaves. A regiment of them were enlisted into the Continental service, and no braver men met the enemy in battle; but not one of them was permitted to be a soldier until he had first been made a freeman."

The celebrated Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, in his speech on the Missouri question, and in defiance of the slave representation of the South, made the following admission:

"They (the colored people) were in numerous instances the pioneers, and in all the laborers of our armies. To their hands were owing the greatest part of the fortifications raised for the protection of the country. Fort Moultrie gave at an early period of the inexperience and untried valor of our citizens, immortality to the American arms. And in the Northern States numerous bodies of them were enrolled, and fought side by side with the whites at the battles of the Revolution."

Let us now look forward thirty or forty years to the last war with Great Britain, and see whether the whites enjoyed a monopoly of patriotism at that time.

Said Martindale, of New York, in Congress, 22d of first month, 1828: "Slaves, or negroes who had been slaves, were enlisted as soldiers in the war of the Revolution; and I myself saw a battalion of them as fine martial looking men as I ever saw, attached to the Northern army in the last war, on its march from Plattsburg to Sackett's Harbor."

Hon. Charles Miner, of Pennsylvania, in Congress, 2d month 7th, 1828, said: "The African race make excellent soldiers. Large numbers of them were with Perry, and helped to gain the brilliant victory of Lake Erie. A whole battalion of them were distinguished for their orderly appearance."

Dr. Clarke, in the Convention which revised the Constitution of New York, in 1821, speaking of the colored inhabitants of the State, said:

"In your late war they contributed largely towards some of your most splendid victories. On Lake Erie and Champlain, where your fleets triumphed over a foe superior in numbers and engines of death, they were manned in a large proportion with men of color. And in this very House, in the fall of 1814, a bill passed receiving the approbation of all the branches of your Government, authorising the Governor to accept the services of a corps of 2000 free people of color. Sir, these were times which tried men's souls. In these times it was no sporting matter to bear arms. These were times when a man who shouldered his musket did not know but he bared his bosom to receive a death wound from the enemy ere he laid it aside; and in these times, these people were found as ready and as willing to volunteer in your service as any other. They were not compelled to go; they were not drafted. No: your pride had placed them beyond your compulsory power. But there was no necessity for its exercise; they were volunteers; yes, sir, volunteers to defend that very country from the inroads and ravages of a ruthless and vindictive foe, which had treated them with insult, degradation, and slavery."

On the capture of Washington by the British forces, it was judged expedient to fortify, without delay, the principal towns and cities exposed to similar attacks. The Vigilance Committee of Philadelphia waited upon three of the principal colored citizens, viz: James Torten, Bishop Allen, and Absalom Jones, soliciting the aid of the people of color in erecting suitable defences for the city. Accordingly, 2,500 colored men assembled in the State-house yard, and from thence marched to Gray's ferry, where they labored for two day's, almost without intermission. Their labors were so faithful and efficient, that a vote of thanks was tendered them by the committee. A battalion of colored troops were at the same time organized in the city, under an officer of the United States army; and they were on the point of marching to the frontier when peace was proclaimed.

General Jackson's proclamations to the free colored inhabitants of Louisiana are well known. In his first, inviting them to to take up arms, he said:

"As sons of freedom you are now called on to defend our most inestimable blessings. *As Americans*, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for a valorous support. As fathers, husbands, and brothers, you are summoned to rally round the standard of the Eagle, to defend all which is dear in existence."

The second proclamation is one of the highest compliments ever paid by a military chief to his soldiers:

"*To the People of Color.*

"SOLDIERS! When on the banks of the Mobile I called you to take up arms, inviting you to partake of the perils and glory of your *white fellow citizens*, I expected much from you; for I was not ignorant that you possessed qualities most formidable to an invading enemy. I knew with what fortitude you could endure hunger and thirst, and all the fatigues of a campaign. I knew well how you loved your native country, and that you, as well as ourselves, had to defend what *man* holds most dear—his parents, wife, children, and property. You have done more than I expected. In addition to the previous qualities I before knew you to possess, I found among you a noble enthusiasm, which leads to the performance of great things.

"Soldiers! The President of the United States shall hear how praiseworthy was your conduct in the hour of danger, and the representatives of the American people will give you the praise your exploits entitle you to. Your General enticipates them in applauding your noble ardor."

It will thus be seen, that whatever honor belongs to the "heroe of the Revolution," and the vounteers in "the second war for independence," is to be divided between the white and the colored man. We have dwelt upon this subject at length, not because it accords with our principles or feelings, for it is scarcely necessary for us to say that we are one of those who hold that

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

and certainly far more desirable and useful, but because in popular estimation the patriotism which dares and does on the battle-field, takes a higher place than the quiet exercise of the duties of peaceful citizenship; and we are willing that colored soldiers, with their descendants, should have the benefit, if possible, of a public sentiment which has so extravagantly loaded their white companions in arms. If pulpits must be desecrated by eulogies of the patriotism of bloodshed, we see no reason why black defenders of their country in the war for Liberty should not receive honorable mentian, as well as white invaders of a neighboring Republic, who have volunteered in a war for slavery. For the latter class of "heroes," we have very little respect. The patriotsm of two many of them forcibly reminds us of Dr. Johnson's definition of that much-abused term: "Patriotism, sir! 'tis the last refuge of a scoundrel."

"What right, I demand," said an orator of the Colonization Society some years ago, "have the children of Africa to a homestead in the white man's country?"—The answer will in part be found in the facts which we have presented in this paper. Their right, like that of their white fellow citizens, dates back to the dread arbitrament of battle. Their bones whiten every stricken field of the Revolution; their feet tracked with blood the snows of Jersey; their toil built up every fortification south of the Potomac; they shared the famine and nakedness of Valley Forge, and the pestilential horrors of the old Jersey prison ship. Have they then, no claim to an equal participation in the blessings which have grown out of the national independence for which they fought? Is it just, is it magnanimous, is it safe even to starve the patriotism of such a people—to cast their hearts out of the treasury of the Republic, and to convert them, by political disfranchisement and social oppression, into enemies.

BARGAINING FOR A WIFE.

THE BLACK PIG AN' THE LINEN LOOM.—A swarthy, hard-visaged, "slab-sided" fellow, resident in a county district of this Union, lately attended at the Registrar's office in Dallymena, announcing that he had called for the purpose of giving official notice of his intended marriage with a young woman of interesting appearance, who, with her father, a decent-looking old linen weaver of the same neighborhood, accompanied him on the occasion. After a minute inquiry respecting the costs and procedure of the meditated ceremonial, the cautious applicant, without thinking it necessary to consult the opinion of the female party, selected the more tedious but less expensive course, with all the acuteness of a Yankee pedlar. The Registrar was about to make the usual entry when the intended bridegroom requested that he would "hould a wee"—for he had "a word to say to the auld man." "An' what hae ye to say to the auld man, Johnny?" asked the father of the intended bride. "I hae just this to say," replied the other—with a most unexpected change of the countenance, and a mulish obstinacy of tone and attitude—"I say that you're come to the dyke at last, an' ey maun either loop it noo or spraughle into the shough; for afore I pit pen to paper I maun hae yer decided answer aboot the black pig an' the linen-loom. Ye telt me that ye wad maybee gie them wi' Betty, an' that ye wad maybee gie mair—but there are no May bees fleein' noo! A bargain's a bargain, ye ken; an if I take Betty I'll hae baith the loom an' the pig wi' her, an' a bargain be't; if no, why ye hae yer ain yet, an' there's nay harm done to onybody!" The poor old man appeared to be completely thunderstruck at the unparalleled effrontry of his intended son-in-law, and well he might, considering the time and circumstances of the demand—for the unmannerly lout had evidently calculated upon wringing parental compliance with his selfish views, at a moment when proceedings in connection with the matrimonial engagement had at a point from which no young woman, under ordinary circumstances, would willingly recede. Betty's color suddenly mounted from a pale pink to that of full blown peony.—She flashed one lightning glance upon the lover—of her father's black pig; and, after a minute's earnest gaze upon her gutta percha slippers, she rose without uttering a word. Her father, when his astonishment permitted utterance, reproached the bargain-seeking bachelor with his duplicity, and then left the fellow to his meditations—who, after all, appeared excessively annoyed at the ill success of his scheme to secure possession of the coveted property. But Betty had two strings to her bow. She appeared at the Registrar's office on the following morning with another smart-looking young bachelor, right glad to have her "as she stood;" and, after due attention to all the preliminaries, they were united in the silken bonds of matrimony last week—the "auld owners of the black pig" being one of the subscribing witnesses.

COOL.—A gentleman residing in a village, finding that the diminution of his wood-pile continued after his fires were out, lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, some clue to the mystery. At an hour when all honest folks should be in bed, hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised the chamber window, and saw a lazy neighbor endeavoring to get a large log into his wheelbarrow.

"You're a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I sleep."

"Yes," replied the thief, "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my neck with lifting, before you'd offer to come and help me."

A Boston lady riding in an omnibus recently, was well nigh overwhelmed by the outspread skirts of a neighbor of the same sex, and when she had put them firmly but quietly aside only to have them again deposited upon her person, she remarked, in tones that could not have been wholly devoid of bitterness, "My own clothing keeps me sufficiently warm to-day, and you will oblige me by keeping yours to yourself," which should have collapsed the intruding crinoline.

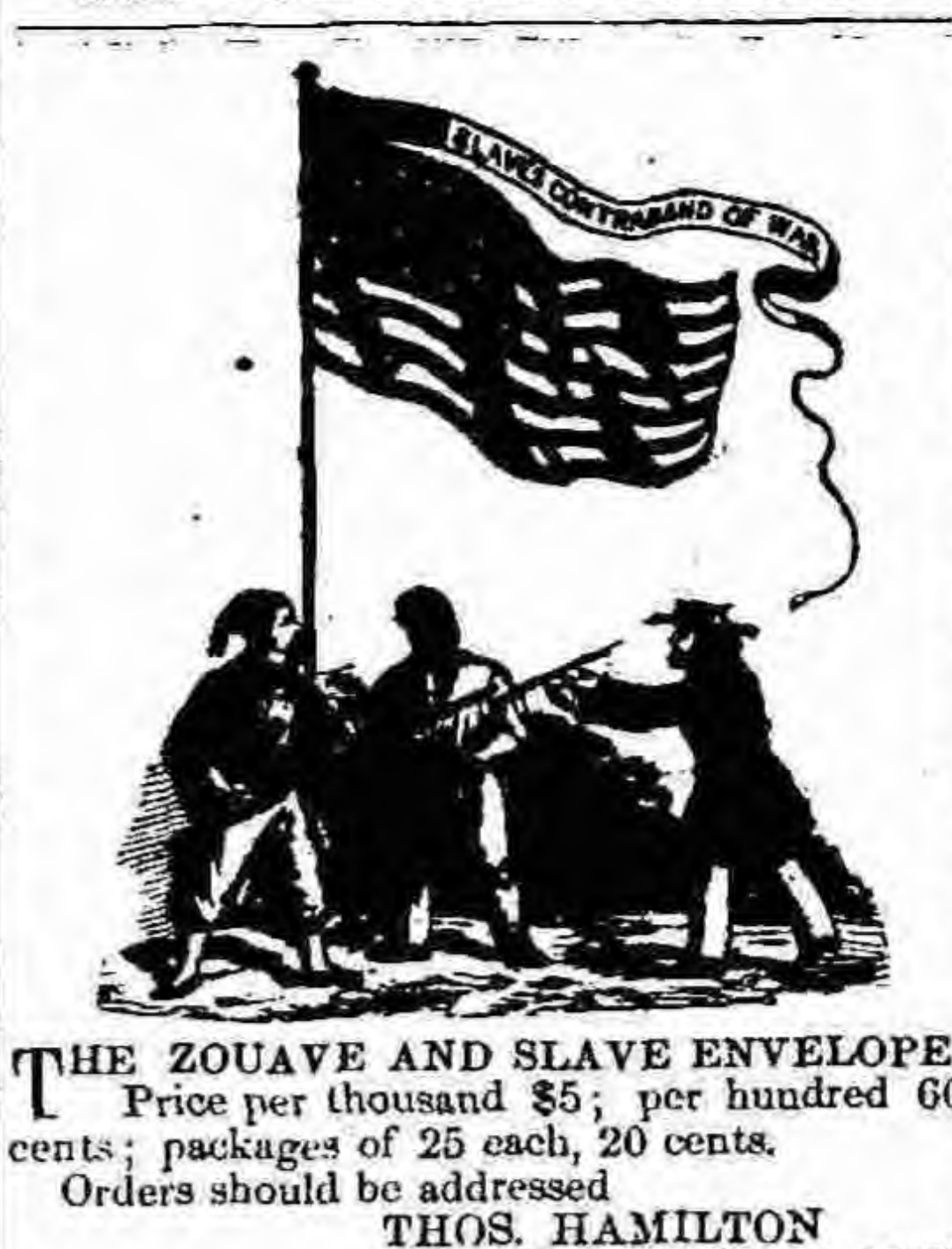
"Mr. Potter, I have been with you three months and you have not paid me. I am very poor, and in debt for my board. My landlord says if I do not pay him to-day he will put me in jail."

"Well, my boy," answered Potter, coolly, "you know if he puts you in jail you won't have to pay any board." That must have been consoling.

In Alexander Hamilton's first political speech, occur these words:

"The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records; they are written as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power."

MISCELLANEOUS.



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PAIN-KILLER.

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Poetry.

THE FUGITIVE-SLAVE LAW.

BY WILLIAM B. FOWLE.

Restore the Fugitive! Ay, when
The Son of God descends again
And bids me never more to do
As I would fain be done unto.

Restore the Fugitive! I will
When God's own voice in man is still,
And wrong is right by God's decree,
And light and air no longer free.

Restore the Fugitive! No, ne'er
While I've a home, a shelter, where
The persecuted one may bide,
Castle or grave, and side by side.

Restore the Fugitive! The law
Is like the cords that Samson wore,
And nature, were each thread a chain,
Would snap a thousand such in twain.

Independent.

FORMATION OF COLORED REGIMENTS.

MR. EDITOR,

That it is the duty of every one advancing propositions for public adoption, inviting scrutiny and analysis, counseling a policy, *to* assign competent reasons I am sensibly convinced: and that Mr. A. M. Green, in your issue of the 12th, was disposed to combat my ideas—I could only accept as a compliment—differing, no doubt, from what it was intended. It raises me in my own estimation to think that one like myself, of so feeble an intellect, of so little cultivation, should have provoked the notice of so able a man as my literary opponent. I therefore bow to it, and for the last time upon this subject, proceed to reiterate in substance my former sentiments, while I attempt to reply to my worthy antagonist, though co-worker, who has the advantage of me in assuming the leadership or acting the spokesman for our race in this country.

Mr. Green says:—

"But I think it but just, once in a while, to speak out and let the world know where we stand on the great issue of the day, for it is by this means that we have to succeed in arousing our people from a mistaken policy of inactivity &c., &."

The policy which he recommends is certainly one which if followed must destroy every vestige of that power which by our united influence has so long troubled the plotters of our ruin and extinction to the detriment of their wily schemes.

If his sentiments are those of our people generally, I am heartily sorry, and must differ with them though I stand alone as the only advocate of the policy of peace measures or neutral action in the great struggle.

He also says that "this inactivity that is advocated is *the principle* that has *ever* had us left behind and will leave us again, unless we arouse from our lethargy and arm ourselves as men and patriots against the common enemy of God and man."

I admit that there is less activity in the right direction than advisable or beneficial to our cause, but never have our people displayed more wisdom than the present in refraining from initiating or making demonstrations of war measures. In that particular, discretion has marked their action—I for one must give them credit. That grasping the sword will emancipate us from prejudice, from slavery, may be well enough to declaim, but willl it bear questioning? He intimates that it will emancipate us from our now unhappy and heart crushing disabilities, will take the manacles from our limbs, *remove the obstacles that debar our* elevation to the equality we aspire.

I have yet to learn that these are practical established facts; *it may be clear to the* mind of Mr. G., but he must make it appear so by something more than simple declamation.

Who accuses us of cowardice? No one! unless it be my honorable opponent. Can we purchase freedom and independence by the sacrifice of thousands of our unfortunate people in belligerent opposition to those who have the pre-eminence in position, power and influence; whose numerical strength is ten times that of our own? We may sell our lives dearly, carry havoc and destruction into the ranks of our enemies, but the numerical preponderance, the unlimited means at their control, must force us to succumb or cease to exist on this continent as a race. All reason and experience will decide that—look at it as you may. The history of the Aborigines of this country must satisfy you of the force of this mode of reasoning.

To contend against the Government then with any hope of success, is vain and not worthy of the time we spend in discussing it.

Admitting, for mere argument, that the Government would accept our services, how could we more than the Commander of the West, General Fremont, influence the policy of the administration to our liberation or emancipation from prejudice and slavery? No, my friends, your reason must answer No!—no fighting will emancipate you from prejudice. Will any one tell me that today *a poor man* of little or no intellectual cultivation, from the Independent Government of Hayti, will be more respected in *this or any country than one of the native* born of this country of our color? Did they not wield both fire and sword fiercely, madly, to desperation, for the liberties they now enjoy? But to command respect, wealth and education must do it—they will do more towards destroying that prejudice which darkens our existence than all the fighting we can effect under the most favorable circumstances.

Mr. G. tells us that we should make ourselves felt. In that I agree with him; but may we not question the manner in which we can do it the more effectually.

I am told the object of the exhibitors at the Great Exhibition in London, the World's Fair, in 1851, was to make themselves felt by the exhibition of their great advancement in Arts and Science; the object of *those nations contributing their quota by* invitation, was the same. The Fair was, we are told, a complete success. That should satisfy us that the cultivation of peace, of Arts and Science, will go equally as far as an unsuccessful war, to produce that high respect we are advised to fight for. I, for one, am satisfied that other means of making ourselves felt at less sacrifice of existence and more beneficial to the desired end than wielding the sword can be found. That impression that awards us credit and challenges not only competition as equals, but commands that respect which an array or force of arms, situated as we are, can never force upon this or any other nation whose interests are immediately identified with the institution of slavery, and the safety of that depending, to an extent, upon the *crushing despotism* and *deprivations*, visited upon those dangerous to its progress or stability—is what we want to make ourselves felt. No unarmed, ununiformed masses of colored men, parading through the streets, will ever produce or tend to produce such impression.

Mr. G. takes this stand: (I give his own language word for word, as follows.) "Now I maintain that for all practical purposes *whatever be the turn of the war*, preparation on our part by the most efficient knowledge of military art and discipline is one of the most positive demands of the times."

As an off-set to that position, I here take my stand; That the encouragement of every pursuit of industry and education, aside from war matters, are deserving and should (more especially at this time while the usurpers of our rights and liberties are engaged in desperate conflict) meet our most vigorous and undivided co-operation! That, that policy, adopted, realised, and perfected, alone can produce the requisite means to establish our claim to the respect we need; to open the many avenues of wealth, prominence, political and civil equality, without which, no display of military drill of hordes *of unarmed or armed men*, ignorant of every other necessary qualification as servicable citizens will command.

Momentary admiration for exhibitions of well drilled men and military tactics, which I believe would follow, would create sensation among the sight-lovers who swarm in all thickly populated districts; but that indellible impression mighty to move the hearts of men to action, but when moved, calls forth imperishable convictions, lasting as time itself, must eminate from something deeper, more reliable, than brute force or the chance life of military campaigning, of soldiers ungarnished by the more essential qualities that make the man the citizen. *As to military displays creating* respect by efficient drill, especially among us, I have my doubts. The most ignorant unprincipled desperado, or tyrant or usurper that disgraces humanity by his villiany, may be the most perfectly disciplined soldier, may be daring, regardless of danger either to limb or life, his daring may create admiration, but his infamous reputation as a man of dishonorable proclivities, dissipation and barbarity, will blast his reputation, however bravely won on the field of battle.

Mr. G. says: "Had every State in the Union taken active steps *in the direction of* forming regiments of color, we should now, instead of numbering eight regiments of *about eight* thousand five hundred men, have numbered seventy-five thousand, besides awakening an interest at home and abroad, that no vacilating policy of the half-hearted semi-secessionists of the North could have suppressed. It would have relieved the Administration of so much room for cavil on the Slavery question, and colored men's right to bear arms," &c., &c.

Permit me to ask of any candid thinker who, perhaps, is better informed than myself on this matter, whether the States can independently force any number of men upon the General Government contrary to the wish or will of the constituted authorities, who I suppose had the power of either *accepting* or *rejecting* white or colored men as prudence, interest, or necessity dictates, or who were disqualified by legal restrictions?

If the States cannot constitutionally do this, would not then the encouragement of raising those regiments environ the administration in complications and force that cavil which friend G. would obviate?

Mr. Green also informs us that "the evidences of God's demands upon our patriotism as warriors, are so strong, that none need mistake them." I have yet to see the evidences of God's will or demands upon us in that direction, to take up arms for our own destruction, to destroy our bond brother, or to assist those who are contending in spirit against His righteous mandates, the principal of which is "Love thy neighbor as thyself." If, then, the result of that policy advocated by Mr. G. cannot effect the desired end he would have we, must, *if ever entertaining it, abandon it at once*, and pursue that policy which reason teaches is not only the safest but the wisest.

I am satisfied that recruiting, drilling or fighting will never break this inate prejudice, imbedded in the hearts of this nation.

The admiration we might win by bravery, &c., when brought into action as soldiers, might easily be overshadowed by one act or false accusation brought against us by those jealous of our gallant exploits when in active service.

With all respect for Mr. Green's literary accomplishments and scholar-like production, he is still in the dark, and may with propriety cry out as one in times gone by, "Lord! that I may receive *my sight*."

Supposing that we with one accord enter upon that fallacious policy of raising regiments for the war, could we do it without it becoming a public feature, noticeable by foes as well as friends!

With Southern emissaries thronging our hotels, thoroughfares, stores, &c., would not the Confederates be likely to gain this important information with equal facility as they obtain other news that enables them to counter balance every move made by the National forces? If we admit this, why may we not from the knowledge we have of their (the Southerners) disposition, believe that as a direful retaliation they would arm their free and enslaved colored men, and compel them to fight against us on the field of battle, while such patriots as A. M. G., who we could not well afford *to* lose, would have the unpleasant duty assigned to him and his associates in arms, of destroying those whom he might now benefit, by adopting a policy contrary to the misguided suicidal course he so eloquently advocates.

If I have the honor to be termed one of those unfortunates who are willing to wait and see the salvation of God, by Mr. G., I accept the conferred honor with many thanks.

The wisdom of the course I advocate, and that advocated by A. M. G., time alone will decide. Patiently, however, I abide time, clinging to my avowed policy, humbly trusting in Him who I have every reason *to think* has taken the cause of the oppressed of our people in this land out of our weak hands, and has or is about to answer our many appeals *in his own glorious way*, while we continue to lift our hearts, our hands, in praise and thanksgiving to His holy name.

R. H. V.

MOON INFLUENCE NOTIONS.

The collection of "moon notions" published below, were sent to a Philadelphia paper by a writer who takes interest in such matters. They are interesting from the fact that thousands place implicit reliance on the influences supposed to be exercised by the moon on mundane affairs.

Root crops should be planted in the dark of the moon.

All sorts of vegetables, trees and plants designed to grow vigorously, should be planted in the new or light of the moon.

All crops that produce their yield above the surface of the ground should be planted in the new or light of the moon, while those that produce theirs in the ground should be planted when the moon is on the wane.

Beans should be planted at the full of the moon, and lentels at the time of new moon.

All sorts of trees should be grafted and pruned during the increase of the moon's light.

If the fruit trees blossom in or during the dark of the moon, we will have but few or no apples, peaches, cherries, pears, &c., but plenty *if such blossoming* occurs in and during new moon.

All vines, such as cucumbers, melons, &c., produce more fruit when they blossom and commence bearing when there is full moon than when the nights are dark.

Grain intended for immediate use should be harvested at the time of full *moon*, while the grain intended for preservation should be gathered at the time of the new moon.

Hogs should be butchered in full moon or a little before it, as the pork will then not only be better, but will also swell up and enlarge in boiling, while that butchered at an opposite phase of the moon will be poor and shrink in boiling.

The *roofs of houses*, barns and other buildings should be shingled, and wooden rail fences staked when the horns of the moon point downward, as the shingles and stakes will then not rise up as they otherwise will.

Fences should be made and repaired when the horns of the moon point upward, as fences then made will not sink into the ground.

Timber cut when the moon is full or rapidly increasing in her light will be full of sap, soft and spongy and so soon become worm-eaten or destroyed by rot.

Timber trees, to be durable, should be cut in the dark of the moon, or during the decline or decrease of its lights in the month of February.

Timber cut in the old of the moon in August will not be eaten with worms, nor snap in burning, and will last much longer than if cut at any other time.

Hickory poles, to make good hoops, should be cut when the moon is new or increasing in her light, or they will soon get so worm-eaten as to be worthless.

Weeds, briars, bushes and other noxious plants should be mown off or grubbed up in the dark of the moon, or during its decline of light in August, to make their destruction sure.

Weeds, briars and bushes cut off in the old of the moon in August, when its place is in Leo (sign of the lion,) will be more certainly destroyed than if done at any other time.

To see the new moon for the first time in the South is a sign that the weather will be warm and pleasant; but if then seen high in the sky the contrary weather will happen.

To see the new moon for the first time over the right shoulder is a sign that you will succeed in your undertakings, while seeing it over your left shoulder is a sure presage of your failure or want of success.

Dung should be spread over grass land when the horns of the moon point downwards, as the manure will then sink into the ground, otherwise not.

Candles should be dipped only when the moon is on the increase.

A BEAUTIFUL JEWISH ALLEGORY.

The following Talmudic allegory, relating to David, the "Sweet Singer of Israel" *is from the* Hebrew Review, *vol. 3, page* 95, and is entitled, "The Songs of the Night:"

As David in his youthful days was tending his flocks on Bethlehem plains, the spirit of the Lord came upon him and his senses were opened and his understanding enlightened, that he might comprehend the songs of the night. The Heavens proclaimed the *glory of God*; the glittering stars all formed one chorus. Their harmonious melody resounded on earth and the sweetest fullness of their voices vibrated to its uttermost bounds.

"Light is the countenance of the Eternal," sung the setting sun. "I am the hem *of his garments*," responded the *rosy tints* of twilight.

The clouds gathered and said, "We are his nocturnal tent;" and the waters in the cloud, and the hollow voice of the thunders joined in the lofty chorus: "The voice of the Eternal is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth; the Lord is upon many waters."

"He did fly upon my wings," whispered the wind, and the silent air replied, "I am the breath of God, the aspiration of his benign presence."

"We hear the songs of praise," said the parched Earth; "all around is praise; I alone am silent and mute!" And the falling dew replied, "I will nourish thee, so that thou shalt be refreshed and rejoice, and thy infants shall bloom like the young rose."

"Joyfully we bloom," replied the refreshed meadows. The full ears of corn waved as they sung, "We are the blessing of God; the hosts of God against famine."

"We bless you from above," said the moon; "We *bless you*," responded the stars, and the grasshopper chirped, "Me, too, he blesses in the pearly dew drop."

"He quenched my thirst," said the roe, "and refreshed me," continued the stag; "and he grants our food," said the beasts of the forest; "and he clothes my lambs," gratefully sung the sheep.

"He heard me," croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken and alone;" "He heard me," said the wild goat of the forest, "when my time came and I calved."

"And the turtle-dove cooed, and the swallows and all the birds joined their song. "We have found our nests, our houses; we will dwell on the altar of the Lord, and sleep under the shadow of his wing in tranquility and peace"—

"And peace"—echoed the night, and echo prolonged the sound—till chanticleer awoke the dawn and crowed, "Open the portals, the gates of the world! The King of glory approaches. Awake! arise! ye sons of men; give praise and thanks to the Lord, for the King of Glory approacheth."

* * * *

The sun arose, and David awoke from his melodious rapture. And as long as he lived the strains of creations harmony remained in his soul, and daily he recalled them upon the strings of his harp.

THE CLERICAL CHILD THIEF.

From "Chattanooga," a work for sale at this office.

The Reverend Theophilus Blowhard died unmarried, and without any relations for whom he cared to provide, and by his last will he left all his property to his well-beloved and faithful friend, Jabez Clitters, to be sold, and the proceeds, after payment of his debts and expenses of administration, to be applied to sundry benevolent purposes, especially to aid in building a new meeting-house, and *for the Missionary Society*.

Jabez took it to a lawyer and learned that Minna's child was included in the provisions of the will, and as a faithful executor, he immediately went to work to recover possession of the property. His first care was to find McGee, and, if possible, to obtain a re-payment of the hundred dollars, and a re-conveyance of the ten acres of land; but he learned McGee had moved very soon after Blowhard's death, to the town on the Mississippi where the ten acres of land was situated. Nothing was left, therefore, but to discharge, as he said with a sigh, his duty as an executor to his diseased friend, and to capture the child without delay.

"I feel a deep sense of duty, brethren," he said, to his friends, "in this matter—duty, as executor of that holy man who has gone before us over the dark rolling waters of Jordan's turbid stream, which separates that happy land from ours, and of duty as a patriot and a Christian, because you see, brethren, slavery is essential to the happiness and well-being, and prosperity of the state, nation, and people, and because it is a Bible institution. Abraham was a slave-holder, and had men servants, and women servants, and asses, and camels, and silver, and gold. Isaac was a slave-holder, and had men servants, and maid servants, and asses, and camels, and silver, and gold. Jacob was a slave-holder, and had men servants, and maid servants, and asses, and camels, and silver and gold. Slaveholding is right. By means of it the treasuries of our societies are replenished, and filled up with gold, and silver, and bank-notes. Brethren," said he, with a groan, "I don't intend to rust out, but to wear out, and however great, and severe, and arduous, and difficult the work and labor, and care, and toil may be, I feel in duty bound, in conscience bound, in honor bound as an executor, and as a patriot, and as a Christian, and as a philanthropist, and as a man, to catch that little negro.

His friends, who stood weeping around him, now looked up and smiled; two or three of the men said, "Amen." Some others, however, of the members of the church stood aloof, and said they would take no part in the matter, one way or the *other. He might catch it if he could*, but without their aid.

Another hunt was determined upon, and a day appointed for the purpose. Men were sent out to invite the neighbors to take part in the hunt, and it was found on this occasion, as it had been before, that *those who drank the most whiskey*, were the best patriots.

Norton was a candidate for the legislature; of course he was foremost in the cause, and almost as zealous as the Reverend Jabez Clitters himself in supporting the system of slave-holding. His arguments were different from those of the reverend gentleman, although they both came to the same result. All who were opposed to slavery, were fools and mad men, and in favor of dissolving the Union, of ruining the masters, and burning their houses over their heads, and destroying their wives and children, and, therefore, ought to be burnt or hung.

Norton was leader of the party, and directed the whole company to the mountains. They made an early start and reached them before sunrise. The party was not large, and their proceedings had been conducted with great secrecy. A loud shout was heard, and a tin horn was blown, which was answered by a dozen more, and the party collected at the mouth of the cave. Very soon Bill Harris came out, leading blind Minna and holding in his arms the little half clad child. A loud shout made the mountains echo around them, and the Reverend Jabez Clitters crossed his hands over his breast, and raised his eyes so high, that only the white of them could be seen.

Old Minna, too, *crossed her hands upon* her breast, and stood in silence. She raised her white eyeballs to heaven, and the big tears followed each other rapidly down her scarred cheeks.

They gathered around her; "Oh, men!" she said, "for de Lord's sake—for marcy's sake, don't take from me all the child I'se got. I'se had five children, and one arter another has been sold, and now de good Lord, for to comfort me, has gin me one more; dis little one; don't tar it from me—it will kill me. My heart is a'most broke already. It's mighty hard, men, for a mother to have her own child tuk away from her."

"It's none of your child," said the Reverend Jabez Clitters. "You have neither bought it, nor paid for it. You have given neither silver, nor gold, nor bank-notes, nor he asses, nor she asses, nor horses, nor camels for it. It is my property, to be applied for the propagation and extension of the gospel in foreign parts and nations, and to build a new meeting-house. It has been left, and devised, and bequeathed to me by the last, and *only* will and testament of Father Blowhard, now deceased, and dead, and buried, and gone to glory, and to heaven, of which will and testament I am the executor, and in duty bound as such, and as a patriot, and as a Christian, and as a philanthropist and a man, to carry it into full and complete effect and *operation*. How dare you have the impudence and audacity, *and fool-hardiness*, and wickedness, and depravity to assert, and state, and declare that this nigger is your child? You're a thief, and rob, and steal, from the church of God."

"Master, I did not mean no harm to the church in what I said. The Lord gin me the child, and I *thought it* was mine."

"You thought, eh. Who gave you—you a negro woman—the right to think, or opine, or conjecture, or deliberate, or have opinions? Your impudence and audacity exceeds all limits and bounds. You are, I repeat, trying to rob and steal from, and embezzle the property of the Missionary Society for the propagation and extension, and diffusion of the light, and blessings, and benefits and privileges of the glorious and blessed gospel of free grace in foreign lands, and nations, and people, and the property of the church."

"Master, do *forgive* me. I did not mean no harm to the gospel."

"Ask God to forgive you, woman, and don't ask such a thing or request from a poor, weak, sinful mortal, and fallable man, and feeble worm of the dust as I am."

Poor old Minna was sad. She groped her way to a tree, and leaned against it.

"You, and your husband and consort, and partner in crime," said the Reverend Jabez Clitters, "have not only broken and set at naught, and violated the law of God, in stealing and running away with, and carrying off the property of the Missionary Society, for the *extension* and *spread* of the glorious and blessed gospel of free grace in foreign parts, and among strange people who have never heard its glorious sound, and felt its blessed, and benign, and healthful, and soul-reviving influences and effects, but you have broken and violated, and trampled on the laws of the State of Tennessee, which enact and forbid the harboring, *aiding, abetting*, or supporting of a runaway, fugitive slave, and you must go to the penitentiary for so doing, and doing so. It's my bounden duty, as executor, and as a Christian, and a patriot, and a man, now to have you seized, and taken, and captured, so that you may be examined, and tried, and convicted, and *sentenced*, and punished as an example, and terror to all *others*, in like cases, and in like manner found offending, and doing as you have done."

Minna put her apron over her eyes, and leaned heavily against the tree.

A man came up to the Reverend Jabez Clitters, touched his elbow, and led him aside. "Have you not done enough, my friend? You have the child. Why should you trouble the woman any further, she is old and blind; it will not do any good to send har to the penitentiary."

"Brother," said the Reverend Jabez Clitters, "it's a case of conscience, and honor, and patriotitm, and good demeanor toward the State. The offence of which this womrn is guilty, is a deep, and a grievous, and a horrible sin. She has stolen church property, which is a sacrilege, you know, and deprived the church of it for months, when the money for which the child might have been *sold*, is so greatly wanted and needed to propagate and extend the blessed and glorious gospel in foreign parts, and among heathen nations, and foreign people, and to build a new meeting-house. I would if I could, and dare forgive the erring, and sinful, and wicked creature; but it is a case of conscience, and honor, and duty, brother," here he sighed, "and I *must go on with it and proceed*."

"Very well, sir. But do you know that you have no right to apply the money in your hands to carry on the prosecution? You can proceed, if you choose, but you must do so at your own cost"

The Reverend Jabez Clitters put his hand *to his forehead*, and deliberated, and thought, and studied for one minute, and then said: "Brother, I thank you for the information, and advice, and council you have given me. Woman," he said, approaching Minna, "I forgive you, and remit the offence of which you have been guilty against the dignity, and power, and peace, and honor of the State of Tennessee, and I hope and expect that this act of mercy and forgiveness on my part, will have its due and proper effect on your heart, and character, and life, and conduct. A man of the world would not have done so; but I am a Christian, and must be merciful and forgiving even as I hope for mercy and forgiveness,"

"Thankee, master," said Minna, courtsying to him. "Aint you gwine to gin me my child back?"

"Why you wicked, and ungrateful, and obstinate, and hard-hearted old creature. In the very act and moment that you receive forgiveness, you want me to help you rob the church and Missionary Society, for the propagation and *extension* of the gospel among heathen nations in foreign parts, and among strange people, of its goods and chattels, rights, credits, and property, and effects. Oh, brothers," he said, looking around him, "see the shocking depravity of the human soul and heart, and how prone it is to evil—'specially in niggers."

"Master," said Minna, "that child is mine. God gave it to me. If your church takes it, your church is a thief and robber. God is not so far off as some people think. He is looking right down on you, and sees my child in your hand as he does a sparrow when it falls to the ground. If you take my child away, you will ruin it, and kill me. Murder and robbery is no light thing *in God's sight*."

"Knock her down," said one of the men; "stop her impudence."

"Kill me, if you chose—kill me. I had rather die than live. I beg you to kill me at one, and put me out of my misery. It would be merciful in you to do so, but I will talk while I've life and breath. I tell yyu now that I'll take this whole thing and lay it afore the the Lord, and tell him all you have said and done, and I'll leave the whole matter in his hands."

"Woman," said the Reverend Jabez Clitters, "it's my blessed lot, and privilege, and duty, to be a preacher of the gospel, and on next Sabbath, providence permitting, *I intend* and expect to preach in the Pisgah meeting-house on the sin, and iniquity of covetousness, and if you and your husband will come there, you may sit on one of the back benches, and hear me, and be enlightened on that subject on which, at this present time, you are in gross and heathenish darkness. Come, woman, and bring your erring and sinful husband with you. It may be a permanent and everlasting blessing to both of you, and, in the meantime, I will pray and entreat the Lord that you may be forgiven your great and heathenish sin, and iniquity, and transgression. You see now what a great and glorious thing it is to be a Christian. A worldly minded *man would not be so merciful to you*. But I forgive you and even pray for you. Go thy way, woman, and sin no more."

The men started with the child. Minna, guided by the noise of their footsteps, and the cries of the child, followed them, shrieking aloud, groping and stumbling in her blindness, until she could no longer hear them, and then fell into a deep ravine.

"This is a fine, hearty child," said the Reverend Jabez Clitters, who had it in his arms. "Worth at least four hundred dollars in cash. Father Blowhard was a real and sincere benefactor to the church. He has proved his zeal in the cause by his good works, and charity, and beneficence, which are remembered, and will be had in mory long after his decease and death."

"Don't you think," said Stebbins, the lame tailor who was limping by his side," "that it is a kind of hard to take that ar child from its own mother."

"My dear Brother Stebbins, the thought you have just uttered is a suggestion of Satan, and the devil, and of the evil one. Tell him, and command him to get behind you and to retire, and go away from you. And, like a fiend and enemy of mankind, and of the human race, as he is, he has struck at, and assailed, and hit the very *point, marrow*, and *gist of* the whole question and controvery between the friends and patrons, and supporters of our beloeed and time-honored, and Christian institution of slavery, and the foes and enemies of that institution; because if the mother and father have a better right and title to, and interest *in* and *for the child*, than the *master* and owner on the day and hour it was born, that better right, and title, and interest will continue, and remain, and exist, till the child grows up to be a man, and of full age. If we do not own and possess them when they are infants and babies, we can not do so when they become youths and adults, and men, and women, and in their old age."

"I see it now," said Stebbins; "if you have no sight to the babies, you have none when they grow up to be men and women."

"Exactly and precisely so, Brother Stebbins. I am glad and rejoiced that I have been able in so few words to explain and unravel the whole matter and thing to you, so that you do clearly and fully comprehend, and understand, and know it."

"But she said, sir, that God gave her the child."

"The *laws* and *constitution of the* State of Tennessee, and the customs of the country, and the Constitution of the United States, and the laws of the United States, give this child to its master and owner, and that master and owner, therefore, and for that reason, has the right and title of it, and to have and to hold the use and the possession, add the benefit thereof, and of it."

"I see it now," said Stebbins. "Laws of God give it to its father and mother, and tue laws of men give it to the master."

"Precisely and exactly so, Brother Stebbins. In this world we are governed and controlled by the laws *of man*. In the next world we must and will obey, and be governed by the laws of God."

"Yes; that's it. If you'll preach that doctrine, you will have a great many hearers."

"I have no time, Brother Stubbins, to turn aside to preach that doctrine. My hands are now full with a controversy and question, I have just now and at this time, with the Universalists, and when I shall have routed, and beaten, and driven them from the field, perhaps I may turn my attention, and give my time to other and less important matters."

THE WEEKLY ANGLO-AFRICAN may be had at 187 Navy St., Brooklyn, and at Mrs. Garnett's store, 170 West 30th St., New York.

A *man* died of apoplexy the other day in Michigan. The next day the Coroner held an inquest, when the following verdict was returned: "Died from a visitation [illegible] beefsteak, eight cold potatoes and a [illegible] pie.

A Yankee has invented a [illegible] plan for boarding [illegible] mesmerizes the rest [illegible] meal—the mesmerized [illegible] sympathy.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

A NOBLE PROPOSITION.

Robert Hamilton Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I congratulate you at the appearance once more of the Anglo-African,—a paper that gained, for the time it existed, more prestige than any other that had preceded it.

Now sir, the glorious question is, "Shall it live? I call it glorious, from the immense importance of the hour that is now upon us.

It will live if we bring our patriotism, our love for the truth, not to a boiling, but a moderate heat. Let each brother and sister, father and child, do what they can—take stock in it at a fair premium. The premium to be paid in Hallelujahs when its work as a Journal for Freedom is over.

Sir, I propose to unite with some in investing Five Dollars to begin with; what will others answer? I propose no plan upon which it is to be paid, but leave that to your better judgment—but I suppose you need the money as soon as you can get it, I therefore pay immediately. Now who will be the next customer,—if not for five, or four—for three—for two—for one! for fifty cents? Keep in remembrance, friends, that this stock pays glorious in premiums, however small be the investment. Yet you must still remember, that greater the investment, more glorious the premium!

Now sir, I believe I have said enough; perhaps more than enough—for, after all, all that is requisite is but for the people to know your need, and they are ready to nobly respond.

Yours in behalf of the good cause,
J. N. Gloucester.

The following are responses to the above proposition, including Mr. Gloucester's subscription:

J. N. Gloucester,	$5
H. Highland Garnet,	1
Miss Mary A. Chambers,	1
Ezekiel H. Dias,	1
"A Friend,"	1
Robert H. Vandyne,	1
Miss Susan Tindall,	1
Austin Steward,	25

PASSING FOR—COLORED.

Thirty years of thinking, talking, and writing about caste, by a hundred thousand or two of freed blacks, in the free States, have not only failed to exhaust the subject, but have failed even to examine it so as to know what it really is—that is to say, what we are complaining about. Hence our leading men, with more force than forethought, gyrate, exclaim and explode when they approach the subject of caste-hate. A striking instance of this occurs in our last issue, wherein our talented brother Garnet, turns up like a strong young whale, blowing for "negro-nationality"—*with a United States Passport in his pocket*, which he had just exhibited to the astonished Londoners, in proof of his American citizenship! Which is about the same thing as if the signers of the Declaration of Independence had gone to France and exhibited, in high glee, their passports as British subjects!

Now we venture to affirm, that what is called American prejudice against color is not American in its origin, nor in its character; that it is not the most violent nor persistent of American prejudices; and that it has passed through its worst period and has actually gone into a re-action.

1. Prejudice against color is as old as the time when Moses married an Egyptian woman: Shakespeare who died before the first African slave landed at Jamestown, knew as much about it as any colonizationist or free black of the present day. In the British and French West Indies before the abolition of slavery, every phase of prejudice against color was developed, and had been hardened into sumptuary laws. To-day, in Hayti, if we may believe Mr. Redpath, there is a more violent, persistent and bitter prejudice against color between blacks and mulattoes, than can be found in the United States between whites and colored. According to this gentleman, so deeply rooted is this caste-hate in Hayti, that he would not credit—in a given occurrence, say a fracas between them—what the mulatto would say about the black, nor the black about the mulatto. Indeed no unprejudiced black man can rise from the perusal of his letter to the *Tribune* on this subject without thanking God that he has only the comparatively mild American prejudice to battle against. In fact, the "invitation" of Geffrard, distinctly pronounces the existence of this caste in Hayti, in the following words:—"*Listen then, all ye negroes and mulattoes* who in the vast continent of America, suffer from the prejudices of caste!" Now we venture the assertion, that any man, black or white, who would get up in any of our public meetings and exclaim ye "negroes and mulattoes" would be promptly hissed down. And why? because there is no caste-hate or prejudice of this kind in the free States, while there is such in Hayti.

And, so far from being a field in which there is no caste-hate, we find Hayti to be a locality in which a new and less excusable—if there be excusable—form of caste exists. There are those differences, besides, between American caste-hate, and Haytian caste-hate. In the United States, caste is upheld by the existence of slavery, in Hayti it is maintained more than half a century after the abolition of slavery, and the virtual banishment of the whites from that territory. In 1803, Dessalines, in a proclamation, said to the Haytians:

"Blacks and men of color, whom the perfidious policy of the Europeans has so long sought to divide, you who are now united and form only one family, doubtless it was necessary that your reconciliation should be sealed with the blood of your murderers. The same calamities hang over your proscribed heads: the same ardor to smite your enemies has signalized you: the same destiny is reserved for you; and your common interests ought in future to render you inseparable. Preserve this precious record—this happy union; it is the pledge of your liberty, of your success, of your felicity; "it is the secret of your being invincible."

But this splendid advice was not followed, and we find Hayti in 1859, according to Mr. Redpath, torn with this very prejudice against color, and in 1861 a disgraced nationality, worse "kicked and cuffed" by Spain than any black man in New York by the dominant race, and so submissive under this Spanish insult, that we wonder that the bones of Dessalines did not rise in wrathful rebuke.

Whilst caste-hate has been thus persistent in Hayti, who will deny that it has greatly diminished in our free States during the same half century. Look at traveling by rail or in steamboats for colored persons thirty years ago and to-day; look at Miss Crandall's school in Canterbury in 1833—5, and Miss Miner's school in Washington in 1861? Or at the common schools in all Connecticut and Massachusetts open to colored children. Nay, so greatly has caste-hate diminished among us, that the hireling agents, for our expatriation to Hayti, are obliged to strain their eyes to see, and their imaginations to describe, and their voices to shout out a few feeble instances to aid and abet their unpatriotic labors. One individual in particular has a much harder time in thus earning his "pieces of silver" from Geffard, than he had while getting pay for a like *sale* to Thurlow Weed!

2. We affirm, moreover, that prejudice against color, is not the most violent nor persistent of American prejudices, for the prejudice of Americans against the Irish and Germans, forces these classes to live in certain proscribed localities in all our large, and even medium sized, cities. The Irish quarters, and the Dutch quarters are as isolated as crow hills, &c. We speak from facts when we assert that genuine American families refuse to live in the same houses with dutch and Irish as firmly and fiercely as if with colored persons. Have none of our readers seen the same flushed face and angry scowl on the part of a German when called a "Dutchman," as they have manifested themselves when called "nigger?" What did the "native American party" say as to their relative preference of native-born blacks or of foreign-born citizens? Whom do the confederates love best, Northern white men or Southern colored men?

3. That American prejudice against color has passed through its worst phase, and tends to a healthy reaction in favor of its victims, but few will deny. One strong proof is the fact hinted at in the title of this article, to wit—there are not a few white men, as well as men almost white, who are industriously endeavoring to—pass for colored! This will be made a matter of consideration next week.

HAYTIAN EMIGRATION.

Mr. Editor:

Those Haytian sweet potatoes about which I proposed to speak, being extra fine, I am told, can afford to wait for the present to give place to other and less palatable fare.

Since my last we have had unusually interesting and exciting times here, over the new expatriation momement. The "Pine and Palm," the great Mogul (newspaper,) of the scheme is also on hand, setting forth that a large emigration from Canada is expected—one hundred from Buxton alone. Some time ago it required five hundred from Buxton, and five thousand from Canada to make a large emigration. These gentlemen seem to be thankful for small favors. Let me assure your numerous readers, that there will be but little more rejoicing by these persons, over instalments from Buxton. "Not another one will go from Buxton," said a gentleman from that settlement to-day; neither did the expected one hundred go.

Two emigrant cars crowded with men, women and little children, one hundred and sixteen in number left the station here on the 14th, destined for Hayti and other countries—the majority was from Buxton, but two families were from the Rond Eau, several persons from Sandwich, and one family at least from Illinois—besides single persons from Chicago. The scene was in every sense humiliating. There they were, young men and women—aged, poorly clad, dingy-looking men, and toddling children thronging the platform, and passing in and out of a drinking saloon up to a short while before the train started. The railway servants were ordering them out of their way. I. N. Carey taking names, superintending the departure generally, assisted by one Spencer, who by his pert and turbulent demeanor suggested Haytian intolerance of the humble poor, and J. C. Brown an elderly citizen, who has entered with all the energy of an old man into the enterprise, and should be rewarded by an agency, as to the knowledge of quondam agents, he solicited such a post as early as last spring.

"Only temperance men for Hayti," said agents last year; on this occasion, about which I write, the proprietor of the saloon, finally drove out the emigrants, and closed his house, as the liquor sold was beginning to make itself understood.

The scene in the cars was without a parallel in the history of the colored people in this part of Canada—some were laughing, some crying; the atmost phere was foul, and the solitary tallow candle, with its fitful feble light, and the surrounding gloom seemed a precursor of the valley of the shadow of death, to which many of them unexpectedly but evidently were going.

One young man who would not go was crying aloud, as only a despairing one could at the grave of an only friend; his father, Elder Jacobs, an infatuated old man, replied with the utmost indifference, when asked if that was his son: "Somebody said its my son." The Reverend gentleman, in anticipation, doubtless, of that polygamy in Hayti, about which Dr. Hawks writes, and returned emigrants talk, seemed completely happy in the contemplation of a bride of a few days, a self-sacrificing elderly "white lady," who leaves behind another husband, and goes as help-mate to this minister, who also leaves behind a wife, the mother of the youth so sorrow-stricken at his departure.

Tell me not of the immorality fostered by slavery—of the forcible separation of parents and children by the slave-trafficer, when, up in these high latitudes a scheme is prosecuted with unparalleled impudence by bringing a moral, or if you please, an immoral force to bear upon an illiterate people, as irresistible to an escaped slave, or to the free colored man, as the physical force of the South when backed up by the pro-slavery hordes of the North; I mean this subsidizing of the entire Republican and anti-slavery Press of the United States,—the illiberal reform and Tory Press of Canada,—I mean too the silence, the indifference of the entire anti-slavery mass of both countries, while a few reckless men, in the livery of anti slavery, and with the tattered stolen mantle of martyred old John Brown around them, ship them off; these foolish old people, these feeble little ones, soon to be orphans and at the tender mercies of an hourly expected insurrection of people opposed to their coming; ship them off with as much ceremony as do practised slave-traders on the coast of Guinea.

While pious men are binding up the bruised, instructing the ignorant, joining in marriage those whom slavery has forced to a life of shame—the friends and relatives of your "contrabands" are deluded to an inconsiderable island in mid-ocean, with no means of escape to travel the waste of waters between them and Christian lands—to an island where six hundred thousand people now revel in worse than heathen superstition, make "sacrifices to the God that gives them rain,"—practice polygamy, and die both natives and emigrants in frightful numbers with malignant fevers—and all that some one who is "wondrous wise" may carry out the experiment of ridding the continent of the free negroes; the disgraceful work in which Clay and Webster failed.

Not ridding the continent say they, however, with as much truth as the other, and numberless falsehoods they brazenly publish about colored men and women who have the sovereign contempt for them that their superiors, the slaves of the South have for "dead poor white folks," but who are in duty obliged to call attention to this their public crime, and to work for its abatement as they would for any other gigantic nuisance.

Not even in favor of emigration, says this Redpath, if it were not that there is organization. Who believes him! What cares yellow fever for organization? What cares Haytian despotism for organization. How does he intend to benefit the Haytian natives by their organizations? Not at all, and he knows it; if he does not, he knows less than his own servants, the under-agents in this business, some of whom publicly proclaim altogether another doctrine; and he should go to the foot for assumed incapacity—not be at the head of any movement. No, Mr. Editor the world is too far along to believe falsehood, though proclaimed by Redpath. As mendacious as the world is charged with being, it has too much commen sense to believe its own "files"—to swallow without a grimace the abortions of the Agent General for Hayti.

Mr. Simon T. J. Spencer, the person before alluded to, whose name and status are set forth in the *Palm*, and who told a large audience here that he was sent from Hayti, because Mr. Redpath had written out to the Government that emigrants were "writing back complaints;" Mr. Spencer, who, a returned emigrant says, left Hayti for his country's good, seems to have been appointed to the work, for his special fitness in every way for such a doubtful task. Not, mark you, sir, to reform abuses practised upon the emigrants, but it would seem to deny every truthful allegation of their experience in suffering and deception; and to "correct certain statements out here about Mr. Redpath." Very questionable business for eight hundred dollars a year. His injudicious tongue let slip several important statements, which for his cause, he had better have left unsaid, and the emigrant before referred to supplied what he omitted. At this public meeting, called by him previously for Monday evening, a *very* large audience honored him with their presence; but for finished impertinence and vulgarity of speech, his harangue never had an equal here. He told the people they might question him, but he should not reply: must get their own place; that he "was a man;" he would take care of himself, and much more in that strain; repeated the falsehood about the New Haven Colony; set forth his discovery of a gold mine; said that Haytian republicanism shot men for stealing a sheep, and that people were invited to go to Hayti (not to benefit Haytians) to take the Island; "10,000 of you will be able to do it," says this wise man from the Bureau. Mr. Abraham D. Shadd, of Raleigh, questioned him so admirably that by his own bungling answers his scheme was divested of the least possible merit. The Rev. Mr. Young reprimanded him for insults to his audience, and the emigrant brought out the facts on the other side so clear that the people were convinced.

We then learned that although the New Haven Colony was an "organization," and although every man but one followed strictly the rules of health, abstaining from fruits, and most rigidly adhering to Redpath's orders in that and other respects, that every man but one out of a company of seventy-two was down sick of fever at onetime; not one able to help the other—and that thirty at least are now dead.

This emigrant denied emphatically and to him that emigrants can subsist without risk of great mortality, upon the food to be obtained in the island; that he discovered any gold mines, or that, that "chicken soup" about which he had boasted was dealt out lavishly or at all to sick emigrants.

Mr. Spencer, who denied the right of free discussion, and who, like the editor of the "Palm" believes in, and retails irresponsible rumor, had in defiance of the statute, armed himself with knife and revolver, "a la Haytian,"—a question or two from that "colored woman," brought out the disagreeable fact, when "of a sudden," and at sight of the weapons, the Rev. Mr. Hawkins and others told the gentleman to leave—he did leave, Mr. Editor, in quick time, escorted by hundreds of insulted citizens; once on the Queens highway and left to himself—he run, some said, like a deer, others like a dog, and as a finishing touch, this man of mettle, dressed as a lady, crinoline and all, jumped on the underground rail-road and took the back track. Well! he was terribly scared—no one in Chatham intended to hurt a hair of his head, although any other people would have been goaded to desperation by his impertinence, and by the persistent advocacy of this ill-timed and injurious scheme by the agents—but he pretended to believe flying baseless reports; went to the meeting, and time and again with imprudent speech experimented upon their forbearance; had they been the vulgar herd he supposed, when called chicken thieves, mean and other disgusting terms, and afforded him the sport with his weapons he anticipated, Simon T. J. Spencer would have been a head shorter before leaving the pulpit into which, he, brave little Haytian, threw both knife and pistol when at first interrogated about them.

"Out upon such valor," say the people here. Some of us who knew dear old John Brown, yes, well enough to know his plans, and who were thought "sound" enough to be entrusted with them by him, as Redpath was not, have the greatest opinion of fighting anti-slavery,—give us "plucky" abolitionism whether as shown in the moral heroism of Garrison with the halter about him, and who would not take back one good word even said in behalf of the slave; of John Brown, senior, who with Sharp's rifles made "sure work of it," or of John Brown, junior, when once he is fairly out at the back door of this cowardly Haytian scheme, and has made suitable excuses to the poor people who sacrificed all in this scheme; but out upon the miserable apologies for abolitionists who slap the faces of black gentlemen, and then run off to Hayti from the clutches of a common constable—these men who are ready and willing to buy black men's thunder, to palm upon the public as their own meritable, "roving" antics—who, unable to originate ideas, talk old colonization for northern colored men, and when their occupation is nearly gone, affect with a vanity which would be laughable, were it not so petty as to be contemptible, to "lead the anti-slavery sentiment of America."

"Out upon it!" I say, this puss in boots who, to make the parallel between the minutiæ of the Haytian scheme and slavery complete, has a lot of "Aunt Ginny's" and "Mammy," Dinahs spying around, and making up, sending and carrying news to "mars" Redpath, if forsooth, a colored man or woman happens to be "insolent" enough to warn the people against deception and calls upon the friends of the race to save them from being sold for Haytian "'ti cobs."

But! "whose business is it if we do get pay?" say these men—"and if we do invite people to Hayti?"

Whose business is it, I ask, if the negro-trader gets pay, and the hundreds who engage in pursuits which bring evil, not good upon their fellows? It is yours and mine—it is the worlds.

"This pursuit pays us less than others would; "we are purely disinterested," we are, say these men. Do you believe them, good reader?—they boast of their pay. Mr. Spencer says he gets eight hundred dollars per annum. The general and all gets handsome salaries—get paid by the month and week, say they yet they are purely disinterested. Were it honest, respectable or honorable to persuade such a people to such a country, no one would complain—honest, honorable labor should always pay; but, that "disinterestedness!" I say to this Atlas, with the colored world upon his shoulders, if anything decent under the sun pays better, go at it! But would you show your disinterestedness, work at the many better schemes which pay infinitely less.

I would ask your indulgence for this long communication, Mr. Editor, were it not that the people's cause is urgent. This scheme, like old colonization, injures those who go, and those that remain; like it, its advocates are firm in their evil purpose and sure of their pay.

"Wax fat and kick." Like old oppression on the side of this new oppressor their is power, to break which will be more noble than to conquer the old foe—for in that labor our friends help us; against this they refuse to help—they make us struggle unaided by the immoral sentiment, their press or their silence, which you please makes in its favor. We see the work before us, but if we contend persistently, earnestly, religiously, God will, as in time past, bring this scheme to naught, and the white and black Judases who wrap over the knuckles your "New York Post" for telling the truth; mark! when that truth was against it, but quote the same "Post" when it comes out in favor of it—these Judases who take the gold and divide it, will die, sir, and be buried so deep by an indignant people, that no amount of honest public effort, if they should become capable of it, will ever resurrect them.

Call a Convention of States and Canada here in Canada to crush this scheme!

Mary A. Shadd Cary.

Chatham, C. W., Oct. 18, 1861.

Haytian Emigration.

Our city, for the last few days, has witnessed a very large influx of strangers, on their way to Hayti. The majority of them were easily distinguished from our local population, by their hardy appearance, and the very large number being nearly four hundred, shows that the agents of the Haytian Government have not been idle. There is a number of very respectable people among them; but we believe that the great majority of them cannot be included in that catagory; indeed, one of the agents told us that many of them were the "scrapings" of Detroit, Toronto, and other places. We trust, however, that they may all prove valuable citizens to the Republic of Hayti.

We notice among them a great many elderly persons, and we may calculate to hear, after their arrival there, of great mortality among them. There was considerable confusion attendant upon embarkation, but that was owing more to their (the emigrants) violation of instructions, than bad management on the part of the agents. There was one thing about the arrangement that the emigrants could not understand, and that was, how so many of them should find room to move in so small a compass as the vessels on which they were to embark seemed to afford.

A spectator remarked, that they would have a pretty warm time of it after they got to sea. One of the emigrants after looking into one of the vessels, made this inquiry:—"After you kill the hog, you pack him in the barrel, after yot get the barrel full, how are you going to get any more hog in there?" This was said in illustration of the supposed incapacity of the vessel.

We are sorry to record the death of one of the emigrants, Mr. Daniel Wade, of Buxton, C. W., who expired very suddenly on Friday night last, of disease of the heart.

Among the passengers who sailed on Monday, was J. W. Duffin and family, of Geneva, and J. D. Harris of Cleveland. The city dailies have been making quite a time about this matter, but lest there be any mistake about it, we will say that we learned of but two men from this city, who left in that company.

To the Ministers of the New England Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Church.

According to the regulation of the General Conference, the Superintendent of the First District will commence his parochial tour through the New England Conference District, in November, as follows:

Boston, Nov. 1st—from thence visit the other places in the following order: Nantucket, New Bedford, Providence, Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, Middletown, New Haven, Bridgeport. If it is essential for the Superintendent to visit any of the Home Mission appointments, the Missionaries in charge of these appointments are requested to inform him by letter, directed in care of Rev. J. F. Loyd, Providence, R. I., before Nov. 15th, or not any later, as it will be inconvenient to make any arrangement after the above date.

Each Elder or Preacher in charge are particularly requested to give immediate notice to their congregation, and be prepared to meet him in accordance to the order of the General Conference.

It being impossible to give the precise date when he will be at each place, the Elders or Preachers in charge will be further informed by letter, at least one week previous to his visit, in season to give further notice to their congregations.

Wm. H. Bishop,
Superintendent of the First District
of the A. M. E. Zion Church.

Newark, Oct. 21st, 1861.

The Gerrit Smith Lands to be Peopled.

The caption heading the present article, though perhaps already familiar to most of our readers, comprizes more real importance than is fully realized by many whom it should mostly interest. It is a fact, unfortunately to us, not heeded, that the inflow of emigration into this country is making day by day, every foot of land more and more valuable, giving a corresponding power and importance to the enterprising foreigner, whilst we, tardy and inactive, suffer the means within our reach to pass from our hands to add a weight in the scale that balances against us.

It is a fact that we are submitting to unnecessary embarrassments, prolonging and augmenting our complaints, whilst fertile fields, rich, abounding in their seasons with earth's choicest blessings, are quietly passing from our possession into that of more grateful and willing hands, yielding to their owners the coveted privileges and enjoyments to which we have too long been unfortunate strangers. Now, devotion to a principle has led us to follow up the prospect of that solid improvement upon these lands which are necessary to secure that basis of success which we believe must form the essential character of the colored man in this country—independence. In doing so, we have discovered, to our regret, that large tracts have been bought up for taxes by watchful and enterprising Vermonters, who are crossing over and settling in Essex and Franklin counties upon excellent farms, lost to us by our indifference, occasioned by the most deplorable ignorance. "Why," says our correspondent in Essex, "a person that has not visited this place within the last six years will scarcely recognise it to-day—the Vermonters are cute and prompt; they watch for bargains, steal timber, and are making the forest fairly vocal with the axe and the plow."

Whilst the spirit of improvement gives us joy we are not anxious that these lands shall be peopled to our detriment and loss. If it be true that they are valuable to them they are so to us—and it is for this reason that we have determined to urge this most important enterprise before the people. The fact is the "Gerrit Smith Lands is to be peopled;" if not by us who have held them so long to no profit, why then by others whose enterprise has directed their eyes to these places, and whose wise Providence is grasping every advantage in this country to strengthen and build up an influence in this country, however seemingly remote may be the period of its consummation.

We have devoted much of our time and means to the promotion of this object, and we do not regret it. We shall continue to do so, so long as the cheerful expression which has encouraged our hope shall continue ours. We shall stop short of no reasonable sacrifice which its successful pursuit may demand to prove the sincerity of our interest until the aromatic woods and picturesque mountains of the Adirondacs, so justly termed by the "Tribune's" correspondent, the Switzerland of America, shall become musical with sounds of peaceful industry where once the nimble deer desported and the lordly beast prowled for his prey.

MR. BEECHER ON FREMONT AND CONTRABANDS

On Sabbath morning the following remarks of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher were made, not in the sermon, but upon giving out a notice of meetings of ladies in the congregation, for the purpose of providing hospital stores for our armies, and particularly with reference to furnishing stores for the hospitals of St. Louis:

The poor West seems destined to neglect. We remember the fate of Kansas, when the cause of liberty was imperiled there. And now, in turn, the same cause hangs in suspense in Missouri. When right and justice are to be established, it would almost seem as if that were a reason for our Government to disown them. And I cannot but express my solemn conviction that both our Government, and in a yet greater degree the community, have done great injustice to the cause in Missouri, in the treatment which has been bestowed upon that noble man, Gen. Fremont. I have narrowly watched the course of things, not unacquainted with the reality of facts in the case; and it is my settled judgment that, partly from private ambition, partly from political reasons, and partly from calculating aspirations of rivals, the most unjust influences have been permitted to issue against this heroic man. My faith in his administrative ability is not a whit less than in 1856. For aught that we can see he is second in military capacity to none of the able generals that are now serving their country. It has wisely been thought not fit for public journals to criticise the administration of our generals, or the plans of the Administration, in advance, nor until the whole results have been disclosed. It is impossible for men remote from the field, ignorant of the mingled political and military reasons that shape conduct, ignorant of the trials and difficulties of the limitations and restraints of armies, to judge correctly or criticise justly. But why is this moderation observed toward Gen. McClellan, and toward Gen. Anderson, in Kentucky, and his successors, but vociferously violated in the single instance of Gen. Fremont? For the Army of the Potomac no stint is given to means and implements. Missouri, if not neglected, is yet tardily supplied with a penurious hand. Every step is made matter of many-voiced criticism in a spirit that shows that there is a foregone judgment, and that men are anxious to find reasons for purposes which they have already formed. Either let Gen. Fremont alone to work out the proper results of his campaign, or, if it is proper to subject him, at each step, to such abusive investigation and report, let the same liberty be indulged in the case of our other Generals. Not one word of the Army of the Potomac, and its noble leader; not one word of the Army of Western Virginia, and its indefatigable and cautious General; not one word of the management of affairs in Kentucky, under the administration of the noble Anderson, who has laid his health upon the altar of fidelity to his country; but against Fremont incessant, insidious, and unreasonable complaint. It is a shame; and there ought to be an indignation in the community that shall bring this trifling with the public interests committed to this man's hands to an end. His field is larger than that of any other army. His means are less. He has had neither the sympathy nor the help that he had a right to expect. And if this campaign shall fail in his hands, it is my solemn conviction that the public interests will have been sacrificed for the sake of putting out of the way a dangerous rival.

In the evening, prefacing a collection for the American Missionary Association, which was to be specifically employed for the religious and secular instruction of the one thousand eight hundred emancipated slaves in and around Fortress Monroe, Mr. Beecher said:

General Butler called them "contrabands," and all people seemed relieved, and snapped at the expression as if it was a very felicitous thing. My friends, it is one of the great disadvantages of the position in which the North are placed that they dare not say "Freemen" and "Liberty" in this conflict. The South have this particular advantage; that they know that they are fighting for Slavery, and say so. They are not complicated in that regard. Their issue is simple, and, though selfish and monstrous, they have the advantage which comes from simplicity and manly frankness. The North are in a position in which they do not dare to say that they are fighting for liberty. We are. We are not fighting directly for emancipation; but we are fighting for that Constitution and for those institutions which we believe will inevitably bring liberty, in the process of time. I am well aware of the embarrassments in which government is placed. I would not say a word, nor exert an influence, to complicate matters, or make their fearful responsibility more onerous. I would lighten their hands by every just, generous sentiment, and every charitable construction; but I must be allowed, and I think it is proper and right, to say that it is not inconsistent with the soundest policy, and with the truest construction of duty, for the President, for the members of his cabinet, and for the generals of the army, to say that they shall give every constitutional advantage in this struggle to liberty, and that the animus with which they go forth is the maintainance of Constitutional Laws, because they embody essentially the spirit of liberty. Every attempt to dodge, and equivocate, and get around this question, every attempt to be sensitive in favor of Slavery, and to make allowances in that direction, is very bad policy, to say nothing about justice and higher considerations. And we never shall carry this conflict victoriously through until men cease to have the sacred words of liberty stick in their throat, and make long circuits and periphrases when they come to that question; and I thank God that there is one man who dares to speak out upon it. That man, with whose name the cause of liberty was so intimately associated in the campaign of 1856, seems destined still to be identified with the progress of that sacred cause. He alone, of all our generals, seems to have had that far-seeing wisdom which springs from the very spirit and love of liberty. How simple and clear are his utterances. He alone dares to call slaves by their own odious name—Slaves—a word which the Constitution would not utter, and which men sensitive of shame do not love to speak. He alone has declared that the slaves of men found in arms against their country shall become freemen. Mark it: Not, with verbal dexterity, "contrabands;" not men without name, anomalous, nondescript; but, as if inspired from on high with the very spirit of religion, and acting according to its most undoubted inspirations, Fremont has declared that slaves shall become free men. The heart and conscience of the whole North responded to that touch. Therefore Fremont will never be forgiven.

Letter from Paterson.

Paterson, Oct. 19th, 1861.

Mr. Editor:

Your paper, with its pleasant face, comes regularly "bobbin around" among the people of this vicinity. Its pictures of *Anglo-African* and *Anglo Caucassian* Civilization in New Jersey, though the colors are spread pretty thick, are things we know how to appreciate. So

"Lay on Macduff,
And d——d be him that cries enough."

After considerable trouble Zion Church is once more favored with regular services, and the Rev. Brothers Treadwell and Scudder have been instrumental in drawing full houses. The Sabbath School connected with the church is under the superintendence of Mr. J. Stephens; Miss J. Jackson, and other self-denying ladies, assisting as teachers.

In the death of Mr. Harry Thompson, an aged citizen, for many years a member of the Zion, who died on the 8th inst., the church has lost one of her most consistent members. His uncomplaining course during years of affliction, his peaceful disposition, and the regularity of his attendance at divine service, were often the subject of remark, and won the universal respect of all who knew him.

We have also been called upon to mourn the loss of Miss Louisa, daughter of Mr. Jas. Ackerman. She was nearly fourteen years of age, and was a girl of remarkable intelligence and great promise.

Occasional.

THE BRIDGE STREET SABBATH SCHOOL CONCERT AND EXHIBITION.

An immense audience greeted the children on Tuesday evening, at their exhibition.

The pulpit was filled by the Rev. Messrs. White, C. H. Thompson, Samuel M. Giles of New Bedford and R. H. Cain, Pastor of the Church. The children were very tastefully clad, and did all they could to make the affair a success, and if the amount of applause bestowed by the congregation was an evidence that their efforts were appreciated, then we may pronounce their endeavors triumphant.

Much of the credit of the exhibition rightfully belongs to the Rev. Mr. Cain, for his labors to advance the children, has been unremitting.

While it may seem invidious to make a distinction in the performance of the children, yet we must say that the efforts of Master W. F. Branaugh, Master A. and Miss C. Wilson, Miss M. A. Brown, Miss C. Anderson, Master W. Jones, Miss R. Smith, and Master H. Wilson, who each read original compositions, were very fine.

The speaking and solo singing of Miss Brown and Master Branaugh, were greeted with the most tremendous applause.

After the exhibition, about four hundred of the audience passed to the basement, where the ladies had prepared a very fine repast. Never have we witnessed a more agreeable company, everybody seemed to be in the best possible humor, and between the marching and singing of the older portion of the audience and the childish sports of the younger, everything passed off as pleasantly as could be desired.

The only drawback, perhaps, was that the ladies had not prepared a sufficiency of edibles, for the audience made clean work of them; indeed we did not know but something serious would happen, so anxious was the struggle of the gentlemen for the apple dumplings.

THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

We spent a few moments at this noble institution, a few days ago, and were much pleased at the facts that we learned while there.

The number of children there now, numbers 245, which is quite an increase on all former reports.

The health of the children is remarkably good, there being no cases of illness among them at present. There has been but, three deaths in the institution since September, 1860, and one of these was sick at the time he was admitted.

The amount of bread eaten by the children, each week, amounts to *upwards of a ton.* Of beef they eat one ton per month, but the amount of fish, vegetables, &c. destroyed by these little ones, we did not learn.

The amount of monies accruing to the Asylum from various sources, is about sixteen thousand dollars, annually.

SAD ACCIDENT.

Mrs. Mary P. Taylor was burned to death on Friday night last, at her residence, No. 71 Sullivan Street.

The manner in which this accident occurred, cannot be explained, as the deceased raised no alarm.

She was a member of J. W. B. Smith Tabernacle, of the Order of Love and Charity, a large number of the members of which, attended her funeral.

Gen. Lane in Defence of the Kansas Brigade.

The following is an extract from a speech made in Leavenworth, by Gen. Lane, on the *evening* of the 9th inst., who, on coming forward, was received with rapturous applause. He began by saying:

I have come here *to-night* not to make a speech to you, but to have a plain talk about Kansas matters, and matters relating to the best interests of the country. This is a period in our history when every man is called upon to act and to act cautiously. It is not expected that every man will join the army, but those who remain at home are not to forget that they may be called upon to act for those in the field. I ask every Kansas man who is here to give his protection to the Kansas soldier. I am uttering no words for myself—it is for the soldier who fights your battles.

Two months ago the Kansas Brigade was organized. I was put at the head of it with the respect, the confidence, aye, the love, of every man in that command. Every day since it entered the field it has been actively engaged for the protection of Kansas and the Government. It has not been whipped—it has not surrendered. Why is it that these creatures at the Fort sneer at it? They abuse the Kansas Brigade because it has not surrendered to the enemy. They sneer at the Kansas Brigade because we have never engaged the enemy without whipping them like the devil.

Go to Nevada, where 56 of the Kansas Brigade met and defeated 200 rebels; go to Ball's Mills, where 130 Kansans whipped 35 traitors; go to Dry Wood, where 400 men under Montgomery for two hours fought 7,000 of the enemy, and drove them back from your soil; go to Morristown, the deathbed of our gallant Johnson, where 400 of the Kansas Brigade drove 600 traitors from their entrenchments; go to Osceola, one of the strongest natural points in Southern Missouri, we met a greatly superior force, beat it, and took and destroyed more than $1,000,000 worth of property. Go to these fields, and tell me why the Kansas Brigade is sneered at.

Our sin is that we have never been whipped. The brigade is conspired against. The last Sabbath was desecrated by a conspiracy at the Fort, between Robinson and Prince, to destroy it. They were guilty of treason baser than Price. [Great cheering.] I have come here to talk plainly to you. [Cries of "That's right," "Let us have it."] What is the charge they make against the Kansas Brigade? We are jayhawkers.

I stated in Washington that the Institution of Slavery could not survive the march of the Federal army—*that there would be an army of one color marching into the Slave States, and another color marching out.* I said further, that confiscation must follow treason, as thunder follow's the lightning's flash.

Confiscated property goes to the Government, and this rule has been adopted by my brigade. If we are jayhawkers, we are jayhawking for the Government.

Now if—oh! the dirty puppy—if that creature Prince, or that still dirtier creature Robinson, can find an instance of a violation of this rule in my command, the guilty man shall be hung.

But they say we steal slaves—great God! Lieut.-Col. Blunt, of Montgomery's regiment, has just returned from the interior of Missouri, and they tell me he comes back with more slaves than white men. ["Good," "Good," and cheers.] Secessionists get no slaves from the Kansas brigade. When a Union man comes to my camp to recover slaves, I tell him to look upon the camp as naked ground. "Resort to the same measures that you would if I were not here." If he fails to recover his slaves we give him a certificate—as a voucher to the Government—that such a man lost a slave by the march of the Kanas brigade.

Slavery disappears before my brigade. [Applause.] I guess that's true. [Renewed applause.] But it disappears on the principle I have laid down. I venture to say if I were to tell Montgomery or Blunt, or Stewart or Williams or Bowles, "you shan't take those slaves," the reply would be—"slaves are men, and you shan't make me nigger-catcher for traitors." [Great cheering.]

Is there a man here who would act as slave-catcher for Price? I wonder if that dirty dog Prince would do it? This is the sin, this is the charge against us. We march to crush out treason, and let Slavery take care of itself. If they don't want Slavery to perish, let them lay down their arms, or do the other thing—keep Lane's Brigade out of Missouri. [Rapturous applause.]

In my opinion, this war will never be successfully carried out so long as an army marches through Slave States as a boat goes through a flock of ducks. They fly up on its approach, and nestle as soon as it has passed. The boat is safe, and so are the ducks. When you march through a State, you must destroy the property of the men in arms against the Government—destroy, devastate, desolate. This is war.

Take the Union man by the hand, but lay waste the property of traitors. Why is so much sympathy shown to traitors, and none to Union men? Hundreds and hundreds of Union men have followed the Kansas Brigade to escape the clutches of traitors. Did you ever hear this puppy Prince say a word about Major Dean, who was robbed and driven from his home by traitors?

Not a word of sympathy for such men. But let a slaveholder lose a nigger and the very air resounds with cries for the return of the fugitive. ["Shame, Shame."] Now I'll tell you what I want of you. We'll do your fighting. We'll try and not surrender. We ask the people of Kansas to stand between us and the cowardly traitors who stand in our war

Why, here's a paper—great God, that it should come from Kansas—The State Journal—what a pity that it should be published in Lawrence—it says that my Adjutant, Marcus J. Parrott, is getting up a petition to dissolve the Kansas Brigade—to dissolve the only force that can protect Kansas. I venture to say that if Mark is industrious he can get every secessionist in Missouri to sign it. I cannot believe it, but if he has I pity him. [Laughter.] But I do not believe it. Besides, the evidence is against it, for I never knew this Lawrence Journal to publish one truth.

But the Kansas Brigade is to be dissolved because it built forts and organized forces at Humboldt, Lerop, Neosho Falls, Verdigris, Walnut Creek, Fall River, Turkey Creek—seven forts on your frontier, where the people, instead of being stampeded and driven from the State can rally for your defence.

Is it because Matthews invaded Humboldt? Four days before that raid I ordered a fort to be built there, but for some reason it was not done. But who followed Matthews and killed him? My order book will show that I ordered Lieut.-Col. Blunt to pursue Matthews to Arkansas, and he did pursue him till he slew him. Blunt marched down into the Cherokee nation; he followed Matthews to his den and killed him.

AN EXAMPLE MADE.

We find the following account of the manner in which disturbers of religious worship are treated in Elmira, in the Daily Gazette, of that place:

Willis Shrewsberry, an inhabitant of Slabtown, was arrested a few days ago on a warrant issued by the Police Justice, on complaint of the Trustees of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, located in Slabtown aforesaid. The prisoner when arrested was taken before his honor, G. L. Davis, Esq., (the Police Justice being at the time sick and unable to attend to business.) The complaint set forth that the prisoner stood in the door-way of the church while the congregation were in the act of prayer, and commenced cursing and swearing in the most profane manner. Being remonstrated with by the members, he declared his determination to keep on swearing and they might continue on praying. The prisoner called a jury, and the evidency substantiated the complaint. The jur found him guilty, and the court imposed on him a fine of $20 and imprisonment in the county jail thirty days.

HOW GREAT THE CHANGE.

The Erie (Pa.) American of the 8th inst. says:—

John Brown, jr., was in town last week, accompanied by a few stalwart recruits.—He is a noble, genial and accomplished man—with a heart warm and throbbing for all humanity. Like his lamented father he hates the accursed tyranny in which his father fell a sacrifice. How rapidly we make history! Two short years ago, John Brown invaded Virginia to put down the Slave-power by force of arms. He was overcome by Federal force arrayed against him, was put to an ignominous death, and the North said Amen! Now the armies of the North, tens of thousands strong, invade Virginia for substantially the same purpose—to put down the rebellious Slave-power! John Brown, jr., goes to complete the work of his father—and the son is approbated as the father was reprobated! Henry A. Wise took the life of John Brown, sr., and the people applauded Wise—John Brown, jr., seeks the life of Henry A. Wise and the people applaud Brown! What was Treason in the Father is Patriotism in the Son! The Government commissions the son to do what, but a few months ago, it assisted in hanging the father for attempting to do! Two years ago the Government helped Wise hunt Brown—now it empowers Brown to squelch Wise! Slavery drives the people to rapid conclusions, don't it!

Captain Brown's company is now more than filled, and is in camp at Cleveland. Marching orders are daily expected.

BOSTON ITEMS.

Professor W. T. Johnson gave a John Brown exhibition at the Joy Street Church, on the evening of the 15th instant, which was well attended and gave general satisfaction.

On the same evening at Rev. Mr. Grimes Church there was a sacred tableaux, which was witnessed by a very respectable audience.

At Mr. Grimes Church on the evening of the 16th, there was quite a lively time occasioned by statements of returned emigrants from Hayti, who had been invited to address the people of Boston in regard to said island. Owing to a discussion springing up the meeting was adjourned to the the evening of the 22d.

A Bazaar was held during the week past in the basement of Mr. Grimes Church, for the benefit, we believe, of said Church.

BALTIMORE AFFAIRS.

A colored man was rescued from the police by members of the Boston Artillery, on the 6th inst. He had been arrested for striking an officer, it is charged, who was about conveying him off, for singing and hurraing with the soldiers.

Twelve colored men escaped from Campbell's jail, on Pratt Street, on the 14th inst., by seizing the colored jailor and locking him up in a small room. Through the aid of Col. Creager of the 2nd Maryland regiment and others, they were recaptured.

A coroner's inquest was held on the body of Rebecca Dembey, on the 16th inst., at her residence in Orchard St. Verdict: "Death from natural causes." Deceased was subject to hemorrhage of the lungs and heart disease.

On the evening of Oct. 4th a colored man in the employ of James Price, milk dealer, visited Jones' Falls, near the Belvidere Bridge for the purpose of fishing. By an accident, he fell into the water, and was drowned. An inquest was held, and the jury rendered a verdict of accidental drowning.

Perry Kennard, convicted on the charge of rape, was hung at Towsontown on Friday, the 11th inst.

Execution of a Female Slave at Annapolis.—A member of the Massachusetts Twenty-first writes to the Worcester "Spy' as follows:

On Friday last we witnessed the public execution of Mary Naylor, a mulatto, for the alleged murder of her master nearly a year ago. It was half-past twelve when the procession issued from the jail, the condemned woman leaning upon the arm of the sheriff; the jailor and her two spiritual advisers, who had remained with her the greater part of the night, accompanied her to the gallows. She ascended the steps of the scaffold with composure and firmness, and after prayer had been offered, she spoke to the crowd as follows:

"On the scaffold I stand, to-day, convicted on December 10th last, of murder of my good master, and on July 13th, 1861, my death penalty was signed. Now, my friends, before God and man, I declare I am innocent! My master raised me more as a daughter than a servant. I would have rather died than murdered him. My master taught me how to pray, for he was a man born of the spirit of God—a pious man. The act of which I am condemned I never done, nor did I ever think of doing such a deed. *Oh no!* he was good and kind to me! I look to my blessed Saviour and my God, for he knows that I am as innocent of this crime as the angels in heaven. This mystery is as much a one to me as to you. I have said what is true, and I want you all, and the world, to know that I am innocent. Now, farewell."

She then, with two ministers, sang a hymn, her voice being distinctly heard above theirs: and bidding the sheriff and jailor good bye, the rope was adjusted, the white cap drawn, and in a moment Mary Naylor was launched into eternity.

"Ode to Negro Liberty."—The pastor of the church in Dayton, Ohio, where Vallandigham attends, the other day gave out the beautiful hymn:

> *My country, 'tis of thee,*
> Sweet land of liberty,
> Of thee I sing.

Whereupon, Vallandigham wrote the pastor a scurrilous letter, roundly abusing him for introducing an "ode to negro liberty" into religious exercises.

ATTEMPTED INSURRECTION IN MISSOURI.

A special dispatch to the St. Louis "Republican," dated Jefferson City, the 7th inst., says:

"Information has been received here, that about three weeks ago, a slave insurrection was attempted in Jasper county, and that about 85 of the negroes were killed, and a number of others were to be hanged. The discovery of the plot proved that the insurrection was wide-spread, and that the slaves intended to murder their masters and perpetrate all manner of barbarities.

Mr. J. Willis Menard will please accept our thanks for his kind offer to get up a club for our paper in Chatham, C. W. We would suggest that his co-operation with our able correspondent, Mrs. Mary A. S. Cary, who has already sent us several subscribers, would propably result in giving us a fine list in that town.

Army Correspondence.—Interesting letters have reached us, too late for this number, from our correspondent, G. E. S., Bladensburg, Md., and J. V. Gibbons, now at Darnestown, Md. They will appear in our next.

SUMMARY.

The Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph says:

We learn from the best authority that John May, a young, light-colored mulatto, who formerly worked in Yancey's barber shop, and who went as cook in Capt. McNulty's cavalry company, and with them captured at Lexington, Mo., has been carried off and sold as a slave down on Red River, Arkansas. This intelligence comes in a letter from him to his friends in this place. The "peculiar institution" which cherishes in its bosom men of the principle which permits them to do a deed like the foregoing certainly ought to be preserved.

The number of colored persons in the New England States was as follows, at the periods named:

	1850.	1860.
Maine	1,356	1,195
New Hampshire	520	450
Vermont	718	582
Massachusetts	9,064	9,454
Rhode Island	3,670	3,918
Connecticut	7,693	8,542
Total	23,021	24,141

A small colored, lad residing in Chester, Pennsylvania, while playing at the packet wharf, below Edgmont Street on Saturday, the 5th instant, fell overboard and was drowned before assistance could reach him. His body was found about two hours after the occurence, and an inquest held over it by Coroner Long, and a jury empannelled for the purpose.

On the morning of the 16th, in Philadelphia, a colored man named Lewis Spencer, sprang into the Delaware, near Arch street wharf, and was drowned. His body was not recovered.

PERSONAL.

Mr. R. Lewis Perry was ordained on the 9th inst., at a council called by the Second Baptist Church of Ann Arbor, Mich. It is understood that Mr. Perry will soon resign his *pastoral charge of said church,* to labor as a missionary of the African Civilization Society in Central Africa.

The Albany Times of October 4th says: "The Rev. Samuel Streeter, octogenarian and colored preacher, died on Wednesday. He was in the 84th year of his age. Sammy was a well known character, and had a very wide circle of acquaintances. He had considerable influence with the colored people of the city."

A citizen of New York, recently deceased, named C. B. Noon, among other bequests, leaves one of $200 to his "faithful friend and servant, Mary Thomson, a colored woman," and another of $100 to the American Bible Society."

ARRIVALS AT MRS. PLANT'S

BOARDING-HOUSE, BROOKLYN.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, Philadelphia.
Mr. Attison, and Mr. Morrison, Baltimore, Md.
Mr. Wm. Moore, Norfolk, Va.
Also, Dr. M. R. Delany, Chatham, C. W.

MARRIED.

Francis—Morton.—In New York city, on Tuesday evening, the 15th inst., by the Rev. David Stevens, Asa Francis, jr., of New York city, to Miss Isabella Morton, of Washington City, D. C.

DIED.

Smith.—In Williamsburg, Oct. 16th, Miss Catherine D. Smith, only daughter of the late Jacob and Julia Ann Smith, aged 12 years, 8 months and 7 days.

"The morning flowers display their sweets,
And soon their silken leaves unfold;
As careless of the noon-tide heats;
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipped by the wind's unkindly blasts,
Parched by the sun's directed rays;
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away."

Wade.—In this city, Oct. 18th, of disease of the heart, Daniel Wade of Buxton, C. W., aged 35 years.

Hughes.—In this city, of consumption, Geo. H. Hughes, aged 28 years and 8 months.

Taylor.—In this city, Oct, 18th, being accidently burned to death, Mary P. Taylor, aged 38 years and 10 months.

Special Notices.

GRAND NUPTUAL FEAST.

There will be a Grand Nuptual Feast given at the

28TH STREET UNION CHURCH,
near 8th Avenue,
ON THURSDAY EVENING, OCT. 31ST,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHURCH.
Admittance 25 Cents.

NOTICE.

All members of the Annual Conferences of the A. M. E. Zion Church who have taken shares in the stock of the Book Concern of said church, are hereby informed that the payment is now due, and they are requested to make remittances to the Treasurer, Rev. Jos. P. Thompson, Hudson, N.Y., through the mail or by express.

N.B. All who have *not* taken shares can do so by forwarding the amount of $10 to the Secretary, at New Bedford, Mass.

Samuel M. Giles,
Secretary of the Board,

New Bedford, Oct. 18th, 1861.

FUNERAL SERMON,

OF GEORGE H. HUGHES, ESQ.

A discourse on the death of George H. Hughes, Esq., *of this city,* subject—"The dying Christian—will be delivered by Rev. J. N. Gloucester, at the Shiloh Church, cor. Prince and Marion Sts., on Sabbath evening next, at half-past seven o'clock.

NOTICE.

To the Gentlemen and Ladies of the city and vicinity of New York; most respectfully we solicit your company at 162 W. THIRTIETH ST. on

MONDAY, OCT. 21ST TO 25TH,

Daily, from 4 to o clock, P.M., to attend

A GRAND

MEN TAL FEAST
AND FAIR,

To be held by the undersigned Ladies of the 2nd A.M.E. Bethel Church, under the Pastoral charge of Rev. Wm. M. Watson.

The profits of the Fair to aid the Trust[illegible] liquidating the indebtedness of the [illegible] Church. The Ladies will have [illegible] on hand a variety of Goods both [illegible] and ornamental, which they will [illegible] offer for sale at low prices to suit the time and a Refreshment Table flowing with every variety of the season.

An exquisite Pianist will preside at the Pianoforte.

ADMISSION SIX CENTS.

THE FAIR WILL CLOSE ON THURSDAY EVENING, OCT. 31ST, WITH
A GRAND TEA FESTIVAL.
ADMITTANCE 25 CENTS.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Mrs. M. Ricks	Mrs. A. Wright,
Mrs. S. Houseman,	Mrs. M Bailey,
Mrs. J. Houseman,	Miss A. Ward,
Miss E. Johnson,	

Miss S. Williams, Sec.

AGENCY
FOR TROY AND VICINITY.

James R. Benham is the regularly appointed Agent for the Anglo-African for Troy, Lansingburg, Waterford and vicinity. All orders or communications for the paper may be left with Mr Benham on board of the steamer "Cornelius Vanderbilt."

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delsart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

A MASS MEETING

To consider measures with reference to a settlement of the

GERRIT SMITH LANDS,

will be held, agreeable to adjournment, at Prince Street Hall, on Monday evening October 28, 1861. The public are invited to attend. The meeting will be addressed by a person who has resided three years upon his grant.

Charles L. Reason, Ch'mn.
J. H. Townsend, Sec'y.

Jeremiah Powers,	James P. Miller,
Chas. B. Ray,	A. Roberts,
Peter Vogelsang,	Theo. Giles,
Henry Ross,	Wm. H. Leonard,

James R. W. Leonard.

LECTURES.

The Rev. Alex. Crummell, of Liberia, W.A., is prepared to deliver the following Lectures, either singly or as a course, during the months of November and December:

1. The customs, genius, and characteristics of native tribes in Western Africa.
2. The growth of civilization along the Western Coast of Africa.
3. The progress and prospects of the Republic of Liberia.

Letters are to be addressed to Rev. A. Crummell, 217 Sullivan Street, New York. 12—4t

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—

10½	A. M.
3	P. M.
7½	P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn. 13-1y.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. Eli N. Hall, Pastor, cor. DeKalb and Hudson Avenues, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:

10½ o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7½ "	P. M.

10 4t.

FIRST COLORED AMERICAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

Rev. L. Tilmon, pastor, worship in the Hall, 194 Green Street, between Amity and Bleecker Streets. Hours of worship: 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.; 3, P. M.; and 7 1-2, P.M. 11—1y

Residence of the Pastor: 120th St., Harlem.

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor. Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:

10 1-2 o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7 1-2 "	P. M.

12—1y

ATTENTION COMPANY!

File right! Forward, march to 178 Prince St., on Monday evening, October 28th, at 7½ o'clock.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

POCKET WATER-FILTER
AND
DRINKING TUBE.

Indispensable for Soldiers, Travelers, and Sportsmen. Weighs one ounce. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Send it to your friends. Agents wanted. Samples mailed on receipt of 50 cents, by addressing

DAY & CO.,
13-13t. Box 464 P.O., Newark, N. J.

LODGINGS.

MRS. TOWNSEND CAN ACCOMMODATE a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, 99 West 27th Street. Terms moderate. 13-1t.

A GREAT BARGAIN!

An Enterprising Colored man with a cash capital of 75 or 100 dollars, can buy the good will and fixtures of a

BILLIARD & LAGER BEER SALOON

in Grand Street, Williamsburg.

For full particulars apply at 130 Fifth St., near Grand. None but Cash and Enterprise need apply. 13-tf.

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Mesdames F. A. Hamilton, O. A. Newton, and Miss A. M. Hamilton,

187 Navy Street, Brooklyn,

Ladies' and Childrens' dresses cut and made in the most fashionable style and warranted to [illegible].

SHIRTS of all patterns made, and plain sewing executed with [illegible] neatness; and durability of work guaranteed. Orders for EMBROIDERING promptly attended to, and QUILTING executed with dispatch.

Public patronage is respectfully solicited. 12-tf.

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On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. Ramsey.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Pease call and examine the premises

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) Respectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms, her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry makes it a very desirable place

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this or any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,
BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG

Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS

of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made.

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168 EWEN ST.,
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IN THEIR VARIETY.

First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS. The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co. N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 East 13th St., one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
10 5t

JUST PUBLISHED
"THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN LIBERIA"

The Anniversary address, on the 26th July, 1860 in Cape Palmas, Liberia, by the Rev. Alex. Crummell, B.A.

For Sale at the Anglo-African Office, 48 Beekman St., New York. Price 15 cents. 8 4t

PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE
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MRS. W. S. WILKINS & Co
610 PINE, ABOVE SIXTH STREET,
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7-13t.

MRS. ANDERSON,
CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS

Has Removed from 166 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m

TO LET.—THE UPPER PART OF HOUSE 277 South Fourth St., Williamsburg, consisting of front and back parlors, and a large bedroom, with the back basement. Rent nine dollars a month, to be paid strictly in advance. Inquire on the premises, or at this office.

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMODATE a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tf.

A SCHOOL WANTED.—A YOUNG LADY, a graduate of one of the High Schools of this State, and who is *fully qualified* as a teacher, is desirous of obtaining a school where the salary would not be less than $200 a-year. Address Thos. Hamilton, 48 Beekman St., N.Y.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. THE UNdersigned respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the Art of Singing. He will be at home at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, and at Zion Church, N. Y., on Thursday evening, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. Singing schools taught and private instruction given on moderate terms.

3tf. ROBT. HAMILTON,

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. Fortes, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 Mulberry Street, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5—4t

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 Sullivan Street, New York. 4-1t

DENTISTRY.

BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist.
79 Thompson St. N. Y

MRS. E. LEONARD,
FASHIONABLE
DRESS MAKER,
25 Sullivan Street, New York.
Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.
3tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING

By Mrs. Mary Johnson, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies,	$2,50
" " Gentleman,	3,00
Lodging per week,	75

y13t,

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
CARD AND JOB PRINTER,
219 Centre Street, New York.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts., 2 tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 182 Suffolk, Street. Terms very moderate. a10 1y.

BROWN'S POPULAR RESORT.

The undersigned takes the privilege to inform his Friends and the public generally that as he has recently fitted up his SALOON anew, he is now prepared to furnish them with

Ice Cream, Fruit, and other Delicacies.

BENJ. F. BROWN,
70 Bleecker St
between Broadway & Crosby St. 4t.

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts.

P. A. [illegible]
Corner of [illegible]
[illegible]
COMMISSION [illegible]
[illegible]
A FRESH AND PURE ASS[illegible]
OF
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS
GENUINE
LUBIN'S EXTRACT
AND OTHER PERFUMERY,
FANCY SOAPS, FINE HAIR AND TOOTH
BRUSHES, PURE WINES AND BRAN-
DIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES,
FAMILY ARTICLES, HAVANA
SEGARS, &C., &C.

All his articles are purchased with great care, and are warranted to be pure, fresh, and genuine.

MEDICINE CHESTS
carefully made up.

All orders promptly attended to, on receipt of the CASH.

Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared.

WHITE'S
VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR,
FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH,
AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely *Gray.*

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh and unpleasant in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair *is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved,* and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to *fall off, turn gray,* or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition *of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness,* etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea-voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full of dandruff, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hair-brush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off, always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, *Alcohol, Cologne Water,* Bay Rum or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the *perspiration* becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, *drying, forms a scurf* or *dandruff.* The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that cases of failure will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond *the reach of remedies.* Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and perseveringly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

BADEAU'S
STRENGTHENING PLASTER.
AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR
LAME OR WEAK BACK, PAIN OR WEAKNESS IN THE SIDE, CHEST, STOMACH, OR LIMBS. A CERTAIN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, PLEURISY, LIVER OR KIDNEY COMPLAINT,
SPRAINS, BRUISES, &c., &c.

Persons disposed will find this plaster particularly servicable.

Dyspeptic persons will find a permanent relief from its use, as it keeps a continual heat, acting as a gentle counter irritant, removing the inflamation of the stomach without breaking the skin. Persons engaged in sedentary pursuits should use these Plasters constantly, as they give strength to parts weakened by constant sitting and stooping.

For STRAINS and SPRAINS they are [illegible], affording relief immediately and without fail.

For RHEUMATISM there is no external application equal to them, promoting the general circulation, and

PREVENTING A RETURN [illegible]
of the excruciating pain.

These plasters are prepared with [illegible] the best material, and to prevent [illegible] the originator is placed on [illegible] purchasing ask for BADEAU'S [illegible] that the name BADEAU [illegible] you will be deceived.

P. A. WHITE, [illegible]

Poetry.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

The light of Home! how bright it beams!
  When evening shades around us fall,
And from the battle flaps it gleams,
  To love and rest, and comfort all;
When wearied with the toils of day
  And strife for glory, gold and fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
  Where loving lips will lisp our name
    Around the light of home.

When through the dark and stormy night,
  The wayward wanderer homeward flies,
How cheering is that twinkling light
  That through the forest gloom he spies!
It is the light of home. He feels
  That loving hearts will greet him there;
And softly through his bosom steals
  The joy and love that banish care
    Around the light of home!

The light of home! how still and sweet
  It peeps from yonder cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet—
  When the rough toils of the day are o'er.
[illegible] the soul that does not know
  [illegible] blessings that the beams impart,
The cheering hopes and joys that flow,
  And lighten up the heaviest heart,
    Around the light of home.

NOT LOST FOREVER.

Not lost forever! though on earth we've parted;
  Not lost forever though we meet no more:
They do not wander lone and broken hearted
  Who see Heaven's radiance on the further shore.

Not lost forever! every gentle token,
  That memory wins me from the far away,
Shall fill my soul though all the ties are broken,
  With tender grace that never can decay.

Not lost forever while around me springing
  The violets weep, the roses blush and bloom;
And summer birds, in summer woodlands singing,
  Flood with soft music all the tranquil gloom.

There will be meaning in the stars, the flowers,
  The grand and solemn voices of the sea,
Telling of happy dreams, and happy hours,
  Of life and sunshine, which it caught from thee

Not lost forever! thou shalt still be near me,
  Through every future, and in every clime;
When cares oppress, or gentle memories cheer me,
  Thou shalt be near me, dearest, all the time!

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

Some years ago a ship from Spain arrived in the port of Manilla. Among the passengers was a young doctor from Madrid, who had gone from the Philippines with the design of settling in the colony, and pushing his fortunes by means of his profession. On the morning after he landed our doctor sallied forth for a walk on the Pasco. He had not proceeded far, when his attention was attracted to a young girl, a native, who was walking a few paces ahead of him. He observed that every now and then she stooped her head towards the pavement, which was straightway spotted with blood. Alarmed on the girl's account, our doctor walked rapidly after her, observing that she still continued to expectorate blood at intervals as she went. Before he could come up with her the girl had reached her home, a humble cottage in the suburbs, into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels, and summoning her father and mother, directed them to send immediately for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live. The distracted parents, having learned the profession of their visitor, immediately acceded to his request.

The child was put to bed in extreme affright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest priest was brought, and everything was arranged to smooth the journey of her soul through the passes of [illegible]ory. The doctor exerted his skill to the utmost, but in vain; in less than twenty-four hours the girl was dead. As up to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manilla, and in a few hours the newly-arrived physician was beleagured with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune. In the midst of all this, some one had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possibly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before?

"Predict it," replied the doctor, "why, sir, I saw her spit blood enough to kill her half-a-dozen times."

"Blood! how did you know it was blood?"

"How! from the color; how else?"

"But every one spits red in Manilla."

The doctor, who had already observed this fact, and was laboring under some uneasiness in regard to it, refused to make any further confession at the time, but he had said enough to elucidate the mystery. The thing spread throughout the city, and it became clear to every one that what the new "medico" had taken for blood was nothing else than the red juice of the buyo, and that the poor girl had died from the fear [illegible] caused by his prediction. His [illegible] fled from him as speedily as [illegible] congregated; and to avoid the ridicule [illegible] awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, our doctor was fain to escape from Manilla and return to Spain in the same ship that had brought him out.

WANTED, A PLACE.

During breakfast one day, Lord Eardley was informed that a person had applied for a footman's place then vacant. He was ordered into the room, and a double-refined specimen of gentry greatly detested by his lordship, made his appearance. The manner of the man was extremely affected and consequential, and he determined to lower him a little.

"Well, my good fellow," said he, "you want a lacky's place, do you?"

"I came about an upper footman's situation, my lord," said the gentleman, bridling up his head.

"Oh, do ye, do ye," replied Lord Eardley; "I keep no 'upper servants;' all alike, all alike here."

"Indeed, my lord," exclaimed this upper footman, with an air of shocked dignity, "what department, then, am I to consider myself expected to fill?"

"Department, department!" quoth my lord, in a tone of inquiry.

"In what capacity, my lord?"

My lord repeated the word "capacity," as if not understanding its application to the present subject.

"I mean, my lord," explained the man, "what shall I be expected to do, if I take the situation?"

"Oh you mean if you take the place. I understand you now," rejoined my lord. "Why, you are to do everything but sweep the chimneys and clean the pig-sties, and those I do myself!"

The "gentleman" stared, scarcely knowing what to make of this, and seemed to wish himself out of the room; he, however, grinned a ghastly smile, and after a short pause, inquired, "What salary does your lordship give?"

"Salary! Salary," reiterated his incorrigible lordship; "don't know the word, don't know the word, my good man."

Again the gentleman explained, "I mean what wages!"

"Oh, what wages," echoed my lord.—"What d'ye ask—what d'ye ask?"

Tripp regained his self-possession at this question, which looked like business; and considering for a few minutes, answered—first stipulating to be found in hair-powder, and, on state occasions, silk stockings, gloves, and bouquet—that he should expect thirty pounds a year.

"How much—how much?" demanded his lordship rapidly.

"Thirty pounds, my lord."

"Thirty pounds!" exclaimed Lord Eardley, in affected amazement, "make it guineas and I'll come and live with you;" then ringing the bell, said to the servant who answered it, "Let out this 'gentleman,' he's too good for me."

OUR CROCODILE.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

I have read of a Hindoo woman who belonged to a sect that worshipped crocodiles. Believing the hideous animals to be gods in disguise, she took one into her dwelling, and petted it till it was tame enough to feed from her hand. She felt sure that the presence of this disguised deity would bring blessing on her house. The monster grew in size, and devoured more and more, till one day it ate up her child. Her idolatry was not at all changed by this event. She maintained that the ugly deity had brought blessing on her house. Exultingly she asked: "What honor or benefit could have been conferred on my child equal to that of being eaten by a god, and thus becoming part and portion of his sacred form?"

This is the extremest case of infatuated idolatry I have ever known, except that which has been manifested in the unlimited indulgence and submissive tenderness of the United States government toward its pet crocodile, Slavery. The ravenous beast has become so odious in the eyes of the rest of the world, that nation after nation have driven him from their shores, considering it well worth a large expenditure of money to get quit of a monster it cost so much to support, and whose violent behavior brought all its protectors into danger and disrepute. Though this movement of the nations proved a good business transaction, besides adding immensely to the sum of human happiness, the United States has persevered in a totally different policy. It continued to feed its pet with pap; it constantly widened its range; it tightly enclosed within its reach millions of men, women and children, for it to grind in its bloody jaws; if a few of its wretched victims escaped, servants were sent to drive them back at the point of the bayonet; and the humane were forbidden to interfere in their behalf on peril of fine and imprisonment. Thus pampered, the gormandizing monster grew ever stronger and stronger, more and more rapacious, and withal very sly and treacherous to the hand that forstered it so carefully. But the huger and more violent it became, the more deferentially it was treated. So the great, wide-jawed brute has gone on increasing in bulk and rapacity, ever lying in wait in our midst, mounted on logs of its own color, crawling about in all sorts of invisible places, changing its element as suited its convenience, and, whether on land or water, grabbing everything it wanted. It will devour our children if it continues to be petted. But then, is it not a god? Will not our children be blest if they be incorporated with it, part and portion of its divine being? Its keepers have of late given us reiterated assurances that it would be so, and have earnestly recommended us to consent to have them devoured.

But there is a large and ever increasing class who consider this doctrine a baneful superstition. Few of them dare to speak of expelling the monster from our domains, and those who have done so have been exposed to constant thrashings from its far-reaching tail. But many have ventured to suggest that it would be a wise precaution to set bounds to its mischief by fencing it in. It required a great deal of courage to urge the expediency of such a measure. They did it in terms of polite expostulation; they agreed to leave a very wide area for it to drag its slime over undisturbed, with a hundred thousand babies a year for it to eat, besides millions of grown men and women, who should be diligently driven back if they attempted to escape. Notwithstanding these liberal terms, the mere proposal to limit its ravages has thrown the bloody monster into such a furious rage that it plunges about in the most frantic manner, crunching our people and our ships in its ruthless jaws. The eagle of United States watches those ferocious proceedings, but hesitates to pounce. His portrait represents him with arrows in his claws, but he lays them aside and puts on velvet gloves when he approaches the precious pet. Perhaps it will get over its wrath and graciously consent to be petted again. It is such a valuable creature, and brings us so much honor, it would be a pity to hurt it.

WOMAN.

Great, indeed, is the task assigned to woman! Who can elevate its dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires; but to form those by whom laws are made, armies led, and empires governed; to guard against the slightest taint of bodily infirmity, the frail yet spotless creature, whose moral, no less than physical being, must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, will learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into virtue; by a soothing care to allay the anguish of the body, and the far worse anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disdain passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be compensation for friends that are perfidious—for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation.

The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Saviour—these are theaters on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny; to visit the forsaken, to tend to the neglected when monarchs abandon, when counsellors betray, when justice prosecutes, when brethren and disciples flee, to remain unshaken and unchanged, and to exhibit in this lower world a type of that love, pure, constant and ineffable, which in another we are taught to believe the test of virtue.—Blackwood's Magazine.

DEATH WATCH.

The cause of the noise called the Death Watch, which has produced so much alarm and terror in the superstitions of all ages, has been the subject of much speculation. It is now satisfactorily ascertained to be produced by some little beetles belonging to the timber-boring genus "Anobium." The species which has been most observed, is the "a Tessellatum." It is a brown beetle, about one fourth of an inch in length, inhabiting old timber, and very common in old houses, where it may be heard in warm weather, during the whole day. More commonly, however, it is only heard when there is a perfect silence, and this serves to add to its alarming effect. Their ticking seems to be a call to each other, which, perhaps, answers for them the same purpose that its light does to the female glow-worm; and if the call is not answered, it is soon repeated in another place. It is thus produced:

Raising itself upon its hind legs, the insect beats its head upon its place of position with great force; and its strokes are sometimes so powerful as to make a considerable impression upon any substance softer than wood. The general number of strokes in distinct succession, is from seven to nine or eleven. The noise exactly resembles that produced by tapping moderately with the nail upon table; when familiarized, the insect will answer very readily the tap of the nail. It is difficult to be discovered on account of its diminutive size, and from its being so imbedded in the substance of ceilings, old chairs, bedsteads, &c., which are its frequent residence.

This insect is not to be confounded with another of a different Genus, the "termes pulsatalis, which makes a sound like the ticking of a watch, and continues its sound for a long time without intermission.

SUICIDAL WOMEN.

Unwise above many is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing, or in study; and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing.

We once heard a great man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket to be used in case of any unoccupied moment. Such was his practice. He died early and fatuitous!

There are women who, after a hard day's work, will sit and sew by candle or gas light until their eyes are almost blinded, or until certain pains about the shoulders come on which are almost insupportable, and are only driven to bed by a physical incapacity to work any longer. The sleep of the over-worked, like those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness and languor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely.

Let no one work in pain or weariness.—When a man or woman are tired they ought to lie down until they are more fully rested; when with renovated strength the work will be better done, done the sooner, done with a self-sustaining alacrity.

The time taken from seven or eight hour's sleep out of each twenty-four is time not gained, but time more than lost; we can cheat ourselves, we cannot cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthful body, and if less than that be furnishd, decay commences the very hour. It is the same with sleep, and any one who persists in allowing themselves less than nature requires, will only hasten their arrival at the madhouse or the grave.—"Hall's Journal of Health."

FRENCH REGIMENTAL BARBER.

A peculiarity of the French army is the regimental barber, who nearly always serves his apprenticeship on the cheeks of his brothers in arms; and it is a rough apprenticeship as far as the cheeks are concerned. We would not wish our worst enemy to come under his razor and try his lightness of hand. Before entering the service he was probably a mechanic, a carpenter or mason; his good conduct has obtained him the important post of barber, and henceforth he wields scissors and razor with more vigorosity than success. This post is one of the most envied in the regiment, and the man who holds it is no little proud of it. In the first place, he receives a monthly pay resulting from small stoppages of the soldiers; next, he has permanent leave till ten o'clock, P. M.; and lastly he is exempted from a good deal of duty. But it must not be supposed that the office is a sinecure; the barber is responsible for all the heads of his company: if the beards are too long, or the hair beyond the regulation length, he is responsible for it. There are the regulations, he must carry them out to the letter; hold an inspection, and shear his comrades as close as possible, frequently much against their will.

There are men very fond of their hair, that natural ornament of man. The smart soldier would like to wear his hair long, perhaps that a young lady's hands may ruffle his curls, but the regulations are pitiless. Said a worthy corporal once: "From the moment that the hair is seizable by the hand, it requires to be cut." All sorts of schemes are naturally employed by the natty trooper to save his hair; he wets it every morning, or fastens it down with cosmetics. But his labor is in vain; the officers are up to the tricks, and the delinquent and the responsible barber generally get four night's guard-room. The old foxes do not have recourse to these clumsy methods, but pretend to be deaf, thus obtaining from the surgeon-major, permission to wear long hair. Review days are terrible to the barber, for in less than two hours he must have two hundred beards, without counting the hair-cutting. He should be seen then, with his sleeves tucked up to the elbows, armed with his tremendous razor which he has not found time to set; the soldiers lather themselves beforehand, and seat themselves one after the other on the bench of punishment. The thing is done in a twinkling—the strongest beard cannot resist, and the bristles that decline to be cut off are plucked out; the cheek may bleed but that is a very slight affair, for what is a scar after all to a soldier? The barber is a conscientious man; if he cut off the tip of an ear, for instance, he is very careful to restore it to its legitimate owner. The troopers fear the razor, but ridicule the barber; they call him the butcher or the flayer, though in a low voice, for if he were to hear them, he holds vengeance in his hands. In all the regiments that have fought in Algeria, the barber has a tortoise shell for a soap-dish.

There are multitudes of legends current in the army of which the barbers are the heroes. First among them is that of Barber Plumepatte, who belonged to a cavalry regiment. This barber, who by the way was very clever, possessed a most vindictive character. Punished one day most severely by his captain, he swore to revenge himself, and said openly he would kill the man. These threats soon reached the captain's ears, and he sent for Plumepatte. "You have sworn," he said to him, "that you would kill me; it is boasting on your part, for you would never dare to do it. Stay, I will give you a fine chance; bring out your tools and shave me." The terrible Plumepatte was completely disconcerted; he set to work, but did not dare to carry out his threats. Never, on the contrary, had he made so clean a shave. On another occasion, when in the field, the barber of a line regiment was summoned to shave the commander-in-chief. We can imagine whether the poor fellow's hand trembled; in fact, when the operation was finished, the general's face was one mass of blood. The unfortunate barber, horrified at what he had done, trembled in all his limbs, and began apologizing as well as he could.—"Stay," said the general, "there is a Louis for you. If your hand had not trembled in shaving your general, you would not have been a true soldier." In action, the barber becomes a fighting man like the rest; the troops, blackened by gunpowder, neglect their beard and hair. "When you find water in Africa you drink it, and do not amuse yourself by dissolving soap in it," say they. It happens, however, at times, that the regimental barber is a real shaver, understanding his trade, and who exercised it honorably before being called out. In such cases there is rejoicing in the sqadron. The troopers like being shaved by this rare man who never makes any gashes, whose razor, ever carefully sharpened, causes them no pain. The non-commissioned officers give him their custom; he becomes their favorite, an indispensable man, and they will even go so far as to allow him a little familiarity. After all, though, Louis the XI., made his barber prime minister.

"There Shall be no Pain There."—This promise is one of the golden clusters that grow on that vine planted for the healing of the nations, the Bible! How blessed a promise of the life that is to come is this one, those only can know who have walked long and frequently under the shadows of weariness and suffering.

"Nor pain there," to struggle with and endure; no burdens laid upon the eager spirit, which the weak frame cannot sustain; no work, under which heart and strength fail, and which is at last laid mournfully aside; no long hours of fever and restlessness; no overtasked brain and nerves in the homestead of those whom God shall number as his jewels!

So, be comforted ye that mourn! Green and shining rise the banks beyond the dark valley, and sweet healing is in the winds that wander off from the meadows, freighted with blossoms fairer than the roses and lilies of earth!

Take through your pilgrimage this promise—let it be a new incentive, and strength, and comfort to you—"There shall be no pain there?"

A Compassionate Judge.—A very learned and compassionate judge in Texas, on passing sentence on John Jones, who had been convicted of murder, concluded his remarks as follows:

"The fact is, Jones, the court did not intend to order you to be executed before next spring, but the weather is very cold; our jail, unfortunately, is in a very bad condition; much of the glass in the windows is broken; the chimneys are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to render your apartments comfortable; besides, owing to the great number of prisoners, not more than one blanket can be allowed to each; to sleep sound and comfortable therefore is out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances, and wishing to lesson your sufferings as much as possible, the court, in the exercise of its humanity and compassion, hereby orders you to be executed to-morrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the sheriff and agreeable to you."

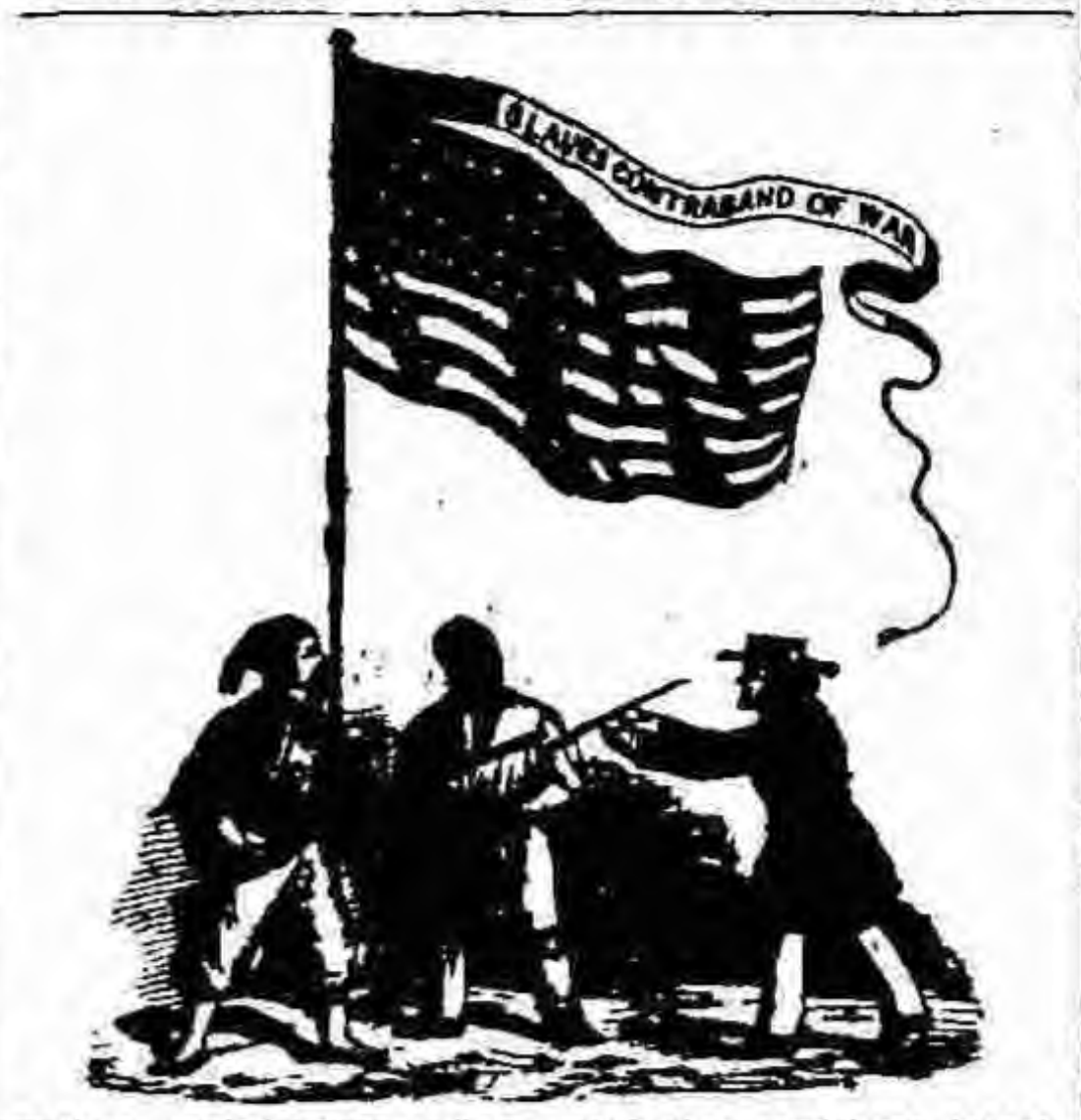
Smart Salmon.—Some years ago a case was on trial at the Supreme Court of Maine, and in one of the eastern counties, in which the plaintiff sought to recover compensation for alleged injury to his fishing privilege, occasioned by an erection of a mill dam by the defendants. The testimony on the part of the plaintiff was clear and conclusive, and it was supposed the case would be submitted to the jury without the production of any witnesses by defendants. But after some consultation, their counsel finally called on old rough, weather-beaten fisherman, who was interrogated as to the habits of the salmon, and the effects of the dam. He stated, with other things, that he had known salmon to go right up over a dam that is fifteen feet perpendicular.

"What is that, Mr. Witness? Do I understand you to say that salmon go over a dam fifteen feet perpendicular?"

"Why, sartin! Your honor don't know no more about them ar fish than a child. Why, look here, yer honor, I live on a p'int o' land 'at makes out into the river so, (drawing a map on the witnesses' box,) yer see, the salmon coming up have to come clear round this here p'int. Wall, your honor, the fish coming up the river, spiteful-like, when they get agin my house, leap clear across, right over my house, and barn, a hundred and fifty feet at least, your honor. I've picked up fat ones, your honor, too heavy to fetch across, many a time."

The court had listened in mute astonishment, but the next moment the peremptory order, "Mr. Sheriff, put that man out," was heard, above bursts of laughter.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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The Present Crisis.

When Gen. Fremont proclaimed to the Rebels of Missouri, "their slaves, if any, are Free Men," millions said to each other, "*This* is what we have waited for. *This* trumpet gives no uncertain sound." The eloquent Wm. H. Channing wrote joyfully to a friend: "My faith is that, as a nation, God finds us *worth* saving, and that we *shall* be saved. His glorious will be done! Let us try to do it!" His hopeful words at once brought to mind the following noble lines by James Russell Lowell:

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and fro,
At the birth of each new Era, a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks on nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future's heart.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame,
Through its ocean-sundered fibres, feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of ONE race, ALL THE REST have equal claim.

Once, to every man and nation, comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
SOME great cause, God's NEW Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And THE CHOICE GOES BY FOREVER 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
And albeit she wanders outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

We see dimly, in the Present, what is small and what is great;
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of Fate;
But the soul is still oracular—amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within!
"*They enslave their children's children, who make compromises with Sin!*"

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey;
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children play?

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our Father's grave;
Worshippers of light ANCESTRAL make the PRESENT light a crime,
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards? Steered by men behind THEIR time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or FUTURE, that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

THEY were men of PRESENT valor—stalwart old iconoclasts;
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's.
But we make THEIR truth OUR falsehood, thinking that has made US free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great IMPULSE which drove THEM across the sea.

NEW OCCASIONS TEACH NEW DUTIES! Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we OURSELVES must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Head-quarters Hooker's Division,
near Bladensburg, Maryland,
Oct. 17th, 1861.

MR. EDITOR,

This division is composed of Sickles' and Cowden's Brigade, formerly Hooker's Brigade. General Hooker has been raised to the dignity of General of Division.

On last Sunday morning General Sickles reported himself here in our camp to the Commander-in-chief. He was accompanied by a portion of his staff and a mounted escort of 12 men, and looked like a Spanish brigand that we see represented on the stage of a theatre, with his huge moustache, plumes and boots. His Brigade lies about 5 miles to the eastward of us, and is expected to encamp with us very shortly. Six companies of the 1st Indiana cavalry joined our Brigade to-day, they are a fine looking body of men and splendidly mounted and caparisoned. Our camping ground is a most magnificent one; our camp lies in the form of a crescent, about one mile south of Bladensburg, the extreme right resting on the famous dueling ground, the left on the line of the Baltimore and Washington Railroad. The health of the Brigade has been excellent, there have been but five deaths in two months in this army of between five and six thousand men, three by accident and two by disease.

On last Tuesday General Hooker reviewed the Brigade of General Sickles—on Wednesday General Cowden's. I did not get an opportunity to see the former—the latter was a military pageant. All the regiments were drawn up in line, the army wagons and ambulances to the rear; the regiments comprised the 1st Michigan, 2d New Hampshire, 26th Pennsylvania, and 1st and 11th Massachusetts, and while my eyes were dazzeled with the imposing display, the regimental bands were charming my ears with their melodies. Although standing upon a soil poluted by slavery, my heart was lifted up and this painful reflection which ever burdens [illegible], was momentarily soothed, that man must be a demon that resists successfully the charms of the divine art.

As the most opposite emotions were experienced by me on the following occasion, I will give you an account of it It was a painful case; a private of the 1st Michigan regiment secured a furlough to visit his family. Full of expectation he prepared himself for the passage, but accidentally fell under the wheels of the car that was to bear him home, was fatally injured and was buried yesterday with military honors. The circumstances of the case, the solemn dirge-like music, the slow measured dead-march, made the obsequies painfully touching; but imposing ceremonials have a strange fascinating influence over us all. I have often wondered why the soldier delights to increase the solemnities of a death: they say it is "Honor to the departed Brave." The soldier's business is to deal in carnage and blood, and these honors are a happy way to preserve a due regard for the value of human life.

While about closing the last paragraph, a man who is dignified with the title of sheriff rode into camp with a posse of five persons, and seized a little boy about 15 years of age, a fugitive from *slavery*. He dared not attempt to take [illegible] boy with his posse, but secured a sergeant and a guard to escort them over the lines and to prevent his rescue. So you see it required 13 men to take one boy of 15 years. Great Heavens, how many men would it require to re-enslave ten thousand full-grown men. But we did all in our power to aid him, but the vigilance of the guards outwitted us. Poor Frank was surrendered up, and now swells the list of the thousands sacrificed upon the altar of the "jealous God of Slavery." We resort to another method now, we hurry the panting fugitive to the Virginia side, and urge him to enter the Federal lines from that direction. But, my dear sir, it is hard to elude the vigilance of Federal man catchers.

The soil upon which our camp is situated belongs to a Mr. McGill, and when the Brigade first commenced its encampment here, he commanded all persons living upon his large farm not to sell one cent's worth of produce to the troops; thus inviting depredations by the soldiers. But a few weeks sufficed to strip his farm of everything eatable, corn, tomatoes, cantelopes, beans, &c. He left his home and joined another farm belonging to him, near Marlborough, leaving the only personal and portable property behind, in the shape of two chattels, persons, Washington and Diana.

These poor creatures had nothing to eat, and had to live upon the bounty of the camp. I took Washington with me in my own tent, and engaged him to act as body servant to an officer. About a week after I had thought he had found the society of his comrades in treason, Mr. McGill returned, Dianah had vanished; not a vestige of her was left, not even an old hood or hattered shoe. Washington was found comfortably seated in his tent. Mr. Secesh said, "Come along, Washington, you have been here long enough;" but Washington was not so easily sucked in; he would "neber let no strange man own him." A sergeant's guard was called to convey him to his detested chains, when lo! Washington had vanished like so much thin air. They hunted and called, called and hunted, but the subtle Washington would not take upon himself the much coveted entity of blood, bones and sinew, and he is to-day awaiting that inevitable hour when the decree shall go forth from Capitol Hill proclaiming "Liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof." I learn from undoubtful source that passes are issued to Maryland slave-holders to cross over to the Virginia side to search for runaway slaves, while non-slaveholders are denied the privilege of visiting their friends in the camps. This makes the friends of humanity tremble for their cause. How can the American people expect the support of the civilized world, while they thus prove themselves the cringing votaries of the hell-born system? We hear it whispered that the Southern Confederacy will, as the last resort to secure a permanent dissolution, and to save the necks of their leaders, *declare their slaves free.* From a philosophical point of view this is clearly a probability. To whom would the four and a half millions, scorned and rejected by the Northern Confederacy, owe allegiance? I shall give my life to him who enfolds the scroll of emancipation, no matter who he may be, Northerner or Southerner. Did you read the speech of Bulwer? Reproduce it. He breathes the words of inspiration. But we are in the midst of doubts and fears, and must labor hard and wait for the rapid march of events. In my next I shall try to say something in regard to the *Anglo.*

G. E. S.

Headquarters of the 9th Regt., N.Y.S.M.,
Gen. Bank's Division, Darnestown, Md.,
Oct. 12th, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:

I need not tell you of our march through Maryland and into Virginia, nor of the devastation that met the eye at every point, nor of our long and tiresome marches of days and nights, of our surprises, skirmishes and so on, but that more directly concerns you and I, and our people everywhere.

After leaving Camp Cameron in Washington, on the 11th of June, we took up our line of march for the Potomac and Monocacy Junction. About every other house on our line of march we found deserted. But what struck me most was to see the singular conduct of the slaves towards us, they ran from us as though we were the plague—but I have since ascertained that their owners have instructed them that the Northerners came to take them, and sell them for their own benefit. And some of the slaves believed their masters; but there were others that did not, and those would follow the regiment until they got a birth as cook or officer's servant.

The colored [illegible] churches on the whole line of our march were closed with the exception of Quin's Chapel, (Methodist,) in Frederick. They had orders to discontinue their services, but as the Union troops occupy Frederick, they have not obeyed the orders but continue their services.

The colored people of Frederick have more advantages of education than they do in any part of Maryland, Baltimore not excepted. They have eight colored churches, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and a great number of them belong to the Catholic church. But still slavery casts her dark and gloomy mantel over all of this.

After six weeks marching and camping we arrived at Sandy Hook, opposite Harper's Ferry, and there we lost our first men in a skirmish. The rebels had evacuated Harper's Ferry five days before we got there. But they left a picket-guard behind them, but they also left in double quick as they saw our troops advancing. We continued our line of march on the Maryland side of the Potomac to Williamsport, and from there, on the 14th of July we crossed the Potomac into Virginia. We were then under that rebel General Patterson. And let me remark here that the Wisconsin regiment was two miles in the advance of the New York Ninth, when they fell in with the rear guard of the rebels retreating towards Martinsburg. They had a fight at the falls—and with the rebel prisoners they took fourteen colored men in uniform, and armed to the teeth, fighting the Union troops, one they killed outright and three others were wounded. They were not slaves but free black men that were pressed into the rebel service; and before we got to Martinsburg we got forty colored men who had deserted from the rebel ranks and came over to us. Some were barbers, shoemakers, carpenters and waiters, and were forced to leave their families and join the rebel ranks—many of them left at the first opportunity and come to us, but how disappointed they were when they found that they could not fight in our ranks against their oppressors!

When we entered the city of Martinsburg we saw that desolation had spread its broad hands over everything and everywhere—famine, pestilence and death walked boldly from house to house. The Union troops entered Martinsburg twenty-five thousand strong, and occupied the city for a week, we then took up our line of march for Bunker Hill, and there I commenced my work. We left Bunker Hill for Charleston, and whilst on our march the rebels passed us on a road running parallel with ours, but General Patterson would not let us give them battle. So, as you know, General Johnson passed us without either of us striking a blow. We entered Charleston and what a sight presented itself, hundreds of colored men and women in the streets with their children; some in their mother's arms, some of the men armed and shouting and thanking God that we had come at last to free them. Most of their masters had ran off at our approach and left all behind them. The slaves had helped themselves, and now stood ready with open arms and shouts to receive their deliverers, who they believed had come for the sole purpose of freeing them. But what pen can describe the revulsion of their feelings when they were told that we came "not to free the slaves, but to preserve the Union as it was, with its millions of suffering slaves!" why, Mr. Editor, when the slaves heard that they cursed the Union troops in their hearts, and some with tears in their eyes begged us not go away for now they had committed themselves against their masters—and if we went away their masters would come again and do worse than kill them; I could not bear the sight of their disappointment, so left them and visited the Court House where that murderous crew tried the noble John Brown; I visited the prison that held the hero, and looked at the old gallows in the prison yard that was honored by having so illustrious a character die upon it—and visited the very spot that the hero was hung upon. I thought the shade of that venerable hero stood beside me and said, "the hand of Providence appears to move slowly but it moves; so wait patiently, the clouds are lifting, the signs are standing forth in bold relief." Here let me add, that the land they hung him on belonged to an old colored man named John Welcome, and this same John Welcome owned the horses and the cart that the hero rode upon to that fatal tree; and I also add that this same John Welcome drove the horse and cart himself to the murdering. The only piece of cannon they had on that memorable day, is now in Philadelphia, in possession of the Pensylvania Regiment of three months volunteers. They captured it the day we entered Charlestown and have since left [illegible] and returned home bearing the [illegible] cannon with them as a trophy. We left Charlestown after campaigning for a weeks and then entered Harpers Ferry, remained there two weeks and again crossed the Potomac and entered Sandy Hook. Nothing worthy of note occurred until I reached Buckiestown. There two slaveholders entered the 29t Regiment of Pensylvania Volunteers and gave Sergeant Stark of Company G. and Corporal Harry Millard, five dollars each to catch two slaves for them that were then in the camp cooking; they succeeded in doing so, when the colored men interfered, but were driven off with the swords and pistols of the captains.

I shall in my next letter, give the condition of our people here.

JOHN V. GIVENS.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the Ladies' Literary Circle of Troy, N. Y., by Allen M. Bland, Esq., and published by request.

MRS. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

Whatever may be the opinions of this auditory in relation to the literary advantages offered by this age we know not. Whatever improvements this audience may have, and are still still making for their own advancement, we are positively ignorant. While mankind retains its right to think, it will ever hold to various ideas, and it will be found a thing impossible by whomsoever tried, to reduce every one to the same routine of thought upon one, to say nothing about a plurality of subjects.

We may be right, and we may be wrong, but evidently upon a great and vital subject so diversified are our thoughts, that hardly a half dozen persons seem to accord upon it. We refer to the subject of education.

Some conclude that the simple attendance upon a teacher for a few years, constitutes education—others that it is superlative folly to waste the morning of life, cooped up in a school-house, harassing the brain in the perusal of studies, which from an untenable conclusion, will bring to its possessor no certain and abundant return.

Then we have still another class, who endorse a half-way policy, content with a superficial surface acquaintance with a dozen things, but in reality knowing nothing at all of the beautiful and the useful.

This class forcibly reminds one of a bubble upon life's heaving bosom, of a feather floating upon the breezes of heaven, or of a bark, if you please, tossing upon the angry billows, only the more certain of wrecking upon the fatal rock.

Then a fourth class who turn everything to an account, who are fond of study, fond of reflection, fond of the unspeakable pleasure which the soul enjoys when its aim is an intimate relationship with all subjects within the compass of human cogitation. This latter class is the salt of the earth. These are they who continually keep unsheathed and bright, the world's intellectual falchion.

We stand to-night in the presence of an association professedly organized for mental improvement, which I presume has taken Excelsior as its Shibboleth, and which will never pause in its onward march until each brow shall have been crowned with the garlands, education wreaths for the untiring and laborious seeker after knowledge.

Such being an acknowledged fact it is highly proper that we briefly discuss that which best suits the intellectual palate.

In this age of gratituous learning, when upon every square we can find an imposing edifice erected at public cost, for the benefit of all concerned, it is a sin to be ignorant.

I verily believe that to whom much is given, much is expected.

All cannot be writers, every one is not expected to excel in oratory.

The world demands not a Philosopher, Chemist, Mathematician, Rhetorician, Geographer, Historian, in each individual member, but it expects, yes, more has a right to hold to strict accountability each of us for the talent nature has so generously lavished.

Measured by this rule, who of this company has made a single effort to discipline the mind upon the most simple study? What has this Circle done? What has been its success?

We may be allowed to remark, and speak directly to this Society, that all beginners, such as you are, are very apt at the outset to overlook gross errors, to turn their back upon glaring imperfections, and at the same time striving to obtain a mental footing, only allowable to those, who after perseverance and industry, are accounted worthy to have their names written among the learned and wise. To be all this is the work of time.

The road leading to perfection is simple and straight. As we journey along its broad path we are continually being wooed and won, and ever and anon, as we experience mental thirst, can we stoop and drink from the numberless fountains bubbling in the beautiful sunshine of intellectual triumph.

We do not believe so much in one's being unable, from solid stolid ignorance, not to understand a thing, as we believe in a want of proper application, and a knowledge of the course to be pursued.

We are daily rubbing up against individuals, to judge them from their actions, are soft enough to think that many studies can be mastered at the same time, that is to say, with a single bound they can see from the beginning to the end. This is all fudge, and the one that will follow this discipline for five years, will at the end of that time, in practical intelligence, be less than Zero.

Prof. Davies, a very learned star, in the mathematical galaxy, in his "Grammar of Arithmetic," lays it down as a rule, an underlying principle, never to be lost sight of for a moment, that all our knowledge of numbers depends upon our learning one thing at a time.—Says another, "no man can jump over a mountain, but step by step takes him to the other side."

If this is true of numbers, it is equally so of every thing else.

If the members of this Circle really and sincerely crave to have a peep into the paradise education has created, the world over—if these ladies would lay their mental foundation stones deep and immovable, they must commit to memory, and act upon this rule: "*learn one thing at a time.*" This is our advice.

The strongest evidence that we can find to sustain this rule, is in the creation, for God spent seven days in the construction of this world.

Granting that a knowledge of the English alphabet has been attained, the first thing which engages the attention is Orthography.

Dr. Bullion defines it to be "the nature and power of letters, and the just method of arranging them into syllables, and words." Smith calls it "word making."

We think it nothing more nor less than the arrangement or classification of our letters, so as to form words correctly. Each of these letters which help to form words, has its own particular sound and sphere, and never can be used only in certain positions.

When we have an intelligent conception of Orthography, we have laid a foundation upon which to build; our ideas enlarge, and we gradually emerge from a knowledge of nothing (if we are allowed the expression) to find ourselves masters of one well-fought field.

Just in proportion, however, as we can spell words properly, will we be able to read intelligently, and he who is fool enough to wish to read ere he can spell simple words, will blunder along all the way through life, and his conceit, his ignorance, with his unwillingness to learn one thing at a time, ever present, always upon the increase, will keep the mind anxious and at the mercy of every adverse wind.

No one but a truly good reader has the faintest conception of the paradise which opens before him as he reads the useful and profitable.

Those numberless facts of history, of philosophy, with the other branches of learning become as familiar to him as the tales of nursery or the stories of Mother Goose.

Let no one young or old who wish at least to be able to read, content himself with smattering knowledge of what a combination of letters will pronounce.

Some have been accustomed to take a word from the beginning, and without pausing to collect breath, run it through to the end with a view as we suppose to economy.

The practice is fatal. Every syllable has its own legitimate pronunciation, and cannot be made to represent anything else.

Hence the imperative necessity of properly spelling and properly pronouncing each syllable.

To give the finishing touch to our spelling, pronouncing, reading, penmanship we must have an acquaintance with the grammar of our language. As well might a man with no knowledge of navigation undertake to direct the course of a ship, as for one of us to expect excellence in our attainments and the grammar unstudied. Grammar is the anatomy of language. The anatomist reduces the body to fractional parts, and lays bare to the gaze the various parts of the system. The grammarian reduces the sentence, or rather unhinges it, and what seems difficult, and hard to be understood, is to him pleasure upon the one hand, and profit upon the other.

There is no study so readily measured, none more full of reasons, none so well adapted to the understanding of everything in letters, and by which we are borne along so smoothly, and unconsciously in our transitive state.

Then if we turn the attention to geography, what a world of beauties seem to have their existence in this study!

The entire world, just think of it, lies within the grasp of it.

This interesting and profitable study embraces three departments, viz.: natural, political and astronomical.

Natural geography includes a description of the solid and fluid parts of the earth's surface, the atmosphere surrounding us, and animal and vegetable life.

Political geography takes up the various countries and governments into which man has divided the earth, including in this connexion every thing pertaining to man as a social being, his customs, laws, religion, habits, manners.

Astronomical geography considers the earth as a planet, discusses the imaginary lines upon its surface (latitudenal and longitudinal) and takes note of its two revolutions around the sun, the former producing day and night, the latter effecting a change of seasons. From a good knowledge of this study (geography,) which includes countries, mountains, valleys, plains, capes, islands, peninsulas, promontories, isthmuses, oceans, seas, lakes, rivers, gulfs, bays, straits, channels, sounds, we augment a store of information sufficient to engage the attention for half a century.

We have not said a single word about mathematics as to its great and overshadowing importance, for no one dares to pronounce against it, as it exercises kingly dominion over every other study.

We might go on and speak of physiology, geology, and other studies entering into a finished education, but it is not germain to the occasion, as we are but in our infancy.

But as essential as these are, and as highly conducive to our comprehension of life and the ends of our creation, we are stronger of the opinion that orthography, reading, penmanship, numbers, geography and grammar, should in the start claim and show, as they must, our undivided attention.

We would have this Circle a literary association, in its broadest sense. Reducing the thing to its lowest terms, if we had the influence, we would convert it into a school, and would have its members lay aside every excuse which would serve to shield them from bearing their part upon each returning meeting.

We would advise the Circle to spell, read, write compositions, cipher and study grammar.

We have thus in a brief and unjointed manner, said a few thoughts, which we trust you will appreciate. Had we had more time it would have afforded us unbounded pleasure to have produced something more interesting.

Such as we have give we unto thee, trusting that the bread now cast upon the waters may be seen, and gathered after many days.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN REV. DR. KING AND DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Buxton, C. W., Sept. 2, 1861.

SIR—In last week's "Globe," there was a letter from Dr. Livingstone to Mr. Hannah, Glasgow, in which he alludes to one, that he wrote to me in February last, and which came to hand a few weeks ago. I wrote to Dr. Livingstone on the 13th of September, 1860, concerning the propriety of sending skilful laborers from Canada to teach the native tribes on the coast, establish legitimate commerce, and put an end to the slave trade on the coast. I believe firmly that it is the only way in which the slave trade can be abolished on the coast of Africa.

An armed naval force cannot do it. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the British cruisers 40,000 negroes were torn from Africa last year, and sold in Havana and other Spanish ports in the West Indies. Christian settlements on the coast under British protection would raise a moral barrier that would put an end to the slave trade. These settlements would be the nuclei of large agricultural districts for raising cotton and sugar, supplying England with both of these at a less price than it can now be raised by slave labor. Enclosed I send you a copy of Dr. Livingstone's letter for publication. The Doctor is not very sanguine about the project.

I remain, yours truly,
WM. KING.

On board "Pioneer,"
15th Feb. 1861.

The Rev. William King:

My Dear Sir—I am sorry that I cannot give the encouragement you desire in reference to colored people coming from Canada to Africa to cultivate cotton and sugar. Some of them carry the prejudice against color wherever they go, and though many are no doubt superior to that silly nonsense, it would prevent the cordial intercourse with their less enlightened African brethren which is indispensable to successful settlement. Were people of color to come from a healthy climate, they are liable to be attacked and cut off by African fever as Europeans. I entertain therefore serious doubts as to the propriety of recommending those who have escaped from slavery trying to emigrate to Africa—though if they could cultivate cotton and sugar, they would no doubt in the course of time, benefit both Africa and themselves.

Wishing you every success in your present most worthy undertaking,

I am, &c. &c.,
DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The Rev. WM. KING,
Buxton, Canada West.

I DON'T COMPLAIN.

"I'm a poor, miserable creature, [illegible] Mrs. Pinfeather to a sympathising [illegible] bor," and always expect to be. [illegible] goes right with me. I never [illegible] anything I undertook, and [illegible] But I don't complain!

"First and last, I [illegible] any disease you ever heard of, [illegible] I've had, or expect to have. [illegible] Last year I had the [illegible] creeturs, and I expect [illegible] in a consumption [illegible] I don't complain!

"I believe there never was a family [illegible] hard to get along with than mine. [illegible] always something to pay. The boys [illegible] to fighting in the streets, [illegible] clothes, and I [illegible] girls dont help me [illegible] Jane—she is always [illegible] ing about something [illegible] know who she takes [illegible] ever my troubles [illegible]

"I'm always [illegible] me dreadfully [illegible] dinner it [illegible]

"Every[illegible]

"I used to believe in human friendship, but I don't now. If I had I should be sure to lose him. My children dont care any*thing* about me. But I don't complain!

"They say that everybody was born for *some purpose*. It's my *conviction* that I was born to be a martyr. But I don't complain!

"I never expect to take my comfort in living. I never get a moment's rest. I'm on my feet all day, and half the time I can't sleep nights. But I don't complain!

"Very likely you wont see me again. I feel I am liable to go any minute. It's hard to leave a young family all to themselves in this 'vale of tears.' But if it should happen, I shan't complain!"

Mrs. Pinefeather stopped to take a pinch of snuff, and her friend, bursting into tears, exclaimed that "was the long-sufferingest woman she ever did see."

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

A NOBLE PROPOSITION.

ROBERT HAMILTON Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I congratulate you at the appearance once more of the Anglo-African,—a paper that gained, for the time it existed, more prestige than any other that had preceded it.

Now sir, the glorious question is, "Shall it live? I call it glorious, from the immense importance of the hour that is now upon us.

It will live if we bring our patriotism, our love for the truth, not to a boiling, but a moderate heat. Let each brother and sister, father and child, do what they can—take stock in it at a fair premium. The premium to be paid in Hallelujahs when its work as a Journal for Freedom is over.

Sir, I propose to unite with some in investing Five Dollars to begin with; what will others answer? I propose no plan upon which it is to be paid, but leave that to your better judgment—but I suppose you need the money as soon as you can get it, I therefore pay immediately. Now who will be the next customer,—if not for five, for four—for three—for two—for one! for fifty cents? Keep in remembrance, friends, that this stock pays glorious in premiums, however small be the investment. Yet you must still remember, that greater the investment, more glorious the premium!

Now sir, I believe I have said enough; perhaps more than enough—for, after all, all that is requisite is but for the people to know your need, and they are ready to nobly respond.

Yours in behalf of the good cause,
J. N. GLOUCESTER.

The following are responses to the above proposition, including Mr. Gloucester's subscription:

J. N. Gloucester,	$5
H. Highland Garnet,	1
Miss Mary A. Chambers,	1
Ezekiel H. Dias,	1
"A Friend,"	1
Robert H. Vandyne,	1
Miss Susan Tindall,	1
Austin Steward,	25

EDWARD'S FERRY.

Bewilderment and dismay seized the Northern mind on learning the particulars of the sad slaughter, if not murder, at Edward's Ferry. That a frightful blunder had been committed was evident, so too was it evident that the blunderer was of highest rank, otherwise he would have been singled out and punished. But the blunder really lies beyond mere generalship, and is not the last of its kind which will happen until its cause be removed. Look at the facts.

On the 20th of October, scouts were sent across the Potomac from Edward's Ferry, who advanced four or five miles, even to the vicinity of Leesburgh, without encountering the enemy in any force, and seeing only a small encampment beyond Leesburgh.

On the 21st inst. a brigade, commanded by General Baker, crosses the same Ferry, climbs the banks of the river a hundred feet high, reach a small clearing on the heights, and are hemmed in by a continuous fire from the enemy hid in the woods, several hundred slain, and the balance driven down the bank into the river, compelled to swim for their lives.

Seventeen hundred Federal troops went into action, and only a few more than one thousand escaped. The majority of the slain were Massachusetts men.

The immediate causes of this disaster were the ignorance of the parties who ordered the advance—ignorance of the nature of the country and *ignorance* of the *position* and *numbers* of the enemy.

But why this ignorance? It is easily accounted for: this portion of the Potomac has been noted, not to say distinguished, during the war, *for sending back fugitive slaves*. The news from the Upper Potomac, under Paterson, and Banks and Stone has been stereotyped during the last four months: "*All quiet on the Potomac, a number of fugitive slaves were sent back to their masters by General Banks, &c.*

Had these fugitives been retained in the Federal ranks, they would have given the needed information of the nature of the country; and as scouts they would have also betrayed to our officers the strength and the whereabouts of the enemy—and the blood of Massachusetts men would not now be crying from the ground of Virginia. General Banks has shown himself an expert slave-catcher: let him be appointed to the office of United States Marshall! Let the Government pick up some grim subaltern, with a heart beneath his ribs, and replace him in Banks' position as a major-general.

Fremont Triumphant!

Facts speak louder than words. After condemning the emancipation policy of Fremont, and even after determining to remove him on account of that policy, the Administration have been forced to adopt it as part of the programme of the great Naval Expedition. Secretary Cameron, in his order to the military commander of this expedition says: "You will, however, avail yourself of the services of any persons whether fugitives from labor or not, who may offer them to the National Government, you will employ such persons in such services as they may be fitted for, either as ordinary employees or, if special circumstances seem to require it, in any other capacity, with such organization in squads, companies or otherwise as you deem most beneficial to the service. You will assure all loyal masters that Congress will provide *just compensation* for the loss of the services of the persons so employed, &c." Of course disloyal masters, under this rule, will lose the services of their slaves (which simply is a paraphrase for the slaves, themselves) without compensation. The skies brighten! Hurra for Fremont and Emancipation! That's the *ticket! Wonder if Abraham Lincoln will* modify this order of Secretary Cameron so as to square it with the Act of Congress, or as folks will say—Mrs. Lincoln's views?

Passing—for Colored.

Jim Crow Rice of dirty memory, was the first white man in these latter days, who essayed to pass for colored. Then came the minstrels, and the song-wrights, and their melodies catching the public ear, and capturing the public heart, so that throughout the white North *the mid-night air became vocal with the* voices of young men of the dominant race singing the refrains, the love-songs or the woes of the black man of the South. Young ladies caught the infection, and did not hesitate to identify themselves with Lucy Neil and the entire dusky sisterhood from Maryland to Alabama.

And so caste-hate was mined and uprooted; its very fibres were torn out from the public heart and replaced by soft humanizing influences. Whatever may be the true side of *the question debated by philosophers from Aris*totle to St. Thomas of Aquinas, and thence to Sir William Hamilton—whether the mind can entertain two ideas at the same moment of time—it is beyond all cavil and dispute that but one passion can occupy the the soul in regard to a given object. A man cannot hate and love, despise and cherish the same object at the same time. The negro melodies displaced negro hate. It is no argument against this view, that manifestations of prejudice of the bitterest kind marked and still marks the conduct of many whites *during this transaction*. *The devils will* tear and rend the bodies of those whom they are forced to leave: no revolution can be effected without commotion.

Besides the general removal of caste-hate, *there are not awaiting special or individual* manifestations in the same direction. We are indebted to the Haytian Emigration movement for not a few. The *Herald* tells us that among the emigrants who recently left this port there were several white women, the wives of colored emigrants, and one white man, the husband of a colored emigrant. We call this "passing for colored" with a vengeance, for they exchange citizenship of the American Republic for caste-ship in Hayti—if they claim to be white on their arrival! For the Constitution of Hayti, Title 11, Sec. 37, says:—

"No white man, whatever be his nationality shall be permitted to land on Haytian territory, with the title of master or proprietor, nor shall he be able in future to acquire there either real estate or the rights of a Haytian."

Nay the very head and front of this movement, the principal editor of our knotty cotemporary the *Pine and Palm*, although an Englishman, speaks in his columns as glibly of "*our people*"—*meaning the colored people*—as if he were a genuine *Anglo-African*, and not the impossible hybrid of an endogenous and exogenous plant which the name of his paper indicates.

Au reste, the world moves: American prejudice is going, going and will soon be—gone! The slaves themselves, are now the objects of deepest solicitude: both sides of the belligerents are learning the value of them as men: and there will soon be bids for them as men—American men, American citizens. With diminished prejudice, it will be the fault of our own people if they do not advance and take their places as good and equal citizens of the Republic.

BY A CONTRABAND.

Sim Cameron came, Sim Cameron went
To overturn Johnny the path-finder bent,
But when he got west and tried him a fall
He swallowed Fremont, proclamation and all.

EASILY PLEASED.—The telegraph announces that General McClellan was delighted at the prowess of our troops at Edward's Ferry.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.—The Hon. N. Wolfe a be-petted Kentuckian, told our merchants in the Exchange the other day, that Kentucky would go fully for the Union "when Congress passed a law to exclude the discussion of slavery from its proceedings." He also said that "Kentucky had 181,000 slaves, whose value was *two hundred and fifty millions of dollars*"—which is the modest price of nearly one thousand four hundred dollars for each *man woman and child*. Who bids?

Brooklyn Affairs.

A lecture on Africa, by Dr. Delany, was given in the Third Baptist Church, Eastern District, on Thursday evening, October 24th. Preparatory to the lecture, Rev. B. N. C. Worrick was chosen Chairman, and Mr. S. N. Geers, Secretary. The Chairman then introduced the Doctor, who said that it was not his intention to get the colored people of this country to emigrate to Africa, *but to impart information*. All people, he said, were not adapted for Africa. People who were not enterprising and beneficial to society here were not fit for Africa. None should go but those who could help to develope the intelligence and resources of the country. He gave an interesting account of the social condition of the natives, showing their habits, customs and morals, and spoke particularly of the great respect paid to woman, especially the aged. "I should judge," said he, "that they far excel even the *people of this enlightened* country in morality and virtue." His advice to the young men was timely and appropriate; in fine, the lecture was highly intellectual and instructive, and we felt ourselves well paid for our attendance. The house was filled with an audience who seemed to appreciate the great ability of the lecturer. We learned from the Doctor that he is soon to leave this country for Africa, the land of his adoption, where we wish him *much success*. *We procured for ourselves* a copy of his report of his explorations, and shall endeavor to give it a faithful parallel. At the close of the meeting a vote of thanks was tendered the Doctor for his interesting and instructive lecture.

S. N. GEERS.

In the proceedings of the city Court appears the following:

Van Wagner and McDonough vs. McCaffrey.—The defendant had levied on property in a store in Williamsburgh, on an *execution issued against McDonough*, a colored man and physician. The property it appeared belonged to the wife of the Doctor, and this was an action of replevin. It was shown that the property had been bought and paid for by the lady, two years before the judgment was obtained. The jury found for the plaintiff, and assessed the value of the property at two hundred dollars.

Philadelphia Affairs.

MR. EDITOR:

The regular monthly meeting of the Church Anti-Slavery Society was held on Tuesday evening, the 22nd ult., at the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cherry street, east of Eleventh. The meeting was considerably larger than usual, which, of course, during these times, is ominous of good to our cause. Another very important item is the fact that the *meeting* was largely interspersed with the leading and representative families of color belonging to this city. Our people have long been direlect to duty and interest in this direction, but it is hoped that war—this great purifier, and definer's fire of this as well as every other age, will eventually bring us up to the standard of true elevation.

Mr. S. Young, Esq., was called to the chair by the temporary absence of the Rev. Dr. Church, (the regular chairman.) The Rev. Mr. Johnston, as I was informed of the Old School Presbyterian Church, opened the meeting with prayer.

A note was then read from the Chairman (Rev. Dr. Church,) expressive of his regret for unavoidable absence, and expressing the desire that the meeting might be favored with the best of consequences, &c.

By reading the minutes of the last meeting it occurred that agreeable to announcement, Professor A. M. Green had been invited to address the meeting on the Duty of the colored people of the North in relation to the great rebellion. At eight o'clock Mr. Green was introduced, and proceeded with great ability to reason not only the propriety but the practical necessity of colored men taking an active part in this war against *the aggressive power of the mighty dragon* of the nineteenth century American slavery. Mr. Green argued that viewed from whatever stand point every honest man must conclude that this war is one that has been inaugurated by the labors of abolitionists and anti-slavery men in a moral contest against their great evil; men have avowed it to be *their purpose to bring the two elements to a* hand to hand struggle; the efforts of our party for thirty years have been to array the North against the South on this question of slavery. And though the government denies the responsibility to be incurred by acknowledging the true issue; yet it also denies that it had any thing to do with inaugurating it. It is just as emphatically true that the government cannot control the issue involved in this war as it is true that it could not for thirty years control the moral conflict kept up on this same question. It was our duty from very many considerations elaborately presented by Mr. Green to bear an honorable part in the great contest.

When Mr. Green closed, an opportunity was afforded for any remarks that might be offered on the question of the evening. A white gentleman present, whose name I learned at the time, but have since forgotten, took the floor, and strongly opposed Mr. Green's position. He claimed that the Government was even worse, if possible, than ever it was, *for now that it could* justly, by availing itself of the war power, emancipate every slave in the South. But instead of doing so, it fled from it as a man would flee from deadly poison. He said he had neither sympathy nor faith in the Government; and until the war-making power became honest enough to emancipate, enfranchise, and wash its hands of the injustice done to black men in the country, it was not fit for Christian men, white or colored, but more especially the latter, to touch, taste or handle. The gentleman argued in this strain at some length. Mr. Isaiah C. Wears was called on, and in his usual very forcible manner dissented from Mr. Green. He made many allusions to the meanness of the Government, and thought men would feel like *sheep*; that *colored men could not be spar*ed at such a time, and in such a cause. He said the South were more practically a fighting people than the North; that they *were* undoubtedly the superiors of the Northern whites in this respect, and the Northern whites were our superiors as much as the South was theirs; it could readily be perceived that we were therefore of all people *the least prepared to go into this great* slaughter house of the Government. He agreed, however, with many points Mr. Green had raised, and was pleased with his treatment of the subject; he believed this would be a long war, and that no doubt thousands of colored men would see service in this war before rebellion was put down. Several other gentlemen, white and colored, participated on both sides of the question, which kept up quite a friendly and spirited *meeting* till a late hour of the evening. Just before adjournment, Mr. Green arose and said he had taken the main point suggested by those who expressed themselves as opposed to his position, and he was willing to give them the consideration they deserved. But he said his opponents admitted too much that was argument for him; he said:

1. They had admitted it it was a war between North and South.
2. That these two sections were naturally at war on the slavery question.
3. That the South openly admitted that she was fighting for the uninterrupted extension of the slavery power.
4. That they were the best fighters.
5. That we, the colored people, were the poorest fighters of either of the disputants.
6. *That it would probably be a long war*, and we would be called into it after a while.

He said he would ask those gentlemen whether it was not our duty in view of the first four admissions, to enlist with the North if honest in our ancient doctrines on the slavery question? And whether in view of their three last admissions, it was not a positive necessity to counsel strenuous preparatory efforts among our people? The subject was continued till the next meeting, the second Tuesday in November.

VERITAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANGLO-AFRICAN:

Sir—The following is a copy of a letter I sent to the "Pine and Palm," the editors of which had taken the liberty of publishing my name, but had not the manliness to give the letter an insertion. I therefore ask that you will give it room in your liberal paper.

Phila. Oct 28, 1861.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE PINE AND PALM:

Gentlemen—I see in your last issue that Mr. J. B. Smith has used my name as trying to basely misrepresent him in a report of a lecture he delivered in the Wesley Church in this city some short time ago, and as you have seen fit to publish my name, I claim to be heard in self-defence.

He says that he will not condescend to notice what I said, and yet he replies to the matter, not that I did not tell the truth, but as he says, "Poor fellow, he wants to show that he is opposed to emigration." Now, Mr. Editor, my opposition to any scheme gotten up to distract the minds of the colored people does not ebb and flow as money is bid for the advocacy of said scheme, as my friend Smith's does, I am not to-day found advocating an emigration to the coast of Africa, and upon a little larger bid found to-morrow advocating an emigration to Hayti; and more than that, I should never be found telling the people that I knew Hayti was *the* place for us, and representing that I had been there, as Mr. Smith has done in going through Pennsylvania.

I acknowledge I have been to both California and Australia, and recently to Illinois, but never emigrated to either; and I was not influenced to go by hired agents. I went to those places not as an emigrant, but I went to better my condition, and did not endeavor to persuade the colored people to emigrate, nor the Colonization Society or Haytian Emigration Society have not got money sufficient to pay me to compromise the people I am identified with. I claim this as my country, and if I choose to go any where away to better my condition, I will do it without being bought.

I certainly thank my friend Smith for the sympathy he expresses for me, "Poor fellow," as he calls me. I know that I am poor, but, my friend, your Haytian dollars, worth only eight cents, can't buy me as yet. Nor has it ever occurred to me that J. B. Smith will ever go to Africa or Hayti while this country will produce a living for him in lecturing or preaching.

Respectfully yours,
GEO. W. GOINES.

By a note from our friend Mr. J. A. T., we learn that Miss E. T. Greenfield, "The Black Swan," gave a grand concert in Philadelphia a few evenings since, which was a very fine affair. It was given in the Sansom Street Hall, and was attended by over three thousand persons. Indeed so great was the crowd that many could not find ad*mittance* to the Hall.

Miss Greenfield was assisted by Miss Sedgwick, Madame Brown and Mr. Thomas Bowers.

The programme consisted of selections from the most celebrated authors.

The execution of these selections our friend represents as being faultless. Indeed from their well-known ability this was to be *expected*. The audience testified their satisfaction by continued applause and by a shower of bouquets, Mr. Bowers coming in for one of them.

This evidence of appreciation by their own citizens must certainly be very gratifying to the artists as it is a most splendid testimony to their ability.

Forlorn Hope for Hayti.

We call special attention to the following item:

A concordat has been published between the Pope and the President of Hayti. It creates an Archbishopric of Hayti and four Bishoprics. The Pope is to nominate, and a special article allows the selection to be made from the white race.

As our readers will admit, we have generally had very little to say, as editors, about Haytian emigration, although we have given a definite opinion on the subject; but if the above be true—which there is *every reason to believe it is*—we will no longer stifle an honest opinion.

We never have favored the emigration movement, though as co-workers in our general elevation, we have not opposed those who favored it, as propounded by the exponents of the Cleveland Convention Platform. We had rather, with our present view of the condition and prospects of the Anglo-Africans of America—especially the United States, see them remain where they are, believing that

"The day-star of gladness"

to them has risen in the political firmament, never again to set till the fall of all existing commonwealths and empires which now control the destinies of man upon earth.

But anti-emigrationists as we are, if a part of our people will emigrate, we have always favored—and we are certain that we speak the *sentiments* of the intelligent minds, generally, whether emigrants or not—their going where they had the opportunity of *self-government*, directing and controlling their own affairs, without subserviency to the whites. We repeat, that these are sentiments which should govern and control every colored person who desires to *emigrate*, otherwise they had better stay where they are.

What then, is implied, nay, what is de*finitely expressed in this* most portentious concordat or agreement between Geffrard, whom we are persuaded is a *wise* statesman? Why, that the *controlling* religious *influence must be white*, which requires nothing more but *time*, to make the entire *political* influence also *white*, when the liberty of the black race must be at an end. Will our brethren never be made to understand, that the security of a people's rights consist in their *controlling* their own *political* destiny? Why do we clamor and contend for the right of suffrage, franchise, and all that, here in America, if it be not to have *a part in the controlling* of our political destiny, without which there is no safety for us?

What becomes of the *recommendation* and laudation by Mr. James Redpath, and still worse, his hired counterparts of the "great and good Geffrard," the inflexible friend of his race? What confidence is there to be reposed in such men?

Once for all, from this time hence, if the above statement proves true, we shall ever set our *foot* upon Haytien Emigration, as one of the most monstrous and infamous schemes, ever set on foot by white men for their own personal benefit, and the Haytien Government as the most imbecile, degrading, pretentious, that were ever set up as national defenders of a people's rights.

Anniversary of two Chester County (Pa.) Sabbath Schools.

On Saturday, Oct. 5th, the anniversary ex*ercises took* place of the Sabbath School attached to Union Church, at Chatham, and an auxiliary, meeting at the house of Mr. Levi Taggart, at West Grove. The morning was clear and pleasant. The schools assembled at the house of Mr. Taggart, and were favored by the presence of Rev. Messrs. Bolyn, of Chatham, Lewis Porter, of Christiana, Del., and Lewis P. Hood, of Lancaster, Pa., and a large number of spectators. The grove was about a mile distant from the place of assembling, and although the number of conveyances on hand was large, it was decided that a procession be formed to walk to it. In forming the procession the assistance of Messrs. P. S. Porter and Wm. Wilson, of the 15th Street (N. Y.) Sabbath School, (who were in that neighborhood to listen to the funeral sermon of Mr. Samuel Porter) was kindly asked and given. Two very fine banners, with suitable inscriptions, were displayed on the occasion. On reaching the entrance of the grove an appropriate hymn was raised by Rev. Mr. Bolyn, and sung by the whole line of the procession till the platform was reached. Mr. Porter then commenced the regular exercises by singing and prayer, after which recitation and singing by the scholars were gone through in a creditable manner. Of the performers we can recollect only the names of Masters Lot Jacobs, Steamer and Cole. A Scripture piece was well rendered by Miss Eliza Lee, and in which she took two little girls by the hand, and in a very impressive manner presented them to the Saviour.

During a recess the scholars and teachers partook of a fine repast, consisting of roast beef, roast poultry, ham, cheese, cake, pies and a great variety of other delicacies, after which the spectators, numbering between two and three hundred, sat down to a similar repast for which no charge was made; this was arranged by several families bringing with them wash-tubs full of edibles of all kinds which were placed on the tables as fast as they needed replenishing. One fine feature of the affair was that no drink appeared on the tables except cold water.

After the recess the audience were again called to order by Rev. Mr. Hood, who afterwards delivered a thrilling address, replete with historical facts in relation to the progress of the colored people of this country in religion and education, and which had a fine effect upon, particularly, the white portion of the audience.

He was followed by Rev. Mr. Porter, who made a very interesting statement in regard to the colored people of Delaware, in which State he has resided for over forty years.

Mr. Peter S. Porter was then called upon to address the audience. He spoke of having visited Sabbath schools in the Northern States and in Europe, and contrasted the condition of the people in those countries with that of those of the Southern States, where but few Sabbath schools existed, and showed that if Sabbath schools had existed generally in the South for *the benefit of children of every condition* and complexion, there would have been no rebellion. He also tendered much wholesome advice to teachers and scholars in regard to the use of rum and tobacco, and cautioned them of the bad effects of the use of profane language. At the conclusion of Mr. Porter's remarks Mr. Wm. Wilson closed the exercises with singing and prayer. The procession then reformed and marched again to that portion of the grove where the tables were placed, and after partaking of refreshments, were dismissed by the singing of a doxology.

On the following day most of the company were again brought together to hear the funeral sermon of Mr. Samuel Porter, father of the Superintendent of the Chatham School, a notice of which I herewith furnish your paper.

P. S. P.

THE GERRIT SMITH LAND MOVEMENT was fairly considered and commenced on Monday evening last at Prince Street Hall, agreeable to notice. The Chairman, Mr. Charles L. Readon opened the meeting with a brief history of the circumstances by which these lands have fallen to our possession, together with an able and interesting allusion to the physical and mental development consequent in agricultural pursuits.

Mr. J. Powers spoke of the propriety of this movement, particularly at this time, when, he thinks, the times so earnestly recommends it.

Much interesting information was given by Messrs. Charles B. Ray and John Roberts, who have visited these lands.

Interesting remarks were also made by Messrs. J. J. Luille, Thomas Dowing, and Thomas Wright. A committee of five consisting of Mr. Charles B. Ray, Jeremiah Powers, J. J. Luille, John Roberts and James R. W. Leonard was appointed to prepare a constitution for the organization of a "Gerrit Smith Land Association," the object of which shall be to effectually carry forward this mark, after which the meeting adjourned to meet next Monday evening at the same place.

Those having grants are particularly invited to attend, as many of the lands have been sold for taxes and will soon be past redemption.

SECRETARY CAMERON'S INSTRUCTIONS RELATIVE TO FUGITIVE SLAVES.

The following order was sent out with the commanders of the forces accompanying the expedition:

WAR DEPARTMENT, Oct. 14, 1861.

SIR—In conducting military operations within States declared by the proclamation of the President to be in a state of insurrection, you will govern yourself, so far as persons held to service under the laws of such States are concerned, by the principles of the letters addressed by me to Maj.-Gen. Butler on the 30th of May and the 8th of August, copies of which are herewith furnished to you. As special directions, adapted to special circumstances, cannot be given, much must be referred to your own discretion, as Commanding-General of the expedition. You will, however, in general avail yourself of the services of any persons, whether fugitives from labor or not, who may offer them to the National Government; you will employ such persons in such service as they may be fitted for, either as ordinary employees or, *if special circumstances seem to re*quire it, in any other capacity, with such organization, in squads, companies, or otherwise, as you deem most beneficial to the service. This, however, not to mean a general arming of them for military service. You will assure all loyal masters that Congress will provide *just compensation to them for the loss of the* services of the persons so employed. It is believed that the course thus indicated will best secure the substantial rights of loyal masters, and the benefits to the United States of the services of all disposed to support the Government, while it avoids all interference with the social systems of local institutions of every State, beyond that which insurrection makes unavoidable, and which a restoration of peaceful relations to the Union, under the Constitution, will immediately remove. Respectfully,

SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

Brig.-Gen. T. W. Sherman, commanding expedition to the Southern coast.

Are there Any Contrabands in the great Naval Expedition?

The correspondent of the New York "Times," writing from the expedition, in that paper of the 26th ult., states that one thousand fugitive slaves would accompany the expedition.

The correspondent of the "Tribune," writing from the same quarter in the paper of the 28th, remarks:

We, the fleet, are not without our disappointments. We had hoped to take on board at this fortress at least six hundred "contrabands," whose duty it should be hereafter to wield the shovel and the hoe, and do such other duties as the exigencies of the campaign might demand, but the fates are against us, and but about eighty of the colored people are to be obtained. The dissappointment is not a slight one, especially to those of the soldiers who will have to do the valient duty with the agricultural implements aforesaid, instead of our *seeing the same services performed by the* gentlemen of another complexion.

The "Herald's" correspondent say, in the paper of the 29th, that it was designed that five hundred should be taken on board, but the design was not carried out,

A dispatch to the associated press published in the paper of the 29th, reads:

Commodious barracks are being erected for the "contrabands," none of whom are to go with the expedition. General Meigs has directed Quartermaster Tallmadge to provide for them in the way of shelter and clothing as well as has been customary with good masters in Virginia.

Another newspaper correspondent writes that there were about seven hundred taken aboard.

The "Tribune" of the 28th, in an article on the expedition, speaking of the steamship Matangas, says:

She carries only one hundred soldiers, but takes about five hundred "contrabands" of the stock accumulated at Fortress Monroe, who are, with over five hundred others in the fleet, to be put to work on fortifications and other heavy field world.

Another correspondent reduces the number to seventy.

There appears to be a very great discrepancy in your statements, gentlemen correspondents?

AN HAYTIAN EMIGRANT DROWNED.—On Tuesday, 25th ult., Coroner Schrimer held, at the Bellvue Hospital dead house, an inquest on the body of Jared Washington, who purposed leaving in one of the vessels that sailed last week for Hayti. It is supposed that he fell overboard on the eve of the departure of the vessels, but his body was not recovered until the day of the inquest. It was reported that he had over three hundred dollars in his possession before leaving for the vessel, but we have not learned of any money being found on him when discovered. The coroner's jury was "accidental drowning."

MOVEMENTS OF SUPERINTENDENT CLINTON.—In a letter just received from Mr. Clinton, he says, "I will leave Bellefonte on the 2nd of November for Pittsburg, and will commence from that point to make my pastoral visits in the Allegheny Conference District. My post office address will be Pittsburg, Pa."

GOD BLESS FREMONT!—Since the publication of Mr. Cameron's letter to Gen. Sherman, we may without impropriety relate an anecdote of Gen. Fremont. A few days ago a Missourian came to him with ample certificates of his fidelity to the Union, asking permission to search through the camp for three slaves whom he believed to have been taken into the service of one of the Illinois regiments. The General politely declined, saying he could not allow any one to examine his camp for any purpose, except by regular authority of law, and then the applicant went away. After he had gone, Fremont turned to the gentleman with whom he had previously been talking: "I dare say," said he, "these persons may be here; but if they are, they have come expecting to find a refuge, and I will never violate the confidence they have reposed in me, so long as my name is John C. Fremont."—N. Y. Tribune.

HAYTIAN EMIGRATION IN CANADA.

The Chatham (C. W.) Argus states that there was quite a stir among some of the colored people in Chatham, because of the arrival of a returned emigrant from Hayti a few days since, with very discouraging reports. Hundreds of emigrants want to return, but cannot; climate severe upon emigrants—numbers died; street fights among women common; people addicted to thieving; the messenger would have left the Island if he had been obliged to crawl away; it is a fine country, but Canada is better; as there the poor are driven about like slaves by the wealthy, &c., &c.

DELAWARE BARBARISM.

In the Court of Quarter Sessions the following cases, in which the defendants were colored, were heard and disposed of:

State vs. Henry Davis, charged with stealing four chickens from Wm. M'Cally, of Willow Grove. Found guilty of stealing *two*; sentenced to pay 50 cents restitution money, to be whipped with 12 lashes, and sold to pay costs.

State vs. Phebe Jane Brinklow, charged with stealing 30 pounds tallow of Jas. Hallett, of Milford; sentence—$2 70 restitution money, 12 lashes and sold.

State vs. Phebe Jane Brinklow, charged with stealing one silk and one calico dress of James Hallett, of Milford; sentence—$10 75 restitution money, 12 lashes and sold.

State vs. Wm. Thorn, charged with the larceny of five gallons shelled corn of George H. Shockley, of Murderkill Hundred; sentence—50 cents restitution money, 12 lashes and sold.

State vs. Chas. H. Bowman, charged with stealing $74 of Thos. Carrow, of Smyrna; sentence—$113 18 restitution money, 20 lashes and sold for restitution money and costs.

COTTON MEETING IN BIRMINGHAM.—A meeting had been held in Birmingham relative to the cotton supply, and in advocacy of the establishment of cotton industry in Africa as the means of destroying the Slave-trade. Rev. H. Highland Garnet was among the speakers, and advocated the introduction of colored families from America into Africa.

"CURSES LIKE CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST."

The Cairo correspondent of the "Tribune," remarks in a letter from that point, dated Oct. 26th:

Up to this date many slaves—but I do not know how many—have come to our several camps. There has been no settled policy pursued concerning them. In many cases they have been given up to their masters, though well known to be Secessionists, while, in other cases, if the slaves were young and smart, the soldiers or officers kept them *for their own use*, but after a while they disappeared, I cannot tell whither. If ever there was a Gordian knot which the wit of man was bid to untie, this, concerning the whole question of slavery, is one. When one puzzles himself about it he recalls to his mind the picture of the chariot and the uplifted sword.

I have taken pains to talk to many soldiers on this subject, and, as it is a vital point, I will briefly state what they give me as their sentiments. And I find their expressions uniform, no matter whether they voted for Lincoln, Douglas, Bell, or even Breckinridge. They say they do not want the negroes liberated among us. On this point they are emphatic and warm, and they add, "Let them stay where they are." Of course the reply is, that no one North opposes this arrangement, and the real question is, "What will you soldiers do, rather than see the Government broken up?" They say, without considering the difficulties, "The negroes ought to be carried out of the country;" and add, "America is for white men, and not for negroes." By such replies, it is seen that their minds are not yet settled upon any solution, and they must be asked the question again. At last—and they are no more backward, I believe, than well-informed men—they come out and say that this Government is worth more than all the negroes that ever did or ever will live.

Colonel Broadhead, of First Michigan Cavalry, issued the other day the following order:

The commanding officer is surprised and mortified to learn that negroes, the servants of officers, have dared to parade this camp in the uniform of soldiers.

The honorable distinction which the soldier's uniform confers, and of which every true soldier is justly proud, cannot, and in this command shall not, be so dishonored and degraded.

The negro hereafter found wearing the uniform of the soldiers of this regiment will be stripped at once, and, if within the encampment, summarily ejected.

The Louisville "Journal" of Tuesday, says that a slave belonging to Jeff Offord, a secessionist of Spencer County, made his escape and delivered himself up at Camp Sherman on Monday. The officer of the Camp handed him over to the Provost Marshall, who under orders from Gen. Sherman returned him to his master.

A Washington dispatch of October 26th, reads:

Some of the Maryland slave owners in the vicinity of Annapolis complain that many of their slaves have secreted themselves on board the vessels of the coast expedition. Several slaves were found on board the ships and were returned to their owners.

Testimonial to Rev. Theodore Bourne, for Services Rendered to African Christian Civilization.

Office of Turkish Missions Aid Society, 7 Adam-st. Strand, London,
26th March, 1861.

To Rev. Theodore Bourne:

My Dear Sir:—As instructed by the Committee, I forward officially to you the Testimonial Address signed by the friends in London, who have felt the deepest interest in your public object and your personal exertions. In returning to America, you carry away with you the testimony of God's blessing upon your public object and philanthropic labor, in having been permitted to be instrumental in the organization of the British "African Aid Society," which will work in connection with the American Civilization of Africa Societies for the benefit of the Negro race.

I only add, Reverend and dear sir, that you carry away with you, on your return, the cordial esteem and Christian affection of many more besides those friends whose names appear on the Testimonial paper. We all wish you a safe and prosperous voyage, and pray God to open up before you increasing opportunities for ministerial usefulness and philanthropic exertion.

In the name of the Testimonial Committee,

George Royds Brich, Hon. Sec'y.
Gerard Ralston.

Reverend Theodore Bourne came to England in 1859, on behalf of an increasing portion of the free people of color in the United States, who are desirous of going to Africa and other tropical regions, for the double purpose of ameliorating their own condition, and promoting the elevation and best interests of their brethren.

He has succeeded in making the cause advantageously known in various quarters, and to persons of various classes, and more especially among the religious world—the merchants and manufacturers connected with the cotton interest, and likewise the West Indian proprietors, who desire that a portion of the colored Americans alluded to may be attracted to those regions.

Some of his friends, possessing a knowledge of these facts, which have been recognized by the Committee of the African Aid Society in the subjoined resolution, have, in consequence, concluded to invite the co-operation of friends of Africa towards a Testimonial in his favor. They trust that this mark of approbation will convey to Reverend Mr. Bourne their sense of his diligent and faithful labors for the oppressed Negro race, and will be gratifying to him, not merely during his stay in this country, but after his return to America, where he may be engaged serving the cause, and aiding in the selection and dispatch of emigrants, whether to Africa or the West Indies.

Thos. Hodgkin, M. D.
J. W. Richardson.

African Aid Society, 7 Adam St., Strand, C. W., London, Nov. 12th, 1860.

The Secretary presents his compliments to the Reverend Theodore Bourne, and has much pleasure in handing him the following extract from the minutes of the meeting of the Committee of the Society, held on the 8th inst.:

"Resolved, That a donation be contributed towards a Testimonial to the Reverend Theodore Bourne, if his friends should originate and support such an expression of their esteem."

Lord Alfred S. Churchill, M.P.,
Chairman of the Committee.

London, Dec., 1860.

We cordially concur in the above proposal for a testimonial to Mr. Bourne, as the expression of our personal esteem, and in token of our high appreciation of his services in the promotion of his important object.

(Signed,)
Rev. Sam. Minton, M.A.
" Jas. Baldwin Brown.
John Campbell, D.D.
Rev. John Waddington, D.D,
" Henry Jones, M.A.
" Geo. Royds Birch, Sec. Turkish Mission Aid Soc.
Gerard Ralston.
Rev. Joseph Kidger Tucker.
" Octavius Winslow, D.D.
" George Smith, Sec'y Congregational Union.
Rev. Arthur Tidman, D.D., Sec'y London Missionary Soc.
Rev. Thomas James, Sec. Colonial Missionary Soc.
Charles Making,
Richard Barrett,
Boddington & Co.
Rev. Henry Richards, Secretary Peace Society.
Wm. Tweedie.
Norton Shaw, M.D., Sec. Royal Geographical Soc.
George Yonge, Secretary British Jews Society.

INTERESTING FROM HAYTI.

Advices from Hayti extend to October 19th.

According to the "Opinion Nationale" a partial change had occurred in the Cabinet of President Geffrard. The Portfolio of Justice had been intrusted to a former member of the Legislative body.

The Haytian Government is strenuously laboring to encourage agriculture. In a recent address to the Chamber of Representives the President had said:

"The most sanguine hopes might be indulged in regard to the future prosperity of the Republic.

Much interest was excited in the island, arising out of the case of the Captain and crew of the American bark "William," which was wrecked on the coast during a severe gale last spring. Captain Pelleter, the commander, together with all the men, were seized as they were cast ashore, loaded with heavy irons, and carried to Port-au-Prince, where they were confined in subterranean dungeons. The unfortunate men were, notwithstanding the protests of the American Consul, and the remonstrances of the several European Consuls, confined five months without trial. On September 5, the form of a trial was had, when, without any witnesses having been heard on either side the Captain was condemned to be shot, and the pilot and one of the sailors, an American, were sentenced to four years in the chain-gang. The remainder of the crew, to the number of eight, had, through the importunity of the French Consul, been set at liberty. The vessel and cargo had, in the meantime, been confiscated, thus reducing the family of the condemned mariner to ruin.

Capt. Pelletier has written a letter to the Havana papers setting forth his case, but omitting to mention the grounds upon which his prosecution was founded. He only says "they were as baseless and gratuitous, as they were repugnant to his sentiments and character."

At the latest accounts the sentence against Capt. Pelletier had not been executed, though the execution, notwithstanding the formal protest of the American Consul was expected to take place at once,

The bark William is mentioned in the "Amerrcan Lloyds" as a vessel of 232 tons burden, built in 1847, and owned in New York.—N. Y. Tribune.

SACREDNESS OF SLAVERY.

In every compromise upon the subject of slavery, and in all legislation to conciliate the South, property in slaves has been regarded as peculiarly sacred. This tradition still holds good at Washington. It we may credit the following, the Administration, acting through its military officers, entertains the idea that slavery is too holy to be touched, even for the purpose of saving the country:

"A slave belonging to Jeff. Offord, a secessionist of Spencer county, made his escape and delivered himself up at Camp Sherman on our fair grounds. The officers of the Camp handed him over to Mr. Dent, our Provost Marshal, who, under instructions from General Sherman, returned him without reward to his owner."—"Louisville Journal."

If the "son" of a rebel had escaped, and desired to join our army, how gladly would he have been received! If the "horse" of a rebel had come within our lines, how quickly he would have been seized and used for our purposes! But the "slave" is not treated either as a person or as property. The vilest institution upon which the sun ever shone, the primal cause of the rebellion, and the one great iniquity for which God is now dealing with the nation, is treated by Administration as if it were the only really sacred thing in the land—not be touched but on pain of death! Is it any wonder that we are defeated in our plans, and that our hosts stand still as if paralyzed by some invisible power?—"Independent."

Horrible Murder on Board an American Ship.—At the Thames Police Court, yesterday, Wm. H. Hawkins, a black man, late steward of the American ship Lammargier, was charged with the wilful murder of Capt. Adams, off the coast of Devonshire, The Lammargier sailed from London for Callao twelve days ago. On Sunday morning last the captain was foully murdered off the Start, and the ship put back *immediately*. Mr. Ross, surgeon, said that he had examined the body of the deceased captain. There was a very large wound over the right frontal bone, which was battered in; *also over the right parietal* and right temple bone, which were battered in, and the brains protruding. There were two fractures communicating with each other. He had also examined a chopper on board. It was a new one, and had been washed, but he could trace human blood and hair upon it. Mr. Myers, an American, the second officer of the ship Lammargier, deposed to the captain and steward having words after the vessel sailed, and to the steward's eye being marked, as if he had been struck. The steward, at breakfast time on Tuesday week, said, "I'll give you all a chance to get back to London." He told the steward that whatever secrets he might have he had better keep them to himself. The chief officer said to the steward, "The captain is a strange man; if you get to the right side of him you will be all right." The steward said, "I am a strange man, too; no one on board this ship knows me yet." On Sunday morning last the captain was found in his cabin murdered, and the blood oozing from his head, which had been cut open with a hatchet. The steward was immediately secured and put in irons. Mr. Selfe decided that he must have the Secretary of State's warrant before he could proceed further with the case, and remanded the prisoner.

Manchester Guardian, Oct. 4.

A Tall Jump and a Tall Shot.—A member of John Brown's Company of sharp shooters, now in camp on the Heights, did a pretty feat in the way of gymnastics and rifle-shooting not long since. He was hunting in Pennsylvania, and getting on the track of a deer, managed by fast running and short cuts, to reach a certain point just as the deer did. But althoug the two were only some two or three rods apart, a "root fence," some five feet high, intervened. The hunter, without stopping, made a leap, cleared the fence, and while in the air brought up his rifle, fired and brought down the deer. This story, fishy as it may seem, is attested in such a way that its truth is not to be doubted. Capt. Brown has in his Company many men who were born with rifles in their hands, if their experience is anything to judge of such a fact by.—Cleveland Leader.

Clothing for the Freedmen at Fortress Monroe.—A special correspondent of the New York "Tribune," writing from Fortress Monroe, under date of October 28th, says:

It gives me pleasure to record an instance of timely and well-directed philanthropy worthy of imitation. This morning Quartermaster Tallmadge received a letter from Caroline Pennock, dated at Howellsville, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, notifying him that she had forwarded a box of clothing, comfortables, and other similar articles, which she desired that officer to distribute to the negroes, known as "contrabands," at such times and in such manner as in his judgment would be the object of the donor's well-conceived charity the most good. Simultaneous with this agreeable notification came the box, both of which Quartermaster Tallmadge has acknowledged, assuring Mrs. (or Miss?) Pennock that he will be the cheerful and faithful administrator of a benevolence at once timely and practical. It is to be hoped that this will be a hint to others, and that the "contraband," who, in some respects, are indeed a peculiar people, will, through Quartermaster Tallmadge, in whom they recognize the best of "masters," receive other donations of "clothing, comfortables," &c.

BALTIMORE AFFAIRS.

On Sunday noon, Oct. 13th, a *colored* man named Jackson, residing on Chestnut Street, was stabbed in the right cheek, it is alleged, by a soldier named John Roberts, for refusing to move from the centre of the walk in front of the Colored Church on East Street. Roberts was arrested, but afterwards released for the want of evidence against him.

Dr. Greentree, coroner, held an inquest on the 18th ult., over the body of an aged colored woman, who suddenly died in a house on Biddle Alley, the jury rendering a verdict of "death from causes unknown." She was upwards of eighty years of age.

ANGLO-AFRICAN WAR ITEMS.

In a letter dated Oct. 26th, from the Cairo correspondent of the Tribune, appears the following: A "contraband" came into Camp Holt, on the Kentucky shore, last night under the following circumstances: It seems that the slaveholders, both of Kentucky and Missouri, are rapidly disposing of their negroes to Southern traders, and any one sees that if this practice is long continued there will be little cause for difficulty in these States. This negro, learning that he was sold, and that this morning he was to start for "Alabam," by the directions of a friend, came to the camp-fires of our teamsters, and, on being hailed, said he was a Union man, when they took him in. The friend referred to is a widow woman living in Blandville, 20 miles distant, who, on account of her principles, has suffered all sorts of insults, and has been repeatedly robbed, and is now about to be driven from her home, where she has long lived comfortably, but, with a defiant spirit, she conferred secretly with this negro, and he escaped.

The Dayton Empire of 2nd ult. contains the following item: Jim Griffith, the colored waiter who accompanied Capt. Gunckel to Kentucky, returned home last evening, along with the other waiters. Owing to threats made in that region, pursuant to instructions from Gen. Buckner, it was not deemed safe for free colored waiters to remain in that part of the State, as they are in danger of being seized and sent off down to the extreme South! It seems that the Confederates have determined to make contrabands of all free negroes found in Federal Camps, and will confiscate them!

Mrs. C. J. H. Nichols writes from Quindaro, Kansas, to the Columbus (O.) Field Notes, over date Sept. 28th: Fremont's proclamation—it should not be modified. Every body endorses its wisdom in this region; it must come to that before we win. The slaves are leaving Missouri in untold numbers. More than 80 have passed this place within a few days.

The Cambridge, (Md.) Herald says: The devil is to play with the negro slaves and secessionists in the vicinity of Vienna. They appear equally crazy—the negroes running North and the whites South;—improving their conditions with revenge! Negro slaves are almost daily escaping.

Our readers will recollect reading several weeks ago an unprovoked assault upon a colored man by a member of a military company at Leesburg, Ohio, in which the man was badly beaten with clubs—shot in the jaw, and left on the ground for dead. We have learned that although arrests were made the parties were immediately released for want of evidence.

SUMMARY.

A colored man, named Jacob Hamilton was hung by a mob on the 11th ult., at Smyrna, Del. It appears that an outrage was committed on the two daughters of a man by the name of Cloak, living on the outskirts of said town, by parties unknown. Suspicion fell on Hamilton; he was seized by the mob, and at half-past 9 in the morning in the presence of hundreds of spectators, including two hundred females, he was hung on a tree. The body was allowed to hang until four o'clock in the afternoon, when it was cut down, and a coroner's jury was empanelled to inquire into the manner in which the man had come to his death. After a post-mortem examination a verdict was rendered to the effect that the deceased had died from the effects of strangulation, the result of hanging inflicted by some person or persons *unknown* to the jury! It is probable that every man concerned in the hanging was well kown to the jurors, most of whom were doubtless upon the ground at the time.

Miss Evelina Colbert, a lady about forty years of age, was murdered by one of her female slave at Waterloo, Va., on the 14th ult. Miss Colbert attempted to correct the slave for some cause, when the girl seized a piece of fence rail, felled her to the ground, and then choked her to death. The slave confessed the deed.

A colored man named Franklin Armwood was badly stabbed by an Irishman on the 30th of Sept. at Union Springs, N. Y.

At Cleveland, (O.) on the 1st ult., a colored boy, by the name of Liverpool, had a hearing before the Mayor on the charge of placing obstructions on the track of the Central Ohio Railroad. He was required to enter into bail in the sum of $500 for his appearance at the next term of the Court of Common Pleas, to answer the charge. Failing to give the security, he was committed to jail.

The libel case against Jas. F. Babcock of the New Haven Palladium, for publishing as a news item the statement that Geo. W. Bishop of that city had been arrested in Philadelphia for kidnapping a colored boy and selling him South—a story which afterward proved untrue—was tried in the Superior Court at New Haven on the 15th ult. Verdict for defendant, with costs.

The Union Baptist Church (colored) of Chatham, C. W., Philip Patterson Clerk, caution the public against T. Y. Jones, who carries a certificate with the town seal upon it, and is asking aid for said church, but who is not a member of it, and refuses to account to it.

A colored woman named Eliza Strouder died very suddenly in Trenton, N. J., on the 6th ult. She had been sick for a year, and at the time of her death was sitting up and conversing in a lively strain. The verdict of the jury was that she came to her death from natural causes.

In Norwich, Ct., a few days ago, C. W. Treadway was knocked down, run over, and seriously bruised by a runaway horse.

Sugar in Liberia.—The sugar planters of Liberia are anticipating a large increase of profits, by the introduction of water-power for grinding the sugar cane. The water-power is so abundant and convenient that cattle can almost entirely be dispensed with. The staves for the sugar hogsheads and barrels that have hitherto been imported from the United States in shooks, are now being made by the Liberians out of their own wood. One of their writers and farmers thinks that Liberia is destined to rival Louisiana; only wants the banking capital in order to advance in wealth as rapidly.

ARRIVALS AT MRS. PLANT'S

BOARDING-HOUSE, BROOKLYN.

Isaiah B. Williams,
James O. Williams, of Baltimore, Md.
Mr. Horace Harley, Bridgeport, Conn.
Mr. Wm. Ward, Richmond, Va.

MARRIED.

Stokely—Taylor.—In St. Philip's Church, October 24th, by the Rev. William Johnson Alston, Mr. William L. Stokely, of New York city, to Mrs. Elizabeth F. Taylor, formerly of Philadelphia, Penn.

Special Notices.

MASONIC

DIRECTORY,

FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R.W.G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light, No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Tuesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka No. 15, Norwich, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery. No. 14, Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, New York City.

NOTICE.

All members of the Annual Conferences of the A.M.E. Zion Church who have taken shares in the stock of the Book Concern of said church, are hereby informed that the payment is now due, and they are requested to make remittances to the Treasurer, Rev. Jos. P. Thompson, Hudson, N.Y., through the mail or by express.

N.B. All who have not taken shares can do so by forwarding the amount of $10 to the Secretary, at New Bedford, Mass.

Samuel M. Giles,
Secretary of the Board.
New Bedford, Oct. 16th, 1861.

AGENCY

FOR TROY AND VICINITY.

James R. Benham is the r[illegible] arly appointed Agent for the Anglo-African [illegible] Troy, Lansingburg, Waterford and vicinity. All orders or communications for the paper may be left with J. Benham on board of the steamer "Cornelius Vanderbilt."

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delsart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

A MASS MEETING

To consider measures with reference to a settlement of the

GERRIT SMITH LANDS,

will be held, agreeable to adjournment, at Prince Street Hall, on Monday evening November 4th, 1861. The public are invited to attend. The meeting will be addressed by a person who has resided three years upon his grant.

Charles L. Reason, Ch'mn.
J. H. Townsend, Sec'y.

Jeremiah Powers,	James P. Miller,
Chas. B. Ray,	A. Roberts,
Peter Vogelsang,	Theo. Giles,
Henry Ross,	Wm. H. Leonard,

James R. W. Leonard.

LECTURES.

The Rev. Alex. Crummell, of Liberia, W.A., is prepared to deliver the following Lectures, either singly or as a course, during the months of November and December:

1. The customs, genius, and characteristics of native tribes in Western Africa.
2. The growth of civilization along the Western Coast of Africa.
3. The progress and prospects of the Republic of Liberia.

Letters are to be addressed to Rev. A. Crummell, 217 Sullivan Street, New York. 12—4t

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. Eli N. Hall, Pastor, cor. DeKalb and Hudson Avenues, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:

10½ o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7½ "	P. M.

10 4t.

FIRST COLORED AMERICAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. L. Tilmon, pastor, worship in the Hall, 194 Green Street, between Amity and Bleecker Streets. Hours of worship: 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.; 3, P. M.; and 7 1-2, P.M. 11—1y

Residence of the Pastor: 120th St., Harlem.

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor. Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:

10 1-2 o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7 1-2 "	P. M.

12-1y

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—

10½	A. M.
3	P. M.
7½	P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn. 13-1y.

ATTENTION COMPANY!

File right! Forward, march to 178 Prince St. on Monday evening, November 4, at 7½ o'clock.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Sale—A Beautiful Picnic Grove, at Glencove, L. I.—The owner has been asked by respectable colored people in that vicinity and in this city to offer for sale the above Grove. It is offered to colored persons and the public generally. It extends from West to Middle Avenue, and has a fine view of the Bay, and is near the landing. Inquire of Mrs. R. BONNER, No. 54 West 29th-st., cor. 6th Avenue. 14—13t

Apartments to Let—or Lodgings furnished to a few gentlemen, at No. 311 Spring Street. Inquire on the premises, 14—tf

To Let.—The Room on the Second floor of Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-street. Inquire at 66 East Houston-st., or of the Janitor 225 West 15th-st.

POCKET WATER-FILTER
AND
DRINKING TUBE.

Indispensable for Soldiers, Travelers, and Sportsmen. Weighs one ounce. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Send it to your friends. Agents wanted. Samples mailed on receipt of 50 cents, by addressing

DAY & CO.,
13-13t. Box 464 P.O., Newark, N. J.

FASHIONABLE
DRESS MAKING,
SHIRT MAKING, EMBROIDERING, AND QUILTING.

Mesdames F. A. Hamilton, C. A. Newton and Miss A. M. Hamilton,
187 Navy Street, Brooklyn.

Ladies' and Childrens' dresses cut and made in the most fashionable style and warranted to fit.

SHIRTS of all paterns made, and plain sewing executed with neatness; and durability of work guaranteed. Orders for EMBROIDERING promptly attended to, and QUILTING executed with dispatch.

Public patronage is respectfully solicited. 12-tf.

HENRY G. LEASK,
HATS. CAPS, STRAW GOODS
AND FURS.
COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.
Shipping Furs Bought. 19-tf.

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,
EMPIRE STATE HOTEL
AND
UNION HOUSE,
541 BROOME STREET,
Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. Ramsey.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Pease call and examine the premises

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

Mrs. S. Plant (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this in any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,
BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG
Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as
BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS
of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made
MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.
Don't Forget,
168 EWEN ST.,
9 1y. Williamsburg.

HATS CAPS & FURS
IN THEIR VARIETY.
First Premium for Misses and Children's
HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS.
The Clergy supplied at a discount.
KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS
For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co. N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.
Apply to L. TILMON, 70 East 13th St.,
one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
10 5t

JUST PUBLISHED
"THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN LIBERIA."
The Anniversary address, on the 26th July, 1860 in Cape Palmas, Liberia, by the Rev. Alex. Crummell, B.A.
For Sale at the Anglo-African Office, 48 Beekman St., New York. Price 15 cents. 8 4t

PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE
BY
MRS. W. S. WILKINS & Co
610 PINE, ABOVE SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA 7-13t.

LADIES' FURNISHING STORE.
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING
Ready-Made and Made to Order, By
MRS. S. WILKINS & CO.,
610 Pine, above Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
7-13t.

MRS. ANDERSON,
CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS
Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

St. Philip's Church.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m

To Let.—The Upper Part of House 277 South Fourth St., Williamsburg, consisting of front and back parlors, and a large bedroom, with the back basement. Rent nine dollars a month, to be paid strictly in advance. Inquire on the premises, or at this office.

Lodgings.—Mrs. Lane can accomodate a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate 9 1t.

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tf.

A School Wanted.—A Young Lady, a graduate of one of the High Schools of this State, and who is fully qualified as a teacher, is desirous of obtaining a school where the salary would not be less than $200 a-year. Address Thos. Hamilton, 48 Beekman St., N.Y.

Musical Instruction. The undersigned respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the Art of Singing. He will be at home at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, and at Zion Church, N. Y., on Thursday evening, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. Singing schools taught and private instruction given on moderate terms.
3tf. ROBT. HAMILTON,

New Sailor's Home. Charles M. Fortie, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 Mulberry Street, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

Wanted at Tilmon's Agency, No. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted *for city* and country. 5—4t

Mrs. E. Clarke, is happy to announce to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 Sullivan Street, New York. 4-1t

DENTISTRY.
BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist.
79 Thompson St., N. Y

MRS. E. LEONARD,
FASHIONABLE
DRESS MAKER,
25 Sullivan Street, New York.
Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.
3tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING
By Mrs. Mary Johnson, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies,	$2,50
" " Gentleman,	3,00
Lodging per week,	75

y13t.

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
CARD AND JOB PRINTER,
219 Centre Street, New York.

The Best Dressing for the Hair during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts., 2 tf.

Boarding and Lodging on the East Side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 182 Suffolk Street, Terms very moderate. a10 1y.

BROWN'S POPULAR RESORT.
The undersigned takes the privilege to inform his Friends and the public generally that as he has recently fitted up his SALOON anew, he is now prepared to furnish them with
Ice Creams, Fruit, and other Delicacies.
BENJ. F. BROWN,
70 Bleecker St
between Broadway & Crosby St. 4t.

Warranted to Cure a Headache in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts.

P. A. WHI[illegible]
Corner of [illegible]
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHA[illegible]
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
A FRESH AND PURE ASSORTMENT
OF
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS
GENUINE
LUBIN'S EXTRACTS
AND OTHER PERFUMERY,
FANCY SOAPS, FINE HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES,
FAMILY ARTICLES, HAVANA SEGARS, &c., &c.

All his articles are purchased with great care, and are warranted to be pure, fresh, and genuine.

MEDICINE CHESTS
carefully made up.

All orders promptly attended to, on receipt of the CASH.

Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared.

WHITE'S
VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH, AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely *Gray*.

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh and unpleasant in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself *a hollow tube* through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair *is nourished, its glossy color* is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea-voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full of dandruff, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this, and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hairbrush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off, always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that cases of failure will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and perseveringly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

BADEAU'S
STRENGTHENING PLASTER.
AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR
LAME OR WEAK BACK, PAIN OR WEAKNESS IN THE SIDE, CHEST, STOMACH, OR LIMBS. A CERTAIN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, PLEURISY, LIVER OR KIDNEY COMPLAINT, SPRAINS, BRUISES, &c., &c.

Persons disposed will find this plaster particularly serviceable

Dyspeptic persons will find a permanent relief from its use, as it keeps a continued heat, acting as a gentle counter irritant, removing the [illegible] of the stomach without breaking the skin. Persons engaged in sedentary pursuits should use these Plasters constantly, as they give strength to parts [illegible] by constant sitting and stooping.

For STRAINS and SPRAINS they are [illegible], affording relief immediately and without [illegible].

For RHEUMATISM there is no [illegible] tion equal to them, promoting the [illegible] tion, and

PREVENTING A R[illegible]

of the excruciating pain.

These plasters are prepared [illegible] the best material, and [illegible] the originator [illegible] purchasing ask for BADEAU'S [illegible] that the name BADEAU is [illegible] you will be deceived.

P. A. WHIT[illegible]

Poetry.

O Pity the Slave Mother.

I pity the slave mother, careworn and weary,
Who sighs as she presses her babe to her breast;
I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary,
I lament for her woes, and her wrongs unredressed.
You may picture the bonds of the rock-girded ocean,
But the grief of that mother can never be known,
O who can imagine her heart's deep emotion,
As she thinks of her children about to be sold.

The mildew of slavery has blighted each blossom.
That ever has bloomed in the path-way below:
It has froze every fountain that gushed in her bosom,
And chilled her heart's verdure with pitiless woe:
Her parents, her kindred, all crushed by oppression;
Her husband still doomed in its desert to stay.
No arm to protect from the tyrant's aggression—
She must weep as she treads on her desolate way.

O, slave-mother, hope! see—the nation is shaking!
The arm of the Lord is awake to thy wrong!
The slave-holder's heart now with terror is quaking
Salvation and Mercy to Heaven belong!
Rejoice, O rejoice! for the child thou art rearing,
May one day lift up its unmanacled form.
While hope, to thy heart, like the rain-bow so cheering,
Is born, like the rain-bow, 'mid tempest and storm.

THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

One beautiful summer morning, about the year 1630, several youths of Seville approached the dwelling of the celebrated painter Murillo, where they arrived nearly at the same time. After the usual salutations, they entered the studio. Murillo was not yet there, and each of the pupils walked up quickly to his easel to examine if the paint had dried, or perhaps, to admire his work of the previous evening.

"Pray, gentlemen," exclaimed Isturitz angrily, "which of you remained behind in the studio last night?"

"What an absurd question!" replied Cordova; "don't you recollect we all came away together?"

"This is a foolish jest, gentlemen," answered Isturitz; "last evening I cleaned my pallette with the greatest care, and now it is as dirty as if some one had used it all night."

"Look!" exclaimed Carlos, "there is a small figure in the corner of my canvass, and it is not badly done; I should like to know who it is that amuses himself every morning with sketching figures sometimes on my canvass, sometimes on walls, and it is not badly done. There was one yesterday on your easel, Ferdinand."

"It must be Isturitz," said Ferdinand.

"Gentlemen," replied Isturitz, "I protest—"

"You need not protest," replied Carlos, "we all know you are not capable of sketching such a figure as that."

"At least," answered Isturitz, "I have never made a sketch as bad as that of yours; one would think you had done it in jest."

"And my pencils are quite wet," said Gonzalo in his turn. "Truly, strange things go on here during the night."

"Do you not think, like the negro, Gomez, that it is the Zombi who comes and plays all these tricks?" said Isturitz.

"Truly," said Mendez, who had not yet spoken, being absorbed in admiration of the various figures which were sketched with the hand of a master in different parts of the studio, "if the Zombi of the negroes draw in this manner, he would make a beautiful head of the Virgin in the Descent from the Cross."

With these words, Mendez, with a careless air, approached his easel, when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and he gazed with mute surprise on his canvass, on which was roughly sketched a most beautiful head of the Virgin; but the expression was so admirable, the lines so clear, the contour so graceful, that compared with the figures by which it was surrounded, it seemed as if some heavenly visitant had descended among them.

"Ah, what is the matter?" said a rough voice. The pupils turned at the sound, and all made a respectful obeisance to the great master.

"Look, Senor Murillo, look!" exclaimed the youths, as they pointed to the easel of Mendez.

"Who has painted this—who has painted this head, gentlemen?" asked Murillo, eagerly. "Speak, tell me." He who has sketched this Virgin will one day be master of us all. Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch! What delicacy! What skill! Mendez, my dear pupil, was it you?"

"No, Senor," replied Mendez, in a sorrowful tone.

"Was it you, then, Isturitz, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?"

But they all gave the same reply.

"It could not, however, come here without hands," said Murillo, impatiently.

"I think, sir," said Cordova, the youngest of the pupils, "that these strange pictures are very alarming; indeed this is not the first unaccountable event which has happened in your studio. To tell the truth, such wonderful things have happened here, one scarcely knows what to believe."

"What are they?" asked Murillo, still lost in admiration of the head of the Virgin by the unknown artist.

"According to your orders, Senor," answered Ferdinand, we never leave the studio without putting everything in order, cleaning our pallettes, washing our brushes, and arranging our easels; but when we return in the morning, not only is everything in confusion, our brushes filled with paint, our pallettes dirtied, but here and there sketches (beautiful sketches to be sure they are,) sometimes of the head of an angel, sometimes of a demon, then again the profile of a young girl, or the figure of an old man, but all admirable, as you have seen yourself, Senor."

"This is certainly a curious affair, gentlemen," observed Murillo, "but we shall soon learn who is this nightly visitant. Sebastian," he continued, addressing a little mulatto boy about fourteen years of age, who appeared at his call, "did I not desire you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master," said the boy, timidly.

"And have you done so?"

"Yes, master."

Speak then; who was here last night and this morning before these gentlemen came? Speak, slave, or I shall make you acquainted with my dungeon," said Murillo, angrily to the boy, who continued to twist the band of his trowsers without replying.

"Ah you don't choose to answer," said Murillo, pulling his ear.

"No one, master, no one,' replied the trembling Sebastian with eagerness.

"That is false," exclaimed Murillo.

"No one but me, I swear to you master,' cried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the studio, and holding out his little hands in supplication before his master.

"Listen to me pursued Murillo. "I wish to know who has sketched this head of the Virgin, and all the figures which my pupils find every morning here on coming to the studio. This night in place of going to bed, you shall watch; and if by to-morrow you do not discover who the culprit is, you shall have twenty-five strokes of the lash. You hear—I have spoken it; now go and grind the colors, and you, gentlemen, to work.' From the commencement till the termination of the hour of instruction, Murillo was too much absorbed with his pencil to allow a word to be spoken but what regarded their occupation, but the moment he disappeared, the pupils made ample amends for this restraint; and as the unknown painter occupied all their thoughts, the conversation naturally turned to that subject.

"Beware, Sebastian, of the lash," said Mendez, "and watch well for the culprit; but give me the Naples yellow.

"You do not need it, Senor Mendez you have made it yellow enough already; and as to the culprit, I have already told you that it is the Zombi?,'

"Are these negroes fools or asses with their Zombi?" said Gonzalo, laughing, "pray what is a Zombi?"

"Oh, an imaginary being of course. But take care, Senor Gonzalo," continued Sebastian, with a mischievous glance at his easel, for it must be the Zombi who has stretched the left arm of your St. John to such a length that if the right resembles it, he will be able to untie his shoe-strings without stooping."

"Do you know, gentlemen," said Isturitz as he glanced at the painting, that the remarks of Sebastian are extremely just, and much to the point.'

"Oh, they say that negroes have the face of an ape and the tongue of a parrot,' rejoined Gonzalo, in a tone of indifference.

"With this distinction," observed Ferdinand, 'that the parrot repeats by rote, while Sebastian has judgment in his remarks."

"Like the parrot by chance," retorted Gonzalo.

"Who knows," said Mendez, who had not digested the Naples yellow, "that from grinding the colors, he may one day astonish us by showing he knows one from the other."

"To know one color from another, and to know how to use them, are two very different things," replied Sebastian, whom the liberty of the studio allowed to join in the conversation of the pupils; and truth obliges us to confess that his taste was so exquisite, his eye so correct, that many of them did not disdain to follow the advice he frequently gave them respecting their paintings. Although they sometimes amused themselves by teazing the little mulatto, he was a great favorite with them all; and this evening, on quitting the studio, each, giving him a friendly tap on the shoulder, counselled him to keep a strict watch, and catch the Zombi for fear of the lash.

It was night, and the studio of Murillo, the most celebrated painter in Seville—this studio, which during the day was so cheerful and animated—was now silent as the grave. A single lamp burned upon a marble table, and a young boy, whose sable hue harmonized with the surrounding darkness, but those eyes sparkled like diamonds at midnight, leaned against an easel. Immoveable and still, he was so deeply absorbed in his meditations, that the door of the studio was opened by one who several times called him by name, and who, on receiving no answer, approached and touched him. Sebastian raised his eyes, which rested on a tall and handsome negro.

"Why do you come here, father?" said he, in a melancholy tone.

"To keep you company, Sebastian."

"There is no need, father, I can watch alone."

"But what if the Zombi should come?"

"I do not fear him," replied the boy with a pensive smile.

"He may carry you away my son, and then the poor negro Gomez will have no one to console him in his slavery."

"Oh, how sad!—how dreadful it is to be a slave!" exclaimed the boy, weeping bitterly.

"It is the will of God," replied the negro with an air of resignation.

"God!" ejaculated Sebastian, as he raised his eyes to the dome of the studio, through which the stars glittered; "I pray constantly to Him, my father, (and he will one day listen to me,) that we may no longer be slaves. But go to bed, father, go, go, and I shall go to mine there in that corner, and I shall soon fall asleep. Good night, father, good night."

"Are you really not afraid of the Zombi, Sebastian?"

"My father, that is a superstition of our country. Father Eugenio has assured me that God does not permit supernatural beings to appear on earth."

"Why, then, when the pupils asked you who sketched the figures they find here every morning, did you say it was the Zombi?"

"To amuse myself, father, and to make them laugh; that was all."

"Then, good night, my son;" and having kissed the boy, the negro retired.

The moment Sebastain found himself alone, he uttered an exclamation of joy. Then suddenly checking himself, he said "Twenty-five lashes to-morrow, if I do not tell who sketched these figures, and perhaps more if I do. Oh, my God, come to my aid!" and the little mulatto threw himself upon the mat which served for a bed, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Sebastain awoke at daybreak; it was only three o'clock; any other boy would probably have gone to sleep again; not so with Sebastain, who had but three hours he could call his own.

"Courage, courage, Sebastain," he exclaimed, as he shook himself awake; "three hours are thine—only three hours; then profit by them; the rest belong to my master—slave. Let me at least be my own master for three short hours. To begin, these figures must be effaced," and seizing a brush, he approached the Virgin, which, viewed by the soft light of the morning dawn, appeared more beautiful than ever.

"Efface this!" he exclaimed, "efface this! No; I will die first. Efface this—they dare not—neither dare I. No—that head—she breathes—she speaks—it seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and that I would be her murderer. No, no, no, rather let me finish it."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when, seizing a palette, he seated himself at the easel, and was soon totally absorbed in his occupation. Hour after hour passed unheeded by Sebastain, who was too much engrossed by the beautiful creation of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time. "Another touch," he exclaimed, "a soft shade here—now the mouth—Yes, there! it opens those eyes—they pierce me through!—what a forehead! what delicacy! Oh, my beautiful——" and Sebastian forgot the hour, forgot he was a slave, forgot his dreadful punishment—all was obliterated from the soul of the youthful artist, who thought of nothing, saw nothing, but his beautiful picture.

But who can describe the horror and consternation of the unhappy slave, when, on turning suddenly round, he beheld the whole pupils, with his master at their head, standing beside him!

Sebastian never once dreamt of justifying himself, and with his palette in one hand, and his brushes in the other, he hung down his head, awaiting in silence the punishment he believed he justly merited. For some moments a dead silence prevailed; for if Sebastian was confounded at being caught in the commission of such a flagrant crime, Murillo and his pupils were not less admonished at the discovery they had made.

Murillo having with a gesture of the hand, imposed silence on his pupils, who could hardly restrain themselves from giving way to their admiration, approached Sebastian, and, concealing his emotion, said in a cold and severe tone, while he looked alternately from the beautiful head of the Virginia to the terrific slave, who stood like a statute before him.

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You," replied the boy, in a voice scarcely audible.

"I mean your drawing master," said Murillo.

"You, senor," again replied the trembling slave.

"It cannot be; I never gave you lessons," said the astonished painter.

"But you gave them to others, and I listened to them," rejoined the boy, emboldened by the kindness of his master.

"And you have done better than listen; you have profited by them," exclaimed Murillo, unable longer to conceal his admiration "Gentlemen, does this boy merit punishment or reward."

At the word punishment, Sebastian's heart beat quick; the word reward gave him courage, but fearing that his ears deceived him, he looked with timid and imploring eyes toward his master.

"A reward senor," cried the pupils in a breath.

"That is well; but what shall it be?"

Sebastian began to breathe.

"Ten ducats, at least," said Mendez.

"Fifteen," cried Ferdinand.

"No," Gonzalo, "a beautiful new dress for the next holiday."

"Speak, Sebastian, said Murillo, looking at the slave, whom none of these rewards seemed to move, "are these things not to your taste? Tell me what you wish for; I am so much pleased with your composition, that I will grant any request you may make. Speak, then; do not be afraid."

"Oh, master, if I dared——," and Sebastian, clasping his hands, fell at the feet of his master. It was easy to read in the half-opened lips of the boy, and his sparkling eyes, some devouring thought within, which timidly prevented him from uttering.

With the view of encouraging him each of the pupils suggested some favor for him to demand.

"Ask gold, Sebastian."

"Ask rich dresses, Sebastian."

"Ask to be received as a pupil, Sebastian."

A faint smile passed over the countenance of the slave at the last words, but he hung down his head, and remained silent.

"Ask for the best place in the studio," said Gonzalo, who, for the last come pupil, had the worst light for his easel.

"Come, take courage," said Murillo, gaily.

"The master is so kind to-day," said Ferdinand, half aloud, "I would risk something—ask for your *freedom*, Sebastian."

At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of anguish, and, raising his eyes to his master he exclaimed, in a voice choked with sobs, "the freedom of my father!—the freedom of my father!"

"And thine also," said Murillo, who, no longer able to conceal his emotion, threw his arms around Sebastian, and pressed him to his breast.

"Your pencil," he continued, "shows that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart; the artist is complete—From this day consider yourself not only as my pupil, but as my son, Happy Murillo! I have done more than paint—I have made a painter."

Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Gomez, better known under the name of the Mullatto of Murillo, became one of the most celebrated painters in Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he had been found painting by his master; also a St. Anne, admirably done; a holy Joseph, which is extremely beautiful; and others of the highest merit.

* * * * * * *

In one of Cassimir de la Vigne's dramas we met with an expression which struck us forcibly. It was said of Don John, who was ignorant of his birth, that perhaps he was a nobody; to which he replied, "That a man of good character, and honorable conduct, could never be a nobody. We consider this an admirable reply, and have endeavoured to prove this truth by the foregoing example.—If it is gratifying and noble to bear with honor the name of one's father, it is surely more noble to make a name for one's self; and our heart tells us that among our young readers there is more than one who will exclaim with ardor, and with a firm resolution to fulfil his promise, I, *too, shallmake a name,*

MEMENTO MORI.

Of all the rumors of incredible atrocities, of foolish outrage, of those worst acts of cowardice that are born of cruelty, and of barbarism that just stops short of cannibalism, to which the expedition of John Brown into Virginia two years ago gave rise, the story that the skin of his son was taken from his body and tanned seems the most unnatural, and the most *improbable*, and was therefore received with the least attention, notwithstanding its positive assertion. Are not these the United States, a land of common schools and churches, and is not this the Nineteenth Century of the Christian era? was the instinctive response which we all made to a statement so revolting to the spirit and culture of *our time, our country* and *our race*. But read this letter from a General in the United States Army, now serving in Virginia, to a friend in this city—a witness on this point as impartial as he is distinguished:

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

What parent on reading the annexed extract, can fail to reflect on the lesson it suggests? How important that when the parent has departed, the example left behind may be such as the child may be thankful *for*. To watch for and train the budding thoughts of an artless child is one of the noblest offices that father or mother can fill. Truly it has been said that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" strength has been ordained. What could give greater strength to that widowed heart, than such a scene with her little daughter.

She knelt at the accustomed hour to thank God for the mercies of the day, and pray for his care during the coming night; then as usual came the earnest "God bless dear mother"—but the prayer was stilled, the little hand unclasped, and a look of agony and wonder met the mother's eye as the words of hopeful sorrow burst from the lips of the weeping child. "I cannot pray for father any more!"

Since her little lips had been able to form that dear name, she prayed for a blessing upon it; it had followed close after mother's name, for he had said that that must come first, and now to say the familiar prayer, and leave her father out. No wonder the new thought seemed too much for the childish mind to receive.

I waited some moments that she might conquer her emotion, and then urged her to go on. Her pleading eyes met mine, and with a voice that faltered almost too much for utterance, she said—

"Oh, mother, I cannot leave him all out let me say "Thank God that I had a dear father once! so I can still go on and keep him in my prayers."

And so she always does, and my sick-en-heart learned a lesson from the loving ingenuity of my child. Remember to thank God for the mercies of the past, as well as the blessings of the future.

CAMP AT——, Virginia, Oct. 5, 1861.

"To show the refinement of Virginia gentlemen, I inclose to my friend, the Rev. B. N. Martin, Professor, New York University, a piece of the skin of the thigh (tanned by those gentlemen) of the son of John Brown, who was killed at Harpers Ferry.

This is a fragment of the skin which, thus prepared, was distributed in pieces over the Southern country, and was presented to my present Aid in Richmond last April by a Capt. Sommers of the Confederate States Army, and a friend of the doctor who has the skeleton, and who flayed and tanned the skin,

My Aid informs me that every preparation was made to treat the remains of John Brown in the same way, by having them thrown from the car before reaching Baltimore, and substituting a false coffin; but that the plan was frustrated by the sickness or finching of the railroad conductor.

——, Brigadier General."

Professor Martin has shown us this bit of the human remains prepared by some skilful texidermist in Virginia. It is a minute portion only, for though there are many superficial inches of cuticle on the body of a man of ordinary size, the number of persons in Virginia who coveted a bit of so precious a relic was very many. A ruder barbarism carries the scalp of a slain enemy at the girdle, makes a drinking-cup of his whitened skull, or strings the teeth or finger-bones into an engaging necklace; but John Brown Jr., was not the prize of the bow and the spear of any single warrior; a whole Commonwealth claimed him as its own. Mere savages, if they use the human tissue of the slaughtered foe at all, can only eat it—a wasteful use of such precious material. Science enables them in Virginia to refine upon this barbaric extravagance. Learned Professors, skilful in the arts, lend their knowledge to the public service, and feed the patriotism of the State with bits of epidermis, imperishably prepared, of the dead to be worn as amulets and mementos to keep ever green the memory of a sweet revenge and the duty of a citizen to a Christian State. They may laugh in Virginia at the untutored ignorance of the savage who can only rattle the dried scalps and bones of those he has slaughtered, while they point to the curiously tanned skin of their dead enemy as the evidence of the march of civilization and refinement in that ancient and proud Commonwealth.

N. Y. Tribune,

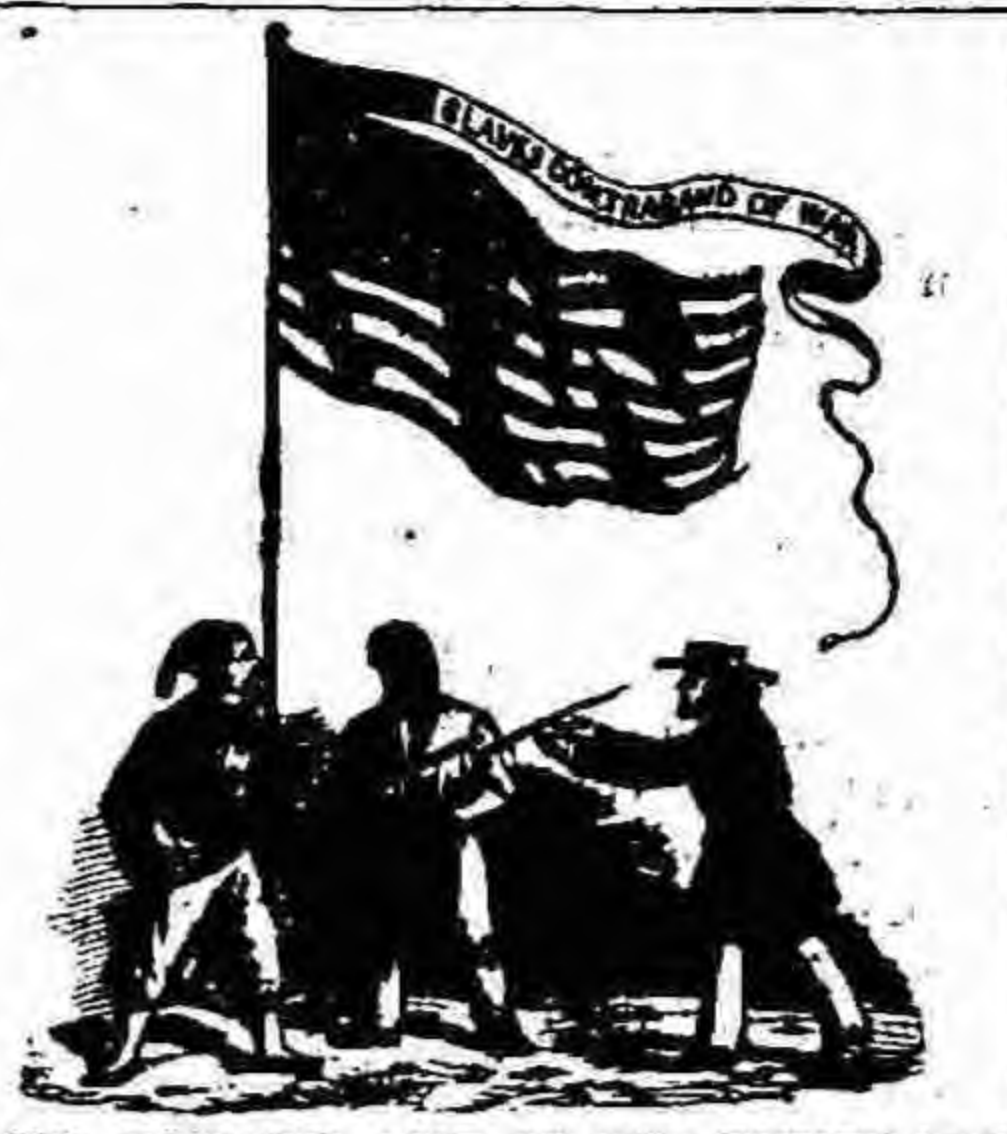
HOW HE STARTED THEM.—A Methodist preacher, whose hearers were in the habit of going to sleep over his preachings, bought a tin whistle, and one Sunday, when he saw a goodly number under the somnolescent influence, he drew forth his whistle and blew a shrill shriek. In an instant the whole congregation was awake and upon their feet, staring at the minister, at one another, and wondering what in the name of human nature was to come next.

"You're a set of smart specimens of humanity, ain't you?" said the divine whistler, as he slowly gazed around on the astonished assemblage. "When I preach the gospel to you, you all go to sleep; but the moment I go to playing the devil you're all wide awake, up and a coming, like a rush of hornets with a pole in their nest."

"*Air you a preacher, sir?*" he inquired slitely sarkastically.

"No, sir. But I bleeve in morality. I likewise bleeve in meetin houses. Show me a place where preachers is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken winders, where the children air dirty and ragged, where gates have no hinges, where the women air slip shod, and where maps of the devil's 'wild land' air painted upon men's shirt bosoms with tobacker juice! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we aboose 'em."

MISCLELANEOUS.



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Dr. Ware, *of Columbus, Ga., says,* for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent linament for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

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Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

Rev. Jabez Swan says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable *remedy*."

Rev. A. W. Curtis: "By its use I entirely cured a felon in a few days."

The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

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The N. Y. Independent says, "We have used it, and it proves to be all it professes."

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The Weekly Anglo-African.

"MAN MUST BE FREE!—IF NOT THROUGH LAW, WHY THEN ABOVE THE LAW."

VOL. I. NO. 15. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1861. PRICE FOUR [illegible]

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HAYTIAN EMIGRATION.

MR. EDITOR:—It is such a satisfaction to me to know that the colored Americans own one paper—to know that there is one journal in the land willing to open its columns to the other side of the Haytian scheme, that I am willing to excuse your compositors to almost any extent, for indifference to the orthography and syntax of my very long letters; but for the better understanding of your readers, and from dread of a flash of light from the south star, I must respectfully insist upon the plain rendering of my words, and the words of others when I give them. In my last, your printer makes Simon refuse to answer the people in the meeting here, when it should be "They" (the people) should not answer him.

You know, sir, that anti-slavery custom has always been "a free platform" upon which an opponent could object to the doctrine set forth; being conscientious themselves, they could afford to be generous to others; judge then our surprise, when refused a like privilege.

Redpath's fibs (falsehoods) are rendered "files;" feeble is called "bable," veritable "meritable;" wax fat and kick means I know not what in print; in manuscript I said: "sure of their pay, they wax fat and kick &c. &c. But one cannot afford to find fault when times are so stirring.

What could have wrung from him the admission, that it is but right that our people should look with suspicion on this movement, to be found in "Notes on Emigration," in the Pine and Palm? What an aisel somebody must be! Is not that a discovery to make at this stage of the advocacy! Who told Mr. Redpath that suspicion was "natural." Some one of the colored travelling agents I dare affirm. Well, really the matter is at last getting into "ship shape."

But sir, though with no intention of forestalling you, allow me to look again at those "Notes" and I there learn, that the world of mankind is entreated to hold, until the Haytians prove that their scheme is not akin to old colonization. Are we to await until another lady goes to Hayti on a secret mission? I for one, hope they may succeed, but I see no reason why the people should wait.

I fear the verdict of that jury will never come. Death has done his work too surely among the emigrants, to hope for a responsible verdict; besides, we have a much better jury in America; I mean the hundreds and thousands, in the United States and Canada, unfavorably by the reflex influence of this movement; I want no better evidence of the fatal character of the recoil, than that worse than "tosh" of the N. Y. Tribune, upon the colony of 392, which is said to have sailed on the 19th, and which is so approvingly quoted by Mr. Lawrence.

* * * * * * *

What an everlasting muddle is this whole affair at present, for, turn as one will, up, like Banquo's ghost, comes that deprecatory appeals in the face of the fact, that just one number before, the Palm, forgetful of its wise determination to try to be very civil, very respectable indeed, did in the same paragraph, change into a "vehicle of vulgar abuse," and, terms redolent with the odor of Tartar and colored women, which, with the discriminating olfactories of Haytian agents when away from Hayti, means one and the same, defy the united colored people, and, also that since then, did sneeringly tell them to wait till Lincoln should petition them.

Well, I'll give it up for the present, for Wm. J. Watkins is expected here to lecture upon Hayti;—free speech among the colored citizens of Chatham, will be stifled it is confidently supposed, from the signs and there is a determination expressed by all (but a handful of Haytian, who are afraid to go since Mr. Jones spoke of the fever,) to maintain free speech here as in times past.

"William J. Watkins is coming," say children on the street; "William J. Watkins is coming," said a man with big whiskers intensely Haytian, to another with no whiskers, at all, but intensely opposed; William Wells Brown damaged the cause,—which by interpretation, means that Mr. Brown did not utterly disregard the twinges of conscience in his advocacy "so a man better qualified will discuss with you until you are tired," said the handy men here, and on Sabbath, notices were handed in to the several churches. At the Princess street Methodist, at the First Baptist, at the Rev. Staffords, and the Union, the pastors and people being strongly opposed, notices were not read; the pastor of the B. M. E. Methodists, Rev. C. H. Pearce, read the invitation, however, and thereupon spoke strongly against the scheme; calling attention, at the time, to the wording of the notice also, which set forth that Mr. Watkins would lecture in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening; that the public and congregation were invited, but that if opponents of the scheme wished discussion, which in this region means to reply to the speaker, or state their views—they could call a meeting the next evening.

By the bad census, which all but the noodles who took the same, say is father under than over the number, fourteen hundred and seventy-five at least, out of the the fifteen hundred in Chatham, oppose the movement—these said fifteen hundred nearly, are virtually gagged. Elder Newman and other emigrants say that public meetings—meetings for free discussion, are not permitted in Hayti, but we had never supposed that this cause was in such desperate plight, as to require the suppression of free speech in Canada, until Mr. Spencer came, and now that Mr. Watkins is coming.

There is a law in this country to regulate the holding of political meetings, it has no reference whatever to meetings of this kind; yet the promoters of these Spencer, Watkins, Redpath meetings, fully believe they can stretch it over this particular gathering, hence we are told that "it is to be called according to law," as if free speech is not according to law, and that constables will be appointed to arrest any one bold enough to dissent.

When colored men attempt to play the servile to white men, they do not seem to know when or where to stop;—set such at doubtful work, and they will be found to go farther and work harder for less pay—for they never get as much wages for an equal task,—and in the Haytian scheme is no exception. Well, we'll see what we shall see, and now meetings pay, and excitement, it is time to try those sweet potatoes.

How the sweet potatoes from Hayti are found to be by New Yorkers, I know not, but Mr. W. W. Brown told people here, that they grew to an enormous size in Hayti—and so "delicious—such great big fellows too; they would exceed belief. I rather suspect that the potatoes, banannas and the fire without the trouble to kindle, took the most of our emigrants out. I know to a certainty, that one party here, (friend Thornton,) the largest man in this County of Kent, one who Mr. Redpath and his entire corps of help could not coax to "Paradise," was eloquent upon the bananna theme to a friendly crowd at the anti Haytian meeting; he was confident that once in Hayti, all to do would be to lie out under trees, and let those great banannas drop in the mouth; eat in abundance, go to sleep; awake when the nap was finished; turn over, open mouth and catch other banannas, and so to the end. One good old lady, from the East, was not so certain about the fruit, but she "always did like sweet potatoes," and as she had heard that they grew over there without "planting or tending," she must go to *Heigh-tie* to get some." Old Uncle—from Buxton, just wanted to go over there to get his heel warm,—he had lived in Canada well nigh onto twenty years, and had never had his heel warm, so he must go along with the children to Hayti to get his heel warm just once.

You remember, years ago, those stories about the "roast pig" of Liberia, ready dressed and cooked, and how the delusion *did not* find believers; in this scheme the Haytian hog, being "lean and active," will not do for the roaster, so we have the sweet potato in its stead, and that other equally improbable story, namely that the Haytian General Agent, James Redpath, is a colored brother. A large number in Buxton believed that at one time, and so thoroughly satisfied was one impressible little woman with five young hopefuls, upon the point—for she "had heard the letter read," as had a number, that when told, that he is only a little bit of a white man, who in his public career though without any known merit, except having published letters against Hayti and Haytians which he never has disowned, just two years before publishing the "Guide" —very anxious to be the man to monopolize, and embody the anti-slavery sentiment of the hour, to the exclusion of black men and white men, who had claims, and who had labored and suffered in the cause before he was born, when told that, and that he was now promoting a scheme which he does not claim to be anti-slavery that he was not going to live out there, the poor little feathers fell, and eventually her husband had to go to Hayti alone.

Our poor ignorant people sir, are the victims of every delusion. Rev Mr. Pearce said on that notice, that the devil is ever watching till our people get a little settled and he then comes around to unsettle them again, and so it appears; the promoters of this scheme, say they should be "unsettled" I know slaveholders assume to know what is best for the negro, but it is simply impertinence when men claiming to be abolitionists talk in the same strain. Depend upon it no true anti-slavery man does that. In future numbers, I will seek to show the similarity between this scheme and old colonization, no one else undertaking so to do; also to vindicate Canadian Emigration, Africa civilization, and emigration to Van Couvers Island, Jamaica and other British dependencies, from any similarity to this movement.

MARY A. SHADD CARY.

Chatham C. W. Oct. 28, 1861.

SECESSION SYMPATHISERS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

MR. EDITOR: In looking over the columns of the "Nova Scotian" of the 30th September, I noticed an article over the signature of "Haligonian," from which it appears that the author has grown very restive on account of the blockade of Southern ports by the Federal Government. In the communication he says—"But it does seem to me that something ought to be done to elicit a feeling in Nova Scotia as to the high handed acts which are being perpetrated in the so miscalled United States, upon our people and property." My interpretation of these lines is that "Haligonian" ignores the judgment of the European Governments in acknowledging the independence of the United States. Again "Haligonian" says that "British vessels and property are daily seized, and sailors sent to prison while entering the ports of the seceding States."

Now, my opinion is that it is only that swarm of outlawed bees which infests the British colonies (of which "Haligonian" is beyond doubt a member), that would show so much dare-devilism as to commit a breach upon the law of any nation with impunity. Again he says the Reciprocity Treaty is sufficient to open Southern ports to accommodate his banditti.

I think that the said Reciprocity Treaty was no more intended to open and keep open ports for the special accommodation of "Haligonian" than it was for the special benefit of Southern pirates.

Again hear him—"A party who obtained power on the principle of despoiling their Southern brethren of their property guaranteed as sacred to them by the Constitution." Now, Haligonian, I should like you to tell us what Constitution you mean. Do you mean that of the United States? If so, what do you know about that document. Sir, in honest candor, I doubt whether you ever saw it, for if you ever saw a copy of it in Nova Scotia, it is more than I ever did during my whole life, which was spent in Nova Scotia up to August, 1860. What will "Haligonian" think when I tell him the word slave is not to be found in that document, nor has the system been recognized by the Federal Government from the acknowledgment of its independence to this day? Now, Haligonian, where is your guaranteed rights?

Sir, the Federal Government gave to every State the right to make its own laws.

Now, as to slaveholding being a right, I would say, it is not a constitutional, but an assumed one.

A portion of article 4, sec. 2, of the Constitution reads thus:

"The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

Now, pray, friend Haligonian, how many white Americans have been slaughtered, in every conceivable way, in the South, only just because of Northern birth—male and female, young and old? In Texas alone were murdered, in various ways, in 1860, not far short of 100 North Americans, amongst whom was one minister of the gospel, who was hung last June because he sympathised with the slaves.—Was that a violation of the above cited rights or not?

Now, "Haligonian," let me reach your disease by a homœpathic pill, in the shape of a few questions.

Are you not aware that hundreds of families in Nova Scotia live the year round by the slave trade, either directly or indirectly? At Barrington, for instance, resides an old man, Mr. C—, who receives from the South some $1,500 yearly, directly from a plantation; at Cape Canso there are a Mrs. G. and a Mrs. C., both receiving their money from the South. How many vessels have been built along the Nova Scotia shores expressly for the slave trade? What captain was it that owned and sailed a brig in the slave trade for nearly two years, till on his way from Congo River to Cuba, being closely pursued by a British cruiser, made fast 212 slaves by wrists and ancles to the best anchor's cable, and run the whole down to prevent detection? Was this not the work of a Haligonian? The pirate Hicks who was hung in New York in 1860, was on board at the time, and according to his own confession, had a hand in that masterpiece of all horrors, and in which Haligonian delighteth.

I was in the cars—not three years since—on the road between Halifax and Windsor, and listened to a Nova Scotian captain whose home is in Hants county, relating the sad loss he had sustained in the loss of one of his floating hells engaged in the slave trade. The slaveholders' rebellion has clogged up the course a little, and hence all this filthy spew has found an outlet from the troubled stomach of "Haligonian."

Sir, I might name some startling facts amongst the seemingly most religious in Haligoniandom, had I time and space. It was only in the year 1859 that a minister in that land charged his God with the foulest of all crimes upon earth, in stating (while at a tea-sipping with his friends) that God created all Africans on purpose to labor all their days for the white man! What a calculation this is! Why create over 50 colored to work for every one white man?

Look on the geography at the land of the colored race; then count their numbers, and see if you can make the above calculation consistent. You need, sir, the assistance of a more able pen than yours to state your grievances.

A can only recommend (for the special assistance of Haligonian) Apolyan, whose ability in circumvention of crime of every magnitude conceivable was great, and highly appreciated by all those who, like Haligonian, prefer keeping their worthless names concealed from honest men.

JOS. SMITH,
Rose Court, New Haven, Conn.
Oct. 22, 1861.

THE WHITE LADY.

INTRODUCTION.

During a lengthened residence in Germany, I insensibly fell into the habits of the country; one of them being that of visiting an inn every night, where I drank my choppin and smoked my pipe. Among the usual guests were several who especially attracted my attention; for they had been formerly court servants, and I thought it very possible that they might possess some curious anecdotes about those sinks of iniquity, the smaller German courts of fifty years ago. Nor were my expectations deceived; for I heard the following story from one of them, which made so deep an impression on me, that I carefully noted it down at the time. I have let the old gentleman speak in the first person, in order that there might be no alteration on my part, which was to be deprecated, as the stories are *facts*, and the events really occurred at the Court of H——, not very many years ago.

THE WHITE LADY.

You all know, as well I, that our late most gracious master was at length left with only one daughter, as his sons died, one after the other, at an early age. Through this, the throne devolved on a collateral branch, who, thirty years ago, would not have been even thought of ever being able to pay their debts; but man proposes and God disposes.

At the time, however, of which I am now speaking, the princes were still living, and the royal family flourishing. But, although every one of us knew that one of the princes would eventually mount the throne, the whole court paid much less attention to them than it did to the Princess Marie.

I was, at that time, only a footman, and had to follow behind whenever the young lady went out walking with her governess. I was always well pleased at it, though I felt very nervous at times; for the child gave way to the most extraordinary fancies, and was, at the same time, on such friendly terms with everybody, that a number of children and even grown-up persons would follow us.

Our troubles, however, were incessant. At one moment she would give away everything she had upon her person, then she saw a stream, and wished to bathe, or a grass-covered terrace, and wanted to roll down it. Mademoiselle de Noel might well say, that this was all very improper; and I occasionally was forced to interfere, and remind her of her gracious father. The child would entreat so prettily, and dance round us, and flatter, and play all sorts of mad tricks, that at last we were compelled to yield one thing, to keep her from doing all the rest. When we reached home again, I used to receive plenty of abuse; but the next time Marie would do just as she pleased; for even the Duke himself, could refuse her nothing when she looked at him with her gentle brown eyes, or threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

All this may be very charming in a child; but when the Princess grew up, and became daily more beautiful, it caused her much sorrow that she was forced to put those restraints upon herself which she would never learn. She wore one dress to-day and another, to-morrow, and fancied herself most charming in each; in the same way, she imagined that she could change her lovers as she pleased, as if she did not know that the poorest girl and a princess are equal in two things—in their last journey, and in their first love. The difference of rank, of course, has a great deal to do in the matter; all of you, I dare say, when you were young, thought that you could make love to any pretty girl; but not one of you would have dared to talk about such things to a princess, even if you were convinced that she was dying of love for you.

At court, though, there are always people enough who will run any risk, and try to seize the whole hand, when a princess wishes to have a whim, and only offers a single finger.

Thus it came, then, that the Princess Marie, before she was seventeen years of age, had had all sorts of intrigues, and acquired through them a considerable amount of chagrin.

I do not know the details intimately, for I was no longer near her person, having been appointed porter at the old palace in the residence; the duke and the princes, however, resided in the new palace. Still, things of this nature are talked about among servants, if only in whispers; for no one dared or would speak openly about it, for we all loved the Princess too much; she was always a kind mistress to us, and troubled herself about us, if matters did not go as well with us as they should.

I could see it all, for, if she had any sorrow on her heart, she would sit at the window and look out into the garden like a caged bird; the tears would then course down her burning cheeks, and her heart would try to burst from her bosom. Poor thing! when I saw her in this state, I could not have betrayed her to the Duke, even if she had done much worse, or he had questioned me himself.

We all entertained the same sentiments, and, strange to say, the ladies of the court as well. These women are assuredly to be pitied, for envy gnaws incessantly at their hearts; and yet they screened the Princess, through her kindness and condescension to them.

In the town itself, not a word was said about it; the citizens would have esteemed it simple calumny; and although they often grumbled about the Duke, especially about his love for sporting, yet I would not have advised anybody to say a word against the Princess, for he would certainly have repented it.

What the Duke thought about it all, I never clearly discovered; he probably entertained his own views on th subject. Still he must have been acquainted with it; for when a too scandalous affair occurred, and at the same time, it was stated that the Princess would be shortly affianced to a crowned head, he certainly said nothing further, but he placed her again under strict surveillance, and she was forced to live in the old palace with the first lady of the bedchamber.

Nothing more was heard for months, and her life was made bitter enough to her; for at that day there was a deep moat round the old palace, and the only road led over a bridge past me, and I knew every one who came in and out, and indeed had to write their names in a book.

At the same time, too, the court was very quiet. The Crown-prince had died very suddenly, and although the other two young gentlemen were still happy and cheerful, a fear and a weight lay upon everybody, and doubtless on the Princess, as if they had a a foreboding that the old family was hastening towards its end.

It was no joke to have anything to do with our illustrious duke then; for misfortune did not suit him at all, but caused a great alteration in him.

Christmas had passed silently and mournfully, and a terrible winter had commenced. I sat sorrowfully, too, at my window in the gateway, for I dare not go away, and yet had nothing to do. I assure you I could have counted the footsteps in the snow, so few people had gone in and out during the whole day.

It was growing dark, and they were beginning to light the lamps in the corridors, when the Chamberlain Vogel went past and stepped into my room for a moment.

"Of course you have heard it," he said as he took a seat.

"What?" I asked him; "I know nothing new."

"Well, that the White Lady began showing herself in the palace again yesterday."

This startled me. I sprang up and exclaimed, "That was all we wanted to settle it. Now the little life at court will entirely cease, and each of the royal personages fancy that the appearance of the White Lady forebodes his speedy death. I am only sorry for the poor Princess; they have deprived her of her liberty, and now she will lose both light and air."

"Yes, and the worst is," the chamberlain said, "that the White Lady disappears in the apartments of the first lady of the bedchamber. She comes from the top of the corridor, near the plate-room and court-marshal's office, and then descends the narrow, steep staircase into the corridor which leads on the left to the rooms which his Highness formerly inhabited, and on the right to the Princess Marie's present abode. There she sinks into the ground."

I trembled all over as I asked him, "Does his highness know it yet?"

"I fancy not," the chamberlain replied, as he stood at the window, and played the [illegible] on the panes; "but there, I see a person coming over the bridge, who will be able to tell us, if he will. You know him better than I do—call him in."

It was Baron Bilgram, who was at that time page to his Highness, and whom I had often enough let in and out by night without writing his name in the book.

He came in quickly when I called him, and we hurriedly told him the whole story. I thought to myself that he would laugh at it, for he was still young and careless. At the same time he had been at a bad school for the last half year, and had attached himself to Count Revel, who, though many years older than him, was only three or four-and-thirty, and reckoned the handsomest gentleman at court. The count was a very haughty man, and wore an expression as if he found no pleasure in any thing. He was, however, very clever, and a great favorite of his Highness, to whom he was first adjutant, so that nobody liked to say aught against him.

As the page laughed too loudly at our superstition, as he called it, I at length became vexed and gave vent to my anger, which is not often the case with me, for I said, "If the gracious gentleman uttered his own sentiments I should have nothing to say against it, for the affair will prove itself. But what he now says, is only what he has heard from Count Revel, who always boasts of his freethinking, that he may not be compelled to call his faults by their right name. I am only one of the lowest at court, but the gracious gentleman would do better, if he would listen more to the advice of a humble man than to the finenesses of the Count. Without God there is no real honor; and when I see how pale the gracious gentleman now looks, and remember how healthy he appeared half a year ago, it seems to me as if the Count did not make the best instructor for youth."

The chamberlain was terribly alarmed at my remarks, and secretly nudged me; but I knew the Baron better, for if he was not precisely handsome, he had the most honest countenance in the world, and was a true, worthy German. Nor was he at all angry; he only laughed still more, and said, "Donnerwetter, Mathies, are you a preacher's son?"

"The gracious gentleman tries to make the affair ridiculous," I replied, without suffering myself to be frightened; "but still I am in the right; we should not laugh at such a thing, for no one knows what lives between heaven and earth. And besides, it is our duty to trouble ourselves about such things, and see whether it is a ghost, or flesh and blood, and doubly so for the gracious gentleman. For what would the Princess say, if I were to tell her that Baron Bilgram laughed heartily, because the White Lady had disappeared in her apartments, and must have terrified her to death?"

I knew very well that the page was devoted to the Princess, and purposely spoke thus; for he was almost of the same age as herself, and had been her favorite playfellow when a child. She was very fond of him, too, and was always the same with him; I really believe more so than with other men; for he was not handsome, and never flattered, but was just what he was.

Still I could not account for the terror which my last words caused him. He sprang up from his chair, his eyes sparkled, and his voice almost failed him, as he said, "That is the case, then I will find it out, even if a legion of devils rise to prevent me! Trust to me, Mathies, I will not be so careless any longer!"

The good boy! I did not know that he at that time loved the Princess more than his life; that he had grown so pale and thin, because he was too honorable to have love passages with his sovereign's daughter, and could not endure the idea that his wishes could never be fulfilled. Years after, however, he told me so, when he came back wounded from Russia, and I nursed him; this and a great deal more of my story, which I will repeat to you in his words, when I do not know it from my own experience.

Thus matters stood. Days and nights passed in this way. At one time the White Lady showed herself, at another she remained away; still the story was becoming known in the town with all sorts of additions, and the sentinels crossed and blessed themselves when the apparition entered the corridor, and pressed themselves close to the wall to make room for it to pass.

Nothing had been yet said to the Duke, but when, on the eighth or ninth morning, the sentry who stood in the narrow corridor near the plate-room was found dead and dashed to pieces, sixty feet below in the palace moat, when all cried unanimously, although not a soul had witnessed it, that the White Lady had hurled him down, when the oldest and best grenadiers refused to face the ghost; they were at length compelled to tell his highness all the circumstances.

After a long consultation at the court-marshal's, it was at length decided that Count von Revel, who remained perfectly cool in the whole affair, and was only vexed at the disgrace of the military, should inform the Duke of the occurrence.

The audience lasted a considerable time; the Count, however, came back fully satisfied; for the announcement had been received with perfect calmness. The gossip in the town appeared disagreeable to the Duke, whence the conversation had principally turned on the method to be employed by which best to prevent it. Even when the Duke heard of the panic among his soldiers, he was at first silent, though he turned as red as [illegible] adjutant with some orders [illegible] batteries from the [illegible] anger, and leave [illegible] the presence [illegible] writing-table, and [illegible] other work.

I have often reflected [illegible] so clever, and learn [illegible] so well, although at [illegible] not a bit cleverer than other [illegible]. They certainly possess [illegible]. They have all they want [illegible] and may follow the first [illegible] everybody only brings his [illegible] est ideas before them. [illegible] from this alone, for [illegible] guard themselves before [illegible] they do before their equals. The [illegible] in the matter is, that the prince [illegible] every thing, even other beings, as his own property, mine and thine, however, make their eyes clear, just as the jeweller distinguishes true from false at a glance, and will not suffer himself to be deceived, if there is the slightest flaw in the brilliancy of a jewel.

In this our master was an excellent judge. He had seen at a glance that the Count must have something in the background which he would not express. What it was he of course could not easily discover, for there were all sorts of intrigues [illegible] which crossed one another in such a way that it was impossible to [illegible] enough.

Such noble gentlemen do not like [illegible] spoken persons about them at all hours of the day, and they cannot do so, or else it would be terribly difficult to govern. In a serious case, however, like this, these people rise in value into whose very heart they can see.

The Duke was dissatisfied, as little as he allowed it to be perceived. He walked for a long while up and down the room, as gloomily and irregularly as if something were driving him to do it involuntarily. At last he rang for the page.

The Baron entered, and remained standing on the threshold, not to disturb his master in his thoughts; he, however, looked him firmly and boldly in the face when he advanced towards him. "Are you afraid of spirits?" the Duke asked, and looked at him, half jestingly, half seriously.

The page's mouth revealed a slight smile, but he replied, after a little reflection, "I do not know, your Highness; I never saw one yet; but I believe that if a shadowless being were to cross my path, I should avoid it, could I do so with honor."

"But if the spectre were to meet you on duty?" the Duke inquired further.

The page blushed, and was silent.

"I would not insult you, young man. A thing which is surprising can move the heart of the bravest, and you yourself confess that you do not know the invisible net in which mortals are entangled," the Duke said, very seriously.

"I dare not say anything to the contrary, for only a trial would prove the truth of my words," the page replied. "In the end, a man can only die once, and I do not think that my heart would quake more at invisible hands than the bullet whose path I cannot see either."

The Duke regarded him kindly. "You are in the right. Good nerves and a good conscience render a man cold-blooded. I believe what you say of yourself. We will, however, render it certain; for you will be posted to-night in the corridor; you already know the reason. You will not be annoyed by company; I have withdrawn all the sentinels from this part of the palace. No one, however, must know what you have to do."

Joy beamed in the young man's eyes; a weight was taken off [illegible] heart; for he had, during these [illegible] days, been yearning to meet the ghost which disappeared in the princess's apartments. But he had nearly always been on duty, and on those nights when he was thus engaged, and had been on the watch, the spectre had accidentally not made its appearance.

He uttered his thanks to the Prince for the confidence he had placed in him, but remained in the room, although the Duke had appeared to dismiss him with the words:

"At eleven o'clock, then, to your post, Baron. From now till that you have [illegible] to prepare yourself. The [illegible] the old palace in [illegible], and to-morrow morning, at six, report yourself to me. But stay," he added, as the page [illegible] standing before him; "you have [illegible] *carte blanche*—if it is an impostor, take it alive. If it is a shadow, you [illegible] for it must not come again. Well?"

"I have two requests [illegible] your highness will grant them," the [illegible] length said. "I have already examined the path the [illegible] several times: on the [illegible] is not space enough [illegible] I would prefer taking [illegible] passage on the [illegible] rition must come [illegible] case. And [illegible] wish your Highness to [illegible] counter [illegible] for the [illegible] will [illegible] the [illegible]"

"Command," the Duke [illegible] ing a [illegible] offered him his hand [illegible] he quitted the [illegible] forget; you will [illegible] can employ any [illegible] circumstances."

Soon after I [illegible] towards the [illegible] the [illegible] ed his [illegible]

"Can [illegible]

"How could they through those walls?" I said.

"Well, then, Mathies, the Duke has sent me. You must bring me a grenadier's uniform, with the accoutrements and musket, into the little ante-room before the apartments his Highness formerly resided in, by half-past ten. A light is not required; I shall see as much as I want by the lamps in the broad passage. It will cost us our heads, though, if any one but yourself anything about it."

"At your service," I said.

A minister might have come to me, and I would not have done it without the Duke's written order. But the young man's word was worth more to me than a hundred pieces of paper. Consequently I did what he requested and no one knew any thing about it, so cleverly had I contrived to procure the uniform; and I carried it in broad daylight, when no one would be surprised at seeing me enter the palace with a bundle to the duke's former apartments.

Afterwards, on my return, I stopped to speak with the page. He pretended, however, not to be at home, and only opened the door when I mentioned my name; he then double-locked it behind us.

He had a damascened dagger and his pistol case before him, and was cleaning the arms most carefully. We examined every screwbolt, and employed at least a quarter of an hour in selecting the best flints. At last we had finished our task.

"So," he said; "now I will sleep for a few hours and then eat and drink, that I may have all my strength, for I have a troublesome task to night."

"I can think it," I interrupted him.

"But you must not think," he said, "and then none of your thoughts will rise to your lips; but you can listen. Something may happen to me—is not that the expression when running a mortal risk?—well then, I have no fortune, so I need not make a will; but you shall have my pistols, and you can tell the Duke that I leave my debts to him; my mother thinks of me at all times, but to the Princess you can ——" He paused for a time; "Well, then you can tell her frankly that her name will be the last word on my lips. And now make haste and be off," he added merrily, and pushed me out of the door as if I had been a child—so powerful was the young baron.

Precisely at eleven the page went from the ducal apartments, dressed as a grenadier, into the broad passage, which was only dimly lighted, for the lamps were at some distance apart.

In the first place, he again examined the ground and tried, for at least the tenth time, whether the stairs down which the apparition must descend were not wider than to allow him to touch both walls with outstretched arms, if he placed himself on the lowest stair.

Then, however, his only care was to keep himself warm and awake, for it had become bitterly cold. He placed his musket in the corner, as it would be of no service to him, and walked up and down. At times he stopped before the flight of stairs which led from the upper floor, and looked up; he then walked twenty or thirty steps farther than there was any occasion to do down the broad passage towards the apartments in which the Princess resided and thought all sorts of possibilities and impossibilities, just as such a young man is wont to do.

The Princess, however, was not in the palace, but at a party at the French ambassador's, who, at that time—and there was good grounds for it—was the most important of all the foreign envoys.

Shortly before twelve, her carriage drove up. When I had torn the gates open, he heard the sound of the horses' hoofs reecho from the gateway below, and he smiled at his own folly as he quickly seized his musket for he had wished the doors of empty apartments to open before him.

As he feared that the Princess, who was now coming up the passage with her ladies might recognize him, he pulled the collar of his cloak higher up, and pressed his bearskin schako more firmly over his eyes. He grounded his musket, and drew up close to the wall, in the manner prescribed when the royal family passed a sentry in the passages for presenting arms would have been awkward.

He had no necessity to conceal himself, for the Princess hurried past without even looking at the sentry, or hearing his heart beat. She seemed to be vexed, and in a great hurry, for dark rings shaded her eyes and her mouth was contracted, as if she were more ready to weep than laugh.

The page heard several doors open and shut and when he looked out into the court yard, saw the last lights extinguished in the garret rooms. All was quiet; he could only hear the clang of his own footsteps.

In this way midnight was long passed. The page thought at one moment on the Princess, at another on his annoyance if the apparition did not present itself, and the long looked for opportunity be deferred.

Fortunately the cold always aroused him from his reveries, and compelled him to think, before all, how he should keep his hands and feet warm.

Still he did not take his eye off the stairs, and that which he expected really took place, when he had nearly resigned all hope.

And yet a cold shudder seized upon him when, without the slightest previous sound, a white figure appeared at the stair head, and began descending, without the least noise.

The page quickly roused himself, loosed the dagger in the sheath, threw his cloak behind him, walked to the stairs, and stood with outstretched arms in such a position that the apparition must necessarily walk into his arms unless it turned back.

It came down slowly, step by step, without a moment's hesitation, though it must have seen the grenadier at the foot of the stairs long before. The page repeatedly told me that all the blood in his body seemed to have rushed to his head, and a shower of sparks dazzled his eyes. He did not, however, quit his position.

When the figure was six steps above him, he cried, "Halt! in the Duke's name."

The figure stopped, and motioned to him with its hand. He did not trouble himself about this, for he had regained his self-possession and coolness. "You will not pass me," he exclaimed, "until I know who and what you are!"

The page must have been well prepared, for he had scarce uttered the words before the figure leaped upon him like a tiger on its prey, and tried to hurl him to the ground.

It did not succeed however. The page seized the man in his arms, almost without yielding a step, and a silent struggle commenced, about which he never liked to speak afterwards, for he felt from the commencement that his assailant was the stronger, and determined on having his enemy's life for his own; he did not hope to gain the victory, and he was too proud to call for assistance.

His only good fortune was, that his assailant must have walked some distance in the cold, so that his fingers were benumbed, and he was not able to draw his dagger, which the baron plainly felt beneath his dress, when he pressed him closely to him in the death struggle.

Thus they at length fell to the ground, one above the other alternately, so that the page felt the warm breath which streamed out from behind his enemy's silken mask. At length, however, the page managed to draw his dagger, and, in his unbounded fury, was about to strike, when his opponent suddenly quitted his hold, and whispered, as if ashamed to beg his life—"Bilgram, I am Revel; I give myself up on my word; but listen to me."

The page hesitated a moment before withdrawing the dagger from his breast; but a sudden attack of trembling assailed him; he loosed his hold and rose to his feet. Quite exhausted, he leaned against the wall; the strangest thoughts flitted across his mind, like swallows round a church tower, where one is no sooner gone than another arrives; until, at length, the Duke's words occurred to him, "He must not come again."

His opponent had, in the mean while, also risen, and they stood opposite one another for a while, gasping for breath.

At length the page said, "I must know what you do here, if I am to help myself or you."

"A short question—a short reply," the count rejoined; "I love the Princess Marie, and she loves me in return. They have shut her up, so that I can only reach her by employing this superstitious tale. She and I are both lost if you speak."

"She loves him, and she is lost." A sharp pain pierced the page's heart; but after long reflection, he said, "You have broken your oath to your master, Revel—I dispise you for it—and yet I will risk my word and trust to yours. Promise me, on your honor, that you will never atttempt it again, and never tell the Princess who or what is the cause of it, then I will save you for her sake."

The Count promised. The Baron then led him hurriedly into the ante-room, where he changed his own dress, and silently intimated to the Count that he should put on the grenadier's cloak and follow him. Then he accompanied him to the gate, and said to me, when I had let the Count out, and was again fastening the bolt, "The Count von Revel's name must not be entered in the book; every thing is in order, Mathies. I will go and have a sound sleep; mind that I am called precisely at five o'clock, for I must take in my report at six."

He must have been tired to death, he looked so sad, and his eyes were quite dim. In consequence, I did not ask him any further questions, but wished him "Good-night."

The next morning the Duke admitted him directly, though his Highness had hardly left his bed, and received him with meaning inquiry, "And now, my dear Baron."

"It will not return, your Highness," the page replied, and was then silent.

"But what was it?" the Duke asked, with evident pleasure.

"It will not return, your Highness," the page repeated. "I pledge you my word. That I may be allowed to pass over the details is a favor which my prince, as first gentleman of the land, will not refuse me, for the honor closes my lips."

The Duke was astonished; still, thoughts may have occurred to him, to which he did not like to give way, and which it were better to veil in mystery. He walked hurriedly to the page, and said: "Your word is enough—have you any favor to ask? If so it is granted you beforehand."

"Your Highness's kindness has prevented a request which I hardly dared to ask. I hear that the Second Regiment of Hussars has received orders to march, and I should desire to be appointed to it."

The Prince looked at him, and nodded; he, however, made no other reply to the request, although he dismissed the page very kindly.

In the ante room, Count von Revel was waiting as usual, He and the page saluted one another, because the other adjutants were standing around; but from that time they never spoke again, nor, I believe, did they ever meet.

Now they are all gone, and their restlessness has become peace,

The best of them all death carried off first. The page entered on the campaign as captain, and returned a colonel and a cripple. There was no hope that the invalid would recover, although the Duke did every thing in his power to save him.

The Queen was never happy; the Count von Revel alone enjoyed himself all his life, for he understood, better than any one else, how to be cautious and careless at the same time, and that is always the safest on slippery ground. At last they say he became a Catholic, and according to the old proverb this would be very possible. Well! God be merciful to his soul! I never could bear him.

A young lady recently returned from a boarding-school, being asked at the table if she would take some more cabbage, replied, "By no means, madame; gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate of culinary deglugation consistent with the code of Esculapius.

CESSION OF LAGOS CONFIRMED.—Dr. Delany has received authoritative information from the Secretary of Lord Churchill's Council, that Lagos has been formally ceded to the British Crown. Information to the same effect also reached him by the same mail from his friends in Africa.

STARTLING DISCLOSURE.—An extensive [illegible] establishment in this city, it has recently been discovered, keeps constantly employed a large number of persons to steel ladies skirts to sell!

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

A NOBLE PROPOSITION.

ROBERT HAMILTON Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I congratulate you at the appearance once more of the Anglo-African,—a paper that gained, for the time it existed, more prestige than any other that had preceded it.

Now sir, the glorious question is, "Shall it live? I call it glorious, from the immense importance of the hour that is now upon us

It will live if we bring our patriotism, our love for the truth, not to a boiling, but a moderate heat. Let each brother and sister, father and child, do what they can—take stock in it at a fair premium. The premium to be paid in Hallelujahs when its work as a Journal for Freedom is over.

Sir, I propose to unite with some in investing Five Dollars to begin with; what will others answer? I propose no plan upon which it is to be paid, but leave that to your better judgment—but I suppose you need the money as soon as you can get it, I therefore pay immediately. Now who will be the next customer,—if not for five, or four—for three—for two—for one! for fifty cents? Keep in remembrance, friends, that this stock pays glorious in premiums, however small be the investment. Yet you must still remember, that greater the investment, more glorious the premium!

Now sir, I believe I have said enough; perhaps more than enough—for, after all, all that is requisite is but for the people to know your need, and they are ready to nobly respond.

Yours in behalf of the good cause,
J. N. GLOUCESTER.

The following are responses to the above proposition, including Mr. Gloucester's subscription:

J. N. Gloucester,	$5
H. Highland Garnet,	1
Miss Mary A. Chambers,	1
Ezekiel H. Dias,	1
"A Friend,"	1
Robert H. Vandyne,	1
Miss Susan Tindall,	1
Austin Steward,	25

APOLOGY,—Owing to a press of matter from correspondents and other sources, we are compelled to yield all the room usually filled by editorials.

Negro Nationality.

MR. EDITOR:—The movement or migrating party among our people hold up for their banner, or motto "Negro Nationality." Nothing will be lost by an examination of this subject, whose chief merit consists, perhaps in the fact that it must provoke discussion, and will lift us for a time out of the mire of "decided opinions."

They make a grave mistake who hold up this idea as a novelty, or a thing of the future. It is no such thing. "Negro Nationality," is an historic event; it belongs to the past. It is a matter which has been written about, talked about, prayed about, cursed about and lied about. From the time when the good Abbe Gregoire benevolently published a book to prove that negroes were men, to the time when Mott Glyddon and Van Evrie have published other books to prove that negroes are not men, "negro nationality" has been very assiduously discussed; nay the matter has passed into popular language, and all men admit that the negroes are "a nation"—some say "a hard nation."

We say then that "Negro Nationality," is a thing historic. The negro nation is the oldest, the hardiest, the least pregnable of all the nations of the earth. Other nations have migrated in search of their nationalities, have germinated through greater or less difficulties, have waxed great and have decayed; of such have been written in Volneys Ruins, and in Gibbons decline and fall; these nations, moreover, have yielded name and territory, even Continents to new, more powerful and more energetic nations; one great territory, Europe alters its geographical limits every few years to give place to more new nationality won by the sword or diplomacy. Meanwhile, "Negro Nationality" has fulfiled its destiny by one steady stream, the beginning whereof no history records, but whose steady volume and unceasing grandeur, roll down into the ocean of time—even as the great rivers of Africa, the Nile and the Niger, whose source are yet guessed at, while their main channels embochures have been known for ages. "Negro Nationality" has its home on a vast Continent over which no conquering race of all the potent races of the earth have ever trod, nay on whose very borders, only slight indentation have been made by the vauntedly "superior races" of mankind. Europe has been—over-run time and again by the hordes which lived in Central Asia. Asia in turn has been over-run in large part, or conquered by a handful of Africans, or Europeans. South America and North America have in like manner been conquered and held by European races, but of Africa, there she stands, the possession and heritage of the negro through all time' We therefore call "Negro Nationality" "The Nationality" of the earth, before which all other nationalities pale in the comparison.

When we turn from this broad, grand view of a great race, to look at the undertakings of our vociferous "negro nationality" friends, and examine their views, their means, their purposes, and their mode of proceeding, it seems to us that they are attempting to found only a "nigger nationality"—that is, such a nationality as bears the stamp and currency of American Christianity and philanthropy *quoad* the blacks: such a nationality as the American white man would concede to the American black man;—a knee-bending nationality—a wont you please to contribute a few dollars, nationality—a second-handed nationality—an under the white man's tutelage nationality—a back kitchen nationality—a 'have'nt you such a thing as an old pair of pantaloons to spare' nationality—a nationality such as British satirists pictured of a neighboring isle, with a "big beggar man at the head of it!" A nationality without a single element of the generic force, or self-reliant power wherewith nations are founded. Only think of Genghis, Khan, or Tamerlane, or Mahomet, beginning the frame-work of their mighty empires—by passing around the hat!

So far from possessing the elements of founding a nation, this movement of a few of our leaders bears on its front an admission which they should be the last to make; by assuming to found a negro nationality, they tacitly admit that the world has bitherto been without a negro nationality. They admit the vilest and meanest falsehoods with which American literature has been sullied, in relation to the relative inferiority of the negro; they admit that most stupendous and wicked slander, that the negro has yet to show his capacity to perform all the social and civil functions which belong to common manhood. It is moreover about as ridiculous and stupid a movement, as if a dozen Englishmen should sail from New York to Liverpool to found a British nationality; and who, previous to their departure, should go about town begging a few dollars with which to pay their passage money!

Let us see if these charges be true. From its inception, during its highest success, and now in its obvious decline, the African Civilization Society has been a begging institution; begging at home, begging abroad, thus depreciating, by placing in an eleemosynary position, the very negro character which it started out to elevate. It sends the hot blood tingling through our veins to think of the fact, that we are thus perpetually presented to the world as a feeble, dependent, begging race; born a begging, living thus a youth and manhood of begging, and dying with a paper sent round to ask a few shillings to save us from the Potter's field. We begin a church by begging, begin a school by begging, and now forsooth we must crown the climax by beginning a nationality by begging! Thereby showing, that so far from being an original, forceful, energizing idea, this "negro nationality" is but a larger developement of the old time way in which we attempted to set up for ourselves by depending upon others! Out upon such a "please massa" nationality! It is a libel on the negro race, and upon "negro nationality." The wood-sawyer, or the chimney-sweep, who earns his living by his own labor, pays his debts, and sends his children to school, is worth a thousand such nationalities; society is dependent on him, not he upon society.

So likewise, we find, in a speech which appeared in "London African Times," October 23rd, 1861, that the President of the African Civilization Society, the head and front of this new-fangled "negro nationality," virtually rejoices in the fact that the King of Lagos has ceded that most important port to the British Government. This is precisely as if an American citizen, blurting out in behalf of American nationality, should rejoice in President Lincoln and cabinet giving up the port of New York to the Queen of England. It is precisely such a case; because as we gather from Dr. M. R. Delany's Report of the Niger Valley Exploring Expedition, p. 56:

"Lagos, at the mouth of the Ogun River, in the Bight of Benin, Gulf of Guinea, 6 deg. 31 min. West Coast of Africa, 120 miles Northwest of the Nun (one of the mouths of the great river Niger) is the place of our location. This was once the greatest slave-trading port on the West Coast of Africa, and in possession of the Portuguese—the Slavers entering Ako Bay, at the mouth of the Ogun River, lying quite inland, covered behind the island till a favorable opportunity ensued to escape with their cargoes of human beings for America. Wydah, the great slave port of Dahomi, is but 70 or 80 miles west of Lagos. This city is most favorably located at the mouth of a river which during eight months in the year is a great thoroughfare for native produce, which is now brought down and carried up by native canoes and boats, and quite navigable up to Aro, the port of Abbeokuta, a distance of eighty or one hundred miles, for light draught steamers, such as no distant day we shall have there. Ako Bay is an arm of the gulf, extending quite inland for three and a half miles, where it spreads out into a great sea, extending north ten or fifteen miles, taking a curve east and south, passing on in a narrow strip for two or three hundred miles till it joins the Niger at the mouth of the Nun. It is the real harbor of Lagos, and navigable for light draught vessels, as the Baltimore clippers, and all other such slavers, formerly put into it; and Her Majesty's war steamer Medusa has been in, and Her Majesty's cruiser, Brun, lies continually in the bay opposite the Consulate.

This is the great outlet of the rich valley of the Niger by land, and the only point of the ocean upon which the intelligent Yorubas are settled. The commerce of this port is very great, being now estimated at ten millions pound sterling. Besides all the rich products, as enumerated in another section, palm oil* and ivory are among the great staple products of this rich country. But as every nation, to be potent, must have some great source of wealth—which, if not natural, must be artificial—so Africa has that without which the workshops of Great Britain would become deserted, and the general commerce of the world materially reduced; and Lagos must not only become the outlet and point at which all this commodity must centre, but the great metropolis of this quarter of the world.

The trade of this port now amounts to more than two millions of pounds sterling, or ten millions of dollars, there having been at times as many as sixty vessels in the road-stead.

The merchants and business men of Lagos are principally native black gentlemen, there being but ten white houses in the place—English, German, French, Portuguese, and Sardinian—and all of the clerks are native blacks."

Now then for a leader and upholder of "negro nationality" not only to give up, but give up rejoicingly such a port to the British crown, is what we term the worst kind of "knee-bending" under "the white man's tutelage" nationality. It is de naturalizing the negro in his own soil which he has held from time immemorial.

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* Nine-tenths of all the palm oil of commerce goes from this point.

The Colored People of Cleveland on the War.

Pursuant to call the colored citizens of Cleveland assembled at the National Hall, on Friday evening, October 11th, to exchange views in regard to the war. Mr. Joseph Williams was appointed chairman after which a committee consisting of the following gentlemen was chosen to prepare business for the meeting: B. K. Sampson, Abram Starkey, James Alston, Dr. Leach, and John Malvin. The committee subsequently reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It is true beyond all question that the present armed resistance to the Government by rebel slaveholders is for the spread and perpetuity of slavery; that all the dearest interests of the nation and posterity are involved in the result of this war; that living as we do in this country, our destiny is inseparable from that of the country; that should slavery triumph in the nation's overthrow, the valued immunities of comparative safety in our persons, in the possession of property and our educational and religious advantages, are all lost, consequently we would not be regarded as indifferent spectators to passing events; therefore,

Resolved, That in the midst of our national troubles we cherish fond hopes and common interests with the patriots of the Republic, and as ever are loyal to the Government under which we enjoy the blessings of personal, though not political, freedom.

2. That in the present wide spread rebellion is seen convincing proof that slavery is a gross outrage upon the best rights of hapless victims, and antagonistic to al the declared objects of the Government, so is it the mortal foe of the very existence of the Republic.

3. That the history of this nation during the past quarter of a century illustrates that to a peaceful, prosperous and permanent Union, emancipation is an indispensable condition.

4. That as slavery, in the person of its friends and supporters, is seeking the nation's overthrow, it is the sacred duty of those in authority to proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof; that this is required alike by the dictates of humanity, the precepts of religion and the maxims of a sound national policy.

5. That in view of these considerations we call upon those to whom is committed the fearful trust of the future of this great commonwealth, to improve the opportunity, which may not again be at command, to secure the blessing of those ready to perish, the gratitude of mankind, the benedictions of Heaven, and become the deliverers of the nation, the benefactors of the race.

6. That this position being taken, we will hold ourselves in joyful readiness to bare our bosoms in battle in defense of the Union. We will pray for the Union, will give our money for the Union, and will fight for the Union. Then will the language of the great Webster, beautiful as patriotic, prove to be prophetic, that "liberty and Union are one and inseparable."

Able and patriotic speeches were made by Messrs. John Malvin, B. K. Sampson, Dr. Leach, Charles H. Langston, —Tascoe, and others. We have a report only of Mr. Sampson's speech, which reads as follows:

SPEECH MR. B. K. SAMPSON.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We are thrown in the midst of a great crisis. Dark clouds blacken our national sky, the country is convulsed with a fearful rebellion, and the old ship of state has been arrested by the waves of disunion. To determine the nature and consequence of anticipated results, we do not fashion our system of reasoning upon the uncertain foundation of human hypothesis, but upon the laws of Providence, as manifested in the material world. He who holds this world in its course around the sun directs, also, the law of events. That Almighty being who presides over the councils of nations, who conducts the affairs of men, claims pre-eminent jurisdiction in the present contest. We then cannot shrink from the duty which devolves upon us. We are a constituent part of this nation; States owe their allegiance to the Federal government, and so does every subject and citizen of the Commonwealth. Man is no passive being but one that exults in action, untiring and eternal. It is manifest that we cannot remain in a state of indifference in view of the present difficulties. God and the civilized world require that we commit ourselves at once on the side of humanity, truth and justice. What now is the part of the colored man in this conflict? Do not pure motives actuate him to deeds of glory? Has the last ray of hope become extinguished? Has the last spark of freedom been quenched upon the altar of his heart? Never! the light of liberty burns with a brightness more brilliant to-day than that which irradiated the past. Our hopes may be blasted or defeated for a time, they may be darkened with a cloud of artificial night, but like the hope of immortality they are eternal. The blighting influence of American despotism has crushed the colored man, but the aspiration of the human heart are a part of his nature which oppression can never reach, nor the band of man stifle. Hence the American soil is endeared to him for its elements of good; he claims it as his own, he claims it in the name of the people—theirs to preserve, theirs to transmit.

There is a sentiment in the breast of man which causes him to adhere to his native country; that sentiment is natural to all, whether they are of African extraction or descendants of the Saxon race, it is innate and lasting. Our destiny is linked with that of the American people, the spirit which moves the patriot's breast is also alive in our hearts.

Mr Chairman, I hope not to be misunderstood in the advocacy of these resolutions. Other occasions may call for language more imbued with radicalism, but I desire to support the resolutions as they are. The presumption is that we exercise unfaltering devotion to the Union; but our patriotism and our hopes arise not from the efforts of McClellan, nor of the Administration. No, I trust we are actuated by feelings that conform more to the spirit of human progress and the dictates of reason.

The Union ought to be preserved at whatever cost of life or treasure, because the Constitution is, I believe, the palladium of human liberty and republican principles. Viewing the Constitution in the light that I do, my heart is loyal to it. By it the rights of all constitute the basis, and the happiness of all form the object of the government. I, therefore, confess myself ambitious of sharing the glory of preserving the union of these States, but my highest ambition is to strike a death blow to slavery. Does any man think that the Union can be perpetuated unless the cause which would sever it is removed. Will a re-construction of the government accomplish that end? No sir, it will only perpetuate rebellion. Is this Union to be maintained in its original greatness, its strength, and beauty? Is the reign of fraternal feeling to be again restored? It will require more than a selfish policy. Yes, it will require feelings of universal love, that true Promethean fire which passes from heart to heart, from country to country, warming the blood of the whole human race. To preserve this Union it is necessary to institute a philanthropy that will receive in its cosmopolitan embrace the people of every nation and every clime. Let the war be conducted on the broad principles of universal liberty, and—O! my country, though driven, like the Hungarian patriot, into exile, we will love thee still; though robbed of every political right, we will defend thee amid the thunders of battle and the clash of arms.

We ask then in the name of humanity and fidelity, in the name of the fathers and the rising generation, in the name of violated laws and murdered citizens, that Congress by the exercise of the war making power, abolish the accursed system of slavery. Let this be done and the future glory of the nation will be established forever.

It is utterly absurd to shift principles of govermental policy in a contest like this. The destruction of the unity of loyal action is inevitable, unless the cause of our national troubles is removed. The policy of the administration may be to crush the rebellion, regardless of its legitimate cause, let this be done and the blood and treasure so nobly offered will be ignominiously thrown away, Liberty will be buried in her grave, and the nation's fame stained with a lasting infamy. Henceforward there shall be no effulgent day with its beauties and excellences, but night and desolation will mark the path of former greatness. A great people will have fallen, their dying glory shall linger around them, and the wild storm shall beat upon their graves. What! Shall we perpetuate a system whose conquests and usurpations are so prolific of crime? Receive that deadliest of evils again to our national embrace? Shall the bold soldiers who so proudly marched from Arlington' Hights spill their blood in vain? Never never. We are confronted with this evil in a manner as never before and if the people will do their duty, they will bestow upon their children the imperishable blessing of Liberty and Union. Slavery is a gigantic wrong and must be abolished. The verdict of remotest antiquity has been against it. Shall we then await its ultimate design? Shall we longer listen to the wail of outraged humanity, as it sends its pitying cry of mercy to ask our aid? Patriots! if we would be true to the cause of freedom, we would not content ourselves with simply uniting the scattered fragments of a broken Republic; we would first break the fetters of the slave and link these states with a chain of universal freedom. God forbid that the American Republic "heir of all the ages and foremost in the files of time" should in the midst of such a crisis lag in blind forgetfulness of duty.

It is slavery that has infested the country for the last quarter of a century; it is this, in the person of these rebel demons, that is striking the pillars from our national fabric. But better that these rebels be tied with a mill-stone about their necks and be cast into the sea, than that this people be blotted from the list of nations; and better still that this Union should sink beneath the deep, than that slavery, with its destructive elements, should be entailed upon another generation. We cannot forget the cause of our domestic dissentions, intestine commotions and civil strife. What brought about the celebrated controversy of 1819? What placed the North and South in such hostile array upon the tariff question?—What so menanced the country in 1850? What made Kansas bleed and groan? Let the people answer.

Men speak with impassioned solemnity in defense of the Union, while they disclaim the right of the government to interfere with slavery. Such is the doctrine of Dickinson, Holt, Haskins and the Cabinet—a doctrine which persisted in must eventually subvert the foundation of the government. They even dare to quote the language of Cicero, "*inter arma silent leges*,"—in war the laws are silent. How, then, can they conduct this war on the letter of the constitution? Who ever heard of a war carried on upon the basis of any constitution? This war involves the destiny of millions; it is a conflict between truth and error, between mind and physical force, and it will go on until emancipation shall be the triumphant conclusion. We have an ultimate right of self-defense, which transcends all written constitutions and laws. It is a primal law of our nature, and exists as well among nations as individuals. The constitution must necessarily be transcended. Now we grant that there was no written authority by which the President could have suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, but the law of necessity compelled him to suspend it. So it is with slavery; Congress can not abolish it, but there is the law of inexorable necessity which requires its eradication. Again, when General Fremont proclaimed martial law in the State of Missouri, no one supposed that the President would have required a modification of that law; but he did, and why? because it conflicts with the late act of Congress. But the constitution does not authorize martial law; it is a thing of necessity, originating in view of some terrible emergency, and not by any provision of Congress. When General Jackson proclaimed martial law in New Orleans, he did it by no authority of the constitution; the constitution does not warrant such a declaration; martial law suspends the constitution just as President Lincoln suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*. In these instances the constitution has been transcended because necessity demanded it; but slavery must remain untouched. It is seeking the nation's overthrow, but we must not transcend the constitution to put it down. Now, if in time of war it is transcended in one instance, why not in another, where duty requires it? We do not believe that this war should be conducted on the literal interpretation of the constitution, nor upon the constitution at all; for the saying is a true one, that in war the laws are silent. The present crisis demands that slavery be consigned to its grave, the voice of the multitude demands that slavery must die, and the fiat of nature has gone forth, declaring it as a paramount duty. We demand the eradication of this evil, as a security for our future happiness and prosperity. Since we are loyal to the Union, we claim the right to fight the battles of freedom; as subjects owing allegiance to the United States government we make this claim. But we would fight for more than country, for more than a union of States; we would defend more than human laws, we would defend those which are divine. "*Patria cara cario libertas*,"—my country is dear, but liberty is dearer. That is a noble soul who who would lay his life upon the altar of his country, but nobler far is he who dies to free his brother man. Shall it be said that this great people are fighting solely for the re-establishment of government? Shall a nation so enlightened support a war so terrible and fratricidal, for the mere assertion of empire? The christian world and the civilized nations expect slavery to meet its final doom.

When patriotic Rome contended against the powers of earth, she did not exclude the plebian from her gathering armies. She hoisted the flag of the country, and her subjects and citizens rallied alike to battle in one common cause. She wielded alike the sword of empire; Asia bowed to her will; Carthage humbled herself, and Greece yielded to her sway. Let America recollect the scattered elements of her strength, and march upon the threatening foe, victory will perch upon her thousand hills, and the tree of liberty will bloom in perpetual grenness. Let the issue be fairly met, and the best vestige of that barbarism be swept from the land. Let the sons of freedom rally to join in noble battle; let them come from whatever clime; whether bleached by the snows of Russia or blackened by the sun of Africa, let them come and enlist under the Star-Spangled Banner, to fight for the slave, God and our country. Refuse to do this, and the battle cry will again go forth, and the slaves will bound to the call. They will come from the everglades of Carolina and the uplands of Georgia, from the frozen zones of Canada and the tropical regions of Hayti, to deluge the land in blood.

Washington, in bequeathing his sword to his heirs, charged them never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defense, in defense of the country and her freedom; and when thus drawn they should never sheath it, but prefer falling with it, to the relinquishment thereof. That sword has been drawn in actual bloody battle. Shall it be sheathed until these hordes of Vandals have realized the vengeance of freemen? Shall it be given up until liberty becomes universal? No, gentlemen; I believe there is a providential agency concerned in this struggle. God will educate this people.— The government will be sustained, the Union will be preserved. Slavery is breathing its last upon American soil. Like the Roman Catholic hierarchy, it pants for breath, but it is destined to die. Nature will again breathe freely, the heavens will beam with a new light, and the banner of freedom will be the pride of all men and of all nations—the proud emblem of a world.

LETTER FROM J. B. HEPBURN.

Port au Prince, Oct. 7th, 1861.

To the Publisher of Anglo-African:

Dear Sir—In your paper of July 27th, an article appears against me signed W. P. Newman.

In this article Newman advises the colored people of the United States not to come to Hayti, and after speaking ill of Mr. James Redpath, does the same of me in a most scandalous manner, unworthy of any minister of the gospel.

As regards the colored people coming to Hayti, that is their own business; let every man look after his own interest according to his judgment.

The animosity of Newman against Mr. Redpath is owing to the latter obtaining from the government of Hayti the emigration agency and that it was not bestowed on him (Newman). When we take into consideration the character of the two men we must necessarily conclude that the government acted wisely in the choice made for such an important office.

It was evident to every well bred man that from the strange manner of acting on the part of Newman after his arrival here, he was quite unworthy of any special consideration from the government. A man calling himself a minister, after the teachings of the New Testament, and so intolerant as to disrespect the religion which a majority of the Haitian people profess. Why should Newman abuse this people when he is well aware that he brought on himself all that was done to him? Did he not purposely force himself into one of the great religious processions while passing through the principal streets of this city on a fete day? Did he not obstinately refuse to take off his hat when desired to do so, and in the presence of all the public functionaries? Certainly when he persisted in keeping on his hat the same was knocked off three times successively. He justly deserved such treatment from the authorities then acting. A Senator of the United States had his hat knocked off in Cincinnati, Ohio, on a similar occasion in 1830 or 1831. Why not follow the advice of St. Paul: "When in Rome do as Rome does?" Why could not Newman regulate his susceptibilities according to others sensibilities?

Newman alludes to his letter to me. The impertinencies contained in such were wholly unprovoked on my part. I caused my overseer to hand Newman my bill for rent after it was due, and instead of sending the amount, or some excuse, as a gentlemen should have done, he kept silent for three days and then sent it by his wife, whom he said I insulted on a former occasion, while asking for my rent, when he was absent. This is an untruth. I never insulted his wife, and if I had he should never have made choice of her to be the bearer of libellous and derogatory letters to me. For his scandalous letter I had him brought before the Police Court, to teach him better manners, and to let him know that in this country people cannot be insulted with impunity.

Newman, aided by the British Vice Consul had a patient hearing before the Judge of the Police Court. He was condemned to pay a fine of two hundred dollars, (Haitien Currency, about $15 U. S. Currency.) Three hundred dollars is the maximum fine in a case like his in that court, and he was fined the minimum figure. Yet he complains I bribed the Judge and asked $60,000 damages, in order to sell the property of the Baptist Free Mission Society in Haiti. If I wanted to prosecute that miscreant to any extremity I could have made an appeal before a higher court and obtained heavy damages; but what I did was merely to bring him to a sense of his duty as a man, a christian and a minister of the Holy Gospel, and not to do him any great harm.

Newman makes insinuations about bribing, but he seems to forget how many American double eagles ($20 pieces) he gave to aid him to get a decision that the church property did not belong to the Haitian Baptists. In 1857, I wrote to Mr. Curtis at Utica, and offered to lease the property to build a carriage house on. Mr. Curtis wrote back to me and stated that I might take possession of the property. I wrote again to that gentleman for more ample authority, and he then answered me stating that the board had concluded not to lease the property as it belonged to the Port au Prince Baptists, whom Mr. Judd presided over.

Newman stated that I was set on by Mr. Judd to prosecute him. Mr. Judd is quite incapable of ever suggesting any thing derogatory to his calling as a good man and a good christian, and far from being as revengeful as Newman; for certainly Newman and the Baptist Board have persecuted this poor man beyond measure, in order to get this church property. Newman further stated that I was actuated by Mr. Redpath to do him harm; this is a wilful untruth. When Mr. Redpath heard that I had issued a warrant against Newman, he called upon me together with Mr. Grice, one evening after I had retired, to persuade me to desist; he called again in the morning on Newman's behalf, but all in vain, for it was time to bridle this stubborn being so as to prevent him from doing more harm and perhaps plunge himself into such troubles that he would find it hard to be extricated.

Newman stated that I was a rogue and a villain; it is a pity that he did not make use of such language here for I would have had him imprisoned for those base lies. I send herewith a certificate from the Clerk of the Civil and Criminal Court, which proves Newman to be an unblushing calumniator. I have received more encomiums and more laudatory notices from the editors of all the news papers in Haiti for my industry and enterprise than any other emigrant who ever came to this country. I have been respected by all of the different Governments, and held a high place of honor under the Empire. I now hold a brevet from President Geffrard, under his own signature, as a member of the Common Council of this city.

I now leave the world to judge which of the two is the better man, Newman or myself. I respect all religious denominations, but really the American Free Baptist Mission, respecting itself, should not tolerate, for an instant, such a blasphemer, and a miserable wretch as their minister calling himself W. P. Newman.

Please, Dear Sir, give publicity to this, and to the certificate, and accept in advance, my grateful acknowledgments.

I have the honor to subscribe myself, Dear Sir,

Your humble and devoted servant,

J. B. HEPBURN.

CERTIFICATE.

I, the undersigned, acting Secretary in Chief of Tribunal Council of Port au Prince, Haiti, certify to all whom it may concern, that there is not on any of the registers of my administration any charge of defamation or dishonoring against citizen John Bell Hepburn, and that he has never been imprisoned for any one or other of these charges; in faith of which I have delivered the present certificate to be seen and availed by all who have the right, at the request of the same citizen J. B Hepburn,

Port au Prince, Sept. 6th, 1861.

J. M. DUVET,
Griffin.

LIBERIAN NAVAL VICTORY.

Below will be found an interesting account of a complete victory by Liberia over Spain, in a naval conflict. What a signal chastisement for one of the most flagrant and meanest cowardly national outrages, ever attempted: and what a sublime contrast is here presented between this case of Liberia which Rev. Mr. Holly was pleased to call some time ago a "semi-barbarous nation", and that of Geffrad and Hayti: who tremblingly sought the interference of the British Consul, in a similar case, wherein this same bully Spain was the aggressor.

Spanish Outrage in Liberia.—A Spanish Frigate Driven out of the Harbor of Monrovia by a Liberian Sloop-of-War.

Correspondence of the London Times.

Monrovia, Lib., Saturday, Sept. 14.

We have received the visit of the Spanish war steamer referred to in mine of the 29th August. On the 11th of September, at 8 o'clock, she entered the harbor and was boarded, according to the laws of the Republic, by a Government officer. The commander of the Spanish vessel asked the boarding-master where the best anchoring ground was. He was told. He said he wished to see the President, and expected to remain two or three days. The boarding-master went on shore and reported to the President what the Spaniard had said. Then the President, thinking the vessel had come up to have the matter in dispute adjudicated, ordered the men on Fort Morris Battery, who had been on the lookout ever since the rumor, not to load a gun. The *Quail* in the meantime had not a gun loaded. The Spaniard, instead of anchoring as he had pretended he wished to do, steamed immediately out of the harbor, but not out of sight of the Cape, prepared his ship for action, and then steamed, back into harbor, and brought his vessel between the *Quail* and a ship belonging to the firm of Johnson, Turpin & Dunbar. In this advantageous position he opened fire upon the Quail, intending to clear her decks, but only did a little damage to her rigging. You must bear in mind when the Spaniard gave his first shot, the Quail had no gun loaded: but, after the Spaniard so treachously fired, the commander of the Quail, James L. Benedict, aged 28, soon got his guns ready for action. But after getting them ready, he could not fire for fear he might hit Johnson's ship. He soon, however, got the Quail clear of Johnson's vessel, and bringing his 18-pounder to bear on the Spanish vessel, did much damage to her bulwarks. By this time the Spaniard got another shot at the Quail but missed her; and in return the Quail put a second shot near her stern, did much damage, and made the men run away from the wheel. It is supposed this shot likewise killed some of the Spanish officers. Seeing the Spaniard was in earnest about this work, a heavy fire was opened on the vessel from Morris Battery. He got at once confused, for he did not dream that there was any defence but the Quail, and steamed out of harbor with his ship in a very bad state as quickly as he could. Commander Benedict got three shots at the Spaniard, two of which did execution. The Spaniard got two at the Quail, one of which only damaged her rigging. The Quail lost none in killed or wounded, but it is supposed that the Spanish vessel did.

Religious Intelligence.

Old Zion Church, Rev. D. Stevens, Pastor, is now in the enjoyment of quite a revival. A number have joined the church, and many are still seeking a knowledge of the way of life.

We learn from the "[illegible] Recorder" that the churches in Baltimore city have recently enjoyed an Episcopal visit from Rev. Bishop Payne, and though his health is poor, yet his appearance was hailed with delight. On Sabbath morning, the 20th, he visited Rev. H. Turner's charge, and in the afternoon, Rev. J. M. Brown's. At both churches he gave short exhortations which were well received. On Monday night, the 21st, he attended the grand concert given by the Choir of Bethel Church, which is represented to have been a very fine affair. Mrs. E. Tillman, Miss Wells, Miss Neal, and Miss Cook, particularly distinguishing themselves. The choir has sustained a great loss by the death of Mr. Henry Morrison, husband of Mrs. Mary Jane Morrison, well known as one of the most active members of the female societies of this and other cities.

Another new African Methodist Episcopal Church, on the Ellicot Mills circuit, was consecrated on Sabbath, the 20th. The services were conducted by Rev. Wm. H. Waters, of Baltimore. The amount realized was sixty dollars. The members of that church are rejoicing over the great success that has attended their labors this year in building new churches on their circuit.

The church under the pastoral charge of Rev. W. H. Waters has been blessed with an outpouring of the Spirit of the Spirit of the Lord. Many are found at the altar every night, seeking redemption in the blood of the Saviour.

The Annual Lovefeast of that branch of the African Union Church having its headquarters in Wilmington, Del., was held in that city during the last week.

We are informed by the Rev. Mr. Frisby that it was a lovefeast indeed, and that, according to the reports brought in by the various preachers, peace and harmony prevails throughout the connexion.

FOUNTAIN UNION LODGE LECTURES.

Mr. Editor:—You are aware that a series of lectures are now being given under the especial patronage of Fountain Union Lodge I. O. of G. S., for the religious, social and moral improvement of our people, the general diffusion of knowledge, and the spread of the cause of Temperance and moral reform.

Secondly.—To awake the hitherto dormant intellectual abilities of our young men, inspiring them with high hopes and inducing them to throw the weight of their combined intelligence, in every effort tending to the elevation of the African race.

The series will be continued on every second Thursday evening of each month until April next. The third of the course will be delivered by the Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, Bridge street Brooklyn on the evening of Thursday Nov. 14, 1861. Subject "The destiny of the African race, and the means to be employed for their elevation."

The Rev. Mr. Cain is, I am proud to say, a young man of merit, of learning, of great promise and marked ability—and I am desirous that he should be encouraged and sustained. In view of this I most respectfully and earnestly solicit your co-operation in the accomplishment of our object, and cordially invite you, if your ardous duties will permit to be present on the occasion. Hoping that the above may meet with your entire approbation, and with the best of wishes for our success, I have the honor to be dear sir, yours for the elevation of the African race, and the amelioration of the condition of our people,

John D. Bagwell

182 Suffolk st. N. Y. Oct. 28. 1861

THE FUNERAL OF Wm. WHITNEY.

The funeral of this gentleman, who died Oct. 29, took place from the Zion Baptist Church, Sullivan street on Sunday last after Morning Service.

The pulpit was occupied by the Rev. Messrs. Spellman, Cary and the pastor of the church, the Rev. J. T. Raymond. Rev. Mr. Cary read the hymn and Rev. Mr. Raymond then delivered a short but beautiful discourse, taking as his text the 10th verse of the 14th Chapter of Job. We learn—that from long illness, the deceased had become deranged, and, that while in this state, he had spoken words which his enemies were using as an argument against his Christian character. The Rev. speaker called attention to this fact, and showed very clearly its wickedness and meanness. He fully vindicated the deceased, both as regards his Christian character, and his standing as a citizen in this community.

The Rev. Mr. Spellman after reading a portion of scripture which was listened to with marked attention by the vast audience, preached a short discourse which, while it was very short, was as fine a discourse as we ever heard him preach.

These discourses produced very remarkable effect upon the congregation, indeed we could scarcely realise the fact that there was a corpse in the house, so great was the rejoicing.

MARRIED.

Boston—Carpenter.—In Hartford, Ct., Oct. 28th, by Rev. A. N. Freeman, Francis Boston to Mrs. Fanny Carpenter.

Richards—Strong.—By the same, Oct. 29, George W. Richards and Mrs. Lucretia Strong.

Myers—Williams.—In this city, on Monday evening, Nov. 4th, by Rev. John T. Raymond, Geo. W. Myers to Virginia M. Williams, both of this city.

Ward—Draper.—In Sag Harbor, L. I., on Sunday, Nov. 3d, by Rev. Alex. Posey, Abram Ward to Miss Eliza Draper.

Special Notices.

THE BALL IS UP!

FLOOR SKATING, FLOOR SKATING!

BOSTON'S

SKATING ACADEMY,

FOR LADIES.

Mr. T. S. Boston respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that he will re-open his SKATING SCHOOL, for Ladies and Gentlemen, at the

ASSEMBLY ROOMS,

178 Prince Street,

Commencing TUESDAY Evening, Nov. 12, 1861.

Terms of Admission—10 cts. Doors open at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Terms for Skating—15 cts. half hour; 20 cts. per hour.

Persons wishing to engage the Rooms for private parties, can do so by communicating to

THOS. S. BOSTON,
No. 87 Sullivan St.,
15 5t New York City.

Love, Purity and Truth.

GOOD SAMARITAN LECTURES.

The third of the Course will be delivered by the Rev. RICHARD H. CAIN, before Fountain Union Lodge, No. 7, I. O. of G. S. at their Rooms, Masonic Hall, cor. of Forsyth and Broome Sts., on Thursday evening next, the 14th inst., at 8 o'clock. Subject—"The Destiny of the African Race, and the Means to be Employed for their Elevation." The public are cordially invited to be present.

N. B.—Admission free.

MASONIC.

Notice is hereby given, that WILLIAM CLARK is suspended from Celestial Lodge, No. 2, F. A. M., working under the Masonic jurisdiction of the M. W. United Grand Lodge for the State of New York.

JOHN R. PORTER, W. M.
Oliver A. Holmes, Sec'y. 15 1

MASONIC

DIRECTORY,

FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R.W.G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st, the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka No. 15, Norwich, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14, Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 2d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 65 East Houston Street, New York City.

NOTICE.

All members of the Annual Conferences of the A.M.E. Zion Church who have taken shares in the stock of the Book Concern of said church, are hereby informed that the payment is now due, and they are requested to make remittances to the Treasurer, Rev. Jos. P. Thompson, Hudson, N.Y., through the mail or by express.

N. B. All who have not taken shares can do so by forwarding the amount of $10 to the Secretary, at New Bedford, Mass.

Samuel M. Giles,
Secretary of the Board.

New Bedford, Oct. 18th, 1861.

AGENCY

FOR TROY AND VICINITY.

James R. Benham is the regularly appointed Agent for the Anglo-African in Troy, Lansingburg, Waterford and vicinity. All orders or communications for the paper may be left with Mr Benham on board of the steamer "Cornelius Vanderbilt."

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delcurt, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tombrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

AN ADJOURNED MEETING

To consider measures with reference to a settlement of the

GERRIT SMITH LANDS,

will be held, agreeable to adjournment, at Prince Street Hall, on Monday evening November 11th, 1861. The public are invited to attend. The meeting will be addressed by a person who has resided three years upon his grant.

Charles L. Reason, Ch'mn.
Wright Seaman, Jr., Sec'y.

Jeremiah Powers, James B. Miller,
Chas. B. Ray, A. Roberts,
Peter Vogelsang, Theo. Giles,
Henry Ross, Wm. H. Leonard,
James R. W. Leonard.

LECTURES.

The Rev. Alex. Crummell, of Liberia, W.A., is prepared to deliver the following Lectures, either singly or as a course, during the months of November and December:

1. The customs, genius, and characteristics of native tribes in Western Africa.
2. The growth of civilization along the Western Coast of Africa.
3. The progress and prospects of the Republic of Liberia.

Letters are to be addressed to Rev. A. Crummell, 331 Spring Street, New York. 12—4t

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. Eli N. Hall, Pastor, cor. DeKalb and Hudson Avenues, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:

10½ o'clock,	A. M.
3½ "	P. M.
7 "	P. M.

10 4t.

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor. Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:

10 1-2 o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7 1-2 "	P. M.

12–1y

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue.

Hours of worship:—

3 o'clock,	P. M.
7 1-2 "	P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

Rev. Chas. H. Thompson, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—

10½	A. M.
3	P. M.
7½	P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn. 13-1y.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr. Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

I. O. OF R. AND S. OF LOVE & CHARITY.

The regular quarterly meeting of Grand Tabernacle of the State of N. Y., will take place on Tuesday evening next, the 12th inst., at 8 o'clock, at the Masonic Hall, No. 231 West 16th St. Officers and representatives are hereby notified to attend. By order of

ROBERT H. COUSINS, G. W. S.

Attest:—
JOHN D. BAGWELL, G. W. R. S.

WANTED, A COLORED WOMAN TO Cook, Wash and Iron. She must understand her business, and have good reference. Wages moderate. Apply at 211 West 34th St. 1t

BOARDING AND LODGING IN BROOKLYN,

At Mrs. SUSAN HARRIS', 58 Atlantic St., near South Ferry. $3 per week for gentlemen, and $2 50 for ladies. Lodgings 75 cts. per week. 15tf

FOR SALE—A BEAUTIFUL PIC-NIC GROVE, at Glencove, L. I.—The owner has been asked by respectable colored people in that vicinity and in this city to offer for sale the above Grove. It is offered to colored persons and the public generally. It extends from West to Middle Avenue, and has a fine view of the Bay, and is near the landing. Inquire of Mrs. R. BONNER, No. 54 West 29th-st., cor. 6th Avenue.
14—13t.

TO LET.—THE ROOM ON THE SECOND floor of Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-street. Inquire at 66 East Houston-st., or of the Janitor 225 West 15th-st.

POCKET WATER-FILTER AND DRINKING TUBE.

Indispensable for Soldiers, Travelers, and Sportsmen. Weight one ounce. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Send it to your friends. Agents wanted. Samples mailed on receipt of 50 cents, by addressing

DAY, & CO.,
13-13t. Box 464 P.O., Newark, N. J.

FASHIONABLE

DRESS MAKING,

SHIRT MAKING, EMBROIDERING, AND QUILTING.

Mesdames F. A. Hamilton, O. A. Newton, and Miss A. M. Hamilton,

187 Navy Street, Brooklyn.

Ladies' and Childrens' dresses cut and made in the most fashionable style and warranted to fit.

SHIRTS of all paterns made, and plain sewing executed with neatness; and durability of work guaranteed. Orders for EMBROIDERING promptly attended to, and QUILTING executed with dispatch.

Public patronage is respectfully solicited.
12-tf

HENRY G. LEASK,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS AND FURS,
cor. Pearl & Chatham Sts., N. Y.
Shipping Furs Bought. 12-tf

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,
EMPIRE STATE HOTEL
AND
UNION HOUSE,
541 BROOME STREET,
Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. Ramsey.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Pease call and examine the premises

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT, (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, Where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this or any other city, please call at the [illegible] Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,
BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG.

Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS

of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.

Don't Forget,
168 EWEN ST.,
9 1y. Williamsburg.

HATS CAPS & FURS
IN THEIR VARIETY.

First Premium for Misses and Children's
HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS.
The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 331 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co. N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St.,
one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
10 5t.

JUST PUBLISHED

"THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN LIBERIA."

The Anniversary address, on the 26th July, 1860 in Cape Palmas, Liberia, by the Rev. Alex. Crummell, B.A.

For Sale at the Anglo-African Office, 48 Beekman St., New York. Price 15 cents. 8 4t

PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE
BY
MRS. W. S. WILKINS & Co
610 PINE, ABOVE SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA 7-13t.

LADIES' FURNISHING STORE.
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING
Ready-Made and Made to Order, By
MRS. S. WILKINS & CO.,
610 Pine, above Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
7-13t.

MRS. ANDERSON,
CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS

Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 71 Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m

TO LET.—THE UPPER PART OF HOUSE 277 South Fourth St. Williamsburg, consisting of front and back parlors, and a large bedroom, with the back basement. Rent nine dollars a month, to be paid strictly in advance. Inquire on the premises, or at this office.

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMOdate a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 1231 Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate. 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tf.

A SCHOOL WANTED.—A YOUNG LADY, a graduate of one of the High Schools of this State, and who is fully qualified as a teacher, is desirous of obtaining a school where the salary would not be less than $200 a year. Address Thos. Hamilton, 48 Beekman St., N.Y.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. THE UNdersigned respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the Art of Singing. He will be at home at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, and at Zion Church, N. Y., on Thursday evening, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. Singing schools taught and private instruction given on moderate terms.

3tf. ROBT. HAMILTON,

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. Forten, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 Mulberry Street, N. Y. Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y.

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 6—4t

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 Sullivan Street, New York. 4-1t

DENTISTRY.

BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist.
79 Thompson St., N. Y

MRS. E. LEONARD,
FASHIONABLE
DRESS MAKER,
25 Sullivan Street, New York.
Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.
3tf

BOARDING AND LODGING.

By Mrs. Mary Johnson, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies,	$2,50
" Gentleman,	3,00
Lodging per week,	75

y13t.

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
CARD AND JOB PRINTER,
219 Centre Street, New York.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts., 2 tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 182 Suffolk Street. Terms very moderate. a10 1y.

BROWN'S POPULAR RESORT.

The undersigned takes the privilege to inform his Friends and the public generally that as he has recently fitted up his SALOON anew, he is now prepared to furnish them with

Ice Cream, Fruit, and other Delicacies.

BENJ. F. BROWN,
70 Bleecker St.,
between Broadway & Crosby Sts. 4t

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable Extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts.

P. A. WH [illegible]

Corner of [illegible]

[illegible]

COMMISSION MERCH[illegible]

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON [illegible]

A FRESH AND PURE ASSORT[illegible]

DRUGS, MEDICINES, [illegible]

[illegible]

LUBIN'S EXTRACTS

AND OTHER PERFUMERY,

FANCY SOAPS, FINE HAIR [illegible]

BRUSHES, PURE WINES [illegible]

DIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES,

FAMILY ARTICLES, HAVANA [illegible]

SEGARS, &c., &c.

All his articles are purchased with great care and are warranted to be pure, fresh, and genuine.

MEDICINE CHESTS

carefully made up.

All orders promptly attended to, on receipt of the CASH.

Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared.

WHITE'S

VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR

FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH, AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely *Gray*.

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh and unpleasant in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea-voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full of dandruff, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this, and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hair-brush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the same, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off, always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split, and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf, or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that cases of failure will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and perseveringly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

BADEAU'S

STRENGTHENING PLASTER

AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR

LAME OR WEAK BACK, PAIN OR WEAKNESS IN THE SIDE, CHEST, STOMACH, OR LIMBS. A CERTAIN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, PLEURISY, LIVER OR KIDNEY COMPLAINT, SPRAINS, BRUISES, [illegible]

Persons disposed, will find this [illegible] particularly [illegible]

Dyspeptic persons will find a [illegible] from its use, [illegible] gentle counter [illegible] the stomach [illegible]

[illegible]

PREVENTING [illegible]

of the [illegible]

[illegible]

P. A. WHITE, [illegible]

Poetry.

HYMN FOR THE SLAVE.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

There is a peaceful home above,
Where all who bear below
The cross of Christ, in faith and love,
As equal heirs may go.
There is a fount, whose waters gush
With life beyond the grave,
Whereof the master will not blush
To drink beside the slave.

The Tree that from that Holy Land
Immortal bloom receives,
Is planted where the Ethop's hand
May reach its balmy leaves.
When Death unlocks the bondman's chain,
And sets his spirit free,
No hunter on his flight shall gain,
To that all-healing tree!

The hue that marked his mortal vest—
The yoke—the stripes he bore—
In that pure world of light and rest,
Can wring his soul no more!
But, while his grateful song shall flow
To his Redeemer there,
What part is he who wrought his woe—
His earthly lord—to bear?

There is a Law, all-wise, supreme,
With God's eternal seal;
And self-deceivers vainly dream
From this to find appeal.
No powers that pure, supernal Law,
Can weaken or annul;
Nor Conscience thence an opiate draw,
The sense of guilt to lull.

There is an Advocate, who stands
Unwavering and un-feed,
For those with gyved, but guiltless hands,
That higher Law to plead.
Whoe'er his neighbor robs of rights
Which God with being gave,
Against Omnipotence he fights—
Himself to sin a slave!

Whoso on hand and bosom wears
Fine gold and sparkling gem,
That sprang from drops of sweat and tears,
Where bondmen planted them,
Then boasts of Freedom! rights of birth!
And grasps his trembling slave—
His mockery taints the air—the earth—
It scents beyond the grave.

And he who wears the Christian name,
To mask an earthly heart;
And puts the cause of Christ to shame,
To prop a human mart,—
The holy flame how shall he face
From God's all-searching eye,
That may the Mene, Tekel! trace,
Which he may not defy!

For there's a throne—a holy throne,
Where Justice holds the scale,
Whilst ever soul's concerns are shown,
And many a hope must fail.
The Judge, whose eye unerring sees
Each deed and thought, is He
Who saith, 'What did ye unto these,
Ye did it unto me!'
Newburyport, Mass.

[For the Weekly Anglo-African.]

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

I'll think of thee when morn's first flush,
Shall stream its glittering rays on high,
Of thee, when twilight's crimson flush
Shall spread and kiss the eastern sky,—
I'll think of thee in gloomiest hours,
And in the spring time's brightest glow,
Of thee, when Autumn's dying flowers
So mournfully around me strew.

I'll think of thee when clouds depart,
And cares and troubles all shall flee;
Yes, thine, forever thine! my heart
Shall ever cherish thoughts of thee;
And when in pleasure's giddy rounds
From cares and toils of mind you're free,
Or if you drain life's bitter grounds,
My earnest prayer is—"Think of me."
MICHIGAN, Oct 10th, 1861. M. E. B.

ANOTHER TRUE STORY.

A few weeks since we read in The Independent a thrilling story from the pen of C. L. Brace, showing the tendency of slavery to harden the heart and render a slaveholding community oblivious of justice, honor, or humanity.

A similar incident was related to us by a Christian man, whose early years were spent in the sunny South. We give the reminiscence, as far as possible, in his own language:

During my residence in Richmond, Va., said Mr. B., I knew a bright little slave-boy named Edward Maurice. As soon as he was old enough, Ned was taught to work at a blacksmith's forge. At eighteen he could shoe his master's horses, and do most of the blacksmith work on the plantation. One day I learned that the boy was very sick, and the doctor had pronounced his case incurable, unless he could be sent to a northern climate; and his master kindly provided the means of sending his slave to the mountainous region of Virginia, and sent a small sum to "mine host" of a village tavern to take care of him for three months.

Before leaving home, Ned received the assurance that, if he recovered his health, and could work in a colder climate, when he had earned three hundred dollars, it should be received by his master as the price of his freedom. But there seemed little probability that the boy could live until the expiration of the three months for which his board was to be paid.

Years passed by, and we heard no more of Ned Maurice. Everybody supposed him dead; and who was to care for a slave who was worth but $300—less than young master's pony.

Had the boy a mother? we enquired; and being answered in the affirmative, we thought that there was a world of affection pent up in that slave-mother's heart for her poor lonely boy, who had gone away to die among strangers. In the language of Mrs. Stowe's Address to the Mothers of America, "By the sacred love you bear your child; you, who have learned by the cradles of your own children to love and feel for all mankind—by the motherly tenderness and pity with which you guide his growing years—by the prayers you breathe for his eternal good, I beseech you pity the mother who has all your affection, and not one legal right to protect and to guide the child of her bosom."

Three years had elapsed when Ned Maurice suddenly presented himself before his master, and pouring the hoarded treasure upon the table, heard him exclaim, "All right, boy, three hundred dollars!" Thus the inestimable boon of freedom was to be secured to the slave-boy, and soon the joyful news was communicated to his mother. And now that his own liberty was secured, seemed a light thing to Ned to earn the money that would also purchase freedom for his mother. By his master's advice, he returned to work in the same healthy spot among the mountains of Virginia.

And there, a few months after, Ned was found by his former master, who told him very coolly that he must return to the plantation, as he could no longer dispense with his services. In vain the poor fellow protested that he had paid the full amount demanded, and had purchased his freedom. His master replied that he had only paid for his time—the three years' labor he had lost by the absence of his slave.

Then arose in that village tavern a storm of indignation. This was indeed "sharp stock-jobbing in human flesh," to which "mine host" had a few words to utter that touched a sensitive spot in the soul of a man who was not wholly indifferent to the opinion of others. Edward Maurice had by his honesty and diligent, self-denying industry, gained many friends in that village who had aided him in amassing the sum he had required to purchase his freedom. A compromise was immediately made. One hundred and fifty dollars were added to the three hundred already given, the free papers were drawn and placed in his hands, and now indeed Ned was for ever emancipated from slavery.

Of his subsequent history Mr. B. has not been informed; but we may hope that by the same heroic, self-denying effort that procured for Ned the priceless boon of freedom, his poor mother has been rescued from bondage and is now sharing with him the same blessing. L. L.

[Independent.

THE FREED MEN AT FORTRESS MONROE.

In view of the importance of some settled system in subsisting and clothing the "contraband" negroes, Gen. Wool recently referred the subject to the heads of the different departments in his command. After considering the subject fully, they made a report to the General, on which he has based the following order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VA.,
Fort Monroe, Nov. 1, 1861.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 34.—The following pay and allowances will constitute the valuation of the labor of the contrabands at work in the Engineer, Ordnance, Quartermaster, Commissary, and Medical Departments at this post, to be paid as hereinafter mentioned:

Class 1.—Negro men over 18 years of age, and able-bodied, $10 a month, one ration, and the necessary amount of clothing.

Class 2.—Negro boys, from 12 to 18 years of age, and sickly and infirm negro men, $5 per month, one ration, and the necessary amount of clothing.

The Quartermaster will furnish all the clothing

The Departments employing these men will furnish the subsistence specified above, and as an incentive to good behavior to be withheld at the discretion of the Chiefs of the Departments respectively, each individual of the 1st class will receive $2 per month, and each individual of the 2d class $1 per month, for their own use.

The remainder of the money valuation of their labor will be turned over to the Quartermaster, who will deduct from it the cost of the clothing issued to them; the balance will constitute a fund to be expended by the Quartermaster, under the direction of the commanding officer of the Department, for the support of the women and children and those who are unable to work.

For any unusual amount of labor performed they may receive extra pay, varying in amount from 50 cents to $1; this is to be paid by the Departments employing them to the men themselves, and to be for their own use.

Should any man be prevented from working on account of sickness for six consecutive days in any one month, one half of the money valuation will be paid. For being prevented from laboring for a longer period than ten days any one month, all pay and allowance ceases.

By command of Maj.-Gen. Wool.
WM. D. WHIPPLE,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

This plan is both simple and just. It insures proper care for all, as the result of the labor of those who can work, so far as, above their own clothing, their wages will do it, the deficiency to be supplied by the Government. The money-pay and overwork will operate as a healthy incentive to all.

In obedience to this order, sergeant Smith of the Quartermaster's department has to-day been engaged in issuing clothing. The suits are serviceable, comfortable, and quite as good as the better class of laborers generally have, and have been purchased of the Seamless Clothing Company, at the rate of $5 50 per suit. In a letter to Quartermaster Tallmadge on the subject, Quartermaster-General Meigs, has directed him to clothe and subsist the negroes according to "the standard of the best Virginia masters." I fancy that Virginia has seen few better "masters" than Capt. Tallmadge, who, viewing the question as a practical one, has allowed neither maudlin sympathy nor anything akin to an opposite sentiment to interfere with the management of the "contrabands." Capts. Taylor, Stewart, and Baylor, on whose report the General based his order, took the same practical view of the subject, and takes a lively interest in caring for the welfare of the "contraband."

Cor. of N. Y. Tribune.

Mrs. Smikes says the reason children are so bad this generation, is owing to the wearing of gaiter shoes, instead of the old fashioned slippers. Mothers find it too much trouble to untie gaiters to whip children, so they go unpunished; but when *she* was a child, the way the old slipper used to do its duty was a caution.

A gentleman calling one morning on a female friend, was answered by a country servant boy that she was not at home.

"I will thank you to give her this," said he, handing him a card.

"Shall I go up and give it to her now, sir?" said the boy.

THE RECAPTURED NEGROES IN LIBERIA—THEIR CONDITION.

During the past twelve months, the living freight of eight slavers, captured by American cruisers, numbering upward of four thousand five hundred souls, from the Congo country in western Africa, have been landed in Liberia. Most of them are very young persons—a large number ranging between the years of eight and fourteen. To such as feared injurious effects to that Republic from the sudden accession of a large a mass of barbarism, the subjoined letter will afford relief. Its author, Mr. Crummell, was formerly rector of a church in New York city; graduate of Queen's College, Cambridge, England, and for eight years a resident missionary in Liberia of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. He is now one of the Professors elect for the Liberia College, which is expected to be opened with a large class in December:

"217 Sullivan street, New York city.
Sept. 5, 1861.

"DEAR SIR:—I find in your letter a question which has already, even before leaving the coast, come to me from other correspondents in the United States. It is this: "If you take further shipments of Congoes, will they not seriously affect the interests of the Republic, and may they not jeopardize the very existence of the people and the Government?" To this I must reply to you:—First, that the Providence of God in the recaptures is one of the greatest blessings which could have been bestowed upon the Liberians for the Liberians themselves. For it gives them, first of all, a laboring population, which is their great need in the cultivation of their great staple—sugar. The neighboring nations do not supply this need, chiefly because they are more especially engaged in trade, and so well acquainted with our colonists and their habits, that they know well how to inconvenience our planters by a demand for high wages, and by irregularity in labor.

"The Congoes are apprenticed to our citizens; are remarkably pliant and industrious, and peculiarly proud and ambitious of being called "Americans." The result of their arrival in our borders is, that already hundreds of acres are being cleared for sugar farms; and those citizens who for years have been satisfied to live in the midst of weeds, have been prompted by this auxiliary to plant extensively, and are as ambitious of wealth as any of our citizens. Second, its influence upon surrounding tribes is equally manifest. They dislike the Congoes, and as a consequence, the Congoes are thrown upon us. This leads them to the adoption of American habits, and prompts us Americans to adopt measures for the thorough assimilation of these people to our habits They go to our schools. They crowd our churches. They adopt our dress. They speak English. They are trained with our militia. I have no hesitation in saying that all our native wars are at an end. The Congo additions to our force already staggers and confuses the natives at all our settlements. Thirdly, So plastic is the Congoes' character, that they are easily moulded into Americo-Liberians, and into their habits. In Palmas we have not seen a single relic of their heathenism. They are regular attendants at church, industrious, polite, contented. In Sinou some have already intermarried with our colonist women, and in two cases are thrifty men and members of the church. Two years ago, they were naked heathens in a slave-ship. On the St. Paul's, masses of them are industrious peasants.

"I need not speak of the benefit to them in thus being in juxtaposition with civilization, under an orderly Government and Christian influence.

"So far, then, as we are concerned, I am satisfied that President Benson does not exaggerate in the declaration that we can receive twenty thousand without any detriment to our own civilization There are one or two provisos to be connected with this—namely, that our christian societies may not be harassed by the cry from missionary societies in America, 'Go preach to the heathen in the interior,' when our work is in our own settlements, in our own servants and laborers, and when our indirect influence upon the interior tribes will be a deal more powerful than a few feeble attempts at missionary work in the interior; and next, that the friends of Liberia sustain our efforts to increase our schools and educate the humblest of our citizens—namely, native servants and Congo recaptures.

This cannot be pressed too strongly.—There is a deficientcy of females among the recaptures; there is an excess of females among the colonists; and just as fast as these new men are civilized, they will intermarry amongst us. This has already, to a small extent, taken place; and the whole process shows the absolute need of an immediate effort for a wide diffusion of education in the Republic.

ALEX. CRUMMELL."

FUGITIVE SLAVES IN THE WASHINGTON JAIL.—There are some facts connected with the slavery question in this city, which need ventilation. Our city jail is crowded with fugitive slaves. They are without claiments, and many of them doubtless once belonged to men now in the rebel ranks. One of them certainly did, for his late master was John A. Washington, of the Mount Vernon estate. By what statute these slaves are kept in the United States' jail, no one seems to know. They are put and kept there by a Republican marshal, and it is a well-known fact that prominent office-holders here hold that the late Confiscation Act does not free the negroes who come under its operation, but simply turns them over from rebel masters to the United States' government—the government owning them. According to these theorists, the people of the North have become slaveholders in the act of Congress, and it rests with them, through Congress, to decree the fate of the confiscated slaves, whether they shall be sold at auction or freed.

This is not the view the men who made the law took, nor will any anti-slavery court make any such decision; but under these mistaken views, shameful injustice is done a number of colored men now lying in the United States' jail, and kept there by authority of a Republican Administration. Slaves are also continually returned to claimants from camp, and files of soldiers often are seen escorting a fugitive back to his master or to the district jail. These outrages must and will have an end.—Washington Cor. Indedendent.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT—A little girl, in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful, and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenward. That sweet conscientious, prayer-loving child was the idol of the bereaved family. She would lie upon the friend who took a mother's care of her, and winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say: "Now tell me about my mamma?" And when the oft-told tale had been repeated, would softly ask, "Take me into the parlor, I want to see my mamma." The request was never refused; and the affectionate child would lie for hours contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But

"Pale and wan she grew, and weakly—
Bearing all her pain so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trial hour drew nearer."

That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little one die. The dew of death was already on the flower as its life-sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically.

"Do you know me, darling? sobbed close in her ear the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer.

All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's face colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan, cuddling hands flew up, in the little one's last impulsive effort as she looked piercingly into the far above.

"Mother," she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone—and passed with that breath into her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine, who stood by that bed of joyous death:

"If I had never believed in the ministration of departed ones before, I could not disbelieve it now!"

"Peace I leave you," said the wisest Spirit that ever passed from earth to heaven Let us be at peace, amid the spirit-mysteries and questionings on which His eye shall soon shed the light of eternity.

A CLEAR CASE OF FRAUD.

It is related by one of the dispatches from the battle field at Edward's Ferry, that when our brave boys were trying to make their way from the trap into which they had been foolishly led, back across the Potomac, a poor negro with a small skiff employed himself the whole night in ferrying over the fugitives. He succeeded, in this way, in saving the lives, or in securing the escape, at least, of no less than one hundred persons. His master all the while was probably on the Virginian shore trying to send a Minie ball into the hearts of our men.

Now, as the "service" of this fellow did not belong to himself but his masters, what right had he to lend his labor to our suffering soldiers? Was he not defrauding his owner? Will not some of our Generals insist upon "delivering him up," to be properly punished for so audacious a use of his muscles! Of course, no one will be so insane as to propose that he should be emancipated for this timely rescue of so many loyal troops. That would be Abolitionism; that would be interfering with the sacred institution; that would be confessing that negroes are men and entitled to a decent respect.

At a convention of clergymen, not long since, it was proposed by one of the members, after they had dined, that each man should entertain the company with some interesting remarks. Among the rest, one drew upon his fancy and related a dream. In his dream he went to heaven, and he described the golden streets, etc. As he concluded, one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his penurious and money-saving habits, stepped up to the narrator and inquired jocosely:

"Well, did you see anything of me in your dream?"

"Yes, I did."

"Indeed! what was I doing?"

"You were on your knees."

"Praying, was I?"

"No—scraping up the gold!"

ABATING A NUISANCE.—Mrs. Sourby says she would whip that oldest boy of hers, but he is so cunning. The other day he fried one of his stockings with a beef-steak, for which he should have been whipped, but, as Mrs. Sourby observes, "he is so cunning." Yesterday he got hold of Mr. Vinegar's hen canary, and, "to keep her from falling backwards," as the urchin alleged, plucked her tail feathers out!—rather a queer prescription too. It is not necessary for us to say that Mr. Vinegar swore roundly at that improvement.

The last we saw of Vinegar, he was asking of Dr. Briggs how much arsenic it would take to abate a nuisance about six years old? What Vinegar meant by this, time alone can determine.

A COOL DUTCHMAN.—A cunning old Dutchman was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature some years ago, from ——— county. On one occasion he promised a lobby member to vote for a certain local measure; but when the measure came up he voted against it, and it was lost. The lobby member came to him in great wrath, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Sir, you promised to vote for my bill."

"Vell, said the Dutch member, "vell, vat if I did?"

"Well, sir, you voted against it."

"Vell, vat if I did?"

"Well, sir, you lied!"

"Vell, vat if I did?" was the cool reply.

BAD THINGS.—A dirty cook, a smoky house, a perpetual scold, an aching tooth, an empty purse, a false friend, an improvident servant, an intemperant parent, husband or wife, an incessant talker, a first-rate appetite and nothing to eat, a dull shaving razor passing over a pimpled face, musketoes and bugs in a bed-chamber, and a dandy.

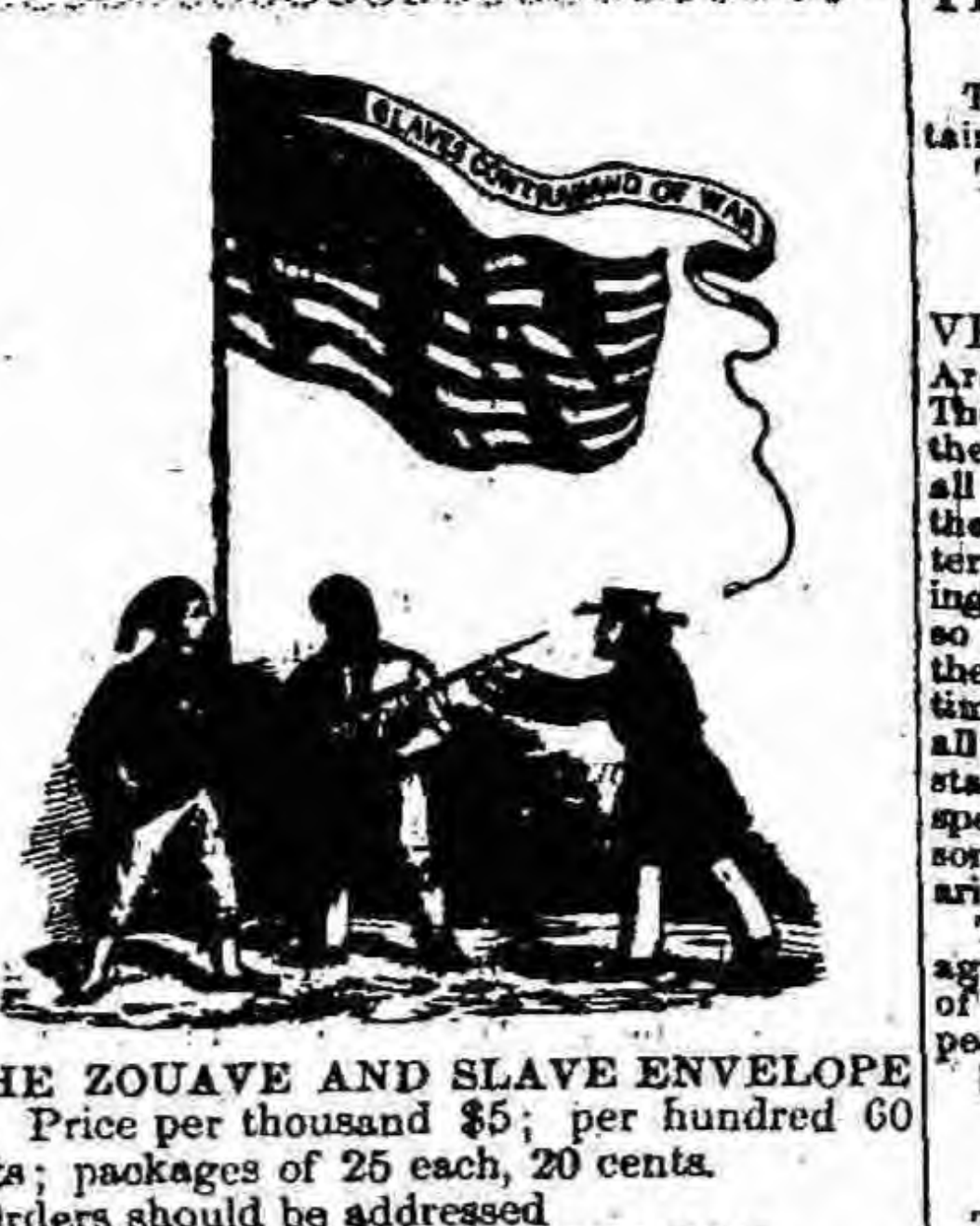
A woman was arrested for drunkenness, and being asked why she was drunk again, exclaimed:

"Me drunk, yer honor! Why, the only thing that I've had this blessed day was a pint of gin and two ounces of snuff; and what is that, yer honor, for a woman who has a large family to attend to!"

Old Guzzlefustin having drank nine mugs of cider at a neighbor's house one evening, observed upon rising to leave:

"I believe, neighbor T., I'll take a little more of your cider. I love good cider as well as anybody, but as for swilling it down as some people do, I never could."

MISCLELANEOUS.



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We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, DIPTHERIA and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent linament for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

Dr. Walton writes from Coschocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, DIPTHERIA, *or Sore Throat,* that is so alarmingly prevalent here; and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

Rev. H. L. Van Meter, writing from Burmah says: "The *Pain-Killer* has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

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The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

The New York Examiner says, "We have used the Pain-Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the family medicine box."

The N. Y. Independent says, "We have used it, and it proves to be all it professes."

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1. One pound of it will accomplish as much as three pounds of any other soap.
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Put up in one pound bars, sixty bars in each Box.

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Every mother should be prepared to act in the capacity of both nurse and physician to her children she can, if she will, discharge these duties much better than any one she can employ. If she does not, she ought to know that there is a Medicine prepared by an old nurse and female physician which has stood the test of many, many years, and is the most perfect thing on earth for children teething; it also cures. Wind Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, and is sure to regulate the bowels. We say to every mother, do not let your own prejudices, or the prejudices of others stand in the way of the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP certainly does, as the name implies, "soothe" the little sufferer into a quiet, natural sleep, from which it awakes invigorated and refreshed. And for the cure of diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Wind Colic, &c., we have never seen its equal.

We have always been, and still are, opposed to the practice of drugging infants. This article has no deleterious effects whatever, and from our own experience (we speak advisedly) we have every confidence in it, and can heartily recommend it to all mothers. Take our advice—use it—and you will as strongly recommend it to others as we have to you.

When we say that MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP acts like a charm, we do but reiterate the language of every person who ever used it for their children, for all diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery and Diarrhœa, Wind Colic and Cholera Infantum. It will produce quiet and rest, relieve all suffering, and the infant will awake invigorated and refreshed, and not with the dull and stupefying effects of preparations of opium

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States.

During the thirty years of unprecedented and increasing popularity of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, innumerable "CORDIALS" and other nostrums, prepared by pretended M.D.'s, have sprung up and lived but a mushroom existence, the SOOTHING SYRUP has been constantly increasing in popularity, and become a household word, and THOUSANDS OF MOTHERS THANK MRS. WINSLOW for the health of their children, by the use of her invaluable article.

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Are composed of Sarsaparilla, Dock-root, Rheubarb Thoroughwort, Dandelion, Prickly Ash, Bark, &c they should be taken not only in the Spring, but at all seasons of the year, as they operate directly on the liver, removing from it all coating of morbid matter, and restoring it to its normal action; also opening the bile ducts, causing the requisite flow of bile so essential to good health. Their influence upon the kidneys, also, is advantageously felt; at the same time they operate upon the blood, cleansing it from all impurity or taint of any kind. Humors of long standing are eradicated from the blood, thereby speedily curing jaundice, headache, weak stomachs, sore eyes, nervousness, and other chronic disease arising from impurity of the blood.

The palatableness of these bitters renders them agreeable to every one, and being composed entirely of vegetables, they may be used by all classes of people with safety.

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SUGAR-COATED HERB PILLS.

These pills are made mostly from a valuable herb that grows on the proprietor's farm.

Warranted to cure Billous Stomach, Billous Bowels, Billous Colic, Billous Fever, and all diseases which arise from a billous state of the system viz, Jaundice, Headache, Heartburn, Sour Stomach Liver Complaint, Weak Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, and a host, of diseases too numerous to mention, as their number is legion.

Warranted to cure diseases peculiar to the female sex

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Poetry.

"How Beautiful is Earth."

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Oh God! how beautiful is earth,
In sunlight or in shade;
Her forests with their waving arch,
Her flowers that gem the glade.

Her hillocks, white with fleecy flocks,
Her fields with grain that glow,
Her sparkling rivers, deep and broad,
That through the valleys flow.

Her crested waves that dash the shore,
And lift her anthem loud,
Her mountains with their solemn brows,
That woo the yielding cloud.

O God! how beautiful is life
That thou dost lend us here,
With tinted hopes that line the cloud,
And joys that gem the tear;

With cradle hymns of mothers young,
And tread of youthful feet,
That scarce, in their elastic bound,
Bow down the grass-flowers sweet;

With brightness round the pilgrim's staff,
Who, at the set of sun,
Behold the golden gates thrown wide,
And all the work well done.

But if this earth which changes mar,
This life to death that leads,
Are made so beautiful by Him
From whom all good proceeds,

How glorious must that region be
Where all the pure and blest,
From change and fear and sorrow free,
Attain eternal rest.

[From the Chatham (C. W.) Argus.]

FALL.

BY J. W. MENARD.

Varied leaves are all now falling,
From where nature gave them birth;
They're obeying nature's calling—
"Dust to dust and earth to earth."

Frost is robbing earth's fair adorning,
By its chilling, withering hand;
See its victims every morning
Lying prostrate o'er the land!

Sportive birds have ceased their singing—
Sad are we without their song;
Still the fountain's voice is ringing,
Making music all day long.

Northern winds are fiercely blowing—
Sad and dreary is each day;
Dim old Luna's halo is glowing—
Faint and lifeless in its ray.

Spring is mourning—Fall is laughing—
Winter grins behind its pall—
Autumn's boasting of its victory—
Winter soon will plan its *fall*!

THE COTTON ARGUMENT AND CONFIDENCE GAME REVIEWED.

MR. EDITOR:—It was my intention to have sent you a review of the arguments in favor of Haytian emigration; but I rejoice that that has become unnecessary, others more competent and more favorably known having taken the matter in hand. I therefore, for the present, content myself with a brief notice of the "confidence game" and the cotton argument, both of which have been pretty freely used by Mr. Redpath and his subordinates.

It must have been noticed by others as well as myself, that lack of argument on the part of the emigrationists, generally finds a substitution in somewhat loud and long vociferations of "good intentions," "disinterestedness," &c., *ad nauseam*. This plea, somehow or other, never fails to remind me of an anecdote once told by Garrit Smith. According to his relation, a church member was once arraigned for adultery, and the testimony going rather hard against the offender, all he could say was—"I know very well that my intentions were good!"—Admit that Mr. Redpath *et id omne genus* are animated by similar good intentions, those acts, so far as emigration is concerned, are none the less abominable.

But an appeal is made to the "record," therefore to the record let us go, and profit by its teachings. When the paper now called the "Pine and Palm" came into the possession of Mr. Redpath, there may have been hopes, that with perhaps a dash of his pompous and patronizing air, he would yet be faithful enough to our interests to say, in effect: "Colored men and women: this new emigration scheme now so persistently thrust upon you, is something which concerns you and you alone. It involves the breaking up of your schools and churches, the scattering of your [illegible] the abandonment of all your cherished hopes, and the sundering of all the holy ties of home, kindred and kind associations that bind you to your native land. The question is a momentous one, and those who would do aught to prevent your giving it the closest scrutiny. My paper, therefore, as a faithful friend, invites the fullest and freest discussion of everything relating to the people."

Had some such course been adopted; my confidence in the disinterestedness and good will of the man, would, probably have remained unimpaired, how much severe I might have detested his scheme for its pernicious effects. But, behold the "record!" After a partial tirade of abuse directed against all who had opposed the plan, any reply, all discussion, was cut off by that favorite appliance of petty tyrants, a gag law, the first enunciation of which read as follows:

"Notwithstanding our hint last week, the communications that continue to come to us on the Emigration question are even more personal than before. With this number, therefore, we close our columns to the discussion. As historians of passing events, we will record, carefully, everything relating to the movement; about the question, nothing."—Emigration Organ, *March* 23d, 1861.

Thus, on a palpable pretence, we were denied, so far as Emigrationists were able to prevent it, any utterance of our thoughts on a "question" of vital importance. I use the word "pretence" deliberately, because of the malignity with which that paper, now the "Pine and Palm," has since heaped upon our representative men the vilest of personal abuse, is part of the "record," and proves it *to* have been nothing else. That the scurrilous attack on a woman, one whom thousands have learned to bless for her self-denying labors, shows the *animus* of the liberal and gallant editor.—Add to this the deception practiced by a careful reticence in regard to important facts, a wilful prevarication for the purpose of concealing some of "the qualities of the isle," the domineering spirit manifested, and the unscrupulousness displayed in general, and we have a record of "practical" iniquity, never surpassed by the worst of our enemies.

The "record" indeed! "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word." It will not soon be forgotten, and unless the prime movers speedily forsake the scheme, it will cover their names with an infamy that will cling to them through succeeding generations. "Practical," undoubtedly, as any Legree that ever wielded the lash, Mr. Redpath is, if his estimate of colored character—"returning a kiss for a kick"—be correct; but the fast-gathering storm of popular indignation, I apprehend, will teach him that he is slightly mistaken.

It is stated that Hindoo Brahmins teach that the world stands upon four elephants, and that the elephants in turn are supported upon the back of a huge turtle; but further than that they resolutely refuse to explain. A similar theory, equally philosophical and satisfactory, I find has been advanced by those who would induce our colonization in Hayti. As pirates carry the flag of the nation they plunder, so these emigration ships that should be shrouded in black, flaunt a banner inscribed—Anti-Slavery! Thus one person, before leading a colony to their graves, told us about a "reflex influence" that would speedily blow slavery to smithereens; but considering that about 11,000 emigrants went to Hayti about the year 1824, without liberating a single slave, I was constrained to regard the "reflex influence" adverted to as something rather mythical, having its existence and carrying on its principal operations in the brain of an enthusiast. But the philosophical mind of Mr. Redpath, practically grasping the subject, seems to have made a discovery, which his agents are now traveling hither and thither to impart to less fortunate mortals. All the anti-slavery of the project rests in cotton! *Lest*, however, I should be accused of misrepresentation, I give the theory in the words of the eloquent H. Ford Douglass, which is the ablest statement of it I have anywhere met:

"Disinterested benevolence is a rare virtue in this world, and the most hopeful soul must despair of ever seeing slavery abolished by the supremacy of the slaveholder's moral nature over his selfish love of gain. By concentrating free labor in the tropics we shall be able to attack slavery with that most efficient of all weapons—competition. Experience has taught us that slave labor can only be profitably employed in the sugar and cotton growing regions of the world, and only there because they have a monopoly of those articles which are in universal demand by the civilized world outside of the tropics. It is a system whose very life depends upon a monopoly of the raw material produced, fed by a single stream, sugar and cotton. Turn this Euphrates aside and Babylon with its gilded splendor must capitulate."—Anglo-African, April 20th, 1861.

Concerning the facts, with which every schoolboy ought to be acquainted, the confidence with which such assumptions are made, and that too by men who undertake to be public teachers, is to me really astonishing. So far, indeed, from Slavery's being only able to exist in the regions mentioned, it seems to have been almost a universal crime. In ancient times it existed in Egypt, Greece, Rome, &c.; at a later day it lurked in England, Ireland, and Barbary States; more recently still 20,000,000 slaves were clanking their chains on the icy steppes of Russia; and all, everywhere, without producing a single pound of sugar or one fibre *of cotton*. At the present moment it exists in at least four of our States in which the cotton and sugar are not the staple productions, and, it is well known, that though raising sugar and cotton in Kansas would be an impossibility, that Territory was saved from being overrun by the blighting curse, only by years of resistance even to blood and death. That it existed here in New York, New Jersey and other Northern States, for a period of 200 years, without any "monopoly" of the aforesaid "raw material produced" is also a pretty well authenticated historical fact. And were further proof wanting to show that slavery stands on a *foundation* wholly independent of cotton or sugar, it might be found in the stern fact, that during the same period (above 200 years) the vile system, with all its horrors, flourished in the present cotton and sugar growing States, without employing its victims one single moment in the production of either of these articles.

In the time of Claudius, we learn from competent authority, there were not less than 60,000,000 slaves in the Roman empire. Of this vast number, however, strange though it may appear to our emigration *friends, not one was engaged in the lucrative* cultivation of the before-mentioned "raw material produced." On the contrary, they were compelled to serve their masters as artificers, actors, agricultural laborers, buffoons, cooks, confectioners, literary slaves, porters, prostitutes, &c., &c.; or public slaves, as lictors, jailors, executioners, and other functionaries. A not altogether dissimilar state of things is existing in this country at the present time. Turn to the Southern papers, and in a majority of instances, you will find the slaves advertised, not as *sugar-growers* or cotton-pickers, but as blacksmiths, carpenters, coopers, house-servants, masons, wheelwrights, &c.; whilst, if we look for public slaves, it will not be difficult to recognize them in Colonels, Generals, Members of Congress, Presidents, &c., and in those literary men who are attempting with all their little *power to prove colored men* incapable of ever living on terms of equality with the whites, or of being anything here but hewers of wood and drawers of water for a superior people. (*Vide* Emigration Documents.) Nothing, therefore, is more clear, no truth can be plainer, than that men are held in slavery not because they may assist in the production of cotton or sugar, but because they may be made serviceable in all kinds of labor.

Contrary to the assumption of the above extract, the value of cotton and sugar is only a small portion—(not more than a sixth)—of the annual produce of the slaveholding States. A word, however, concerning the generalship of attacking slavery with the weapon of "competition" in the manner proposed. The conception, certainly, is a sublime one, and every way worthy of its "practical," "philosophical" authors. It proposes nothing less than to colonize the free-colored people of this country in the tropics, there to compete with unpaid labor, and undermine slavery by working cheaper than those who work for nothing! That the slaveholder might possibly stand such an attack as long as the assailants, is an idea that seems not yet to have been able to work its way through the "practical" skulls of those who are directing the movement. The usual results of such "attacks" is not a matter of conjecture. Besides leaving their mark pretty visible in the miserable condition of the "poor whites" of the Southern States, it may be seen in the abandoned sugar plantations of the British West Indies, where free labor was brought in competition with the slave labor of Cuba.

Here, with these hints, I close for the present, my communication having already extended far beyond the limits intended. Months ago, when the seven principles of the five loaves and two fishes seemed predominant, and when every petty town had its aspirant toadying to Mr. Redpath for an agency, *I* ventured, in opposition to what seemed the general feeling, to oppose the project in your columns, on the ground *of its tendency to injure the colonists* and those also who refused casting themselves into the tide of this dishonorable exodus.

Then, my conclusions were scouted as the ravings of insanity; in the light of the revelations of to day, they read like prophecy.

A. P. SMITH.

LETTER FROM TRENTON.

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, Nov. 5, 1861.

DEAR ANGLO:—It is quite pleasant to read your paper, so as to find out what we are doing *for ourselves* in these perilous times. I am proud to see that we are not altogether inactive and lifeless. We are a power among the people—and our power should be felt and known. The world, and this Government in particular, should know that we live, and move, and have a being. Silence in such times, and under such circumstances, is not only cowardice, but a base betrayal of the sacred trust with which God has invested us—to wit, the freedom of our race, and the inalienable rights of man, besides a sacrifice of our own manhood, which above all else we should hold most sacred. It is thus only we shall have character, and can give character to those we represent. True manhood, when rightly developed, speaks right out what is necessary to be spoken, when it ought to be spoken without fear or favor.

Our characters will suffer much at the *hands of our enemies* if this rule of conduct be not strictly adhered to by us, think they, [illegible] the policy of the Government and people at large, is to keep us still. [illegible] still at this time; Let us then, like blind Bartimeus of old, when they assailed his *inalienable right of speech*, and bid him be still, he cried out but the more; like him, let us cry out but the more, until they join with us in the vindication of our rights, and respect our manhood.

Let me here suggest that the most effectual way of making our influence felt and feared is by acquiring intelligence and amassing wealth. These are the two great elements of strength in a government and nation. Intelligence commands respect, and wealth demands equality. The acquisition of these will place us in possession of all our rights. The study of political economy, and its practice, will go further to the development of our people's manhood, and the acquisition of their rights, that all the military tactics which have been or could be studied and practiced. A healthy, vigorous, muscular frame, with a knowledge of the use of arms are all well enough, but it is no substitute for these, for these have a power they never had, nor could have; these two elements are the levers that move the world; the others are useless without these, just as much so as the engine is useless without the steam. It is quite singular that some of our people don't see that the greater includes the less.

Another point of interest I wish to present is, that I differ much from a great many of our people—and abolitionists, so-called—who believe that the emancipation of the slaves will obtain a full and entire recognition of all our rights in the Government. I don't think so.

1st. Because those who clamor most for the freedom of the slave are most opposed to political and social equality of those already free, although prepared for its enjoyment and exercise. Negro equality is entirely out of the question.

2nd. I believe that the true and only basis upon which we can really expect this equality is by obtaining these two great fundamentals, the result of which will be the emancipation of the slaves, because we are the representatives, part and parcel of them, and by party of reasoning what is true of us is also true of them—what we are capable of being and doing, so also are they.

I will not pursue this argument further, but simply remark, I hope the colored people will, throughout all the free States, in every town and country, let themselves be heard in bold, manly, and respectful language what are their feelings and sentiments. Tell the people in emphatic terms what they want, and that they want no more than they themselves want, nor will they be satisfied with less; and by a diligent, persevering, untiring effort to do what I have here advised, the work is accomplished. Then we shall not only be nominally free, but freemen.

WM. E. WALKER.

LETTER FROM TORONTO.

TORONTO, C. W., Nov. 5, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—The task of contributing to a periodical specially in the interest of a particular class or sect, is not altogether without additional difficulties to those of a more general character, notwithstanding the person so contributing is more or less specially identified with the aforesaid parties, as these are matters which would interest the public generally, and yet would fail to interest in the direction aimed at. Your numerous readers will not, I trust, conclude from this, that your correspondent is accusing our people of utter selfishness, or that every thing, however much it may interest mankind and benefit humanity, is devoid of interest to us unless we are particularly identified with it; such is not the case. But I hold that the peculiar and embarrassing position we occupy on this continent, inclines us to an apparent selfishness in that particular, which can be pardoned in us, owing to the facts as they are generally known. And, on the other hand, it is frequently charged that we show too little interest in matters appertaining to ourselves as a people, while the two propositions are directly antagonistic, much argument can be adduced in support of each. However, enough of this for the present. The most notable subject that I have to present just now, is the annual convocation of University College, Toronto, and this becomes so from the fact a colored young man taking a conspicuous part in its exercises. University College is the chief seat of learning for the Province, and is largely endowed by the Government. On the 25th ult., Mr. Alfred M. Lafferty, a young man of color, about twenty-two years of age, received the prize for the best composition in Greek verse. When reading it, he acquitted himself with great honor, receiving the applause of the Faculty, and the large and intelligent assemblage. Aside from this mark of distinction, he occupied honorable positions in Greek and Latin, and in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

The subject of the Greek verse was: Massinger, "The Bondman," Act 1st, Scene 3d, from "It is your seat" to "Do not repent." Mr. Lafferty while a student in Upper Canada College frequently distinguished himself, for which he received a large number of prizes, and when leaving that institution received the Governor General's prize, which was a large number of very valuable books, and on entering the University, and since there competed for and obtained scholarships, amounting to the sum of $240. Mr. Lafferty's father (who is now deceased) emigrated to this country from Virginia some thirty years ago, quite poor, and by perseverance and industry was enabled to leave his family, consisting of wife, three sons, and a daughter, in comfortable circumstances. The two eldest sons are engaged in the lucrative and independent calling of farming, some eight miles from Toronto. Mr. Lafferty is now in his third year in the University, and at the end of the fourth he graduates.

G. W. C.

HAYTIAN EMIGRATION IN BOSTON.

MR. EDITOR:

Haytian emigration has been somewhat jostled in its onward progress in Boston, and the Central Bureau will no longer have an abodgment in our city. The cool east wind of our bay are too rugged for the hot atmosphere of Hayti. We hold two Anti-Haytian meetings on the 16th and 23d, ult., at both of which Mr. John A. Coleman a returned emigrant, or rather fugitive from Hayti, with what remains of his family, gave us some interesting details of Hayti, and what our deluded people are suffering there, and must suffer for Mr. Redpath has sold them to the Haytian government for three years at thirty dollars per head.

And here Mr. Editor, you will allow me to say that I do not believe that it is all Haytian capital that is paying the enormous expense of this devilish "Las Casas" scheme. A movement of this kind has always found friends and ready money in Boston, New York and Philadelphia; but the future will write Mr. James Redpath down the most successful colonizationist North America has ever seen; and why, because he is so nicely completing the work so ardently began forty-five years ago by colonizationists in the interest of colonization slaveholders. And when he shall, as he surely will be, tried at the bar of public opinion for this misleading and beguggling those emigrants that have gone and are absolutely going to Hayti, the panacea for him and his conscience will be that his plans were all carried out by well informed and leading black men. For it is they, after all in those emigration movements who bring upon our people misery and desolation. But the general agent has "smelt a mice" in the drawer of the Bureau, and is going to New York with the "infernal machine," where those little animals are not so bold as to enter into that hidden and secret place to disturb the cotton tree behind which the mischief of Haytian emigration is hid.

Mr. Jacob R. Andrews who carries on a picture and frame establishment in this city has just returned from Hayti, and on whose statement all can rely, brings us the most discouraging account of the emigrants who have gone to Hayti, and thinks when this movement is clearly understood by our people, it must come to an end.

Mr. William W. Brown attended one of the above meetings, and plead well for Mr. Redpath and his cause, but Boston refused to hear or even believe that his heart was in his speech.

The following resolutions were favored by Robert Morris, Esq., John J. Smith Rev. L. A. Grimes, and others, and adopted.

There was a reporter for the "Pine and Palm" at our meeting, and we wait for his report.

Whereas, Strenuous efforts are now being made by certain intelligent, but misguided colored men and white men to induce free colored persons, residents in the United States and in the Canadas, to emigrate to Hayti under the mistaken policy of bettering their condition; and whereas, in the present crisis of the history of our race we deem such efforts pernicious, calculated to weaken our strength, by lessening our numbers, and removing our laboring and able-bodied men; Therefore,

Resolved, That we regard such men with suspicion, and deprecate both their counsel and advice; and we earnestly recommend that if they are sincere in their pretended love and admiration for Hayti, they immediately quit our shores and take up their abode in that country.

Resolved, That under no circumstances will we be induced or persuaded to emigrate from this our native country, [illegible] the last [illegible] has been [illegible] the limbs of the last slave on this continent, believing that [illegible] great work, which in our judgment is soon [illegible] to have a sword in [illegible]

Resolved, That after emancipation it will be time enough for the colored people to convene, and in solemn convention decide upon their future course.

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend our people both in the United States and the Canadas to discourage and discountenance this Haytian emigration movement as fraught with evil and disastrous consequences both to us and our children.

ABDALLAH AND SAIDA.

A TALE OF MESOPOTAMIA.

The glory of Bagdad has departed. The city where a Caliph once displayed a gorgeous splendor and magnificence that astonished an ambassador from Stamboul, and where Haroun-al-Raschid used to play his pranks of love and merriment attended by Jaffar the vizier and Mesrour the executioner, amid gilded halls and luxurious gardens, is now reduced to the insignificance of a dirty, second-rate Turkish town. Basrah, formerly her rival in wealth, has shared her fall; those quays and magazines which of old "teemed with the wealth of Ormus and of Ind," are now silent and unfrequented; a population of two hundred thousand souls has been reduced to six thousand; marshes and stagnant pools have replaced her fragrant orange-groves and her rose-buds famous as those of Shiraz. Such have been the consequences of plague, cholera, and, deadliest pest of all, Turkish rule. Nor has the country fared better than the towns. All this region, like Holland, depends for its prosperity on its dykes and embankments; the remains of such works, constructed by ancient princes, are still of an extent and magnitude to arrest the traveller's eye and claim his admiration; but, having been long neglected, they have fallen into ruin, and now the greater part of the south-eastern district of Mesopotamia is a huge lake, interspersed with jungles of reed, the habitation of frogs, wild-fowl, and amphibious Arabs. The great tribe inhabiting the northern side of this peninsula washed by the Tigris, is the "Abou Mohammed," the tribe exercising dominion over the southern or Euphrates side, is the Montefik. Both nominally acknowledge the sovereignty of the Porte; but they levy black-mail, which they modestly term "the fee," on all boats passing through their waters, and woe be to the luckless wight who endeavors to claim exemption *from payment*, by exhibiting a firman from the Pasha from Bagdad! Circumstances have lately led me to pass through this region in a native boat. I found myself one day in the Hyeh, a large water-course connecting the waters of the Tigris with those of the Euphrates; the black tents of the Montefik were numerous in the neighborhood, though not visible from the river, owing to the dense jungle that lined the bank. While our men were cutting some wood to cook their breakfast, one or two Arabs came down, and I overheard them saying, that during the night a lion had carried off and devoured one of their cows, not far from our boat; some of our crew had heard the lordly brute roaring over his prey, but I had slept too soundly to be thereby awakened. This incident led me to talk with the Arabs about lions, of which there seems to be a considerable number in these jungles; and one of them told me the following story, which he asserted to be founded on facts well known to persons still living.

"Some years ago a wealthy merchant of Basrah, having contracted his daughter, Saida, in marriage with the son of a brother merchant in Bagdad, sent her up, with several female attendants, in one of his merchandise boats, in order that the contract might be fulfilled. One night, while the boat was moored to the bank of the Hyeh, it was attacked by a large party of the Montefik, who, having easily mastered and bound the crew, proceeded deliberately to appropriate and carry off the bales, which promised an amount of booty exceeding their utmost expectations. In the party was a young Arab named Abdallah, famed for his daring courage, who, having made his way suddenly into the cabin, found himself in the presence of the females there assembled. Saida, in her fright and confusion, had dropped the veil from her head; and he was so struck by her beauty, that he caught her up in his arms and carried her off to his reed-hut, unnoticed by his companions, who were too busily engaged in their work of plunder to pay any attention to his movements. The booty obtained by the plunderers proved to be of such great value, that Abdallah, who was equally feared and liked by his comrades, and who claimed no share of the spoil except a box containing Saida's clothes, was permitted to retain his prize unquestioned and unopposed.

"The city maiden had already passed several days under the roof of her wild captor, who treated her with as much reverence as if she had been a queen, and he her subject. Her every wish was a law, her slightest word a command; [illegible]

[illegible] was a sacrifice [illegible] And how [illegible] beyond the luxurious [illegible] harem, she had [illegible] having any will but his [illegible] she saw the [illegible] Abdallah, melted into [illegible] it rested upon her [illegible] graceful and [illegible] as he offered [illegible] the chase [illegible] if her little heart fluttered within her like a bird newly encaged? One evening they were sitting together in the hut, having finished their simple supper; the door was open, and she was seated opposite to it, he being at a little distance, listening to her artless description of her childish days in Basrah, when a slight rustling was heard without the hut, immediately followed by a faint cry from the affrighted maiden, "The lion—the lion!" To draw his sword, to envelope his left arm in the triple fold of his blanket, and to throw himself between the door and Saida, was to Abdallah the work of a moment. There, confronting him, were the glaring eyes of the jungle-king. Could he enter the hut, Saida's life might be endangered. Abdallah hesitated not for an instant, but rushed at the lion and plunged his sword into his breast. Fruitless were the struggles of the wounded lion. In vain did it seek to shred the blanket that enveloped Abdallah's left arm, tearing away with them several pieces of the skin and flesh. Thrice and thrice did Abdallah's sword pierce the vitals of his enemy; and at length a sullen expiring groan announced the victory of the heroic Arab.

"What were the feelings of Saida that night, as she bound up the lacerated arm of her deliverer? Was not the [illegible] her eyes [illegible] on her tongue, when she looked into his face and prayed to Allah to bless and reward him? But no word of love was spoken between them. The proverb says, 'There is a road from heart to heart;' their spirits may have traveled on that road, but their thoughts were unuttered. Abdallah's healthy and hardy frame soon recovered from the effects of the contest with the lion, and again they were sitting together in the hut, after their evening meal. Saida's tone of voice and manner had of late unconsciously become more soft and tender, and she was much surprised at hearing him abruptly exclaim, in a tone of anguish, as he prepared to rush from the hut, 'Allah, Allah! I can bear this no longer.'

"'What has happened, Abdallah?' cried Saida, holding out her tiny hand gently to detain him; 'have I offended you? have I done anything wrong?'

"'No! you are an angel [illegible] Saida! It is I who am a [illegible]'

"'You, Abdallah?' said Saida, [illegible] you who have been so kind and gentle; you who risked your life with the lion to defend [illegible] whom [illegible]'

"Was the word 'love' trembling on the tip of her tongue? Perhaps it was, but maidenly reserve drove it back to her heart, and in its place there came [illegible] 'You whom I have so much cause to thank.'

"'Saida,' said he, in a voice [illegible] rendered fierce by contending [illegible] 'that lion was a lamb compared to what is here—here—here,' striking his breast with violence as he spoke. 'Bolt the door, and Allah bless and protect you.' So saying, he sprang to his feet, and rushed out of the hut.

"For several hours did Abdallah stride up and down, in the vain endeavor to still the tumult of passion within. [illegible] with the lovely girl who had gained possession of his ardent and generous heart. His high spirit recoiled from the thought of taking any unfair advantage of the helpless condition of an unprotected maiden who had [illegible] resumed the labors of the chase to provide dainties for the table of his beloved. For a short time all went smoothly and pleasantly in the hut; but this happiness was soon destined to interruption. One day the chief sheik of the tribe sent for Abdallah, and, on his obeying the summons, said to him:

"'My son, the agent of Mansour, the Basrah merchant, is arrived, and is charged to pay us the ransom of the woman whom we took from his boat. That of the servants we have already fixed; his daughter is with you; and as you shared not in the spoil, it is for you to name and receive her ransom.'

"'Sell Saida!' cried Abdallah, while the heaving of his breast and the swelling veins of his forehead attested the violence of the storm that raged within. 'Never—never! not if——'

"'Peace, my son,' interrupted the old shiek. 'Listen to the words of one who was your father's friend, and cast them not to the winds. Mansour the merchant is rich, and has the ear of the Pasha of Basrah. We are not now, as our forefathers were, able to laugh at the beards of these Turks; for our fathers could plunder them, beat them, and yet, when occasion required, could retire into the desert, where no Turk dared to follow. We now have fields of rice and wheat; we have pastures with thousands of sheep and buffalo; we have palm-groves that bear many thousands loads of dates. If we refuse to ransom this maiden according to custom, all the forces of the Pasha will be sent against us, and we must abandon our fruits and our crops—perhaps even our flocks and herds; therefore, be persuaded my son; name the ransom of this maiden to which you are justly entitled—suffer her to depart, and avert these misfortunes, from our tribe.'

"Fierce was the struggle in Abdallah's breast, but it was not of long duration: pride, regard for his tribe, and habitual deference to his aged chief, triumphed over his passion.

"'It shall be as you desire,' he said; 'but I will not see this bargaining agent; I will write to the maiden's father myself. Be pleased to call your katib.'

"Agreeably to this summons, the shiek's secretary no sooner appeared than Abdallah dictated the following letter;

"'Abdallah ebn Jaffer, ebn Obeid, restores to Hadjee Mansour, merchant of Basrah, a pearl without stain and without price, which all the gold in his coffers, if seven times told, were insufficient to ransom.'

"Having affixed his silver seal to this letter, Abdallah saluted his chief, and returned with a heavy heart to the hut. We will pass briefly over the few days that elapsed ere the preparations for the return of Saida, accompanied by her female attendants, were completed. The morning arrived, and Abdallah, feeling that the adieu would unman him, rushed into the jungle and disappeared, having left his aunt to give his farewell messages to Saida. The Basrah maiden's heart had whispered to her its secret, now that she was about to leave her protector's hut. She could not pronounce his name, but she wept in silence, with her face pressed against the matron's shoulder.

"'Give him this,' she said, as, with a broken voice, she detached a gold chain from her neck; 'let him wear it, and believe that my prayers to Allah are for him and——'

"Sobs choked the poor girl's utterance, as the matron gently played her on the mule sent to bear her to the boat which was to convey her to Basrah.

"Weeks and months have passed; Saida had recounted to her parents the story of the lion, and the gentleness, the courage, and devotion of her protector, whose proud and generous letter had moved the heart of her father; for, to do him justice, although a stern, imperious man, and ardent in pursuit of gain, he was not of a mean or niggard spirit, and loved his daughter even better than his money; but he had not penetrated the secret of her heart, though it had not escaped the quicker feminine perception of her mother. His word had been given to his friend in Bagdad, and, in fulfillment of his engagement, Saida was ere long sent up thither, accompanied by her mother, himself proposing to follow as soon as certain affairs which demanded his presence at Basrah should be termimated.

"Saida's voyage to Bagdad was performed without interruption or accident; and in spite of the deep sadness which had lately crept over her spirits, she was soon called upon to receive the visits of her affianced lover. He came attended by his father; and she sat by her mother's side, her face completely concealed by the long vail, through the upper gauze of which she was able to see the features of her intended. A shudder passed through her frame as she saw their mean and sinister expression and his form emaciated by early debauchery and disease. His father soon took his leave, and the son remained, aiming dull and insipid compliments at Saida through her mother. The latter happened to go for a moment into the adjoining room to bring her handkerchief, and during her absence a large rat, which had missed its footing while crossing a rafter of the ceiling, fell to the ground between Saida and her admirer. The latter, frightened out of his wits, jumped up and [illegible] out of the room. Saida laughed aloud, [illegible] laugh astonished her mother, who [illegible] seen a smile on her face for weeks: [illegible] a laugh strangely compounded [illegible] scorn, and anguish.

"[illegible] are you laughing at, my child?' [illegible] her mother.

"'Because,' she replied, 'you have taken me from a *man* who risked his own life to save mine from a lion, and you give me to that *thing* who runs from a rat!'

"It was not long ere the merchant arrived at Bagdad, and learned how matters stood. Saida looked upon her intended with undisguised abhorrence; neither did he stand much higher in the opinion of her mother. Observation soon satisfied the merchant that his intended son-in-law was a worthless and disreputable scamp; and on his hinting at these failings to the youth's father, the latter answered with such insolent violence, that the merchant's pride took fire, and he scrupled not to break off the engagement. Having done this, and received Saida's grateful thanks for so doing, he assured her that now he would find for her the best and worthiest husband in Bagdad. But the smile came not back to her lip, nor the rose to her cheek; and the grieved father saw his once blooming child daily wasting before his eyes from some unknown and unexplained disease. One day, when talking on this subject with his wife, she found courage to him:

"'O my husband, be not angry; but know you not that Saida is dying of love for Abdallah, who saved her life from the lion? If you refuse your consent, or give her to another, she will soon be in her grave.'

"For some time the Merchant's pride rebelled against this strange and unusual alliance; but at length his parental fondness gained the day, and adopting the Moslem consolation that it was *kismet* (destiny) and the will of Allah, he gave his consent. The arrangements for the marriage were soon completed; the roses speedily returned to Saida's blooming cheek and lip; and never was seen such a feast among the Montefik as on the day when the Pearl of Basrah became the bride of Abdallah, the lion slayer of the Hyeb."

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

Blake: or the Huts of America.

We now have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that in our next number we will commence the publication of a story of thrilling interest, from the able pen of Dr. Martin R. Delany, entitled "BLAKE: OR THE HUTS OF AMERICA.—A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba."—A portion of it was published in the Anglo African Magazine, but owing to the departure of its author on an Exploring expedition to Africa, the whole work was not produced. As we have the entire manuscript in our possession, a similar interruption is improbable, and our readers may rest assured of its completion in our columns. The work differs greatly from all others of a similar character heretofore published, and stands without a rival, not even excepting the world wide known "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The scene is laid in Mississippi, the plot extending into Cuba; the hero being an educated black, who deprived of his liberty when young and brought to the United States, in maturer age, at the instance of his wife being sold from him, seeks revenge through the medium of a deep laid secret organization. This story as soon as known, will be sought with avidity.

We would suggest, that with its commencement, our friends make a special effort to obtain the subscriptions of their neighbors, that they may be furnished with all the early chapters, of which we do not intend to keep a large supply.

The Rights of Human Nature

"This country maintains and means to maintain the rights of human nature, and the man of capacity for self-government."—Address of President Lincoln to Swedish Minister, Nov. 7, 1861.

We must not be too hard upon our President, nor too impatient with the progress of the war. It is significant of good, rather than evil, to the nation, to find its affairs drifting beyond the control of its rulers. It is significant of good rather than evil that the rebellion of 1860-61 has found Buchanan and Lincoln rather than an Andrew Jackson, at the head of affairs. Andrew Jackson could have done no more in 1860-61 than he did thirty years before—he smote the rebels, but left unharmed the seeds and principles of the rebellion. He might now have prevented the capture of Fort Sumter, he might have evaded for another generation the secession of the cotton States. But judging of the future by the past, would not the nation, in another thirty years, sink deeper and deeper into the slough of slave-holding, so deep indeed as to be incapable of resuscitation? We should rejoice rather at the imbecility of our earthly rulers, for it portends that our affairs are in mightier hands, and will receive such a guidance and direction as seem best to Almighty Providence.

Nothing proves this last statement more clearly than the sentiment expressed by the President—"This country maintains the rights of human nature." Coming from him, considering his antecedents, his avowed and repeatedly avowed determination to uphold slavery, this statement seems like the utterance of another through him and in spite of him: it is, as if he were the mere instrument through which a higher power spake. Mr. Lincoln surely cannot have changed ground so suddenly since his modification of Fremont's proclamation "so as to conform to the act of Congress," as to affirm a doctrine in regard to "the rights of human nature" which, of necessity, contains the doctrine of immediate emancipation. He cannot mean what he says, therefore some one else spoke through him.

For, supposing that the President really meant what he said, let us see what are "the rights of human nature."

Unwittingly, yet inexorably, has the President bound the country in its own faith, in its disasters, in its humility, and in the presence of God and the world, to take one step in advance of what it has ever taken. The Declaration of Independence simply announced or affirmed the doctrine "We hold, &c., &c., that all men are created equal, and are *endowed* with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But now Mr. Lincoln, at the head of the same Government, commanding three-fourths of a million of men in arms, exercising universal executive if not dictatorial powers, affirms that he is virtually in arms *to maintain* the doctrine of "the rights of human nature," and to maintain it with all the power this great nation can bring into the field. To affirm a doctrine is one thing, to maintain it by force of arms is another and a bolder step, from which there can be no retreat. It was, therefore, a great historic feat, marking national advancement which the President announced to the Swedish minister.

When the Creator endowed man with lungs he gave him the right to breathe the air and to possess the air; when He gave man eye-sight he endowed him with the right to see and the use of light wherever found; when he granted man with muscular and bony system of locomotion, he endowed him with the right to move in the waters, and also the use of the dry land and the waters, these endowments and the material means of using them each individually co-relate to each other—endowments inevitably predicate rights—so also the sum of all these endowments, the unity which they go to make up—man himself—cannot be of less dignity or power or endowment than the separate facilities of which he is made up—man therefore has an imperceptible God derived right to himself, and personal liberty is the first of the rights of human nature; we would think it horrible to see enacted by statute law the right of one man to put out the eyes of another man and of his children and children's children—this is only one endowment; how much more horrible the enactment to give a slave-holder the right to own, use and destroy the sum of all the endowments of the slave, to the slave himself.

In considering what are the "rights of human nature," we are greatly aided by a word in the Declaration of Independence—*endowed*. It is self-evident that men could not have endowed themselves with these rights: endowed is something bestowed by another; and is thus contra-distinguished from developement or acquirement. Hence men must be *endowed* with these rights of nature, by none other than the Great Giver—God Himself. And the measure of this endowment, that is to say of these rights, can only be reached by a thorough knowledge of human nature itself.

In that celebrated debate on natural rights which occurred in the Convention of 1793, in Robespierre's "Declaration of Rights," of which the first article stated

"The *natural*, civil and political *rights* of man are . . Liberty, Equality, Security, Property, social guarantee and resistance to oppression."

Lassource (a member) moved to strike out the words "natural rights, because, in the state of nature, man had no rights."

Garreau Coulon affirmed that the history of the most savage people did not afford a single example of men living otherwise than in society; therefore the social state was the natural state of man; therefore social rights are the natural rights of man.

A member, deputy from Cayenne, affirmed that "the natural rights of man are given him by the Supreme being."

Wilhelm von Humboldt, in his work "On the Sphere and Duties of Government" says—"The grand leading principle, towards which every argument unfolded in these pages directly converges, is the absolute and essential importance of human developement in its richest diversity."

First among the natural rights of man is the right to liberty. It is the paramount right which takes precedence of all others, and out of which all others grow; the very limits placed on each man's conduct grows out of it, because each one is at liberty to act for himself to the extent that he shall not interfere with the liberty of another. Even the ablest defender of American Slavery, in his work on "American Slavery Justified by the Law of Nature" affirms (p.) that if the slave resume his natural rights to liberty, and take himself off, or slay his master in the endeavor to get free," &c., &c.

But it is needless to pile up authorities to prove that "the rights of human nature" embrace liberty to all who bear the impress of humanity. We joyfully thank the President for this new and unexpected affirmation. We go in for the Union, of course; but we go in more so for "the rights of human nature!" It is a short sentence, but it is full of force and majesty; we uphold it with both hands, and with all our heart. Let it be inscribed on every American banner. Let the old meaningless latin motto be erased from the scroll in the eagle's talons, and let the new strong soul-stirring motto, "The Rights of Human Nature," take its place. Our soldiers will feel better under it, will fight better under it, and die a nobler death beneath it. It is a war slogan which can lead only to victory; it will renew once more in all the earth, the hopes of those who have fed their inherent love of liberty on the success and prosperity of the American example."

PROF. BOSTON'S SKATING SCHOOL opened finely, on Tuesday evening. We are pleased to know that the Professor's enterprise promises to be a success.

The Day Schools of New York & Vicinity.

It is a most important fact, that notwithstanding the hardness of the times, and the consequent disability that the heads of most families must labor under to provide food and raiment for their children; yet the public schools are better attended than they ever were before. We have examined the roll-book of several of the schools, and find this to be the case.

Although this is very encouraging, yet the attendance, is not what it might be if the exertions of our faithful teachers were seconded by parents and guardians.

There is one fact, however, that ought to be borne in mind, and that is, the necessity that many labor under in ridding themselves of the expense attendant upon the bringing up of a large family.

When the facts are known, this, it will be perceived, becomes quite a serious matter.

The want of profitable employment for the parent, makes it absolutely necessary that every hand should be employed in securing a livelihood; hence, they are obliged to withdraw their children from school as soon as they are able to earn anything. Now this is very lamentable, for the reason that the child is taken from the school at the very time that it ought to have remained there. The reasons why it should have remained is doubtless apparent to all.

The vast amount paid for rent, in many cases, renders it necessary that the child be sent from home.

To overcome these difficulties ought to be the first objects of our leaders; and until this is done, all their talk will be in vain.

We hope that parents will do all that they can to keep the schools full.

We are pleased to know that the Evening School, in Laurens street, is very well attended; indeed there is a very great increase over the last year's attendance. We presume that this is owing to an increase of the branches taught.

The African Civilization Society.

A special meeting of the African Civilization Society was called at the Bible House, Nov. 4th, 1761, to hold a conference with Dr. Martin R. Delany, as the representative and exponent of the African movement, as understood by the Emigrationists and others, among the colored people of America, to effect and complete a oneness and harmony of sentiment and action, that their white friends, as aiders and assistants, may have a true and definite point as data before them.

The following gentlemen composed the conference: Messrs. Rev. John Carey, W. J. Alston, R. H. Cain, B. W. Wilkins, Tunis G. Campbell, A. A. Constantine, Robert Hamilton, Dr. M. R. Delany, and Rev. H. M. Wilson. Mr. Hamilton was called to the chair, and Rev. H. M. Wilson, Secretary. Prayer by Rev. R. H. Cain.

After deeply interesting speeches by Messrs. Campbell, Alston, Wilson, Wilkins, Constantine, the Chairman, and Dr. Delany, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to draw up a basis as a fundamental principle by which the African Civilization Society shall be governed, and its objects and designs defined.

Resolved, That Rev. R. H. Cain, T. G. Campbell, John Carey, Mr. Robert Hamilton, and Dr. M. R. Delany, be that committee, to report to a General Committee, at 26 Bible House, at 4 o'clock, Thursday, the 7th inst.

Resolved, That having listened with deep interest to Dr. M. R. Delany, we heartily tender him our thanks for his instructing and practical address. Adjourned.

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK,
Nov. 7th, 1861.

General Committee met, pursuant to adjournment. Present—Messrs. R. H. Cain, Chas. H. Thompson, Benj. W. Wilkins, Alfred A. Constantine, Isaac T. Smith, Robert Hamilton, Henry M. Wilson, Martin R. Delany; H. M. Wilson, Chairman, A. A. Constantine, Secretary.

Dr. Delany, on behalf of the Chairman, Rev. R. H. Cain, made the following report, which was taken up and adopted *seriatim*:

SUPPLEMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION
OF THE
AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY.

In order the better to make the origin and objects of the African Civilization Society known, and to define its designs, intentions, and true position, and to secure that harmony and co-operation with other similar institutions previously established by the colored people of the United States and Canada, as well as that by the friends of African race in Great Britain, to aid these movements, that the succeeding articles be added as an essential and fundamental part of the Constitution.

ARTICLE I.

The Society shall not encourage general emigration, but will aid only such persons as may be practically qualified and suited to promote the developement of Christianity, morality, education, mechanical arts, commerce, and general improvement, who must always be carefully selected and well recommended, that the progress of civilization may not be obstructed.

ARTICLE II.

The basis of the Society, and ulterior objects in encouraging emigration shall be—Self-Reliance and Self-Government, on the principle of an African Nationality, the African race being the ruling element of the nation, controlling and directing their own affairs.

ARTICLE III.

All agents employed by this Society must act under instructions, and consistent with the fundamental principles of the constitution.

Rev. RICHARD H. CAIN,
Pastor of Bridge street Church,
Brooklyn, Chairman.
Rev. Tunis G. Campbell,
Rev. John Carey.
Robert Hamilton.
Rev. David Stevens, Pastor of Zion Ch'ch.
Rev. Henry M. Wilson, Pastor of 7th Avenue Church.
Rev. C. H. Thompson, Pastor of Siloam Church, Brooklyn.
Rev. B. W. Wilkins.
Rev. E. J. Adams, Pastor of Plane street Church, Newark.
Rev. J. W. C. Pennington, D. D.
Mr. Jerh. W. Bowers.
Mr. Henry Montgomery.
Mr. Christopher Brown.
Mr. Abram Roberts.
Mr. Henry W. Bogert.
M. R. DELANY, Sec.

On motion, Resolved, That the committee have power to add to their own number.

On motion, That these proceedings be published in the ANGLO-AFRICAN, and all other papers friendly to the movement be respectfully requested to copy.

HENRY M. WILSON,
Chairman.
ALFRED A. CONSTANTINE,
Secretary.

OBITUARY.

The funeral sermon of Mr. Samuel Porter, who died recently, at his residence, near Chatham, Chester county, Pa., was preached on Sunday, Oct. 6, in the Union church of said place, by Rev. Lewis P. Hood, of Lancaster, who took for his text the 13th verse of the 14th chapter of Job:

"Oh, that thou would'st hide me in the grave; that thou would'st keep me secret until thy wrath be past!"

Mr. Porter was born a slave in Kent county, Delaware, February, 1790, and consequently was nearly seventy-two years of age at the time of his decease. He was sold, when yet a boy, to the Georgia traders, from whom he escaped and made his way to Philadelphia, where by untiring industry he accumulated sufficient means to purchase his freedom. After that was accomplished, he paid his parents a visit, married a Miss Jacobs, of Lewistown, Del., and then moved, in company with his brother Solomon, to Chester county. A brother of his, named Cyrus, also escaped from slavery and went to England, about fifty years ago. His brother Solomon, father of Peter S. Porter, of this city, also purchased his own freedom. Mr. Porter had two uncles who escaped from slavery but afterwards redeemed themselves, and resided in Philadelphia, where they became very useful citizens, being among the founders of the St. Thomas Episcopal church in said city, and also the 11th street Masonic Lodge. Cyrus was chorister at St. Thomas' for some time. The parents of Mr. Porter were slaves in Delaware, also his grandfather, who was a native of the Gold Coast of Africa, and who used frequently to relate the manner of his capture.

Mr. Porter had resided in Chester county for forty years, and had there raised a family of five sons and two daughters. One of the latter married Mr. Wm. W. Morton, of this city, and the other, Mr. Levi Taggart, who resides within eight miles of the late residence of Mr. Porter. The sons are residing in the same neighborhood, and are enjoying a fine reputation for industry, honesty and sobriety.

Mr. Porter was noted for his industrious habits, they coming up fully to the Quaker standard of Chester county, and were evidenced in his well-cultivated farm, neat dwelling, substantial and commodious barn, fine cattle, good horses and wagons of every description, all of which compared favorably with those of his white neighbors. He was for thirty years a member of the African Union church, and was acknowledged by two congregations to have been the chief instrument through which their churches were built; one at Somerset, several miles from his residence, and the other at Chatham, with which he was connected. Mr. Porter looked well to the educational wants of his children, sending them to the very best schools. He also cared for other children beside his own, one of the most promising young men in the neighborhood being largely a recipient of his favors.

Mr. Porter endured an illness of eighteen months' duration, which terminated his earthly career May 12th, 1861.

There were about twenty-five of Mr. Porter's relatives present on this occasion, among whom were his sister, Mrs. Sarah Hitchings, from the lower part of Delaware, aged sixty years, who had not seen Mr. Porter for forty years, Mr. Peter S. Porter and Mr. and Mrs. Morton, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Hood, of Lancaster, and Rev Lewis Porter, of Christiana, Delaware, all of whom were entertained under the roof of Mr. Porter's widow for several days.

Richard Hazen died at Wilksbarre Pa., Oct. 24th. 1861. Mr. Hazen was born in New Jersey, but moved to Wilksbarre about nineteen or twenty years ago. He always took a deep interest in the welfare of our people. On coming to Wilksbarre he found the colored people without a place of worship, and immediately went to work to procure one, his labors resulting in the building of the present Zion Church. There are now two colored churches in Wilksbarre. Mr. Hazen's house was always the home of the [illegible] preacher, and everything was done by him to render them comfortable. His family consisted of a wife and seven children, the former being well known to the preachers by the appellation of "Aunt Polly."

Mr. Hazen was elected a trustee of Zion Church of Wilksbarre in 1842, which post he filled with honor until about a year ago. About two weeks ago he was taken with the typhoid fever from which he died. His funeral took place on the 26th, and was attended by the entire colored population of Wilkesbarre and a large number of the whites. He was loved by all that knew him, and by his death the preachers have suffered very great loss.

"But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down and riseth not, till the heavens be no more, they shall not awaken nor be raised out of their sleep."

J. ANDERSON.

Letter from Newark.

NEWARK, N. J. Nov. 11, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:

I learn from the Daily Journal, that the Governor of New Jersey has set apart the 28th day of November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to God, for the manifestation of his goodness in the production of our lives, and the rich bounties whereby our store-houses have been filled with enough and to spare during the past year. Yet all will not celebrate the day, we regret upon the principles it inculcates. But let all who are of an inteligent mind pay due homage to their Maker, and be living witnesses to the world by setting forth a bright example worthy of imitation.

The friends of Miss Hattie Cook were much gratified upon her return from the east last week. She has been absent about one year.

Mr. James Thorpe and family returned a few days since from a visit to Philadelphia and West Jersey, among relations and friends where he is extensively known, and owns considerable real estate.

Our city has been visited with gentlemen of distinction and education, among whom was Mr. Spencer Anderson of Liberia, Africa, a sugar merchant. Mr. Anderson made some large investments in shoes and other articles in the city, amounting to some hundreds of dollars. Mr. Ferguson from the Ashmund Institute, an educated young man qualified for a teacher or any other business, in company with Mr. James Anderson from Wilmington, Del., made their farewell visit among their acquaintances on Tuesday morning. These gentlemen and some others embarked for Africa on Tuesday the 5th inst.

The friends of the Rev. Mr. Lynch gave him a donation visit on Tuesday evening 29th inst. Owing to the war panic it was but slimly attended. "But he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The Good Samaritans have under contemplation, the celebration of their first anniversary.

ISAAC TEMBROOK.

PATERSON, N. J. Nov. 9, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—Many of your readers may recollect the case of the two young men brought from Georgia by Mr. Cuthbert some months ago, as the facts were noticed in your paper at the time, and perverted by a pro-slavery press, were also widely circulated as a case of "slavery in New Jersey." Having remained in this vicinity till about a week ago, they then departed on their way to Africa, whither some infernally good friends are so anxious to send the colored people of this country. Of course these good friends were in their glory. Individuals contributed some clothing, with some money, to assist them in going away. One of the churches took up a collection for sending them off; a minister rolling up his eyes prayed for their safe arrival in Africa, &c., &c.

Thus Colonisation has again triumphed over us; a couple of worthy young men are exiled to a distant land, and the Rev. Mr. ——, of the Baptist Church, (whom last month of July we heard deliver an address in which there was not one word of sympathy for the suffering slaves) may boast of his philanthropy!

For our part we utterly abhor the Colonisation scheme under whatever name it appears for the time being, and, from African Colonization to Haytian Emigration, it certainly has had about as many *aliases* as a London thief. But if there is a choice of evil, rather say we to the broad fields of Africa, with her teeming millions, and the elements of future greatness in her bosom, than to a petty, pestilential Island where physical circumstances must forever prevent our ever exercising any considerable influence on the destiny of the world.

An examination of the Colored School was had on Friday, October 31st. A number of parents and friends were present, and an address was given by Mr. Van Wagoner, Ex-Superintendent. The recitations of the children are very favorably spoken of, and their proficiency in grammar especially commended.

Your correspondent "Y. H." must be mistaken in regard to the identy of "Occasional." Nevertheless, we are for this war, and would have colored young men place [illegible] quietly as possible, so that they may be pre[illegible] emergency.

OCCASIONAL.

Letter from Dr. Delany to George Lawrence, Esq.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5TH, 1861.

GEORGE LAWRENCE, ESQ.—My Dear Sir:—In the ANGLO AFRICAN of the 26th ult., I find the following:

A concordat has been published between the Pope and the President of Hayti. It creates an Archbishopric of Hayti and four Bishoprics. The Pope is to nominate, and a special article allows the selection to be made from the white race.

In justice to the race to which I belong, and for whose elevation I have for years been laboring, and for whose equality of attainments, as I have understood from yourself, your emigration movement is intended to effect, I simply inquire of you Sir, having every confidence in your integrity as one identified in destiny with that race, believing you to be incapable of betraying the confidence of those who rely upon you, to inform me whether or not to your knowledge this report be true?

I hope, Sir, that you will not hesitate frankly to reply, and think me incapable of any design to draw you into any unpleasant controversy or position, or of making upon you any ungentlemanly or outlandish attack.

I am, Dear Sir,
Most sincerely, your friend,
M. R. DELANY.

P.S. I would have sent this to the PINE AND PALM, but the person who has the controlling influence over it so peremptorily rejects everything which does not endorse his enterprise and subserve his ends, that I avoided embarrassing you with it.

M. R. D.

MISS KNOWLES' SCHOOL, JERSEY CITY. *Mr. Editor*:—I had the pleasure of visiting the aforesaid school a few days ago, and found it in a most flourishing condition. The number present was forty, which, I understood, is the daily average, and which evidences a marked improvement under Miss Knowles. I heard several classes recite, although not recitation day, they being called out for my especial benefit. They performed remarkably well, but I was particularly struck with their beautiful manner, and their strict compliance to the rules of the school. The little songsters sang for me several fine songs in really a creditable manner. I will only add that the children have in their teacher an highly competent instructor. Miss Knowles is a genuine Yankee, being from Connecticut, a State which is said to produce the best teachers in the country.

ELIZ. H. CASH.

Church Festivities.

The Second Bethel Church in Thirtieth Street, closed its fair by a festival on Thursday evening, October 31st. We are pleased to announce that the ladies were quite successful in their efforts. This was to be expected where such ladies as Mrs. Ricks is concerned. She expressed, in our presence, great gratitude for the assistance afforded by the ladies engaged with her in this affair.

The Union Church in Twenty-Eighth Street, also held a feast on the same evening, which was one of much pleasure to those in attendance. Speeches were made by Messrs. Crugar and Ward, which were well received.

The festivities were continued to a late hour, and everybody departed well satisfied with their entertainment.

The Siloam Church, Brooklyn, held a festival on the evening of the 29th, which is represented as being quite successful.

HORRORS OF ST. DOMINGO."—Cannot our contemporary, the "Pine and Palm," see the gross impropriety of filling the fences and walls of our city, and the advertising columns of our daily papers with "The Horrors of St. Domingo," while the public mind is considering the propriety and necessity of emancipating the Southern slaves? It could not select, from all language, three words which would do more to check a public feeling in favor of emancipation. Or, does it with cool diabolism, thus advertise the "horrors" of emancipation, unaccompanied with expatriation—thereby hoping to drive grist into its own mill?

A MASSACHUSETTS JUSTICE.—The Salem "Standard," says that John S. Rock, Justice of the Peace in Suffolk county, Massachusetts, is a "negro," who studied dentistry with Dr. Harbart (now of the "West Jersey Press") at Salem, N. J.

The above item was found going the rounds of the New Jersey press. The Jersey editors evidently cannot understand how a "negro" brought up under Jersey influences could become a man—yes, a justice of the peace, in the great commonwealth of Massachusetts; and their surprise will not be lessened, probably, on reading the following, which we clip from the "Boston Herald," a pro-slavery Democratic sheet:

ACQUITTED ON THE PLEA OF INSANITY. John Murray, alias Gillespie, who was tried in the Superior Criminal Court on Friday, for an assault upon Mary Jane Pratt, with intent to commit rape, was acquitted on the ground of insanity. He was defended by John S. Rock, Esq.

We would add for the edification of these editors that Justice Rock has had many cases since his admission, and has not lost one.

From Liberia.

The Bark "Edward," Captain McIntyre, owned by the enterprising firm of Johnson, Turpin & Dunbar, arrived at this port on Monday, 4th inst., direct from Monrovia. She brought as passengers John D. Johnson, Esq., Captain Joseph L. Turpin, Mr. and Mrs. Savage, of Monrovia, Mr. Toomey, Miss Mernam, and Mrs. Simpson, of the Episcopal Mission at Palmas, and Mr. Judson. During the last two or three days of the voyage the "Edward" encountered a tremendous gale, but, fortunately, received no damage from it, although she got aground near Sandy Hook, at which point Captain Turpin and the three female passengers were landed. She remained in that situation but a short time, for she worked her way off and was towed to this city.

The "Edward" brings files of the Liberia Herald, from which we gather the following items of news:

The first of August was celebrated in Monrovia. The Herald says of the celebration

"There was no booming cannon, no martial music, no great display of flags and banners. Still we witnessed the natural outgushings of the hearts of our townsmen, who seemed to regard the circumstances of the day not only as retrospective, but also as prophetic.

The exercises commenced at 3 o'clock in the Representative Hall. Rev B R Wilson, who presided, opened the meeting with an appropriate prayer.

Speeches were made by Hon W. H. Lynch, W. F. Burns, Esq., and one or two others, one of the speakers was absent.

Besides many gentlemen, among whom were ex-President Roberts and Vice-President Warner, there were ladies present on the occasion.

After the exercises, Hon Mr. James apologized for the proceedings not being more interesting, which was owing mostly to the shortness of time in which the affair was got up. He said that credit was due to the ladies, who had manifested so much interest in the celebration, and by whose active exertions principally the festivities of the day were prepared. After returning thanks to the speakers, the meeting adjourned.

In the evening, there was an entertainment served up at the Senate Chamber, at which were present about fifty ladies and gentlemen, who retired at a late hour.

His Excellency, the President, was unable to partake in any of the festivities of the occasion, on account of indisposition of health."

The Herald contains an account of the presentation of a cane to Lord Brougham, from the young men of Liberia, from which we make the following extract:

On Wednesday, May 15, accompanied by Mr A W Hanson, formerly British Consul in Liberia, Mr Samuel Crowther and Mr. Ralston, I called upon his Lordship to present the cane and resolutions which the young men of Liberia did me the honor of forwarding by me. Mr. Chamerovzow, Cor Sec of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, was also present. We were introduced by Mr. Ralston. His Lordship requested us to be seated. He himself sat next to Mr. Ralston in a large arm chair. I then arose and presented the walking cane with a few remarks; after which I presented the resolutions—I had an extra copy which I read, and then made a few more remarks. A strange and indescribable feeling came over me, while I stood in the presence of that great man, and thought of his *mighty efforts* in behalf of our down-trodden people. I briefly went over the history of the anti-slavery struggle in this country, and while I was referring to the sufferings of the race, the tears started to my eyes quite unexpectedly—I had to stop for a minute to recover my voice. His Lordship covered his face with his hands. The others present hung their heads. Mr. Hanson took out his handkerchief to dry his eyes. I do not know that I have ever taken part in a more impressive scene. It was truly affecting. This result could not have been brought about by the words which I spoke, for they were words which I have spoken over and over again in Liberia, which Lord Brougham and Mr. Hanson have frequently much better spoken; but a combination of circumstances rendered the words then uttered peculiarly affecting. A brief notice of this presentation has been published in the city papers; but I think a detailed account of it will appear in the Anti-Slavery Reporter.

On the 25th of July, the Fair of the Protestant Episcopal Church—the object of which, we learn, was to raise funds to assist in the erection of their new meeting-house—was opened in this city in the evening, six o'clock, at the Court House. The fair lasted several days. His Excellency, the President, was present on the afternoon of the 26th.

The Fair closed Monday evening with Tableaus of several scenes, and piano and vocal music.

Mr. Lynch has withdrawn from the editorial department of the "Herald."

Dr. R. C. Cooper, physician of the American Colonization Society, at Robertsport, was married to Miss Rebecca Burns, third daughter of Bishop Burns, on the 1st of August.

An examination of the High School in the M. E. Seminary, of which W. F. Burns, B. A., is principal, took place on the 29th of July. The students were examined in Geometry, Arithmetic, Philosophy, Physiology, Latin, English Grammar, Governmental Instructor, &c. The examination was unexpected by the students, who were not given time to make special preparation for the occasion, but it was passed in a satisfactory manner.

A few days ago, while crossing the St. John's river, in Bassa, a boat was upset, and the following persons drowned: A. F. Johnston, Guilford, Gwinn, Minor, and several native men. We learn that the first four were carpenters, and Johnston one of the first class in Liberia.

During the June term of the Court of Quarter sessions and Common Pleas, Mr. William M. Davis, a Liberian, returned by Johnson, Turpin and Dunbar's vessel, from the United States, (where he had been for several years pursuing the study of law,) made application to be admitted to the Bar. H. W. Johnson, Esq., District Attorney, motioned the court to appoint a committee of three members of the Bar, in accordance with the rule established by His Hon. Ex-Judge Moore. His Hon. Judge B. R. Wilson entertained the motion, and appointed H. W. Johnson, Joseph W. Hilton, and —— as a committee to examine the said W. M. Davis; and an evening was appointed by the chairman of the committee. After an examination he was recommended by the committee to His Hon. Judge B. R. Wilson, to be admitted to the Bar.

On the 16th of Aug., Edward C Peal, of Millsburg, was shot dead by his own gun, while in the act of taking it out of his canoe, and died immediately. Mr. Peal, it is said, was on his way hunting, and had left his wharf, and stopped at another some distance below, where the sad event happened. The Coroner's jury from some collateral circumstances, returned a verdict of "willful suicide," though many persons assert that it was "death by accident."

The Cession of Lagos.

We lay before our readers a copy of the treaty between Great Britain and Lagos, which has given to the British Government for the paltry sum of probably less than ten thousand dollars per annum, one of the *most important ports on the western coast of Africa.*

The London "African Times" says of this treaty: "The negociations seemed to have been conducted with a little undue haste on the part of the British *agents* employed. But Lords Palmerston and Russell have humanely determined to finish with the slave trade in those parts. We are assured too, that there were many serious secret reasons for avoiding further delay; and King Docemo, the fisherboy whom we placed in authority, was never regarded in any other light than as a mere *locum tenens*, until it should become indispensable for *Great Britain to assume the absolute sovreignty and rule*, as she has now done."

Can the "African Times" enlighten us as to the "very serious secrets" for hurrying up at this time this arrangement between "Her Majesty, Sovereign of Lagos" and her fisherboy substitute?

The Treaty is as follows:—

"Treaty between Norman H. B dingfeld, Commander of Her Majesty's sloop Prometheus, and Senior Officer of the Bights Division, and William McCoskry, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Acting Consul, on the part of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, and Docemo, King of Lagos, on the part of himself and Chiefs.

ARTICLE I.

In order that the Queen of England may be the better enabled to assist, defend, and protect the inhabitants of Lagos, and to put an end to the slave-trade in this and the neighboring countries, and to prevent the destructive wars so frequently undertaken by Dahomey and others for the capture of slaves, I, Docemo, do, with the consent and advice of my Council, give, transfer, and by these presents grant and confirm, unto the Queen of Great Britain, her heirs and successors, for ever, the port and island of Lagos, with all the rights, profits, territories, and appurtenances whatsoever thereunto belonging, and as well the profits and revenue, as the direct, full, and absolute dominion and sovereignty of the said port, island, and premises, with all the royalties thereof, freely, fully, entirely, and absolutely. I do also covenant and grant that the quiet and peaceable possession thereof shall, with all possible speed, be freely and effectually delivered to the Queen of Great Britain, or such person as Her Majesty shall thereunto appoint, for her use in the performance of this grant; the inhabitants of the said island and territories, as the Queen's subjects, and under her sovereignty, crown, jurisdiction, and government, being still suffered to live there.

ARTICLE II.

Docemo will be allowed the use of the title of King, in its usual African signification, and will be permitted to decide disputes between natives of Lagos, with their consent, subject to appeal to British laws.

ARTICLE III.

In the transfer of lands the stamp of Docemo affixed to the document will be proof that there are no other native claims upon it; and for this purpose he will be permitted to use it as hitherto.

In consideration of the cession, as before mentioned, of the port and island and territories of Lagos, the representatives of the Queen of Great Britain do promise, subject to the approval of Her Majesty, that Docemo shall receive an annual *pension* from the Queen of Great Britain equal to the net revenue hitherto annually received by him; such pension to be paid at such periods and in such mode as may hereafter be determined.

[Here follow the signatures.]

Lagos, Aug. 6, 1861.

The Kansas Brigade true to Freedom

A great deal has been said about Lane's course in regard to slaves. He informs me that his invariable policy has been not to return, against their own wishes, a single negro, man, woman, or child, who has come within his lines. Where the master is a loyal man, he has given him a certificate of that fact, and of the loss of the negro; but no unwilling fugitive has been dragged out of the camp of the Kansas Brigade. It is said that the number of slaves who have thus been practically emancipated is about 2,000, though less than one-tenth of them now remain with the brigade. The others seem to have wended their way to those regions where the negro has some rights which the white man is "bound to respect." You can be very sure that the rebels in the regions through which Lane have passed, who believed in the Southern idea that Slavery was one of their chief elements of strength, have awakened to the fact that they are victims of misplaced confidence. Unfortunate as it is that General Lane will not keep out of the ruinous personal quarrels which disgrace our leaders in Kansas, at least record it to his honor that he is not of those who hold slavery more sacred than the success of our arms—who are too timid to accept the issue which the rebels have forced upon us, and to place our cause upon a footing where it would enlist the sympathies of all men the world over, who love justice and believe in human rights.—*Cor. of N. Y. Tribune.*

Books Wanted for Hayti.

MR. EDITOR:—I have made up my mind to emigrate to the Island of Hayti, there to settle for life, to promote the glorious cause of civilization and Christianization, at which place I intend to join the Colony of the Rev. Mr. Holly, and before going I shall endeavour to visit the various Sabbath schools, and say a few words of encouragement, probably for the last time, and if they should have anything to contribute in the way of establishing a Sabbath School, it will be thankfully received, and a true account given to the public.

N. R. ASHBY

New York, Nov. 2, 1861

THE SLAVES AND THE WAR.—A writer in the N. Y. Herald, furnishing notes of a recent tour in the South, makes the following statement:

The negroes seem to relish the present condition of affairs very much. The military excitement possesses great charms for them. They sew yellow stripes to their pants as a sort of uniform, and fancy themselves thoroughpaced soldiers. Those who remain on the plantation are delighted, because their labor is not so irksome and continuous as it used to be, and the rigor of the overseer has been relaxed. Those employed on the fortifications do their work cheerfully, incited to it by the raw head-and-bloody-bone stories about the the terrible Yankee abolitionists, which they think something worse than cholera or yellow fever. They are told that the war is *to defend them, and to keep them* from being sold into Cuba. The negroes in the cities, towns and border states know better than to give credence to such stories, but not so the field hands in the cotton states.

There are no apprehensions of a servile insurrection entertained, nor is there a thought bestowed upon the subject. The only danger is from the mass of negroes that have been *sent from the border states* into the interior of the Gulf states. Those are generally hard cases, and calculated to spread mutiny and dissatisfaction among their more ignorant and innocent fellow victims. Still it will take some time for their influence to be manifested. The negroes from the northern border of Tennessee are being daily sent South.

A RIGHTOUS DECISION.—A negro woman belonging to a citizen of Alexandria, early in the rebellion, was imprisoned by her master in the city jail, on suspicion of an intention to run away, which suspicion was founded upon the fact that she had, on several occasions, furnished meals to some of our soldiers, from her master's table. A short time ago her mistress applied to the Provost Court for leave to take her from jail, which was granted. On the night of her release her master took her to the garret of his house, gagged and bound her, and whipped her furiously, then locked her in. During the night she escaped by the window, and in the morning made complaint to Judge Freese. He summoned her master, who is one of the F. F. Vs., and ordered him to be confined in jail. His wife, with tears in her eyes, applied to Gen. Montgomery for relief, and he arrested the order for imprisonment. The question was taken to the War Department, and Assistant Secretary Scott, who is as wise as he is able, in deciding it, said he felt no disposition to meddle with the action of the Provost Court in any of its decisions, but especially in this one, because it seemed in his opinion to be eminently just and proper.—Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

SUMMARY.

The Louisville correspondent of the Cincinnati "Commercial" has the following story from a Southern refugee:

"Mr. Joseph A. Acklin, of Nashville, has three large plantations at the mouth of the Red River, in Louisiana, on which are about 2,000 slaves. Since the speculators advanced pork to $45 per bbl. he has been limiting his negroes to half rations. Full rations for slaves in Louisiana are never more than they can devour. As a natural consequence of being hungry the slaves looked about for something to eat, and confiscated the pigs and poultry of their master, dividing and secreting it among themselves. Acklin ordered his overseer to flog the slaves whenever found guilty of similar thefts. But lately the overseer refused to do so any longer, urging that it was dangerous, and that their lives were in danger from the negroes who boldly asserted they would have plenty to eat or steal it. Acklin concluded to allow them to steal what they would, trusting that in the sugar-crushing season he would be able to feed them on sugar.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. "Tribune" writes:

A slave belonging to a rebel was sent from beyond our pickets to Alexandria a few days ago. While there he informed Judge Freese that he was told before leaving home that it was his master's intention to sell him to a Southern planter. He sought protection. Judge Freese gave him a letter addressed to our pickets to the effect that they had no right to pass any person beyond our outposts. The slave is thereby detained in Alexandria.

The population of the Beaufort District, S. C., now in the possession of the Federal troops, according to the census of 1850, is as follows:

Total white population	5,947
Free colored	579
Total free population,	6,529
Slaves	32,279

Beaufort would have been a fine missionary field for General Lane's brigade.

A young colored man was badly beaten in the streets of Reading, Pa., while accompanied by a female, a few evenings since.

Mr. Ira Aldridge, the African Roscius, is making a most successful tour through Russia. He has given nine representations at Kieff, and been received with distinguished attention by some of the highest families of the country. He has appointments at Moscow and St. Petersburg for twelve nights in each place.

MARRIED.

JASON—HORTON.—In Williamsburgh, Monday evening, Nov. 11th, by Rev. M. Manning, Samuel B. Jason to Miss Margaret E. Horton, all of said place.

Special Notices.

LECTURES.

THE UNDERSIGNED is prepared to fill engagements to deliver single Lectures, on the following subjects:

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY;

THE ADAPTATIONS OF THE EARTH, OR TERRESTRIAL ADAPTATIONS;

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ANCIENT HONORS OF THE BLACK AND COLORED RACES OF THE EARTH;

—*Being a series of popular discourses recently delivered, founded on the following texts:*

1. "Look not upon me because I am black." [Song of Sol.—1 6.
2. "Princes shall come out of Egypt." [Psalm 68 -31.
3. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin." [Jer —13.23.
4. "Cursed be Canaan."—Gen.—9 25.
5. "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus." Philemon.

TERMS.—The lecturer's passage both ways, and one-fourth of profits.

[From the Detroit Daily Advertiser, March 1, 1860.]

"Mr. BERRY's lecture last night is *stated* to have displayed much thought, and to have been in every respect meritorious."

Grand Promenade Concert and Oyster Supper.

The J. W. B. Smith Tabernacle, No. 2,

I. O. of B. and S. of LOVE and CHARITY, will celebrate its third anniversary, on Thanksgiving Eve., Wednesday, the 27th inst., at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, No. 178 Prince Street, on which occasion there will be given a Grand Promenade Concert and Oyster Supper.

Professor Robert Brown's Cotillion Band is engaged for the occasion.

N. B.—In addition to the above, the Ice Creams, Fruits and Mottoes, will be served gratuitously.

Tickets only 50 cents—to be had of any member of the Tabernacle. Do not forget—secure your tickets early. Remember, Wednesday Evening, Nov. 27th.

PLEASANT R. SMITH, Chairman.
OLIVER A. HOLMES,
16 2t Com. of Arrangements.

A DONATION

For the benefit of Mrs. Rev. H. H. GARNET will take place at the Metropolitan Hall, 178 Prince St., on Thursday evening, Nov. 21st.

Tickets 37 cents—to be had of
Mr. TITUS, 247 Thompson St.,
" HENRY MONTGOMERY, 89 Thompson St.,
" WM STACKHOUSE, 88 Marion St.,
and elsewhere. 16 1t

THE BALL IS UP!

FLOOR SKATING, FLOOR SKATING!

BOSTON'S

SKATING ACADEMY,

FOR LADIES.

Mr. T. S. BOSTON respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that he will re-open his SKATING SCHOOL, for Ladies and Gentlemen, at the

ASSEMBLY ROOMS,
178 PRINCE STREET,

Commencing TUESDAY Evening, Nov. 12, 1861.

Terms of Admission—10 cts. Doors open at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Terms for Skating—15 cts. half hour; 20 cts. per hour.

Persons wishing to engage the Rooms for private parties, can do so by communicating to

THOS. S. BOSTON,
No. 87 Sullivan St.,
15 6t New York City.

MASONIC.

NOTICE is hereby given, that WILLIAM CLARK is *suspended from Celestial Lodge, No. 2, F. A. M.*, working under the Masonic jurisdiction of the M. W. United Grand Lodge for the State of New York.

JOHN R. PORTER, W. M.
OLIVER A. HOLMES, Sec'y. 15 1

MASONIC

DIRECTORY,

FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5819.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st, the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka No. 15, Norwich, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14. Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, New York City.

NOTICE.

All members of the Annual Conferences of the A.M.E. Zion Church who have taken shares in the stock of the Book Concern of said church, are hereby informed that the payment is now due, and they are requested to make remittance to the Treasurer, Rev. Jos. P Thompson, [illegible], N.Y., through the mail or by express.

N.B. All who have not taken shares can do so by forwarding the amount of $10 to the Secretary, at New Bedford, Mass.

SAMUEL M. GILES,
Secretary of the Board.
New Bedford, Oct. 16th, 1861.

AGENCY

FOR TROY AND VICINITY.

James R. Benham is the regularly appointed Agent for the Anglo-African in Troy, Lansingburg, Waterford and vicinity. All orders or communications for the paper may be left with Mr. Benham on board of the steamer "Cornelius Vanderbilt."

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of *Louis Delsart*, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

AN ADJOURNED MEETING

To consider measures with reference to a settlement of the

GERRIT SMITH LANDS,

will be held, agreeable to adjournment, at Prince Street Hall, on Monday evening November 18th, 1861. The public are invited to attend. The meeting will be addressed by a person who has resided three years upon his grant.

Charles L. Reason, Ch'mn.
Wright Seaman, Jr., Sec'y.

LECTURES.

The Rev. Alex. Crummell, of Liberia, W.A., is prepared to deliver the following Lectures, either singly or as a course, during the months of November and December:

1. The customs, genius, and characteristics of native tribes in Western Africa.
2. The growth of civilization along the Western Coast of Africa.
3. The progress and prospects of the Republic of Liberia.

Letters are to be addressed to Rev A. Crummell, 311 Spring Street, New York. 12—4t

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

REV. ELI N. HALL, Pastor, cor. DeKalb and Hudson Avenues, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:

10½ o'clock,	A. M.
3½ "	P. M.
7 "	P. M.

10 4t.

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH.

28th Street, near 8th Avenue, Rev. John Frisby, Pastor. Residence 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:

10 1-2 o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7 1-2 "	P. M.

12-1y

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue.

Hours of worship:—

3 o'clock,	P. M.
7 1-2 "	P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

Rev. CHAS. H THOMPSON, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—

10½	A. M.
3	P. M.
7½	P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn. 13-1y.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

MR. GEO. POOL can accommodate LADIES and GENTLEMEN with FIRST CLASS BOARD, on reasonable terms, at his residence, No. 13 Sheriff Street, a few doors north of Grand. 16 13t

MRS. M. E. EDDY,
EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE.
RESIDENCE—134 Christie Street, N. Y.
26 26t

BOARDING AND LODGING
IN BROOKLYN,

At Mrs. SUSAN HARRIS', 58 Atlantic St., near South Ferry. $3 per week for gentlemen, and $2 50 for ladies. Lodgings 75 cts. per week. 15tf

FOR SALE—A BEAUTIFUL PIC-NIC GROVE, at Glencove, L. I.—The owner has been asked by respectable colored people in that vicinity and in this city to offer for sale the above Grove. *It is offered to colored persons and the* public generally. It extends from West to Middle Avenue, and has a fine view of the Bay, and is near the landing. Inquire of Mrs. R. BONNER, No. 54 West 29th-st., cor. 6th Avenue.
14—13t

TO LET.—THE ROOM ON THE SECOND floor of Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-street. Inquire at 66 East Houston st., or of the Janitor 225 West 15th-st.

POCKET WATER-FILTER
AND
DRINKING TUBE.

Indispensable for Soldiers, Travelers, and Sportsmen. Weighs one ounce. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Send it to your friends. Agents wanted. Samples mailed on receipt of 50 cents, by addressing

DAY & CO.,
13-13t. Box 464 P.O., Newark, N. J.

FASHIONABLE
DRESS MAKING,
SHIRT MAKING, EMBROIDERING, AND QUILTING.

Mesdames F. A. HAMILTON, O. A. NEWTON, and Miss A. M. HAMILTON,

187 Navy Street, Brooklyn.

Ladies' and Childrens' dresses cut and made in the most fashionable style and warranted to fit.

SHIRTS of all paterns made, and plain sewing executed with neatness; and durability of work guaranteed. Orders for EMBROIDERING promptly attended to, and *QUILTING* executed with dispatch.

Public patronage is respectfully solicited.
12-tf.

HENRY G. LEASK,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS
AND FURS.
COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.
Shipping Furs Bought. 12-tf.

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms. Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this or in any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,
BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG.

Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS

of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.

DON'T FORGET,
168 EWEN ST.,
9 1y. Williamsburg.

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,
EMPIRE STATE HOTEL
AND
UNION HOUSE,
541 BROOME STREET,
Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T. L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. RAMSEY.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Pease call and examine the premises.

HATS CAPS & FURS
IN THEIR VARIETY.

First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS. The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St.,
one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
10 5t

PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE
BY
MRS. W. S. WILKINS & Co
610 PINE, ABOVE SIXTH STREET
PHILADELPHIA 7-13t.

LADIES' FURNISHING STORE,
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING
READY-MADE AND MADE TO ORDER, BY
MRS. S. WILKINS & CO.,
610 Pine, above Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
7-13t.

MRS. ANDERSON,
CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS

Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMODATE a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate. 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tf.

A SCHOOL WANTED.—A YOUNG LADY, a graduate of one of the High Schools of this State, and who is fully qualified as a teacher, is desirous of obtaining a school where the salary would not be less than $200 a-year. Address Thos. Hamilton, 48 Beekman St., N.Y.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. THE UNdersigned respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the ART OF SINGING. He will be at home at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on MONDAY EVENING, and at ZION CHURCH, N. Y., on THURSDAY EVENING, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. *Singing schools taught and private instruction given* on moderate terms.

3tf. ROBT. HAMILTON,

NEW SAILOR'S HOME, CHARLES M. FORTEN, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 MULBERRY STREET, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5—4t

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK. 4-1t

DENTISTRY.

BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist.
79 Thompson St., N. Y

MRS. E. LEONARD,
FASHIONABLE
DRESS MAKER,
25 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK.
Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.
3tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies,	$2,50
" " Gentleman,	3,00
Lodging per week,	75

y13t.

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
CARD AND JOB PRINTER,
219 CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts., 2 tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 182 Suffolk Street. Terms very moderate. a10 1y.

BROWN'S POPULAR RESORT.

The undersigned takes the privilege to inform his Friends and the public generally that as he has recently fitted up his SALOON anew, he is now prepared to furnish them with

Ice Cream, Fruit, and other Delicacies.

BENJ. F. BROWN,
70 Bleecker St
between Broadway & Crosby St. 4t.

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts.

P. A. WHITE,
Corner of Frankfort & Gold Sts.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
A FRESH AND PURE ASSORTMENT
OF
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS
GENUINE
LUBIN'S EXTRACTS
AND OTHER PERFUMERY,
FANCY SOAPS, FINE HAIR AND TOOTH
BRUSHES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES,
FAMILY ARTICLES, HAVANA
SEGARS, &C., &C.

All his articles are purchased with great care, and are warranted to be pure, fresh, and genuine.

MEDICINE CHESTS
carefully made up.

All orders promptly attended to, on receipt of the CASH.

Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared.

WHITE'S
VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH,
AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely *Grey.*

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh and unpleasant, in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a *hollow* tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that *obstructs* or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth *turn it gray sooner or later*, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, *low spirits, dissipation*, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial *Baldness* or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full *of dandruff*, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this, and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hair-brush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and *dirt removed*, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off, always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum or water, as *they remove the natural oil*, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes *thick and clammy and adheres* to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will *soon free the head from it.*

In conclusion I would add that cases of failure will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and perseveringly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

BADEAU'S
STRENGTHENING PLASTER.
AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR
LAME OR WEAK BACK, PAIN OR WEAKNESS IN THE SIDE, CHEST, STOMACH OR LIMBS. A CERTAIN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, PLEURISY, LIVER OR KIDNEY COMPLAINT,
SPRAINS, BRUISES, &c., &c.

Persons disposed will find this plaster particularly servicable.

Dyspeptic persons will find a permanent relief from its use, as it keeps a continued heat, acting as a gentle counter irritant, removing the inflammation of the stomach without breaking the skin. Persons engaged in sedentary pursuits should use these Plasters constantly, as they give strength to parts weakened by constant sitting and stooping.

For STRAINS and SPRAINS, they are infallible, affording relief immediately and without fail.

For RHEUMATISM there is no external application equal to them, promoting the general circulation, and

PREVENTING A RETURN

of the excruciating pain.

These plasters are prepared with great care, and of the best material, and to prevent fraud the name of the originator is placed on the back of each one. In purchasing ask for BADEAU'S PLASTER. See that the name BADEAU is written on the back, or you will be deceived.

P. A. WHITE, *Sole Proprietor.*

REV. H. H. GARNET'S SPEECH AT BIRMINGHAM.

The London "African Times" of Oct. 23d, contains a report of a meeting held at Birmingham on the evening of the 15th ult., 'for the purpose of considering the effects of the cotton famine on Manchester and Birmingham industries, the best mode of procuring a supply of cotton, and the opportunity the crisis affords of annihilating the slave trade by establishing the cotton industry in Africa." The Mayor (A Ryland, Esq.) presided. Able speeches were made by Lord Alfred Churchill, Mr. M'Leod, Mr. Danby Seymour, M. P., Lord Calthorpe and Mr. Edward Green, in support of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this meeting emphatically expresses its approval of the appointment by the British Government of an accredited agent at Abbeokuta, and trusts that the policy which dictated this appointment may be extended to the town of Rabba, on the Niger, and other important places, as facilities arise.

Resolved, That this meeting recognises in the special qualities of the African race the promise of an African nationality, and anticipates in that nationality a valuable element in the commonweath of nations.

Resolved, That whilst deploring the threatened cotton famine in the manufacturing districts of the North, this meeting cannot but see in the present crisis the means of securing our own cotton supply for the future, and also an opportunity of destroying the African slave trade by the development of the vast natural cotton fields of Western Africa.

The resolutions were carried unanimously.

MR. GARNET'S SPEECH.

The Rev. H. H. Garnet, who was received with protracted applause, moved the fourth resolution. He said he was somewhat embarrassed in arising to address this large and intelligent audience; and, in addition, he was more than ordinarily impressed with a sense of the responsibility that was resting upon him; for he had not only to speak his own sentiments, but also those of thousands of his brethren in America, whose representative he was. (Applause.) But there was one consideration which afforded him some relief. He had learned that it was the pleasure of Englishmen of noble birth and distinguished position to bestow great kindness and condescension upon even the humble of other nations, when *they appeared before them with a worthy* and important object. (Hear, hear.) He hailed this new movement as most hopeful and encouraging for the future of his fatherland. If it had originated in merely selfish considerations (he meant those suggested alone by trade or commerce), he should have reason to doubt the good that would be finally done to Africa. But this was not the case. It was true there was some self-interest in this movement, as there was, more or less, in everything with which man had to do; but he believed that, in this stupendous work, it was modified and controlled by the spirit of Christianity and universal freedom. (Applause) With such principles and purposes, the most glorious results might be looked for. As for himself, he had not the least doubt as to the character of those results; for he was satisfied that God's set time had come, in which He intended to favor Africa, and when the cheering prophecy was to be fulfilled, "Ethiopia shall quickly stretch forth her hands unto God." He knew he would be pardoned *in saying that* England owes a great debt to Africa. (Hear, hear.)

He was glad that she had begun to think about paying it, and he was satisfied that if she went about the work as she usually did in such matters, she would very soon pay off the first instalment at least. He would remind the audience that every pound of cotton that came from America, was fanned by the sighs, wet with the tears, and stained with the blood of slaves. This race for whom he spoke had enriched the commerce, enlivened the trade, contributed to the comforts, and administered to the luxury of England. Nor was this all. The soil of Africa in times past had been the theatre upon which many of Britain's sons had enacted the worst of crimes. Surely a great Christian people should hasten to make compensation. (Hear, hear.) In adverting to the plans of the African-Aid Society, the reverend gentleman said that the requirements of the age demanded the adoption of some new and improved measures in the work of the civilization of Africa. The society proposed to assist at first a few industrious and Christian families from North America to settle in Abbeokuta, Western Africa. It was desired that they should go in the spirit of Christian love, with the Word of God in their hands, and with the plough, and other agricultural implements; with their chests of mechanical tools, and with men that could use them all well. The effect would be amazing and powerful, if the natives could see among them civilized colored men, fully imbued with Christianity, who had come to live and die with them. They would be taught how to till their land, how to plant and crop, how to live and labor, how to worship the true God, how to hope, and how to die. (Loud applause.) He firmly believed that the society, having such objects and purposes would surely win and conquer. Let the Africans feel that the new comers are friends and brothers, and as such they will be received. The Africans were quick to observe the difference between pure selfishness and common honesty. One had said, that "there were two classes of men that came to Africa; one loved Africa, the other loved the Africans. The first are welcome, but the second they cared not to see." After dwelling on the kindness of the Africans to strangers, and especially to the civilized of their own race, the reverend gentleman said he regarded the field of operation selected by the society as a wise and judicious selection. The people there were distinguished for their honesty. It was customary for persons who wished to sell chickens to tie them by the highway, and to intimate the price they wished for them in strings of cowries by a corresponding number of notches cut on a stick fastened by them; the owner would then go to his work, or on a journey, leaving his property entirely unprotected. A hundred might pass, and the property would not be meddled with, unless the full price was laid in their place. Then another hundred people might pass by the money, and it would not be removed, except by the lawful owner. (Laughter.) Although Birmingham had a great deal of moral light, yet he questioned whether chickens, under similar circumstances, would fare any better in that city. (Renewed laughter and applause.) The people of Abbeokuta were industrious. He was informed that in almost every house there were heard the hum of the rude spinning wheel, and the clatter of the weaver's shuttle. For all that Britain, or any other portion of the world, might do for Africa, an ample reward was reserved. Give her your civilization, and she will *give you her commerce* and wealth. Give her the religion of Christ, and she will give you her friendship. Scatter with liberal hands, and you shall reap a thousandfold of the increase. If any should say the work was too great and impracticable, he would answer, that Anglo-Saxon energy, and African industry and honesty could accomplish anything within the boundaries of reason. (Hear, hear.)

He wished to see the white hand of England and the black hand of Africa struck together as the sign of an unconquerable determination, under God, to develop the vast resources of that injured land, and to give her people the light of the Gospel. He rejoiced in particular at one sentence in the Article of Cession of Lagos to the British Crown. He referred to the article in which it is declared to be the purpose of the Government to "annihilate the slave trade." [Applause.] After alluding in glowing terms to the interest which was manifested by many distinguished Christian philanthropists in New York, and other parts of the United States, *in favor of the development of the* various resources of Africa, and the elevation and nationality of the African race throughout the world, the speaker said the negro race were not surpassed by any other in the power of endurance. In fact, the black man was universal, and everywhere he kept his head above water, notwithstanding the waves of hard trials were fearfully raving around him. [Hear, hear.] He flourished in every land—in the sunny south, the cold north of America, in Greenland, and in all the tropics. He was strong and athletic in every temperate climate, and even in England he had won and worn the champion's belt [Loud laughter and applause.] Surely for such a people there was in reserve a glorious destiny, and a proud and powerful nationality. His native country, America—which he loved, with all her faults—was involved in a terrible war, which he believed would long continue; but America's extremity was England's opportunity to smite King Cotton between the joints of his harness. [Applause.] He *would now read the resolution entrusted to* him: "That the introduction of Christian colored families from Canada into Africa is eminently calculated to advance the influence of Christianity and civilization in that country." The reverend gentleman resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

Prof. Robert Campbell, in seconding the resolution, briefly alluded to his labours in Abbeokuta and other places, in support of the objects of the society, and he was convinced that it only needed the shackles of slavery to be broken, for the Africans to be capable of developing amongst themselves a civilization of which even this great country would not need to be ashamed. He had just shipped in a vessel, from London, about 250l. worth of cotton machinery, which he intended to follow as fast as he could, and take from Lagos up the river Ogun to Abbeokuta, which was about ninety miles in the interior. When there he should take in some land, get laborers to plant cotton, and purchase all the cotton from the natives that his means would allow, and ship it to this country. To prove that the negroes were a trading race, he mentioned the fact, that in the interior of Africa he found articles of luxury that had been imported from Europe and by the caravans from Egypt across the great desert, the trader not daring, however, to approach the western coast of Africa for fear of the slave-dealer.

The resolution was put and passed.

After the adoption of another resolution, which does not appear in the report, the meeting adjourned.

A STORY AS IS A STORY.

Just twenty years ago a party went over to Cohokia Creek, on a skating match. Bill Berry was the leader—a tall, six-footer, full of pluck, and the best skater in all creation. Well, we got to the creek, and fastened on our skates; and, after taking a horn from Joe Turner's flask, started off in good style. Bill Berry in the lead. It was a dogoned cold day and so we had to skate fast to keep the blood up. There were little breath-holes in the ice, and every now and then we came near going into 'em. Just as I had finished bucklin' the straps, I heard a noise. I looked up and saw something shooting along the ice like lightning. It was Bill Berry's head. He had been going like greased electricity, and before he knew it he went into one of them holes. The force was so great as to cut his head off against the sharp corner.

"It's all day with Bill Berry," said I.

"And all night, too," said Joe Turner.

Just as he got these words out of his mouth I looked at Bill's head, which had been going on the ice, and all at once it dropped into another hole. We ran to it and heard Bill say:

"For God's sake, boys, pull me out!"

I looked into the hole, and there, as true as I am alive was Bill Berry's body, which had skooted along under the ice, and met the head at the hole. It was so cold that the head had frozen fast to the body, and we pulled Billy out as good as new. He felt a little numb at first, but after skating awhile he was as brisk as the rest of us, and laughed over the joke. We went home about dark, all satisfied with the day's sport. About nine o'clock in the evening, somebody rapped at the door, and said I was wanted over to Bill Berry's. I put on my coat and went over. There lay Bill's body in one place, and his head in another. His wife said after he came home from skating he sat down to warm himself, and, while attempting to blow his nose he threw his head into the fire place. The coroner was called *that night, and the verdict of the jury was* that "Bill Berry came to his death by skating too fast."

Our Devil thinks the above story very improbable.

A pedlar being asked by a spindle-shanked wag if he had any tin overcoats, replied: "No, but I have a pair of candle moulds that would just fit you."

THE LONDON TIMES AND THE WAR.

The New York correspondent of the "Western Argus," published in Chatham, C. W., under date of October 28, writes thus:

FOREIGN POLICY.

The London "Times" still seems determined to influence France and other great powers of Europe, and compel the British government to raise the blockade. Owned as this journal principally is, by the Rothchilds, with their enormous wealth, the editor of which is Mr. Delany, the disappointed heir to a large estate of West India slaves on the Island of Jamaica, smarting under the pain received by the blow of Emancipation, they seem determined in defiance of the moral status of the Christian age in which we live, to defend, protect, and foster Slavery wherever it might be done, for the benefit of those who profit by its products.

THREE PARTIES CONCERNED.

One thing the London "Times" will have to learn, which I am sure it never dreamed of, that there is a party to this question besides itself and the Manchester Cotton Manufacturers, leaving out of the issue the Government of America and England. The black population of the United States are loyal and patriotic to a fault, and never in the history of the nation was so satisfied and contented to remain passive, and let the course of events have their own way. They believe in, and depend upon God and his Providence, and *therefore* would do nothing at the present juncture to embarrass their fellow countrymen, in this, their hour of trial.

But this I will assure the "Times," that if the Blockade is raised by European interference, the intelligent free blackmen who understand this whole question would look upon it as such, and regarding it as a determination to reopen the trade and defend the Cotton interest on the blasted hopes of their enslaved brethren, will find their way into the South, and regardless even of Manchester Cotton Dealers—though Englishmen they be—never permit another stock of cotton to be grown, by exciting the slaves to general insurrection. This, when worst comes to worst, by European interference, the over-bearing London "Times" may be certain of.

As appropos to this, the New York "Tribune" of this morning, placed in my hands since commencing this letter, has the following significant hint. Whether true or not it is of little consequence, since it seems to show the American feeling on the subject:

At a grand dinner given in Washington to Prince Napoleon and suit, an eminent American naval commander, born in a slave State, was seated next to a French naval officer who attended the Prince. The conversation between these two gentlemen turned upon the Southern blockade. The French officer said that it would before long be broken. "By what power?" asked the American. "By the English, of course," was the answer, "they can't live without cotton." "Very good," replied the American, "but I tell you what, the consequence of such an interference will make a figure in history. As soon as it happens a million of men will march South from the loyal States each carrying two muskets—one for himself, and one for a negro. Whether this proceeding will help the English to cotton, you Monsieur, can judge as well as I."

Let the London Times and over bearing cotton dealers beware of their interference with the affairs of a people determined to be free.

The interference of the British in Lagos, West Central Africa, is very unfavorably received by the colored population here, and does much towards shaking their confidence in British sincerity for their elevation.

HOMO.

A NEW SPECULATION—SINGULAR KIDNAPPING.

An outrageous transaction (says the Dayton Journal) was investigated before the Mayor on Saturday last. The victim was a colored child about six years old; and the parties under arrest were a man named Thomas Hopkins and a woman named Fanny Galloway, the latter formerly of Xenia and the former of Dayton. The speculation is novel, and perhaps a new way to raise the wind. The mode of proceeding was somewhat after this wise: Hopkins induced the woman—Galloway—to accompany him to Xenia and to present herself as *his wife, for the purpose of procuring* a colored child to raise, telling her she could realize a hundred dollars by the operation. She consented and succeeded after a good deal of labor in finding a child of the right age, belonging to parents who were willing to part with it for the purposes stated. They took the child to Lexington, Kentucky, and offered it for sale; they remained there five days, being out of money and not succeeding in effecting a sale, they left the child in pledge for their board, that amounted to $25, and returned to Dayton. After the lapse of several days it is said that some one advanced to Hopkins money enough to go back to Lexington and make another attempt to sell. This time he was successful, getting a horse, a gold watch and $40, in money for the child.

The charges being fully sustained, the Mayor bound Hopkins in the sum of $600, and Galloway in $400. They failed to give the bond and were sent to jail.

Marshal Hannon made the arrests in Indianapolis—Hopkins at Campmorton, and *Miss Galloway at a hotel. Hopkins has en*listed in Capt. Kline's company, and supposed that it would exempt him from civil arrest, but this impression was quite erroneous, as the Marshall had not the least trouble in getting him from the millitary authorities.

The child is yet in Lexington, and we are told that steps will be taken to secure it and restore it to its parents.

From the Philadelphia Christian Recorder, Nov. 2nd.

CONVERSION AND SUDDEN DEATH.

In the A. M. E. Church, Hurst Street, Philadelphia, for three or four weeks past the pastor has held a series of meetings, during which there were some sixteen conversions and accessions to the church. Among them was a remarkable case, which will doubtless be interesting to a portion of our readers.

On Sunday evening, the 13th of October, after the sermon, the Pastor stated that he felt moved upon to inform the congregation present, that some one in their midst would very soon be summoned to appear before God, and a preparation was neccessary. On Wednesday evening, the 16th, a young lady, namely Cornelia B. Pagans, having taken warning, came forward to the inquirer's seat to be prayed for. During the day she informed her cousin that she felt so bad she must surely die if not relieved. In the early part of the evening, Cornelia and her cousin attended their society, i. e., Order of Love and Charity, of which they were members. Cornelia was not content to stay long, but desired to attend church that she might seek the forgiveness of her sins. Her cousin desired her to go home, and have the Doctor or some medicine, but she refused; her desire was to attend church, and to church she came. When the invitation was extended for inquirers, she desired her cousin to accompany her, who refused. Cornelia, however, made her way *to the anxious seat*, and bowed in humble submission to Almighty God. She was not ashamed to pray, but boldly confessed her sins and asked forgiveness. She continued wrestling in prayer until the hour of adjournment, when the congregation was dismissed, and many dispersed. While many where leaving church to go home, what were Cornelia's thoughts? They were these, as she has since confessed:—"Must I go home without the blessings of salvation? No, I will wait here, I will pray here, until my sins are forgiven." She had scarcely finished these resolutions when her dungeon shook, her chains fell off. "Glory to God," she cried; "My soul is happy and I am free." She went home rejoicing and giving God the glory. On Sunday, the 20th, she joined the church. Many of the Society rejoiced at her reception. Ah! little did they think that their sweet fellowship would soon be ended. But, on Thursday evening, the 24th, after Cornelia had read a lesson in the Bible, and while singing a favorite hymn,

"The Lord is my shepherd," &c.,

she passed before the furnace, and her clothes took fire. She immediately ran up stairs to Mrs. Samuels, with whom she lived, and requested her to extinguish the flames, but alas! it was too late. The flames soon devoured almost every fragment of the wearing apparel in which she was clad. But while fire tortured the flesh, she exclaimed, "Glory to God, the fire is burning out my soul, but I have got Jesus." She was conveyed to the hospital, *and survived till Saturday, the 26th,* when she died in the full triumphs of faith, exclaiming, "I am going home to Jesus." "She hath given up the ghost; her sun is gone down while it was yet day" Ten days was the brief period of her pilgrimage. She has finished her course, her race is ended, and now the sparkling garland is entwined about her spiritual brow. Cornelia was truly tried by and with fire.

"She has gone to God; she has gone to her home:
No more amid peril and error to roam,
Her eyes no longer are dim;
Her feet no more will falter,
No grief can follow her;
No pang her cheek can alter.
O! honored, beloved, to earth unconfined,
Thou hast soared on high, thou hast left us behind.
But our parting is not forever,
We will follow thee by heaven's light,
Where the grave cannot dissever
The souls whom God will unite."

THE COUNTRY PHYSICIAN.

The poor doctor is called from his bed on a stormy night with the stirring summons:

"Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Bank's; his child's dead."

"Then why do you come?"

"He's poisoned. They gin him laudlum for paregoricky."

"How much did they give him?"

"Don't know—great deal. Think he won't get over it."

The doctor pushes on through the storm—with divers mishaps on the way; and at length arrives at the house of the poisoned patient. He finds it all closed, not a light to be seen. He knocks at the door but no answer. He knocks again furiously, and at last a nightcap appears at the chamber window, and a woman's voice calls out:

"Who's there?"

"The doctor, to be sure. You sent for him."

"Oh! it's no matter, doctor. Ephraim is better; we got a little skeered kinder.—Gin him laudlum, and he sleep kinder sound but he's waked up now."

"How much laudlum did he swallow?"

"Only two drops; 'taint hurt him none Wonderful bad storm to night."

The doctor turns away, buttoning his overcoat under his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away mortification and anger, when the voice calls:

"Doctor! doctor!"

"What do you want?"

"You won't charge nothin' for this visit will you?"

"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" said a gentleman to one whom he heard using profane language.

"He don't pay me anything," was the reply.

"Well, you work cheap enough, to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people, and to risk your own soul, [gradually rising in emphasis,] and all for nothing! You certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed!"

"I say, Mister, what's butter to-day?"

"Why butter, certainly."

"Well, I'm mighty glad of it, for the last pound I got of you was mor'n half lard!"

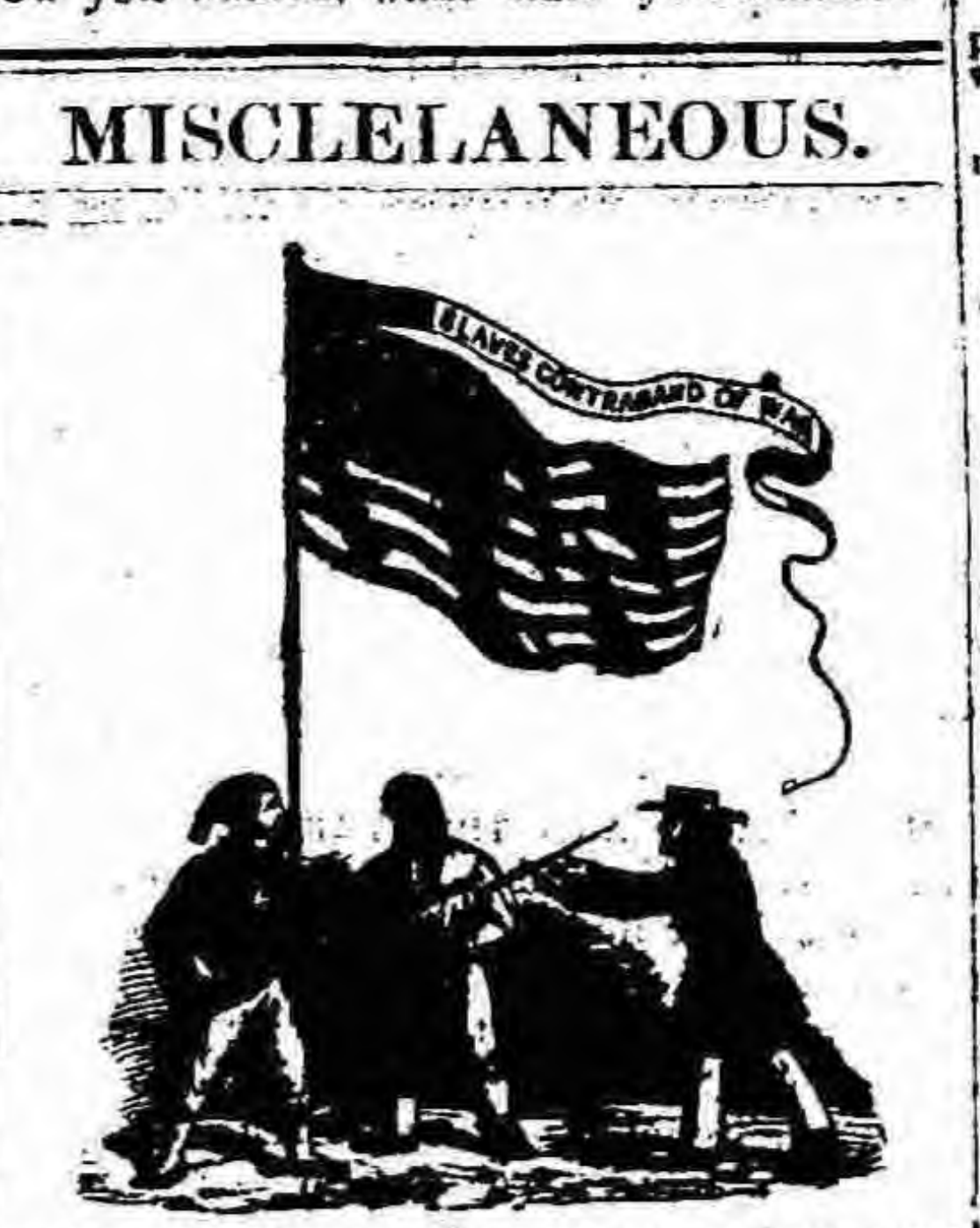
"How long will it take me to reach Jamaica," asked a pedestrian on the Jamaica turnpike.

"Walk on, walk on," said the person interrogated.

Thinking he was misunderstood, the traveler repeated the question, when the same answer was returned. Fancying that the man was crazy, the pedestrian moved on at an accelerated pace.

"Look here," said the interrogated party calling after the traveler, "it'll take you half an hour. I couldn't tell till I saw how you walked, what 'time' you'd make!"

MISCLELANEOUS.



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PAIN-KILLER.

We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, DIPTHERIA and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent linament for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

Dr. Walton writes from Coschocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, DIPTHERIA, or *Sore Throat*, that is so alarmingly prevalent here; and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

Rev. H. L. Van Meter, writing from Burmah says: "The *Pain-Killer* has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

Rev. Jabez Swan says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy."

Rev. A. W. Curtis: "By its use I entirely cured a felon in a few days."

The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

The New York Examiner says, "We have used the Pain-Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the family medicine box."

The N. Y. Independent says, "We have used it, and it proves to be all it professes."

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SUPERIOR FRENCH
CHEMICAL ERASIVE SOAP,

Made and improved by the ORIGINAL INVENTOR of the German and Austrian Chemical Erasive or Detersive Soap, of which the *real* and *genuine article* has, since its first introduction to the American public, been most favorably known, as the *Best* and *Cheapest* Washing Soap in the market, and with the present improvement, which is not known to any other manufacturer, we CHALLENGE THE WORLD to produce a better article.

1. One pound of it will accomplish as much as three pounds of any other soap.
2. But one quarter the time and labor are equired to do the same amount of washing, as with the best of family soap.
3. It does not injure the most delicate fabric; will tend to set the colors, and wash cleaner than any other soap in use.
4. Clothes need no boiling, and but little rubbing with the hands, thus avoiding their wear upon the wash-board.
5. Paints, Grease, Tar, and stains of every description vanish as by magic, before its wonderful, searching, erasive powers.
6. It is invaluable to Machinists, Printers Painters, and all others using Inks, Oils, etc. for washing hands; it does not chap them (like other soaps,) but will cleanse and soften the skin.
7. It may be used in hard or soft water, and is adapted for use in all climates.

Put up in one pound bars, sixty bars in each Box.

For sale by the bar or box by
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48 Beekman Street.

MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP.

Every mother should be prepared to act in the capacity of both nurse and physician to her children she can, if she will, discharge these duties much better than any one she can employ. If she does not, she ought to know that there is a Medicine prepared by an old nurse and female physician which has stood the test of many, many years, and is the most perfect thing on earth for children teething; it also cures Wind Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, and is sure to regulate the bowels. We say to every mother, do not let your own prejudices, or the prejudices of others stand in the way of the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP certainly does, as the name implies, "soothe" the little sufferer into a quiet, natural sleep, from which it awakes invigorated and refreshed. And for the cure of diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Wind Colic, &c., we have never seen its equal.

We have always been, and still are, opposed to the practice of drugging infants. This article has no deleterious effects whatever, and from our own experience (we speak advisedly) we have every confidence in it, and can heartily recommend it to all mothers. Take our advice—use it—and you will as strongly recommend it to others as we have to you.

When we say that MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP acts like a charm, we do but reiterate the language of every person who ever used it for heir children, for all diseases incident to the perior of teething, such as Dysentery and Diarrhœa, Wind Colic and Cholera Infantum. It will produce quietude and rest, relieve all suffering, and the infant will awake invigorated and refreshed, and not with the dull and stupefying effects of preparations of opium.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States.

During the thirty years of unprecedented and increasing popularity of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, innumerable "CORDIALS" and other nostrums, prepared by pretended M.D.'s, have sprung up and lived but a mushroom existence, the SOOTHING SYRUP has been constantly increasing in popularity, and become a household word, and THOUSANDS OF MOTHERS THANK MRS. WINSLOW for the health of their children, by the use of her valuable article.

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The following invaluable medicines may be obtained of
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DR. CLARKE'S
VEGETABLE SHERRY-WINE BITTERS,

Are composed of Sarsaparilla, Dock-root, Rhenbarb, Thoroughwort, Dandelion, Prickly Ash, Bark, &c. they should be taken not only in the Spring, but at all seasons of the year, as they operate directly on the liver, removing from it all coating of morbid matter, and restoring it to its normal action; also opening the bile ducts, causing the requisite flow of bile so essential to good health. Their influence upon the kidneys, also, is advantageously felt; at the same time they operate upon the blood, cleansing it from all impurity or taint of any kind. Humors of long standing are eradicated from the blood, thereby speedily curing jaundice, headache, weak stomachs sore eyes, nervousness, and other chronic disease, arising from impurity of the blood.

The palatableness of these bitters renders them agreeable to every one, and being composed entirely of vegetables, they may be used by all classes of people with safety.

Sold for the low price of 25 cents per pint bottle.

DR. CLARKE'S
SUGAR-COATED HERB PILLS.

These pills are made mostly from a valuable herb hat grows on the proprietor's farm.

Warranted to cure Bilious Stomach, Billious Bowels, Bilious Colic, Bilious Fever, and all diseases which arise from a bilious state of the system viz, Jaundice, Headache, Heartburn, Sour Stomach Liver Complaint, Weak Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, and a host, *of diseases too numerous to mention*, as their number is legion.

Warranted to cure diseases peculiar to the female sex

Warranted at all times safe and efficient.

Waranted for a gentle family physic not to have an equal in America, operating without pain.

Warranted not to contain calomel, aloes, gamboge colocynth, or other drastic poisonous drugs, which always do the system more hurt than good, and by their continued use are sure to cause a derangement of the liver, bring on costiveness, and its inevitable consequence, piles, and dyspepsia, and finally break down the constitution, and cause the victim to drag out a miserable existence. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wily poison. Your life is your own,—preserve it. Take a simple herb, sure in its effects, but safe and pleasant,—no wrenching pains, no ill effects, and made pleasant to take by a fine coat of sugar. Children love them, ladies admire them, fools and wise men cannot do without them, doctors prescribe them,—and every body takes them. Yes, every body; from the honest farmer and mechanic to the most learned philosopher. And why? Simply because they are good, excellently good; and will do you good.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

DR. CLARKE'S COUGH AND CROUP SYRUP.

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BLAKE: OR THE HUTS OF AMERICA.

A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R. DELANY.

PART I.

"By myself, the Lord of Ages,
I have sworn to right the wrong:
I have pledged my word unbroken,
For the weak against the strong."
[H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROJECT.

On one of those exciting occasions, during a contest for the Presidency of the United States, a number of gentlemen met in the city of Baltimore. They were few in number, and appeared little concerned about the affairs of the general government. Though men of intelligence, their time and attention seemed to be entirely absorbed in an adventure of self interest. They met for the purpose of completing arrangements for refitting the old ship 'Merchantman,' which then lay in the harbor near Fell's Point. Colonel Stephen Franks, Major James Armsted, Captain Richard Paul and Captain George Rayer, composed those who represented the American side—Captain Juan Garcia and Captain Jose Castello, those of Cuban interest.

Here a conversation ensued upon what seemed a point of vital importance to the company; it related to the place best suited for the completion of their arrangements. The Americans insisted on Baltimore as affording the greatest facilities, and having done more for the encouragement and protection of the trade, than any other known place. Whilst the Cubans on the other side, urged their objections on the ground that the continual increase of liberal principles in the various political parties, which were fast ushering into existence, made the objection beyond a controversy. Havana was contended for as a point best suited for adjusting their arrangements, and that too with many apparent reasons; but for some cause, the preference for Baltimore prevailed.

Subsequently to the adjustment of their affairs by the most complete arrangement for refitting the vessel, Col. Franks took leave of the party for his home in the distant State of Mississippi.

CHAPTER II.

COLONEL FRANKS AT HOME.

On the return of Colonel Stephen Franks to his home at Natchez, he met there Mrs. Arabella, the wife of Judge Ballard, an eminent jurist of one of the Northern States. She had arrived but a day before him, on a visit to some relatives, of whom Mrs. Franks was one. The conversation, as is customary on the meeting of Americans residing in such distant latitudes, readily turned on the general policy of the country.

Mrs. Ballard possessed the highest intelligence, and Mrs. Maria Franks was among the most accomplished of Southern ladies.

'Tell me, Madam Ballard, how will the North go in the present issue?' enquired Franks.

'Give yourself no concern about that, Colonel,' replied Mrs. Ballard, 'you will find the North true to the country.'

'What you consider true, may be false—that is it might be true to you, and false to us,' continued he.

'You do not understand me, Colonel,' she rejoined, 'we can have no interests separate from yours; you know the time-honored motto, 'united we stand,' and so forth, must apply to the American people under every policy in every section of the Union.'

'So it should, but amidst the general clamor in the contest for ascendency, may you not lose sight of this important point?'

'How can we? You, I'm sure, Colonel, know very well that in our country commercial interests have taken precedence of all others, which is a sufficient guarantee of our fidelity to the South.'

'That may be, madam, but we are still apprehensive.'

'Well sir, we certainly do not know what more to do to give you assurance of our sincerity. We have as a plight of faith yielded Boston, New York, and Philadelphia—the intelligence and the wealth of the North—in carrying out the Compromise measures for the interests of the South; can we do more?'

'True, Madam Ballard, true! I yield the controversy. You have already done more than we of the South expected. I now remember that the Judge himself, tried the first case under the Act, in your city, by which the measures were tested.'

'He did, sir, and if you will not consider me unwomanly by telling you, desired me, on coming here, to seek every opportunity to give the fullest assurance that the judiciary are sound on that question. Indeed, so far as an individual might be concerned, his interests in another direction as you know, place him beyond suspicion,' concluded Mrs. Ballard.

'I am satisfied, madam, and by your permission, arrest the conversation. My acknowledgments, madam!' bowed the Colonel, with true southern courtesy.

'Maria, my dear, you look careworn; are you indisposed?' inquired Franks of his wife, who during conversation sat silent.

'Not physically, Colonel,' replied she 'but'—

Just at this moment a servant throwing open the door announced dinner.

Besides a sprightly black boy of some ten years of age, there was in attendance a prepossessing, handsome maid servant, who generally kept, as much as the occasion would permit, behind the chair of her mistress. A mutual attachment appeared to exist between them, the maid apparently disinclined to leave the mistress, who seemed to keep her as near her person as possible.

Now and again the fat cook, mammy Judy, would appear at the door of the dining room bearing a fresh supply for the table, who with a slight nod of the head, accompanied with an affectionate smile and the word 'Maggie,' indicated a tie much closer than that of mere fellow-servants.

Maggie had long been the favorite maid servant of her mistress, having attained the position through merit. She was also nurse and foster-mother to the two last children of Mrs. Franks, and loved them, to all appearance, as her own. The children reciprocated this affection, calling her 'mammy.'

Mammy Judy, who for years had occupied this position, ceded it to her daughter, she preferring, in consequence of age, the less active life of the culinary department.

The boy Tony would frequently cast a comic look upon Mrs. Ballard, then imploringly gaze in the face of his mistress. So intent was he in this, that twice did his master admonish him by a nod of the head.

'My dear,' said the Colonel, 'you are dull to day; pray tell me what makes you sad?'

'I am not bodily afflicted Colonel Franks, but my spirit is heavy,' she replied.

'How so? What is the matter?'

'That will best be answered at another time and place, Colonel.'

Giving his head an unconscious scratch accompanied with a slight twitch of the corner of the mouth, Franks seemed to comprehend the whole of it.

On one of her Northern tours to the watering places, during a summer season some two years previous, having with her Maggie the favorite, Mrs. Franks visited the family of the Judge, at which time Mrs. Ballard first saw the maid. She was a dark mulatto of a rich, yellow, autumn-leaf like complexion, with a matchless, cushion-like head of hair, neither straight nor curly, but handsomer than either.

Mrs. Franks was herself a handsome lady of some thirty-five summers, but ten years less in appearance, a little above medium height, between the majestic and graceful, raven black hair, and dark, expressive eyes. Yet it often had been whispered that in beauty the maid equalled if not excelled the mistress. Her age was twenty-eight.

The conduct of Mrs. Franks toward her servant was more like that of an elder sister than a mistress, and the mistress and maiden sometimes wore dresses cut from the same web of cloth. Mrs. Franks would frequently adjust the dress and see that the hair of her maid was properly arranged. This to Mrs. Ballard was as unusual as it was an objectionable sight, especially as she imagined there was an air of hauteur in her demeanor. It was then she determined to subdue her spirit.

Acting from this impulse, several times in her absence, Mrs. Ballard took occasion to administer to the maid severities she had never experienced at the hands of her mistress, giving her at one time a severe slap on the cheek, calling her an 'impudent jade.'

At this, Mrs. Franks, on learning, was quite surprised, but on finding that the maid gave no just cause for it, took no further notice of it, designedly evading the matter. But before leaving, Mrs. Ballard gave her no rest until she gave her the most positive assurance that she would part with the maid on her next visit at Natchez. And thus she is found pressing her suit at the residence of the Mississippi planter.

CHAPTER III.

THE FATE OF MAGGIE.

After dinner colonel Franks again pressed the inquiry concerning the disposition of his lady. At this time the maid was in the culinary department taking her dinner. The children having been served, she preferred the company of her old mother whom she loved, the children hanging around, and upon her lap. There was no servant save the boy Tony present in the parlor

'I can't, I won't let her go! she's a dear good girl!" replied Mrs. Franks. 'The children are attached to her, and so am I; let Minny or any other of them go—but do not, for Heaven's sake, tear Maggie from me!"

'Maria, my dear, you've certainly lost your balance of mind! Do try and compose yourself,' admonished the Colonel. 'There's certainly no disposition to do contrary to your desires; try and be a little reasonable.'

'I'm sure cousin, I see no cause for your importunity. No one that I know of designs to hurt the negro girl. I'm sure it's not me!' impatiently remarked Mrs. Ballard.

During this, the boy had several times gone into the hall, looking toward the kitchen, then meaningly into the parlor as if something unusual were going on.

Mammy Judy becoming suspicious, went into the hall and stood close beside the parlor door, listening at the conversation.

'Cousin, if you will listen for a moment, I wish to say a word to you,' said Mrs. Ballard. 'The Judge, as you know, has a country seat in Cuba, near the city of Havana, where we design making every year our winter retreat. As we cannot take with us either free negroes or white servants, on account of the existing restrictions, I must have a slave, and of course I prefer a well-trained one, as I know all of yours to be. The price will be no object; as I know it will be none to you, it shall be none to me.'

'I will not consent to part with her, cousin Arabella, and it is useless to press the matter any further!' emphatically replied Mrs. Franks.

'I am sure, cousin Maria, it was well understood between the Colonel and the Judge, that I was to have one of your best-trained maid servants!' continued Mrs. Ballard.

'The Colonel and the Judge! If any such understanding exist, it is without my knowledge and consent, and—'

'It is true, my dear,' interposed the Colonel, 'but—'

'Then,' replied she, 'heaven grant that I may go too! from—'

'Pah, pah! cousin Maria Franks, I'm really astonished at you to take on so about a negro girl! You really appear to have lost your reason. I would not behave so for all the negroes in Mississippi.'

'My dear,' said Franks, 'I have been watching the conduct of that girl for some time past; she is becoming both disobedient and unruly, and as I have made it a rule of my life never to keep a disobedient servant, the sooner we part with her the better. As I never whip my servants, I do not want to depart from my rule in her case.'

Maggie was true to her womanhood, and loyal to her mistress, having more than once communicated to her ears facts the sound of which reflected no credit in his. For several repulses, such as this, it was that she became obnoxious to her master.

'Cousin Maria, you certainly have forgotten; I'm sure, when last at the North, you promised in presence of the girl, that I was to have her, and I'm certain she's expecting it,' explained Mrs. Ballard.

'This I admit,' replied Mrs. Franks; 'but you very well know, cousin Arabella, that that promise was a mere ruse, to reconcile an uneasiness which you informed me you discovered in her, after overhearing a conversation between her and some free negroes, at Saratoga Springs.'

'Well, cousin, you can do as you please,' concluded Mrs. Ballard.

'Colonel, I'm weary of this conversation. What am I to expect?' inquired Mrs. Franks.

'It's a settled point, my dear, she must be sold!' decisively replied Franks.

'Then I must hereafter be disrespected by our own slaves! You know, Colonel, that I gave my word to Henry her husband, your most worthy servant, that his wife should be here on his return. He had some misgiving that she was to be taken to Cuba before his return, when I assured him that she would be here. How can I bear to meet this poor creature, who places every confidence in what we tell him? He'll surely be frantic.'

'Nonsense, cousin, nonsense,' sneered Mrs. Ballard; 'frantic, indeed! Why you speak of your negro slaves as if speaking of equals. Make him know that whatever you order, he must be contented with.'

'I'll soon settle the matter with him, should he dare show any feelings about it!' interposed Franks; 'when do you look for him, Maria?'

'I'm sure, Colonel, you now more about the matter than I do. Immediately after you left, he took the horses to Baton Rouge, where at the last accounts, he was waiting the conclusion of the races. Judge Dilbreath had entered them according to your request, one horse for each day's races. I look for him every day. Then there are more than him to reconcile. There's old mammy Judy, who will run mad about her, You know, Colonel, she thought so much of her, that she might be treated tenderly the old creature gave up her situation in the house as nurse and foster-mother to our children, going into the kitchen to do the harder work.'

'Well, my dear, we'll detain your cousin till he comes. I'll telegraph the Judge that if not yet left, to start him home immediately.'

'Colonel that will be still worse, to let him witness her departure; I would much rather she'd leave before his return. Poor thing!' she sighed.

'Then she may go!' replied he,

'And what of poor old mammy and his boy?'

'I'll soon settle the matter with old Judy.'

Mrs. Franks looking him imploringly in the face, let drop her head, burying her face in the palms of her hands. Soon it was found necessary to place her under the care of a physician.

Old mammy Judy had long since beckoned her daughter, where both stood in breathless silence catching every word that passed.

At the conclusion, Maggie clasping her hands, exclaimed in suppressed tones,—

'O mammy, O mammy! what shall I do? O, there is no hope for me? Can't you beg master—can't you save me!'

'Look to de Laud, my chile! him only able to bring yeh out mo' ner conker!' was the prayerful advice of the woe-stricken old mother; both hastening into the kitchen, falling upon their knees, invoked aloud the God of the oppressed.

Hearing in that direction an unusual noise, Franks hastened past the kitchen door, dropping his head, and clearing his throat as he went along. This brought the slaves to an ordinary mood, who trembled at his approach.

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE OF MAGGIE.

The country-seat of Franks, or the 'great house' of the cotton plantation, was but a short distance from the city. Mrs Franks by the advice of her physician, was removed there to avoid the disturbance of the town, when at the same time Mrs. Ballard left with her slave Maggie en route for Baltimore, whither she designed leaving her until ready to sail for Cuba.

'Fahwell, my chile! fahwell; may God A'mighty be wid you!' were the parting words of the poor old slave, who with streaming eyes gazed upon her parting child for the last time.

'O mammy! can't you save me?—O Lord, what shall I do! O my husband! O my poor child! O my! O my!' were the only words, the sounds of which died upon the breeze, as the cab hastily bore her to a steamer then lying at the wharf.

Poor old mammy Judy sat at the kitchen door with elbow resting upon her knee, side of the face resting in the palm of the hand, tears streaming down, with a rocking motion, noticing nothing about her, but in sorrow moaning just distinctly enough to be understood:

'Po'! po' me! po' me!'

The sight was enough to move the hardest heart, and it so affected Franks, that he wished he had 'never owned a negro.'

Daddy Joe, the husband of mammy Judy, was a field hand on the cotton place, visiting his wife at the town residence, every Saturday night. Colonel Franks was a fine, grave, senatorial looking man, of medium height, inclined to corpulency, black hair, slightly grey, and regarded by his slaves as a good master, and religiously as one of the best of men.

On their arrival at the great house, those working nearest, gathered around the carriage, among whom was daddy Joe.

'What a mahtter wid missus?' was the general inquiry of the gang.

'Your mistress is sick, boys,' replied the master.

'Maus, whah's Margot?' enquired the old man, on seeing his mistress carried into the house without the attendance of her favorite maid-servant.

'She's in town, Joe,' replied Franks.

'How's Judy, seh?'

'Judy is well.'

'Tank's seh!' politely concluded the old man, with a bow, turning away in the direction of his work, with a countenance expressive of anything but satisfaction, from the interview.

The slaves from their condition, are suspicious, any evasion or seeming design at suppressing the information sought by them, frequently arouses their greatest apprehensions.

Not unfrequently the mere countenance, a look, a word, or laugh of the master, is an unerring foreboding of misfortune to the slave. Ever on the watch for these things, they learn to read them with astonishing precision.

This day was Friday, and the old slave consoled himself with the thought that on the next evening he would be able to see and know for himself the true state of things about his master's residence in town. The few hours intervening were spent with great anxiety, which was even observed by his fellow-slaves.

At last came Saturday evening and with it, immediately after sunset, daddy Joe made his appearance at the hall-door of the great house, tarrying only long enough to inquire 'How's missus?' and receive the reply, 'she's better,' when a few moments found him quite out of sight, striding his way down the lane toward the road to the city.

The sudden and unexpected fate of Maggie had been noised among the slaves throughout the entire neighborhood; many who had the opportunity of doing so, repairing to the house to learn the facts.

In the lower part of the town, bordering on the river there is a depot or receptacle for the slave gangs brought by professional traders. This part of the town is known as 'Natches under the Hill.' It is customary among the slaves when any of their number are sold, to say that they are gone 'under the hill,' and their common salutation through the day was, that 'Franks' Mag had gone under the hill.'

As with quickened steps daddy Joe approached the town, his most fearful apprehensions became terribly realised when meeting a slave who informed him that 'Margot had gone under the hill.' Falling upon his knees, in the fence corner, the old man raised his voice in supplication of Divine aid:

'O Laud! dow has promis' in dine own word, to be a fader to de faderless, an' husban to de wider! O Laud, let thy work run and be glorify! Sof'en de haud heart ob de presser, an' let my po' chile cum back! an'—

'Stop that noise there, old nigger!' ordered a patrol approaching him; 'who's boy are you?'

'Sarvant, maussa!' saluted the old slave, 'I b'long to cunel Frank, seh!'

'Is this old Joe?'

'Dis is me maus Johnny.'

'You had better trudge along home then, as it's likely old Judy wants to see you about this time'

'Tank's seh,' replied the old man, with a bow, feeling grateful that he was permitted to proceed.

'Devilish good, religious old negro,' he remarked to his associates, as the old man left them in the road.

A few minutes more, and daddy Joe entered the kitchen door at his master's residence. Mammy Judy, on seeing him, gave vent afresh to bitter wailing, when the emotion became painfully mutual.

'O husban'! husban'! our po' chile is gone!' exclaimed the old woman, clasping him around the neck.

'Laud! dy will be done!' exclaimed he, 'ole umin, look to de Laud! as he am suffishen for all tings;' both falling on their knees, breathed in silence their desires to God.

'How long! how long! O Laud how long!' was the supplicating cry of the old woman, being overcome with devotion and sorrow.

Taking the little grand-child in his arms—'Po' chile,' said the old man, 'I wish yeh had neber been baun!' impressing upon it kisses whilst it slept.

After a fervent and earnest prayer to God for protection to themselves, little grandson Joe, the return of his mother their only child, and blessings upon their master and the recovery of their mistress, the poor old slaves retired to rest for the evening, to forget their sorrows in the respite of sleep.

CHAPTER V.

A VACANCY.

This morning the sun rose with that beauty known to a southern sky in the last month of autumn. The day was Sabbath, and with it was ushered in every reminiscence common to the customs of that day and locality.

That she might spend the day at church for the diversion of her mind, Mrs. Franks was brought in to her city residence; and Natchez, which is usually gay, seemed more so on this day than on former occasions.

When the bells began to signalise the hour of worship, the fashionable people seemed en masse to crowd the streets. The carriages ran in every direction, bearing happy hearts and cheerful faces to the various places of worship—there to lay their offerings on the altar of The Most High for the blessings they enjoyed, whilst peering over every gate, out of every alley, or every kitchen door, could be seen the faithful black servants, who staying at home to prepare them food and attend to other domestic duties, were satisfied to look smilingly upon their masters and families as they rode along, without for a moment dreaming that they had a right to worship the same God, with the same promise of life and salvation.

'God bless you, missus! pray for me,' was the honest request of many a simple-hearted slave who dared not aspire to the enjoyment of praying for themselves in the Temple of the living God.

But amidst these scenes of gayety and pleasure, there was one much devoted to her church, who could not be happy that day, as there, to her, was a seeming vacancy which could not be filled—the seat of her favorite maid-servant. The Colonel, as a husband and father, was affectionate and indulgent: but his slave had offended, disobeyed his commands, and consequently, had to be properly punished, or he be disrespected by his own servants. The will of the master being absolute, his commands should be enforced, let them be what they may, and the consequences what they would. If slavery be right, the master is justifiable in enforcing obedience to his will; deny him this, and you at once deprive him of the right to hold a slave—the one is a necessary sequence of the other. Upon this principle colonel Franks acted, and the premise justified the conclusion.

When the carriage drove to the door, Mrs. Franks wept most bitterly, refusing to enter because her favorite maid could not be an incumbant. Fears being entertained of seriousness in her case, it was thought advisable to let her remain quietly at home.

Daddy Joe and mammy Judy, were anxious spectators of all that transpired at the door of the mansion, and that night, on retiring to their humble bed, earnestly petitioned at the altar of Grace, that the Lord would continue upon her his afflictions, until their master convinced of his wrongs, would order the return of their child.

This the Colonel would have most willingly done without the petition of Joe or Judy, but the case had gone too far, the offense too great, and consequently there could be no reconsideration.

'Poor thing,' uttered Mrs. Franks in a delirium, 'she served him right! And this her only offense! Yes, she was true to me!'

Little Joe, the son of Maggie, in consequence of her position to the white children—from whom her separation had been concealed—had been constantly with his grandmother, and called her 'mammy.' Accustomed to being without her, he was well satisfied so long as permitted to be with the old woman Judy.

So soon as her condition would permit, Mrs. Franks was returned to her country seat, to avoid the contingencies of the city.

CHAPTER VI.

HENRY'S RETURN.

Early on Monday morning, a steamer was heard puffing up the Mississippi. Many who reside near the river, by custom can tell the name of every approaching boat by the peculiar sound of the steampipe, the one in the present instance being the Sultana.

Daddy Joe had risen and just leaving for the plantation, but stopped a moment to be certain.

'Hush!' admonished mammy Judy, 'hush! sho chile, do'n yeh hear how she holler? Sholy dat's de wat's name! wat d't yeh call er?' "Suckass," wat not; sho! I ain' gwine bauther my head long so—sho! See, ole man see! dare she come! See dat now! I tole yeh so, but yeh uden bleve me!' and the old man and woman stood for some minutes in breathless silence, although the boat must have been some five miles distant, as the escape of steam can be heard on the western waters a great way off.

The approach toward sunrise, admonished daddy Joe of demands for him at the cotton farm, when after bidding 'good [illegible] ole [illegible],' he hurried to the daily task which lay before him.

Mammy Judy had learned by the boy Tony, that Henry was expected on the Sultana, and at the approach of every steamer, her head had been thrust out of the door or window to catch a distinct sound. In motionless attitude after the departure of her husband this morning, the old woman stood awaiting the steamer, when presently the boat arrived. But then to be certain that it was the expected vessel—now came the suspense.

The old woman was soon relieved from this most disagreeable of all emotions, by the cry of the news boys returning from the wharf—

'Ere's the Picayune, Atlas, Delta! lates' news from New Orleans by the swift steamer Sultana!'

'Dare now!' exclaimed mammy Judy in soliloquy; 'dare now! I tole yeh so!—de wat's name come!' Hurrying into the kitchen, she waited with anxiety the arrival of Henry.

Busying about the breakfast for herself and other servants about the house—the white members of the family all being absent—mammy Judy for a time lost sight of the expected arrival. Soon however, a hasty footstep arrested her attention, when on looking around it proved to be Henry who came smiling up the yard.

'How'd you do mammy! how's Mag' and the boy?' inquired he, grasping the old woman by the hand.

She burst into a flood of tears, throwing herself upon him.

'What is the matter!' exclaimed Henry, 'is Maggie dead?'

'No chile,' with increased sobs she replied, 'much betteh she war.'

'My God! has she disgraced herself?'

'No chile, may be betteh she dun so, den she bin hear now an' not sole. Maus Stephen sell eh case she!—I dun'o, reckon dat's de reason!'

'What!—Do you tell me mammy she had better disgraced herself than been sold! By the—!'

'So, Henry! yeh ain' gwine swar! hope yeh ain' gwine lose yeh 'ligion! Don't do so; put yeh trus' in de Laud, he is suffishen fah all!'

'Don't tell me about religion! What's religion to me? My wife is sold away from me by a man who is one of the leading members of the very church to which she and I belong! Put my trust in the Lord! I have done so all my life nearly, and of what use is it to me? My wife is sold from me just the same as if I did n't. I'll—'

'Come, come, Henry, yeh mus'n talk so; we is po' weak an' bline creters, an' cant see de way ob de Laud. He move' in a mystus way, his wundehs to purfaum.'

'So he may, and what is all that to me? I don't gain anything by it and—'

'Stop, Henry, stop! ain' de Laud bless yo' soul? ain' he take yeh foot out de mich an' clay, an' gib yeh hope de udder side de vale ub tears?'

'I'm tired looking the other side; I want a hope this side of the vale of tears. I want something on this earth as well as a promise of things in another world. I and my wife have been both robbed of our liberty, and you want me to be satisfied with a hope of heaven. I won't do any such thing; I have waited long enough on heavenly promises; I'll wait no longer. I—'

'Henry, wat de mautter wid yeh! I neveh hear yeh talk so fo'—yeh sin in de sight ub God; yeh gone clean back, I reckon. De good Book tell us, a tousan' years wid man, am but a day wid de Laud. Boy yeh got wait de Laud own pinted time.'

'Well mammy, it is useless for me to stand here and have the same gospel preached into my ears by you, that I have all my lifetime heard from my enslavers. My mind is made up, my course is laid out, and if life last, I'll carry it out. I'll go out to the place to-day, and let them know I have returned.'

'Sho boy! what yeh gwine do, bun hous down? Betteh put 'yeh trus' in de Laud!' concluded the old woman.

'You have too much religion mammy for me to tell you what I intend doing,' said Henry in conclusion.

After taking up his little son, impressing on his lips and cheeks kisses for himself and tears for his mother, the intelligent slave left the abode of the care-worn old woman for that of his master at the cotton place.

Henry was a black—a pure negro—handsome, manly and intelligent, in size comparing well with his master, but neither so fleshy nor heavy built in person. A man of good literary attainments—unknown to Col. Franks, though he was aware he could read and write—having been educated in the West Indies, and decoyed away when young. His affection for wife and child was not excelled by Colonel Franks for his. He was bold, determined and courageous, but always mild, gentle and courteous, though impulsive when an occasion demanded his opposition.

Going immediately to the place, he presented himself before his master. Much conversation ensued concerning the business which had been entrusted to his charge, all of which was satisfactorily transacted, and full explanations concerning the horses, but not a word was uttered concerning the fate of Maggie, the Colonel barely remarking 'your mistress is unwell.'

After conversing till a late hour, Henry was assigned a bed in the great house, but sleep was far from his eyes. He turned and changed upon his bed with restlessness and anxiety, impatiently awaiting a return of the morning.

CHAPTER VII.

MASTER AND SLAVE.

Early on Tuesday morning in obedience to his master's orders, Henry was on his way to the city, to get the house in readiness for the reception of his [illegible]. Mrs. Franks having much improved in [illegible] four days. Mammy Judy [illegible] risen when he knocked at the door.

'Hi Henry! yeh hear ready! [illegible] yeh git up so soon; arter some mischief I reckon? Do'n reckon yeh arter any good!' saluted mammy Judy.

'No mammy,' replied he, 'no mischief, but like a good slave such as you wish me to be, come to obey my master's will. Just what you like to see.'

'Sho boy! none yeh nonsens', [illegible] I want yeh bey maus Stephen? [illegible] nonsens' in yeh head las' night long 'go, I reckon! Wat dat yeh gwine do now?'

'I have come to dust and air the mansion for their reception. They have sold my wife away from me, and who else would do her work?' This reply excited the apprehension of mammy Judy.

'Wat yeh gwine do Henry? yeh arter no good; yeh ain' gwine 'tack maus Stephen is yeh?'

'What do you mean mammy, strike him?'

'Yes! reckon yeh ain' gwine hit 'im?'

'Curse—!'

'Henry, Henry, member wat yeh 'fess! far de Laud sake, yeh ain' gwine take to swarin?' interrupted the old woman.

'I make no profession mammy. I once did believe in religion, but now I have no confidence in it. My faith has been wrecked on the stony hearts of such pretended christians as Stephen Franks, while passing through this stormy sea of trouble and oppression! and—'

'Hay, boy! yeh is gittin' high! yeh call maussa "Stephen?"'

'Yes, and I'll never call him "master" again, except when compelled to do so.'

'Botteh g'long ten' to de house fo' white folks come, an' neber mine talkin' 'bout fightin' 'long wid maus Stephen. Wat yeh gwine do wid white folks? Sho!'

'I don't intend to fight him, mammy Judy, but I'll attack him concerning my wife, if the words be my last! Yes, I'll —!' and pressing his lips to suppress the words, the outraged man turned away from the old slave mother, with such feelings as only an intelligent slave could realise.

The orders of the morning were barely executed, when the carriage came to the door. The bright eyes of the footboy Tony sparkled when he saw Henry approaching the carriage.

'Well Henry! ready for us?' enquired his master.

'Yes sir,' was the simple reply. 'Mistress!' he saluted, politely bowing as he took her hand to assist her from the carriage.

'Come Henry, my man, get out the riding horses,' ordered Franks after a little rest.

'Yes sir.'

A horse for the colonel and lady each, was soon in readiness at the door, but none for himself, it always having been the custom in their morning rides, for the maid and man-servant to accompany the mistress and master.

'Ready did you say?' enquired Franks on seeing but two horses standing at the stile.

'Yes sir.'

'What for sir?'

'What for? yourself to be sure!'

'Colonel Franks!' said Henry, looking him sternly in the face, 'when I last rode that horse in company with you and lady, my wife was at my side, and I will not now go without her! Pardon me—my life for it, I won't go!'

'Not another word you black imp!' exclaimed Franks, with an uplifted staff in a rage; 'or I'll strike you down in an instant!'

'Strike away if you will sir, I don't care—I wont go without my wife!'

'You impudent scoundrel! I'll soon put an end to your conduct! I'll put you on the auction block, and sell you to the negro traders.'

'Just as soon as you please sir, the sooner the better, as I don't want to live with you any longer!'

'Hold your tongue sir, or I'll cut it out of your head! you ungrateful black dog! Really things have come to a pretty pass when I must take impudence from my own negro! By gracious!—God forgive me for the expression—I'll sell every negro I have first! I'll dispose of him to the hardest negro trader I can find!' said Franks in a rage.

'You may do your mightiest, colonel Franks. I'm not your slave, nor never was, and you know it! and but for my wife and her people, I never would [illegible] with you till now. I was [illegible] when young, and then became [illegible] in such domestic relations as to [illegible] to remain with you; but now [illegible] is broken. I know that the odds are against me, but never mind?'

'Do you threaten me, sir? Hold your tongue, or I'll take your life instantly, you villain!'

'No sir, I don't threaten [illegible] Colonel Franks, but I do say that [illegible] treated like a dog. You sold [illegible] from me, after always [illegible] should be free, and [illegible] sold her because [illegible] about whipping me. [illegible] do anything [illegible] your hands on me, as I will [illegible] to whip [illegible]

Running up to his [illegible] seized a revolver [illegible] ing hold of his [illegible]

'Colonel, [illegible]

'Ma[illegible]

[illegible]

hope you'll not be rash. For Heaven's take, do not stain your hands in blood.'

'I do not mean to, my dear. I take this *for protection*!' said Franks hastening down stairs, when Henry had gone into the back part of the premises.

'Dar now! dar now!' exclaimed *mammy* Judy as Henry entered the kitchen, 'see wat dis gwine back done for yeh! Betteh put yo' trus' in de Laud! Henry, yeh gone clean back to de wurl ghin, yeh knows it!'

'You're mistaken mammy, I do trust the Lord as much as ever, but I now understand him better than I use to, that's all. I dont intend to be made a fool of any longer by false preaching.'

'Henry!' interrogated Daddy Joe, who apprehending difficulties in the case, had managed to get back to the house, 'yeh gwine lose all yo' ligion?' What yeh mean boy!

'Religion!' replied Henry rebukingly; 'that's always the cry with black people. Tell me nothing about religion when the very man who hands you the bread at communion, has sold your daughter away from you!'

'Den yeh 'fen' God case man 'fen' yeh! Take 'are Henry, take 'are! mine wat yeh 'bout; God is lookin' at yeh, an' if yeh no' willin' trus' 'im, yeh ne'd'n call on 'im in *time o' trouble*.'

'I dont intend, unless He does more for me then than he has done before. "Time of need!" If *ever man needed* his assistance, I'm sure I need it now.'

'Yeh do'n know wat yeh need; de Laud knows bes'. On'y trus' in 'im, an' 'e bring yeh out mo' ner conk'r. By de help o' God I's hear dis day, to gib yeh comfot!'

'I have trusted in Him daddy Joe, all my life, as I told mammy Judy this morning, but—'

'Ah boy, yeh's gwine back! Dat on't do Henry, dat on't do!'

'Going back from what? my oppressor's religion? If I could only get rid of his inflictions as easily as I can his religion, I *would be this day a free man, when* you might then talk to me about "trusting."'

'Dis Henry, am one ob de ways ob de Laud; he fus' tl'cks us an' den he bless us.'

'Then it's a way I dont like.'

'Mine how yeh talk, boy!'

God moves in a mist'us way
His wondehs to perfaum,' an—'

'He moves too slow for me daddy Joe; I'm tired waiting so—'

'Come Henry I hab no sich talk like dat! yeh is gittin' rale weaked; yeh gwine let de debil take full 'session ob yeh! Take 'are boy, mine how yeh talk!'

'It is not wickedness, daddy Joe; you dont understand these things at all. If a thousand years with us is but a day with God, do you think that I am required to wait all that time?'

'Dont Henry, dont! de wud say 'Stan' *still an' see de salbation*.'

'That's no talk for me daddy Joe, I've been "standing still" long enough; I'll "stand still" no longer.'

'Den yeh no call t' bey God wud? Take 'are boy, take 'are!'

'Yes I have, and I intend to obey it, but that part was intended **for the Jews, a people long since dead. I'll obey that intended for me.**'

'How yeh gwine bey it?'

'"Now is the accepted time, to-day is the day of salvation." So you see, daddy Joe, this is very different to standing still.'

'Ah boy, I's fea'd yeh's losen yeh 'ligion!'

'I tell you once for all daddy Joe, that I'm not only "loosing," but I have altogether lost my faith in the religion of my oppressors As they are our religious teachers, my estimate of the thing they give, is no greater than it is for those who give it.'

With elbows upon his knees, and face resting in the palms of his hands, daddy Joe for some time sat with his eyes steadily fixed on the floor, while Ailcey who for a part of the time had been an auditor to *the conversation, went into the house* about her domestic duties.

'Never mind Henry! I hope it will not always be so with you. You have been kind and faithful to me and the Colonel, and I'll do any thing I can for you!' sympathetically said Mrs. Franks, who having been a concealed spectator of the interview between Henry and the old people, had just appeared before them.

Wiping away the emblems of grief which stole down his face, with a deep toned voice, upgushing from the recesses of a more than iron-pierced soul, he enquired—

'Madam, what can you do! Where is my wife?' To this, Mrs. Franks gave a deep sigh. 'Never mind, never mind!' continued he, 'yes, I will mind, and by—!'

'O! Henry, I hope you've not taken to swearing! I do hope you will not give over to wickedness! Our afflictions should only make our faith the stronger.'

'"Wickedness!" Let the righteous reprove the wicked, and the Christian condemn the sinner!'

'That is uncharitable in you Henry! as you know I have always treated you kindly, and God forbid that I should consider myself any less than a Christian! and I claim as much at least for the Colonel, though like frail mortals he is liable to err at times.'

'Madam!' said he with suppressed emotion—starting back a pace or two—'do you think there is anything either in or out of hell so wicked, as that which Colonel Franks has done to my wife, and now about to do to me? For myself I care not—my wife!'

'Henry!' said Mrs. Franks, gently placing her hand upon his shoulder, "there is yet a hope left for you, and you will be faithful enough I know, not to implicate any person; it is this; Mrs. Van Winter, a true friend of your race, is shortly going to Cuba on a visit, and I will arrange with her to purchase you through an agent on the day of your sale, and by that means you can get to Cuba, where probably you may be fortunate enough to get the master of your wife to become your purchaser.'

'Then I have two chances!' replied Henry.

Just then Ailcey thrusting her head in the door, requested the presence of her mistress in the parlor.

A colored man, named James Madison, living near the Blue Ball, Lancaster, Pa., raised a cabbage this season which measured thirty-five inches in circumference, and weighed twenty-seven pounds.

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"What shall be done with the Slaves?"

The policy of the Government in regard to the slave question appears to be this. In the partially loyal or border States, to uphold loyal slave owners, by securing to them their slaves for the present; in the disloyal and entirely rebellious States, to accept the services of all slaves, and hire and pay them as laborers, and if necessity *requires to arm them as auxiliary troops*; setting free all who come within the lines of the troops, engaging to pay only loyal owners for their abstracted *property*.

This amounts in fact to entire emancipation—if the slaves will it—of all the slaves in the cotton States; and their can be no doubt that the slaves will accept this offered emancipation. In regard to the slavery of the border States, even the *N. Y. Herald* —a competent authority on this point—admits that it will end with the war.

Hence the question now agitating the public mind, almost as deeply as the war itself, is, what shall be done with the slaves, or rather, freed-men?

Two modes of disposing of them have been named. 1st. Banishment to some foreign territory. 2nd. (*By the New York Herald.*) The division of them among the non-slave-possessing Unionists of the cotton States.

1st. The Banishment or expatriating scheme is criminal in its very conception. None but the heartless could entertain the idea, none but the personally interested uphold it. It is a scheme which proposes to return evil for good; it advises our government *to repay loyalty by banishment*, simply to oblige the rebels now in arms. No other reason can be urged for expatriation of the freedmen than that their present owners would be unwilling to live on terms **of equal citizenship with their liberated slaves. This is a reason which would also require the banishment of the non-slave-holding, or poor whites, of the slave States** also, for the slaveocrats regard them as on a level with their slaves.

Where is the power or authority of the Government to do this thing?

The status of the freed men will be that of "persons" according to the lowest construction—should be "citizens of the United States," according to Thomas Jefferson. The liberated slaves captured on slavers and sent to Liberia had acquired no such status, and the government has no authority to expatriate or banish any persons from its territory, even as a penalty for crime.

But if the government had the will and the power, where would it find a locality to which to send four millions of freed men? The little Republic of Liberia, which strains and pants under an addition of a few thousand liberated Africans, would be squelched, wiped out, '*bust*,' under one million, let alone four; we know that it is a plucky little republic, and that its navy, (the schooner Quail) is on a war footing, and its steam marine, the Seth Grosvenor, (90 feet long!) under Captain the Hon. Joseph Turpin, is quite some; but at the advent of four million of freed men what would be her fate? *Ermpit, Evadit*—she would burst, our lamented fellow-citizen P. W. Downing, would return to his mother air, and our equally lamented C. Luca, like a modern Apollo, would be obliged strike his lyre for the benefit of enchanted dolphins.

Great Britain has hermetically sealed Abbeokuta against colored American emi*gration in force, by seizing upon Lagos.*

Central America could now be obtained only by conquest in the teeth of the material opposition of England, France, and Spain.

As to the island of Hayti: Title 1, Art. 1, of its constitution, declares that "The Island of Hayti and the adjacent Islands which are dependent thereon, form the territory of the Republic." Art. 4. "The Republic of Hayti is one and indivisible, essentially free, sovereign and independent." "Its Territory is inviolable, and cannot be alienated by any treaty."*

This Constitution was adopted in 1846. In 1861 we find Spain seizing upon two-thirds of this Island of Hayti, this "indivisible," "inviolable" territory, without a gun being fired in opposition by Geffrard its heroic President, and who was further "kicked and cuffed" by Spain to the tune of a fine of **twenty-five thousand dollars**, for a fancied insult to the Spanish flag. And who can gainsay the allegation, that, any fine morning, when Spain may take it in her head to finish the meal, she can easily swallow the remaining third of Hayti? Her own bad faith in receiving millions of pounds sterling from England thirty years ago to abolish a slave trade which she has faithlessly maintained ever since, and the immediate neighborhood of her slave-holding Cuba, are ample guarantees that she will, at the earliest moment, make Hayti also a slave-holding territory or province. *The Cubans will first acquire territory, then* claim the right to remove their "property" into the Spanish end of Hayti. We have at least so much faith in our government as to believe that it would not banish its freed men to a territory where, as in Hayti, the doom of slavery hangs upon their not dis*tant future.*

Apart from this, the fragment of Hayti, now under the rule of black men, only one-third of the island, and containing less than ten thousand square miles, is entirely too small in area to receive an addition of four millions of inhabitants; it would raise the number of her population *to five hundred* persons to each square mile; denser by one hundred per cent that any known population on the face of the globe; denser than even fertile Hayti could possibly support; almost as dense as they pack emigrants in the rickety bottoms which have sailed from this port for St. Marks; but *not too dense* for the *pocket lens* of the Chief of the Bureau; for at the rate of two dollars ahead—not Haytian dollars mind you—that is to say eight millions of dollars *per se*, the little chief would burst out out into a golden ecstacy!

Whether we look at the politico—moral aspect of the question, or at a suitable locality for that purpose, it is safe to say that the emancipated slaves of our Southern states will not be banished beyond the territory of the United States.

They must therefore be disposed of within the United States and its territories.

The "Herald's" project of the

"Division of Slaves among Loyal Non Slaveholders,"

would be diabolical if it were not perfectly ridiculous. It is simply one of those raw-"head and bloody bone" conceptions wherewith the "Herald" is wont to frighten nervous old gentlemen and simple servant girls—"The respectable young women," whose two shilling advertisements have made *Mr. Bennett grow rich. They* pour gold into his pockets and he pours nonsense into their ears. But there is a method beneath this mad proposition. Emancipation would throw upon the country North and South, half a million, at least, of respectable young women, active, tidy, *handy, docile, and willing to work for low* wages; hence, Bennett's great constituency would be in great danger of losing their places, and he in equal danger of losing his quarters; and such old sinners grow more **miserly as they grow older and richer. A shrewd Intelligence Office-keeper is already on the *qui vive* in this direction.**

The solution of what to do with the slaves will force itself upon the government just as other questions in this war have done. During the war, the government will require, will use, and will pay for, the labor, or other services, of all the slaves in the ultra-rebellious states. When the war is ended, there will be few, if any, slaves, for the government to dispose of. There will be four million of free men and women and children, accustomed to toil, who have by their labor during sixty years past supported themselves, and in addition, an extravagant aristocracy, and in addition produced a staple or staples which have been the basis and support of American, British, and French industry.† Besides these laborers, lands will be confiscated to the government, and turned into public lands, subject to pre-emption rights, or if Gerrit Smith again gets into Congress, turned into "free land for the landless." What course *can be clearer, what course more politic*, what course will so immediately restore the equilibrium of commerce, what course will be so just, so humane, so thoroughly conducive to the public weal and the national advancement, as that the government should immediately bestow these lands upon these freed men who know best how to cultivate them, and will joyfully bring their brawny arms, their willing hearts, and their skilled hands to the glorious labor of cultivating as their OWN, the lands which they have bought and paid for by their sweat and blood?

The guns of the Wabash having opened up Broad river, General Sherman finds, in the richest district of all rebeldom, fields white with cotton bolls, and freed black men alone in possession of them; no living sober white man is found to claim either the fields, or the men, but a day before slaves. Let us see the impression made by these events on the mind of a disinterested observer, a Frenchman who had been in the Crimean war, an extract from whose letter we copy on our fourth page from the New York "Herald" of November 16th; it is dated from Port Royal, and written after the capture of that place by our naval armament.

Such is the light which the events at *Beaufort cast on the question we have un*der consideration; a question which we may further consider under its proper title, "What will be *done with our freed men*, when the war is over.

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*Redpath's Guide to Hayti (Presentation Copy) p. 65.

†The whole of the mines of England, coal, iron, tin, &c., yield only one hundred and fifty millions of dollars per annum; the cotton crop alone of the United States yield two hundred millions of dollars per annum!

* * *

One of the bravest men in the gallant fight near Lebanon, Mo., a few days ago, was a negro. The Captain of the Union troops reports that Lieut. Montgomery killed four rebels with his sword, and the Captain's colored servant two.]

Army Correspondence.

Headquarters of Hooker's Division,
Near Budd's Ferry, Doncaster, Md.
Nov. 11, 1861.

Mr. Editor: I promised that I would say something in regard to the "Anglo;" since that promise was penned I have endured all the vicissitudes and fatigue of a long march, suffered a painful illness, and labored under so many other difficulties that the fulfilment of it has been all but impossible. But, my dear sir, we surely can rely on the self-respect, intelligence and public spirit of our people, for that encouragement and support your noble paper so justly merits, without me urging its claims. The most eloquent testimonial that could possibly be offered in its behalf, it bears upon its own face, in its columns. I shall never entertain the thought that the colored people could be so recreant to duty and interest as to allow your paper to perish for want of support. It behooves every one of us in this startingly eventful period of our country's history, one portion of which is sternly warring for our utter enslavement, the other scorning and rejecting our every manly and patriotic impulse, to unite heart and hand in making the "Anglo" the Tribune of the negro. Never let the shameful story go forth that three hundred *and fifty thousand black men* could not support one single newspaper.

The main body of this Division took up he line of march for this place on the 24th ult., accompanied by a numerous artillery and baggage train. The distance from Camp Union to Budd's Ferry is reckoned *to be between thirty-eight and forty miles*, and the road is the most villainous I ever saw. I call it a road because the folks here call it one. No people in the world, save sloven, brutal, ignorant Marylanders, would dignify this meandering quagmire, this tortuous slough of despondency, with the title of road. It is intersected throughout its entire length with unbridged runs, creeks, and ponds of sandy mud. Our struggling teams would be stalled for hours, and when I call to mind the state of that—I am ready to believe that our arrival here with artillery and baggage safe and sound, is the result of some supernatural interposition.

The scenes along the road were numberless and indescribable. These cold, autumnal nights and wet murky days, the folks at home, seated by blazing, cheerful hearths, may read with perfect *nonchalance* of the *soldier's march from one point to another.* Little do they dream of the hardships of the march; the travel of miles with nothing to eat but hard biscuit, his trunk packed on his back, on his shoulders forty rounds of ball cartridge and a thirteen pound gun; at **night he stops for the bivouac, chops his wood, builds his fire, makes a bed of the earth, accepts the sky for his roof, and sleeps regardless of storms, wind or rain.**

The second day after our departure, an affair transpired which came near proving fatal to a private of the 26th Pennsylvania Regiment. Colonel Small (who, by the way, is the same individual who furnished the oracular part of Parson Brownlow's Argument with Rev. Abram Pryne, at National Guards' Hall,) ordered that no man should advance alone beyond the regiment. Privates Winter and Brody disobeyed this order, and the Colonel ordered them back. Thinking they did not move quick enough, he fired three shots, one taking effect in the leg of Brody, and another in the spine of Winters, who was left at Piscataway, too badly wounded to be moved farther than that place.

The towns were not to be seen—the villages, few and very far between. I saw two churches on the route, but no school houses. The latter *may have been seces*sion ones. Plenty of negroes, dirty, ragged, dreamy-eyed—very few seedy looking, stupid whites. On every hand I saw the evidences of sloth and thriftlessness, the twin sisters or offsprings of unrequited toil.—When a chance offered, some poor fellow would venture to ask a question about the object of the Union troops, so many fugitives having been returned by them that the slaves are almost their enemies. One old fellow told me that he did not want the Union troops to help him out, but wanted them not to be so anxious to send him back into hard, *helpless bondage*.

The slaves, to a man, are on the alert. They look upon Union men as little better than secessionists. I thought to myself that many a lesson might have been learned by these Northern soldiers, of the effects of slavery upon a community, but the men of which this army is composed are drawn from the cesspools of society, and are intemperate, brutal and ignorant; pregnant with negro hate, and strangers to every sentiment of honor or justice. They would carry fire and sword to the home of friend, as well as foe, and never yet have imbibed the first notions of law or humanity. No country in the world furnishes a populace so hatefully mean and violent as that of the United States. On every hand are the traces of wanton destruction of property; hen-roosts, turkey pens, turnip patches, barns, were ransacked and pillaged. I saw a fine *fat hog* pierced with bayonets, and a hind quarter cut from him while yet alive, the rest left behind. Cattle and sheep were shot down for mere pastime.

A party of men from the Excelsior Brigade went into the house of a free colored man by the name of Isaac Newton, and behaved most shamefully. After eating all they could find, they insulted his wife and daughters. Captain Price, learning that his men were at Newton's, went down to protect him, if possible, when the villains fired on the Captain, wounding a young man who happened to be in his company at the time. The Captain returned the fire with his revolver, mortally wounding one and *slightly wounding two others*. Mr. Newton was left to himself by his master, who died some three years ago. He informs me that the slaveholders have done everything in their power to ruin him. He owns about one hundred acres of land here in Doncaster. His entire family, a wife, son and three *daughters, were left free upon this place*, and he has thus become an object of hatred and envy among the slave-driving whites. They have been killing his stock, tramping under foot his grain, annoying him with midnight patrols. Last fall a party of them attacked him with clubs, and for four long weeks he was confined to his bed from the effects of the assault.

Since our arrival here, the 28th ult., we have had no letters, papers or news. The mails are irregular, but in very short time, the General tells us, we will have regular mail facilities.

G. E. S.

Colored People at Fortress Monroe.

Accounts have been published to October 14th. Mr. Lockwood, the missionary, has been *diligently at work promoting the* temporal and spiritual welfare of the ex-slaves. He was met with obstacles, arising in part from the unfriendliness of some persons, "clothed with a brief authority," who have been accustomed to look upon the "negro" with contempt, and in part from a conflict of authority between persons exercising jurisdiction over the "contrabands." Gen. Wool is friendly, and so are other officers of various grades, while some, either from misunderstanding the views of Government, in relation to the freed men, or differing among themselves as to matters left to their discretion, have thwarted Mr. Lockwood, in some respects, while injustice has been done to them for whose benefit he has been laboring with so much assiduity. As the views of Government have been better understood by those who have interrupted Mr. Lockwood's labors, and the voice of the people has been so unequivocally expressed in favor of this missionary movement, opposition has lessened, and we are encouraged to believe that the Gospel will henceforth have free course among our "sable brothers and sisters" at Fortress Monroe and the neighborhood.

As Mr. Lockwood's incessant labors has brought on a renewal of a bronchial complaint, to which he has been subject in times past, he has been relieved for the present by Rev. S. S. Jocelyn, our Secretary **for the Home Department who after visiting Washington, proceeded to the fortress, where he arrived on the 9th of November.** He writes as follows:

—"I arrived on Saturday morning. The deputy of the Provost Marshal came on board, and I accompanied him to the Provost Marshal's office, where, with others, I took the oath to be loyal to the Government, the Constitution, etc. With the pass given me, I went to Gen. Wool's quarters. He received me courteously, read your letter, and its full endorsement by Secretary Chase, giving every needful assurance as to *us individually, and in a manner to secure* attention to our objects. Gen. Wool gave me the following:

"'The Rev. S. S. Jocelyn has permission to visit the contrabands at Camp Hamilton and Fortress Monroe, until further orders.

John E. Wool,
Major-General Commanding.'

"I went to the seminary, two miles distant, saw brother Lockwood, and was cordially welcomed by him, Captain Burleigh and others. I was greeted by the colored people near the seminary, several of whom knew of my coming. At 11 o'clock we went to Newport News, where we had an interview of nearly an hour with Gen. Phelps, who is decidedly in favor of emancipation, and of paying the freed colored *wages, the same as free white persons.*—He urged us to come again and see him. We saw Mrs. Peake, and found her so much better, that she hoped to resume her day school this day.

"The sun-rise prayer-meeting on the Sabbath, was a meeting of much interest. After breakfast we went to the Sabbath-school, and saw enough to feel its great value. Some of the soldiers were present as teachers, and the superintendent is a soldier. As he was necessarily absent, Mr. Peake, husband of Mrs. Peake, acted in his place. Both he and his wife showed great adaptation to the work. *We then went to* the neighborhood, near Hampton, a mile distant, to the preaching place. The Sunday-school having closed, we, before the congregation assembled, addressed a number of the children, as did Mr. Davis, our colored brother, whose remarks were very impressive. The place was soon filled. A number of soldiers were present, and appeared to be deeply interested in all the services. I shall not here attempt to describe the prayers and addresses of several of the colored brethren, and their singing, etc., but simply say that for intelligent views of Gospel truth, for pathos, holy unction and power, I have never been privileged to witness a more remarkable manifestation. Oh, that every slaveholder, and unbeliver in Christ and the equality of souls, could have heard them!"

Mr. Jocelyn proceeds to say that he read to them the 72d Psalm, and a portion of the Epistle of Peter, and preached to them from the text, "Casting all your care upon him *who careth for you.*" He adds:

"It was a time of blessing never to be forgotten. The gratitude manifested was deeply affecting. . . . After dining with brother Davis and family, we went back to the seminary, and found the gymnasium building, near the seminary, crowded with colored people, say three hundred, and many soldiers, while some stood **out by the door.** The first part of the service related to the funeral of a little colored child. A portion of the prayers and two addresses were by colored brethren, and very appropriate. Remarks were made by **brother Lockwood.** I read the 14th chap. *of Job, and preached from these words:* 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.'

"At the close, we went to the burying ground, where Mr. Lockwood addressed the people. The procession was very large, and the impression solemn. At sundown we went to the fortress and found the people assembled. As we entered, a colored brother was praying with great earnestness-pleading with God, in a way that was deeply affecting. Remarks were made by Mr. Lockwood, and I preached from 1 Tim. 1st chap, 'It is a faithful saying, etc.' At the close the people sang one of their hymns, with great animation and pious feeling.

"I must be brief, though I could say much about this opening door of the great prison house, which has a promise of extending freedom, glory and salvation to millions in bondage. The people are greatly attached to brother Lockwood. The soldiers and officers generally regard him with respect and affection. From his statements, and Captain Burleigh's, in regard to the present mode of distributing clothing to the 'contrabands,' I do not think there will be any more trouble between him and the Quartermaster. . . . I hope that a sufficient quantity of clothing will be sent on before winter."

Major-General Wool issued General Orders November 1st, in relation for ra*tions, clothing, compensation, etc.*, to the "contrabands." As we read the orders, the allowance for labor, etc., is to be put into the hands of the Quartermaster, to be distributed according to his discretion. This arrangement does not supercede the necessity of sending cloth*ing and bedding, by benevolent societies* and individuals, for the use of the aged men and women, and the children and youth. Whatever is sent can be directed to Lewis Tappan, Treasurer, 61 John st., New York, or to Rev. L. C. Lockwood, care Captain Burleigh, Seminary, near Fortress Monroe, Va. A duplicate invoice should be sent to the Treasurer, with a valuation of the goods.

Letter from Newark.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 20, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—This city is the largest in the State, and is known as the city of churches. Everywhere can be seen the *towering steeple, indicating that the* solemn worship of our Creator is observed with reverence and respect; but the reality is to the contrary. Having occasion last Sabbath to go through some of our principal manufacturing streets, to my astonishment I heard the blowing of the bellows, and the sound of the huge sledge upon the anvil, **and the revolutions of the mill for japaning, which is, at this time, carried on extensively for government and other purposes. Who is it that's performing this labor? Is the black man, who was born on this** soil, and whose right to it is unquestionable, and who would not only strike the anvil and blow the bellows, but would wield the sword in defence of his country, a sharer in this great accumulation of hurried work?

No! he must be left to struggle on, until by chance, the order of things is reversed.

One word to the young men of New Jersey. I would suggest to them the propriety of turning their attention to military tactics, so that in case of an emergency they will be prepared to do their duty. But do not do this to the neglect of intellectual improvement, for they go hand in hand.

Rev. Mr, Hall, of New York, lectured on Phrenology in the A. M. E. Church, Catharine St., Wednesday evening, 13th *inst*. Several *young persons* were favored with an examination of their heads, but while this was going on I was partaking of refreshments, a large supply of which was furnished by the ladies in the lecture room, and enjoyed by a numerous company.

Isaac Tembrook.

OBITUARY.

Died in Boston Oct. 12th, Darby Vassall, aged 92 years, much respected by the citizens of said city for his general intelligence and excellent character. He was born in the house in Cambridge known as Washington's Head Quarters. Mr. Vassall was the oldest member of the church in Brattle Square.

Cesar Russell died recently at Taunton, Mass., at the remarkable age of 105 years It is said that he had been a slave for seventy-five years! Three quarters of a century in chains!

We find the following in a late number of the Albany Express;

Sarah Johnson, a colored woman, died in Troy on Thursday evening. She was born in this city, March 8th, 1762, and was therefore in the one hundredth year of her age. Sarah remained here until she was eighteen years old. She was a slave in the family of Derrick Broeck Van Schoonhoven. Her parents were from Africa, and slaves in the family. She well remembered, and related with much unction, many thrilling incidents of the revolutionary war. When Gen. Burgoyne was brought a prisoner into this city, she saw him, and well remembered his personal appearance. She witnessed the execution, in this city, of Captain William Rogers, and three members of his skinner band, for treason. In those days that tried men's souls, traitors were not much honored. She had a son, who was sold from her when he was eight years old, and she never saw him afterward. The probability is that he preceded her to the grave. She was herself sold into slavery three times before she was fifty years old, and then obtained her liberty through the emancipation in this State. The funeral of the old lady took place from the Liberty street Presbyterian Church yesterday afternoon.

Col. Cochrane on Arming the Slaves.

On the occasion of the distribution of new uniforms to the New York Chasseurs, their commander, Col. John Cochrane, (nephew of Hon. Gerrit Smith) made a speech from which the following is an extract:

Suppose our army encounters myriads of cotton bales, and we are able to export those cotton bales to Europe, and receive from them millions upon millions of the sinews of war, do you say we should not seize the cotton? No. You are clear upon that point. Suppose that munitions of war, that subsistence for their army are within our reach, would we not be guilty of shameful neglect were we not to appropriate them to our own use? Certainly we would. Suppose the enemy advances against you, would you, from any squeamishness, from any false delicacy, refrain *from levelling the hostile gun and prostra*ting them in death? No. It is your object, your purpose. Then if you seize their property, if you open their ports, if you destroy their lives, I ask you whether you will not seize their slaves? I ask you whether you will not arm their slaves, and whether you will not carry them by battalions into war against their masters? (Cheers.) What! You have no sympathy for white rebels, and yet you will spare the black slave whom they use! Why, if it be necessary to save this government, I would plunge their whole people, black and white, into one indiscriminate sea of carnage and slaughter, and build upon it a government which shall be the Vicegerent of God. Let us have no more of this dallying with people's dilitant conservatism, this doubting in Cabinet when your soldiers are perishing in the field. Soldiers, you know no such reasoning as this. You have arms in your hands, and those arms are for the purpose of exterminating the enemy until he submits to law, order and the constitution. Then explode whatever magazine of combustibles is in your way: set fire to and consume the cotton; export the cotton; take property whenever you find it, confiscate property wherever you find it; take the slave and bestow him upon the non-slaveholder *if you please; do unto them as* they would do unto you; raise up in their midst a party interest against the present slaveholder; distract their counsels. Do all this, and if that be not sufficient take the slave by the hand, place a musket in it, and bid him in God's name strike for the liberty of the human race.

At the conclusion of the speech, General Cameron having been called for, came forward and said:

Soldiers—It is too late for me to make you a speech to-night, but I will say that I heartily approve every sentiment uttered by your noble commander. The doctrine which he has laid down I approve as fully as if his words had been my own. It is idle to talk about treating with these people upon their own terms. We must meet them as enemies, and punish them as our enemies, *until they learn to behave better.*

Charleston Fishermen drifting from their Anchorage.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia "Bulletin," writing from the U. S. S. Flag off Charleston Oct. 29th, states that a few days previous a dug-out containing six slaves *from Charleston* had reached the ship Susquehannah, they leaving behind them wives and children. Among them is a pilot who is conversant with the surrounding localities.

He states that some time ago he had thought of running away: that he, with others, came alongside of one of our ships, but they were not received as warmly as anticipated, and that they deferred "leaving the South," but they were determined to try again.

It seems they were sent out to fish. They did so for a time, and returned to Charleston; again they came to the fishing-ground, but they had little luck. They had orders upon their return to leave a certain number of fish at Fort Sumpter. As they sat riding, spreading their net, they conceived the idea of now executing their long-cherished design, and, seeing the Susquehannah, resolved to wait till nightfall and then steer for her. But the chance of being shot by the sentry occurred to them, and *they at once pulled up the net and made for her*, coming alongside, they at once demanded protection. Their dug-out was new and well made; the net, about 175 feet long, in excellent condition, and their clothing of excellent quality. They were entered upon the Susquehannah's books as supernumeraries, and they discharge faithfully the several duties devolving upon them in their individual stations. They brought with them all their clothing and about $12 to $15 each in silver. When asked why they did not bring more, they replied that they had been saving the specie for a long time, but that a "good deal of wages," were due them, which if they had asked for, they would have been compelled to receive in "wrapping paper *money*." They could have pocketed "lots of that," if they had known that they could have the face of the rough bills cashed in gold. The captain of this "fishing dug-out," who was a free man, was not with this party having been sick.

Maryland.—It is evident that a movement for the extinction of Slavery is at last *on foot* in Maryland. The recent demonstration of Gov Thomas in Baltimore leaves no doubt that the work has been commenced and will be vigorously prosecuted. On this subject our Baltimore correspondent writes as follows:

"The people of Maryland have been rudely brought face to face with the monster iniquity *of the age, African Slavery*, and they have been forced, against their will, to look upon its hidden deformity. They have seen it essay to destroy the best government that was ever *on* earth, in the insane ambition of the slaveholder to extend his power and influence over the whole continent, and this very day, the shock upon the public mind of this State has brought it almost up to the determination to get rid of the accursed institution within our own boundaries, and to acquiesce in its speedy extinguishment in the further Slave States, by the prompt exercise of the war power, gently suggested by Gen. Butler, openly proclaimed by Gen. Fremont, and only yesterday energetically renewed by Col. John Cochrane (God bless him!) and *indorsed* many times by Gen. Cameron, who is not afraid to avow his sympathy with human Liberty, even for the black skin. Do not be astonished, then, to see the next Legislature set on foot measures that shall set the State free from the crime of further allowing its inhabitants the supreme privilege of robbing the poor negro of his just earnings and keeping them down in debasing bondage. Disgust at Negro slavery is rapidly taking the place of toleration of the curse."

—So the good work advances! They who set on foot this nefarious war against republican institutions little dreamed what a fire they were lighting up.—N. Y. Tribune.

Gen. Lane "giving color" to his Brigade.

Gen. Lane now has about 250 negroes with his brigade. The men are organized into a military company, and some of them are armed. A friend who was present the other evening when the General read to them an order from Gen. Fremont, forbidding depredations, and then made them a speech, gives an amusing account of the affair. Lane told them they could do as they pleased about obeying the order, but if they violated it he should have the offenders shot. "You can act like savages if you choose," he remarked, "but I want to see you act like men; for you are not only all men, but you are all free men"—a sentiment which was rapturously applauded. At the close of the speech their captain stood up and said, "Soldiers, you will now give three cheers for General Lane; you will do this by taking off your hats and huzzahing." The cheers promptly followed, making up in boisterousness what they lacked in regularity.

As I have already stated, no negroes who enter Lane's lines are returned against their will. Where they belong to Union men, and will not go back voluntarily to their masters, they are appraised, and a certificate given to their "owner," stating that he has given satisfactory proof of his loyalty, and has lost his negro, named ——, valued at ——, by the march of the Kansas Brigade—leaving the final settlement of compensation to Congress. This is not far in advance of Secretary Cameron's recent letter, but it is a step ahead of Fremont's proclamation, which did not propose to interfere at all with the slaves of loyal men. And when the Government is forced, as it surely will be, by the irresistible logic of events, upon the ground of that proclamation, the country will not forget that Gen. Fremont was the first of our commanders in adopting the most effective blow it was possible to strike at the rebels. The soldiers who are fighting the battles of the Union in the West believe heartily in the policy of the proclamation, notwithstanding the hot haste in which the Government saw fit to modify it. As a legitimate effect of that modification, one of the bitterest Secessionists in this county rode boldly into our lines, a few days since, and demanded that his slaves should be returned. They were not sent back. No slaves of Rebels have been returned in this Department; and, unless we are mistaken in Gen. Hunter, none will be.—Cor. of N. Y. Tribune.

Letter from New London.

New London, Nov. 19th, 1861.

Mr. Editor:

William, an escaped slave from Virginia, gave two lectures in this city last month in the vestry of the 2nd Baptist church, (which) relating in a creditable manner incidents of his escape and rescue. He was accompanied by Mr. Henry Jones of New York, who, at his last lecture, exhibited a painting illustrating one of the most cruel incidents of American slavery. The proceeds of these lectures are reserved to procure for William, a liberal education. A secret expedition sails from this city tomorrow; it consists of about fifteen old whale ships, loaded with stone. It is rumored that the destination of this fleet is Charleston, where they intend to effect a permanent blockade. A steamer will accompany this expedition to bring back the crews of each ship. The Rev. Alex. Crummell of Liberia, Africa, arrived in this city last Monday. On Sunday, delivered three very eloquent discourses, in the morning and afternoon at the 1st and 2nd Congregational churches, and in the evening at St. James Episcopal church, on which occasion the church was filled to its utmost capacity. A collection was taken up in the evening in aid of his mission.

"Wide Awake."

THE CAPTURE OF BEAUFORT, S.C.

The following item taken from the "New York Tribune's" special dispatch giving the particulars of the capture of Beaufort, S. C., by the Union troops is very significant, and but confirms the startling facts portrayed in every page of the great story now being published in our columns, that the slaves are extensively organized, understanding each other, and anxiously determined on an effort for freedom at the earliest opportunity which may be presented:

The village was entirely deserted, but a single white man being found in it, and he was drunk.

The negroes had already begun to pillage and destroy. Capt. Ammon took from the Post-Office its contents. The white population generally fled to Charleston by small steamers by the inside route. The negroes came into Gen. Sherman's camp in large numbers, giving information, and it is supposed that by this time he has several hundred, perhaps thousands, of laborers.

Zion Branch Festival.—The festival given at Old Zion Church on the evening of the 7th, was quite successful, and although the house was not crowded, yet there was a sufficient number to make everything very agreeable, and at the same time make the affair profitable. We are pleased to make this announcement, as the labors of the committee had been indefatigable.

Shiloh Church, Philadelphia.—We are pleased to record the fact, that the congregation of this church, which is under the care of the Rev. Mr. Asher, has made very great improvement in their church edifice, expending not less than sixteen hundred dollars thereon. To do this in these times indicates not only very great faithfulness on the part of the pastor, but also much zeal on the part of those committed to his care.

Washington Correspondence.—We have just received assurances from our faithful correspondent "Box," whose letters in days gone by were read with so much interest, that with the next issue he will commence furnishing our readers with a weekly report of all transactions of interest occurring in Washington. As many of our readers are from that locality, this to them will be a pleasing announcement.

DOINGS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The correspondent at Port Royal of the "Times" thus reports progress on the contraband question:

"The battle of Port Royal was terminated at about 3 o'clock on Thursday last; on Saturday, at the same hour, I saw eighty fugitive slaves, contraband of war, who had escaped from their masters and hurried within the Union lines. This was on the southern headland of the bay, and on the northern side there are half as many more. They report that the rest are coming. They declare that, since last March they have been waiting and watching for the Yankees. And this is in South Carolina—this is where the blacks are so contented, where they were so attached to their masters, where we were defied to seduce them away. No attempt has been made, or will be made, to entice them, much less to excite an insurrection, but those who come in will be welcomed, will be clad and fed and set to work for the National cause. I talked for an hour with various of them. They were all men or boys—of every age—some had been house-servants, some field hands, some were stupid and stolid in an extraordinary degree, but they had very definite ideas relative to the Yankees. Through their jargon, at first nearly unintelligible, I was able at last to get at those ideas. They saw my difficulty in apprehending them, and said they could not talk plain, but it was all "here," pointing to their breasts. They said they believed the Yankees to be friends; that they came in to work, to do whatever they were bidden; they had expected us, but not dared to speak of it to their masters; they had seen the fight from up the river, and hurried down as soon as it was over. They all report that since last March they have been waiting for us; they all declare that so far as they know, all the blacks are anxiously waiting for us; their only uneasiness was on account of the wives and children they had left behid, but when told they should see these again, their fears were at once allayed. So here is a mighty engine put into our hands, one that may well be used to weaken the enemy. A careful, merciful use of it may prove to the rebels a warning at once and a rebuke. If traitors are deprived of their property, and all loyal men indemnified, and no outrages permitted, a lesson of the real intention of the North may be taught, and a significant indication of its power be afforded.

A little later the same correspondent adds:

There was a jubilee last night in the negro quarters at Seabrook, dancing and singing around fires that they built, and inside of the captured Fort Walker a religious meeting was held, and thanks offered to God for their deliverance. A hundred or more are already at work landing the cargoes of the vessels, or assisting in whatever labors are assigned them. There can be no doubt that the negro question is destined immediately to assume in this quarter proportions and aspects utterly unlike any that it has presented elsewhere. The blacks throughout the State will desert their masters wherever our army appears, and if those masters are so insane as to attempt coercion, results appalling to contemplate must ensue. No shadow of inducement has thus far been held out to the slaves by the National forces. They have come to us without any invitation; they express a willingness to work; they have already given valuable information, acted as guides, and in the labors to which they are put will prove of prodigious assistance. But the utter and speedy anihilation of slavery in South Carolina seems as certain as that these infatuated Secessionists contine to hold out against our arms."

A New Church in Jersey City.—A public meeting was held in Jersey City on Wednesday Nov. 13th, for the purpose of hearing the views of the friends of the Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, in regard to the obtainment of a place of worship. Rev. Wm. H. Pitts was called to the chair, and Mr. Geo. H. Feeks appointed Secretary. After a prayer by the chairman and singing, the following resolution was discussed and unanimously adopted;

Resolved, That steps be immediately taken to purchase for the use of the A. M. E. Zion congregation a place of worship..

Anglo African War Items.

The Leavenworth Conservative of Oct. 29th, states:

Slaves began coming into camp as soon as Gen. Lane left Westport. Not a day passes without a practical exemplification of the lie that "the slaves are contented." A black brigade consisting of over one hundred and fifty recent chattels came out of Missouri on Friday last—they are well mounted, and have a good supply train. Their untimely departure has created no little excitement in the districts they are engaged in bleaching out. Lane continues to give "vouchers" to such owners as are proved to be Union men, stating that such a slave, valued at so much, was "lost by the march of my brigade."

The Springfield (Mo.) correspondent of N. Y. Tribune, writes under date Nov. 9th:

Gen. Lane, during his stay here, has been making his headquarters at the house of Major Berry, a prominent secessionist, who, with three of his sons, is in the rebel army. On Thursday night, Lane was serenaded by the 24th Indiana Regiment, and in response, made a speech, which I append. The ladies of Major Berry's family, in spite of their secession views, were among the listeners to the speech, which was made from the balcony of the house. On reentering afterward, they were astounded to find that all the negroes in the family (five) had embraced the opportunity afforded by their brief absence to run away! Not a single servant remained in the house, and yesterday morning the ladies were reduced to the melancholy necessity of preparing their own breakfast! During the day they were searching diligently through Lane's camp for their evanescent chattels, but not, I think, with very brilliant prospects of success.

There has been a great stampede of the negroes within the last two days, and Gen. Hunter has been visited by many citizens, in [illegible], clamorous for his [illegible]. He gives them written permission to search through all our camps, and take their slaves if they can find them; but I have not yet heard of an instance in which one has been found. It is reported that he administered a severe reprimand to Lane yesterday for his proceedings in regard to negroes; but I do not place much confidence in the rumor. It is certain, however, that in the absence of any instructions from the Government upon the perplexing question, the commanding General feels greatly embarrassed. Whether Gen. Hunter did rebuke Lane as reported or not, he was exceedingly surprised [illegible] morning to find that every slave in the Chambers House, where his headquarters were located, had decamped during the night. They were five in number, who all mysteriously disappeared, bag and baggage; and it is more than probable that the places which once knew them shall know them no more forever.

Owing to a scarcity of white soldiers, it has become necessary to call on the planters of Savannah River, for a contribution of labor to the extent of one hand to each twenty, to work on the defenses.

The Memphis Argus of the 16th has a dispatch dated Charleston, 14th, which says that the Union forces have possession of Pinckney Island, and have seized all the able bodied men on the plantations, and taken them on board the fleet.

The following is an extract from a public letter from one of the officers engaged in the bombardment at Port Royal.

I am sure our success will rejoice your hearts; it has been complete, and terror runs over the whole country. The negroes are wild and plundering their masters houses. The whites have been driving the negroes away by force and shooting them down, but they still come to the gunboats.

"The moment General Drayton took to his horse in the panic of the 7th, his two hundred servants went directly to the Wabash. This is worthy of notice as putting down the nonsense that the slaves were ready to fight for their masters. They surrounded Capt. Ammen in crowds at Beaufort, one of them calling out in a joy of his heart 'I did'nt think you could do it, massa.'"

SUMMARY.

On the night of the 8th inst. a colored man by the name of Alexander Smith, residing in Slemmer's Alley, Baltimore, attempted to kill his wife by cutting her head with an axe. The female was removed to the Central station house, where her wounds were dressed by Dr. Morgan. When brought into the station house the woman presented a horrible spectacle, her head, face and the bosom of her dress being one mass of clotted blood. The would-be-assassin was committed for court by Justice Hiss.

Richard Dennison, a colored deck hand, on the Leclair, lying at Kittaning, Pa., on the night of the 2nd inst., stepped from the boat and was drowned. Every effort was made by those on the boat to rescue him, but in the darkness it was found impossible to do anything. He was borne off by the rapid current, and sunk.

Charles Moore was arrested in Baltimore on the 8th inst. as a runaway slave. He was claimed as the property of one Daniel Lee, residing about nine miles from the city, on the York turnpike.

MARRIED.

White—Purnell.—In this city, on Thursday, Nov. 14, by the Rev. William Spelman, Chas. A. White, of Canandaigua, to Miss Emma O. Purnell, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Special Notices.

A GRAND

MUSICAL FESTIVAL

WILL BE GIVEN AT

Turn Hall, 63 and 65 Meserole Street,

WILLIAMSBURGH,

On Wednesday Evening, Dec. 11, 1861.

The Committee pledge themselves that no pains will be spared to make this equal to any that has been given.

Music under the direction of

Prof. S. WALDRON'S BAND.

Prof. LaMATIEU, the celebrated Tight Rope Performer, has been engaged to give one of his *performances on this occasion.* He will WALK A ROPE one inch thick, with his hands and feet chained together. He will also walk a rope blindfolded, hang by his feet with his head down, and beat a drum, and perform many other daring and interesting feats.

TICKETS 50 CENTS,

REFRESHMENTS INCLUDED.

Persons wishing to see the performance can have a seat in the Gallery for 25 Cts. Children half price.

Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Mr. George Poole,	Mr. Joseph H. Nixon,
Mr. Wm. Moore,	Mr. Charles Trower,
Mr. Chas. Smith,	Mr. Wm. R. Conner,
Mr. Benjamin Clark,	Mr. James Mitchell,
Mr. J. F. Jackson,	Mr. AlexanderCorprew.

N. B.—Cars leave Peck Slip and Grand Street Ferry every five minutes, and go within one block of the Hall. J. A. TROWER, Conductor.

17 3t

Query.—Who is going to attend the Anniversary Festival of the J. W. B. Smith Tabernacle, No. 2, on the 27th inst.

A GRAND TEA ENTERTAINMENT

For the benefit of Mrs. MARY REDDEN, gotten up by a Committee of Ladies and Gentlemen, will be given on

TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 3, 1861,

AT THE

Metropolitan Assembly Rooms,

178 Prince street.

The Committee being satisfied that Mrs. Redden is worthy of this demonstration, assure the public that no pains will be spared to entitle it to their patronage.

Tickets 38 cents. 17 2t

VOORHEES' SECOND GRAND SOIREE,

On THANKSGIVING NIGHT, Thursday, Nov. 28th, at the Rooms 177 Wooster street, near Bleecker.

Grand Orchestra—Prof. Robt. H. Brown, Conductor.

Tickets 30 cents, including Refreshments.

☞ School Rehearsals every Monday and Thursday evenings.

Modest Young Lady.—"Charles, are you going to attend the Promenade Concert on the 27th inst.?

Sensible Gent.—I am, Kate; will you accompany me?

Modest Young Lady—With pleasure, Charles; you know it will be so delightful.

Rev. Alex. Crummell at the 7th Avenue Church.

On THANKSGIVING DAY, Nov. 28th, Rev. Alex. Crummell, of Liberia, W. A., will deliver a discourse at the 7th Avenue Church, (Rev. H. M. Wilson's,) commencing at 11 o'clock.—Subject—"The Providence of God Regarding Western Africa."

At the conclusion of the discourse a collection will be made for Mr. Crummell's mission.

LECTURES.

The Undersigned is prepared to fill engagements to deliver single Lectures, on the following subjects:

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY;

THE ADAPTATIONS OF THE EARTH, OR TERRESTRIAL ADAPTATIONS;

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ANCIENT HONORS OF THE BLACK AND COLORED RACES OF THE EARTH;

—Being a series of popular discourses recently delivered, founded on the following texts:

1. "Look not upon me because I am black." [Song of Sol.—1.6.
2. "Princes shall come out of Egypt." [Psalm 68—31.
3. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin." [Jer.—13.23.
4. "Cursed be Canaan."—Gen.—9 25.
5. "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus." Philemon.

Terms—The lecturer's passage both ways, and one fourth of profits.

[From the Detroit Daily Advertiser, March 1, 1860.]

"Mr. Berry's lecture last night is stated to have displayed much thought, and to have been in every respect meritorious."

Grand Promenade Concert and Oyster Supper.

The J. W. B. Smith Tabernacle, No. 2,

I. O. of B. and S. of LOVE and CHARITY,

will celebrate its third anniversary, on Thanksgiving Eve., Wednesday, the 27th inst., at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, No. 178 Prince Street, on which occasion there will be given a Grand Promenade Concert and Oyster Supper.

Professor Robert Brown's Cotillion Band is engaged for the occasion.

N. B.—In addition to the above, the Ice Creams, Fruits and Mottoes, will be served gratuitously.

Tickets only 50 cents—to be had of any member of the Tabernacle. Do not forget—secure your tickets early. Remember, Wednesday Evening, Nov. 27th.

PLEASANT R. SMITH, Chairman.
OLIVER A. HOLMES,
16 2t Com. of Arragements.

T H E BALL IS UP!

FLOOR SKATING, FLOOR SKATING!

BOSTON'S

SKATING ACADEMY.

FOR LADIES.

Mr. T. S. Boston respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that he will re-open his SKATING SCHOOL, for Ladies and Gentlemen, at the

ASSEMBLY ROOMS,

178 Prince Street,

Terms of Admission—10 cts. Doors open at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Terms for Skating—15 cts. half hour; 20 cts. per hour.

TUESDAY and FRIDAY Evenings, for Classes

Persons wishing to engage the Rooms for private parties, can do so by communicating to

THOS. S. BOSTON,
No. 87 Sullivan St.,
15 5t New York City.

NOTICE.

All members of the Annual Conferences of the A.M.E. Zion Church who have taken shares in the stock of the Book Concern of said church, are hereby informed that the payment is now due, and they are requested to make remittance to the Treasurer, Rev. Jos. P. Thompson, [illegible], N.Y., through the mail or by express.

N B. All who have not taken shares can do so by forwarding the amount of $10 to the Secretary, at New Bedford, Mass.

Samuel M. Giles,
Secretary of the Board.

New Bedford, Oct. 18th, 1861.

AGENCY

FOR TROY AND VICINITY.

James R. Benham is the regularly appointed Agent for the Anglo-African in Troy, Laningsburg, Waterford and vicinity. All orders or communications for the paper may be left with Mr Benham on board of the steamer "Cornelius Vanderbilt."

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delsart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

AN ADJOURNED MEETING

To consider measures with reference to a settlement of the

GERRIT SMITH LANDS,

will be held, agreeable to adjournment, at Prince Street Hall, on Monday evening November 25th, 1861. The public are invited to attend.

Charles L. Reason, Ch'mn.
Wright Seaman, Jr., Sec'y.

LECTURES.

The Rev. Alex. Crummell, of Liberia, W.A., is prepared to deliver the following Lectures, either singly or as a course, during the months of November and December:

1. The customs, genius, and characteristics of native tribes in Western Africa.
2. The growth of civilization along the Western Coast of Africa.
3. The progress and prospects of the Republic of Liberia.

Letters are to be addressed to Rev. A. Crummell, 311 Spring Street, New York. 12—4t

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. Eli N. Hall, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:
10½ o'clock, . . . A. M.
3 " . . . P. M.
7½ " . . . P. M.
10 4t.

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:
10 1-2 o'clock, . . . A. M.
3 " . . . P. M.
7 1 " . . . P. M.
12–1y

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,

(PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL)

Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

Rev. Wm. J. Alston, Pastor. Residence—70 Sullivan St.

R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, . . . A. M.
3 " . . . P. M.

Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue.

Hours of worship:—
3 o'clock, . . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

Rev. Chas. H. Thompson, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—
10½ . . . A. M.
3 . . . P. M.
7½ . . . P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn. 13-1y.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE—GOOD Music, splendid Dancing; Ice Cream and other delicacies of the season—all for Fifty Cents. Remember, Wednesday evening, the 27th inst., at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, 178 Prince street.

PETER S. PORTER,

GENERAL AGENT FOR

HOUSE LETTING,

170 WEST 29TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Colored Families furnished with apartments in suits of Rooms or whole Houses, in different parts of the City. 17 13t

Wanted.

AN OPPORTUNITY IS NOW OFFERED to ONE HUNDRED healthy, industrious colored men (those being married permitted to take their families), who have had experience in the cotton fields of the Southern States, to proceed to the healthy and thriving colonies of New South Wales and Queensland, in Australia Their passage will be advanced to them, and an engagement made with them for two years, at about $100 per annum and lodging, with full rations. Rations to Australian laborers are very liberal, consisting of ample allowances of fresh meat, tea, vegetables, &c.; also an allowance of tobacco.

The subscriber offers his own guaranty that the colored people sent out by him will receive from the Australian Cotton Growing Association the same privileges and immunities enjoyed by employees of a different complexion, all being alike free subjects of an enlightened Government. For further particulars apply to

R. W. CAMERON,
90 Beaver St., New York.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

MR. GEO. POOL can accommodate Ladies and Gentlemen with first class Board, on reasonable terms, at his residence, No. 13 Sheriff Street, a few doors north of Grand. 16 13t

MRS. M. E. EDY,

EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE.

Residence—134 Chrístie Street, N. Y.
26 26t

BOARDING AND LODGING IN BROOKLYN,

At Mrs. SUSAN HARRIS', 58 Atlantic St., near South Ferry. $3 per week for gentlemen, and $2 50 for ladies. Lodgings 75 cts. per week. 15tf

FOR SALE—A BEAUTIFUL PIC-NIC GROVE, at Glencove, L. I.—The owner has been asked by respectable colored people in that vicinity and in this city to offer for sale the above Grove. It is offered to colored persons and the public generally. It extends from West to Middle Avenue, and has a fine view of the Bay, and is near the landing. Inquire of Mrs. R. BONNER, No. 54 West 29th-st., cor. 6th Avenue.

14—13t

TO LET.—THE ROOM ON THE SECOND floor of Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-street. Inquire at 66 East Houston st., or of the Janitor 225 West 15th-st.

POCKET WATER-FILTER AND DRINKING TUBE.

Indispensable for Soldiers, Travelers, and Sportsmen. Weighs one ounce. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Send it to your friends. Agents wanted. Samples mailed on receipt of 50 cents, by addressing

DAY & CO.,
13-13t. Box 464 P.O., Newark, N. J.

FASHIONABLE

DRESS MAKING,

SHIRT MAKING, EMBROIDERING, AND QUILTING.

Mesdames F. A. Hamilton, O. A. Newton, and Miss A. M. Hamilton,

187 Navy Street, Brooklyn.

Ladies' and Childrens' dresses cut and made in the most fashionable style and warranted to fit.

SHIRTS of all paterns made, and plain sewing executed with neatness; and durability of work guaranteed. Orders for EMBROIDERING promptly attended to, and QUILTING executed with dispatch.

Public patronage is respectfully solicited.

12-tf.

Miserable Old Bach—"I have made up my mind to go to the Oyster Supper of Tabernacle No. 2, on the 27th inst. Everybody will be there. Perhaps it will be my last chance: Oh, yes, I remember now, there never was a Jack without a Gill."

HENRY G. LEASK, HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS AND FURS,

COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.

Shipping Furs Bought. 12-tf.

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) REspectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen it you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this in any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,

BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG

Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS

of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.

Don't Forget, 168 EWEN ST.,
9 1y. Williamsburg.

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS, EMPIRE STATE HOTEL AND UNION HOUSE, 541 BROOME STREET,

Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. Ramsey.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Pease call and examine the premises

HATS CAPS & FURS

IN THEIR VARIETY.

First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS. The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St.,
one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
10 5t

PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE

BY

MRS. W. S. WILKINS & Co

610 PINE, ABOVE SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA 7-13t.

LADIES' FURNISHING STORE.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

Ready-Made and Made to Order, By

MRS. S. WILKINS & CO.,

610 Pine, above Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
7-13t.

MRS. ANDERSON,

CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS

Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.—The lovers of good Oysters will meet on Wednesday evening next, the 27th inst., at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms. By order of Chef de Cuisine.

J. D. B., Sec,

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m.

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMOdate a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate. 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 6 tf.

A SCHOOL WANTED.—A YOUNG LADY, a graduate of one of the High Schools of this State, and who is fully qualified as a teacher, is desirous of obtaining a school where the salary would not be less than $200 a-year. Address Thos. Hamilton, 48 Beckman St., N.Y.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. THE UNdersigned respectfully announces that he is now prepared to give instruction in the Art of Singing. He will be at home at 187 Navy Street, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, and at *Zion Church,* N. Y., on Thursday evening, of each week. Ladies or Gentlemen desiring instruction, will please apply immediately. Singing schools taught and private instruction given on moderate terms.

3tf. ROBT. HAMILTON,

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. Forter, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 Mulberry Street, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y;

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5—4t

Affectionate Mother—James, are you going to attend the Festival of the J. W. B. Smith Tabernacle, on the 27th inst?

Fast Young Man—Well, old woman, you go bet I am. What a Dance, and Oyster Supper—and only Fifty Cents. You bet!

DENTISTRY.

BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist.

79 Thompson St., N. Y

MRS. E. LEONARD,

FASHIONABLE

DRESS MAKER,

25 Sullivan Street, New York.

Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.

3tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING

By Mrs. Mary Johnson, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies,	$2,50
" " Gentleman,	3,00
Lodging per week,	75

y13t,

JAMES H. W. LEONARD,

CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

219 Centre Street, New York.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts. 9tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. Mrs. Gent, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 18[illegible] Suffolk Street. Terms very moderate. [illegible]

BROWN'S POPULAR RESORT.

The undersigned takes this privilege to inform his friends and the public generally that he has [illegible] fitted up his SALOON [illegible] prepared to furnish them with Ice Creams, [illegible]

BENJ. F. BROWN,
[illegible] Bleecker St.
between Broadway & Crosby St. 4t.

P. A. WHITE,

Corner of Frankfort & Gold Sts.

[illegible]

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

A FRESH AND PURE ASSORTMENT

OF

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

GENUINE

LUBIN'S EXTRACTS

AND OTHER PERFUMERY,

FANCY SOAPS, FINE HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

FAMILY ARTICLES, HAVANA SEGARS, &c., &c.

All his articles are purchased with great care, and are warranted to be pure, fresh, and genuine.

MEDICINE CHESTS carefully made up.

All orders promptly attended to, on receipt of the CASH.

Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared.

WHITE'S

VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR

FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH, AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off, or becoming prematurely Gray.

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh and unpleasant in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full of dandruff, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this, and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hair-brush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off, always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that cases of failure will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and perseveringly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

BADEAU'S

STRENGTHENING PLASTER.

AN INVALUABLE REMEDY, FOR

LAME OR WEAK BACK, PAIN OR WEAKNESS IN THE SIDE, CHEST, STOMACH, OR LIMBS. A CERTAIN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, PLEURISY, LIVER OR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, &c., &c.

Persons disposed will find this plaster particularly serviceable.

Dyspeptic persons will find a permanent [illegible] from its use, as it keeps a continued [illegible]

For [illegible]

For RHEUMATISM [illegible]

PREVENTING A [illegible]

[illegible]

P. A. WHITE, [illegible]

Poetry.

IMMORTAL LONGINGS.

Christ, let me come to Thee!
My heart is weary and I long for rest;
Is not my earthly mission well nigh done?
I cannot bear this burden on my breast—
It weighs my spirit downward like a stone.
My saddened life is ever veiled in clouds.
And midnight darkness hath come o'er my soul,
My once bright hopes are wrapped away in *shrouds*,
And sorrow's heavy surges round me roll;
Sweet Christ, Oh! may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
Life hath a dark Sahara been to me!
The few bright flowers that bloomed along my way
Were *soon transplanted*—each beloved tree
To bloom perennial in the "perfect day."
My dear loved ones sit round the Golden Throne,
And wait—a broken circle till I come;
Let me not linger here on earth alone—
Oh! let me join them in their heavenly home!
Sweet Christ, oh! may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
Behind me roars the angry ocean tide;
Each crested wave comes nearer, nearer still;
The muttered thunders in the billows hide;
I shudder at their hoarse, loud voice so chill,
I cannot meet the fierce, wild storm of Life!
I have no strength to battle with it more!
Too long I've wrestled in the painful strife,
I must lay down the burden that I bore.
Sweet Christ, oh! may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
In dreams I hear the white-robed angels sing
The golden glories of their beauteous land;
I hear the rustle of each snowy wing,
And feel my touch upon my fevered hand.
Colder than ever seems the earth to me,
When I awake and see them flit away;
I strain my eyes, the last bright glimpse to see,
And watch them vanquish through the gate of day,
Sweet Christ, oh! may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
I watch my toiling breath grow faint and slow;
I note the hectic deepening, day by day,
And feel my life is like a wreath of snow,
Which one kind breath of heaven would melt away.
A little longer in this world of vice—
The wished-for boundary is passed—
I see the shining shore of Paradise,
I know my pain is o'er at last.
Sweet Christ, oh! let me come!

Christ, let me come to Thee:
I've seen the gates that guard thy holy clime!
And often caught a gleam of thee within;
I know they'll open in thine own good time,
And let thy weary wandering child come in.
I've had, through all this weary care and pain,
One blessed hope, that ne'er has known despair—
It cheers me like the sunshine after rain!
I know thou'lt hear my deep and heartfelt prayer,
And let me come to Thee!

[Anon.

FORMATION OF COLORED REGIMENTS.

MR. EDITOR:—Absence from home has prevented my notice of the rejoinder of your able correspondent, R. H. V., on the war policy. I now avail myself of a leisure hour to reply. I am one of those who believe that truth loses nothing from investigation, and it is at all times the most pleasant and agreeable feature in the honest investigation of truth to know that your opponent can properly appreciate honor, candor and *gentlemanly generosity*, for the views of his antagonist. My friend, your correspondent, R. H. V., seems largely to possess those characteristic traits of a gentleman and scholar. I am pleased to find my antagonist on this question, of that progressive class of minds, who can honorably differ with his fellows without condescending to that hateful and disgusting virulence manifested of late among the ancient leaders of our people, in very high circles. I think among us boys (as our more ancient leaders are wont to term us) this practical fact of itself developes progress. My friend thinks that so far as my declamation is concerned, my arguments may do very well; *but he wants facts to make it appear that* my position is tenable; I am willing to submit our previous articles, respectively, to the arbitration of those who have read them, and abide their decision as to whose arguments are the most self evident, and whose position is sustained by the greatest number of facts. I think that a careful comparison of the articles and the premises on which they are based, will prove my friend's production quite as liberally bereft of that important auxilary in debate (proof) as my own iridescent missive. Invidious distinctions among the colored people of this continent has done more to keep us oppressed than all other efforts of white men combined. By this rule we have ever been unable to wring from this government the acknowledgement of black genius adequate to the successful competition of whites, in governmental power. White men have ever made us believe that the interests of black men in Mexico, Hayti, Jamaica, Canada, and even in Africa, were really as dissimilar to the interests of colored Americans, as is the difference in the respective statures of the giraffe and dor-mouse. All these countries offered very superior advantages to colored men of genius, long before American diplomacy and American prejudice had the power to influence them against us.—But this stand still policy, and this reasoning upon the false and *prejudiced* suggestions of our oppressors and misguided friends, has been the successful drawback to every well-directed plan of concentrated effort for our elevation, such as would have been adopted by any other people similarly situated. Had we obeyed the dictates of reason, and the offer of those people made to us years ago, instead of now going to California to black boots, wait tables and wash spittoons, our leading men might have been large contractors, land owners, and citizens to all intents and purposes; while the secondary class of our people might have filled very enviable positions in contrast to what they now fill in that country; for, you remember that the acquisition of territory from Mexico changed none of her laws relating to her resident citizens in any part of the territory ceded to or purchased by the United States. What, then, kept us from joining with the English and French emigrants in California before the war? becoming citizens under the laws of Mexico, and forcing the United States, by the laws of nations, to respect that position to the present day, as she does blacker men and less cultivated than two-thirds of the colored people of the United States who cannot even enjoy their oath against one of those fellows, black though he be, if he happens to be a Mexican. The reason is obvious: *white men, seeing the result of such a* measure, denied our identity of interest with the colored people favored by the laws of Mexico and California; and though Mexico contented us to make our home with them (as Hayti now entreats us from the same reasons). Our leading men, reasoning upon this absurd theory of prejudiced white men, counseled us to stand still and see the salvation of God; but instead of the analogy being carried out, and we seeing our oppressors declining in strength, as did Israel, we see them day by day growing until they had made that blessed land of Freedom as odious from their accursed prejudice as any other part of the United States and then these same leaders cease to counsel standing still, but counsel them going to California. In the name of heaven, I ask for *for what should they now go there?* They say to better their condition and make a living; I say to become worse slaves and menials than us they leave behind. This is the stand still policy I am at variance with, standing still, till all advantages are lost and we are left in the same darkness and degradation that a brilliant epoch in the history of our country has found us, and is compelled to leave us, because we refuse to get up and run with the world to the great issue to which she is tending—universal Freedom. There is no such thing as stand still in this nineteenth century; you must progress backward or forward; the world is rushing on; he or they that will not move *with her, must be crushed by her onward* march.

My friend says he has yet to learn that these are practically established facts; "that grasping the sword will emancipate us from prejudice and slavery." Indeed, he asks—"Will the proposition bear qestioning?" I answer yes, in the most positive sense, because four-fifths of all the emancipations from these evils among men have been brought about by this means. The Israelites were carried away captives seven times by Pharaoh, Tiglath-Pilaser, Shalmanezer, Nebuchadnezer, and finally Titus. These men forced them to serve as slaves and vassals, not only to themselves, but to their successors in Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Persia and Rome, over which empires they respectively held *dominion*. The Israelites *groaned* and prayed to God, lifting their windows toward the city of the great King three times a day—but never were released in five out of seven cases, till they grasped the sword, and like Samson, cried to God for strength to drive it to the hilt. In one of the other cases of the seven, God himself, by the use of elements more destructive and desolating than the sword, effected the purpose by a national slaughter. My comment on all these Bible transactions may be found in the writings of the Prophets Isaiah, Jeremian, Ezekiel, Daniel and Hosea. A careful study of these inspired writers, and the chronological history of the Jews through all those years of their servitude and degradation, developes the fact that the special direction of God, by the mouth of his prophets, is decidedly at variance with my friend's peace measures and neutral policy, in a war against the greatest moral, social, and intellectual antagonist to human progress that now curses the civilized world. Turning from sacred history to more recent dates, I am taught by the modern historian that the vassals and slaves of the entire continent of Europe a few centuries ago, are now its free citizens—made free by the power of their own strength, contending often against fearful odds for the advancement of the cause of human suffrage. The once lowest castes of Hindostan are now the free gentoros of that empire. The slaves that built the Pyramids of Egypt are now, it is true, the degraded but free moslem of that land. The Mexicans that Cortez found in that country, working as slaves of the emperors and priesthood, are now the free population of Mexico. The slaves of England, France and Spain in the West Indies, are now the independent Haytians, the citizens of the Dominician Republic, and the British West Indies. Now let me ask by what special interposition of Providence, aside from the general rule of grasping the sword, have these changes been brought about? The answer comes back from the earliest antiquity that the universal rule for Emancipation, Equality and Enfranchisement, whether it be to the Jewish slaves of antiquity; the Roman slaves, the grecian helots, the German Fuedal vassals, the serfs of Russia, the Indian slaves of Mexico and Central America, and the African slaves of the West India Islands) the one, the all prevailing influence for removing these accursed systems of tyranny and oppression is and ever has been an appeal to the sword, wielded by strong and energetic arms and minds, aidded and guided by that Omnipotence that is ever on the side of justice, and who directs the blow so as to spread terror and dismay among the oppressors of a crushed and bleeding race, the outraged struggling victims of injustice and wrong. So will God help us if we conform to this universal rule; and cease to cling to this abstruct rule of "stand still and see the salvation etc.," which after all never would be applied to our case at present, for the Israelites had done what we have steadfastly refused to do, i. e., they had spoiled their oppressors and were marching out of their land in rank and file. Then again, it was only when they had gone to the last extremety of human effort and were about to turn back to slavery, and to be buried in Egypt, that Moses gave the command *to stand still* etc. Now I am willing to grant my friend the full benefit of this one isolated case in support of his theory as far as it goes; when we have performed our part as faithfully even as those to whom it was addressed. When the slaves have raised the standard of rebellion against their masters, and have broken every yoke, and then by some great impending danger are about to yield and go back again to slavery, I like Moses, rather than retrograde, would readily counsel standing still at least for a while. When we of the north by indefatigable exertion (and sacrifice if required) have armed and equipped our selves, and become proficient in all that pertains to self defence, as men in our condition should be; and then find ourselves environed with some of the difficulties that my friend predicts would follow such a significant result; and we like Israel are about turning back to our present unhappy and significant condition, I for one should steadfastly counsel standing still with fixed bayonets and torn cartridges, to see the salvation of God. Which I verily believe would be seen if we followed those general rules to which I cling, notwithstanding the enemy's preeminence of position, superior numerical strength &c.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE INTERMARRIAGE LAW OF OHIO A FARCE.

A few months ago a colored man by the name of Oliver West, married at Cleveland, O., a white girl named Emily Fuller, who subsequently returned to her father's house. West believing that her parents were preventing her from living with him, sued out a writ of habeas corpus in one of the courts, but it appearing on investigation of the case, that she was not restrained in any way of her liberty, the writ was dismissed. This over, her father obtained a warrant for the *arrest of the justice who performed the marriage*, under an act passed last winter by the Ohio Legislature, entitled "an act to prevent the amalgamation of the white and colored races." This act, besides making it unlawful for any person possessing a visible admixture of African to intermarry with any person of pure white blood, makes any person convicted of solemnizing such a marriage liable to a fine of not more than one hundred dollars, or imprisonment for a term not to exceed three months, at the discretion of the court. At the trial West plead guilty, and was fined one cent. The Judge remarked that he regretted that there were no half cents, as that would have been the measure of his damages; that the law was ridiculous; that when a white woman makes up her mind to marry a negro there should be no restraint but that imposed by taste; that it was better to have legitimate mulattos than bastards—that the law was forced through the Legislature in bad faith by the party whose policy it was to breed mulattos to embarrass a party that wanted to stop the breed, now amounting to one hundred thousand per annum.

From the Coudersport (Pa) Journal.

NO SLAVE HUNTING IN THE ARMY.

MR. EDITOR—The loyal citizens of this county will furnish with alacrity their full proportion of volunteers to enable the government to crush out the slaveholder's rebellion; but they feel outraged at the orders issued by several Generals commanding soldiers to aid in returning fugitive slaves. As they were about sending their fourth company to the seat of war, they deemed the occasion a suitable one to give expression to this feeling, hence the resolutions adopted yesterday at the Court House, which I herewith hand you for publication.

J. S. MANN.

Protest against Slave catching by Soldiers.

At the close of religious services in Coudersport, on Sunday, Oct. 20, 1861, Capt. Jones' Rifle Company made up of volunteers from nearly every township in the county of Potter, State of Pennsylvania, with their friends, being present, the following resolutions were adopted, only two persons voting against them:

Resolved, That we cheerfully send forth our husbands, brothers and sons to aid in crushing this wicked rebellion; but while doing so, we protest that it is no part of the soldiers to aid in returning fugitive slaves, and we earnestly implore the Governor of Pennsylvania to make immediate remonstrance against any soldiers from this State being ordered to engage in so revolting a work.

Resolved, That Captain Jones be requested to present the above resolution to his Excellency Andrew G. Curtin, and respectfully ask him to transmit the same to the President of the United States.

A speaker enlarging upon the rascality of the devil, got off the following:—"I tell *you that the devil is an old liar, for when I* was about to get religion, he told me that if I did git religion I could not go into gay company, and lie and cheat, or any such thing, but I have found him out to be a great liar."

A HIGHLAND LEGEND.

Once upon a time, in Burr Glen, on a wild winter's night, a farmer and family and servants were comfortably seated around a peat fire, when the wind was howling terribly around the house, and the drifting snow was clogging up the doorways. The father knew that his son and the servant maid were much attached to each other, but he would not consent to their marriage. While they were all sitting around the fire on that winter's night, he thought of a plan by which the servant maid should be got rid of; so he said that if, before the next day, she would bring him a skull that was in Saddell church, she should have his son for a husband. The girl's love was so strong for the young man that she joyfully agreed to the proposal, although it was quite seven miles to Saddell, and the road thereto lay over the Beinnau-Tuire. She knew the road well, and all its dangers and difficulties even by daylight, which would now be immensely increased by the darkness of the night, the fierce wind and driving snow, and *the slippery rocks and swollen torrents.* But she did not shrink from the danger, and at once made ready and went on her way. The farmer took good care that she went alone, and that his son did not follow her. The brave girl went over the hill and glen, battling with the snow storm, and tracking her path with the greatest difficulty. She passed safely over the southern side of Beinnau-Tuire, and at midnight reached Saddell church. Its doors were open, burst open, perhaps, by the violence of the wind. She knew the place where the skull was kept, and she grouped toward it in the dark. As she did so she heard a great and peculiar noise, made up as it seemed of low moans. There was a tramping of light feet over the pavement, and she heard forms rush past her; then a moment's silence, succeeded by more mysterious moans and sounds. Terrified, but not disheartened, the brave girl kept her purpose steadily in view; and grouping toward the skull seized it with both hands, and made for the church door.

The tramping of feet and the moans continued, and the forms pursued her. Grasping the skull, she gained the door and shut it. As she did so she heard a rush against it; but she turned and fled. By daylight she had regained her lover's home, and half dead with fatigue and excitement, placed the skull in the farmer's hands, and claimed the fulfilment of his promise. The farmer was taken aback by seeing the girl, having hoped that she would have perished amid the snow and wilds. He would not believe that she had really been to Saddell, and taken the skull from the church on such a night; so he at once set out to Saddell with some of his men, expecting to be able to disprove the girl's tale, by finding the skull still in its place in the church. When they got there, and had opened the church door, they found within the building—not the skull, but a number of wild deer, who, having found the door open, had sought shelter from the violence of the storm. The girl had told him of the sounds she heard within the church. Here was the cause; and much as he wished it otherwise, yet it was impossible for him to disbelieve her tale. There was nothing for him to do but to yield with the best grace he might. He gave his consent to the match, and to make assurance doubly sure, the lover took his brave girl to Saddell church the very next day, where she replaced the skull in its position, and they were married off hand. And as some of the deer that had frightened her had been killed and cooked, they had a hearty wedding and plenty of good venison at the feast that followed.—(Glenesaegan, or a Highland Home in Cantire, by Cuthbert Bede.

The Emancipated of Beaufort.

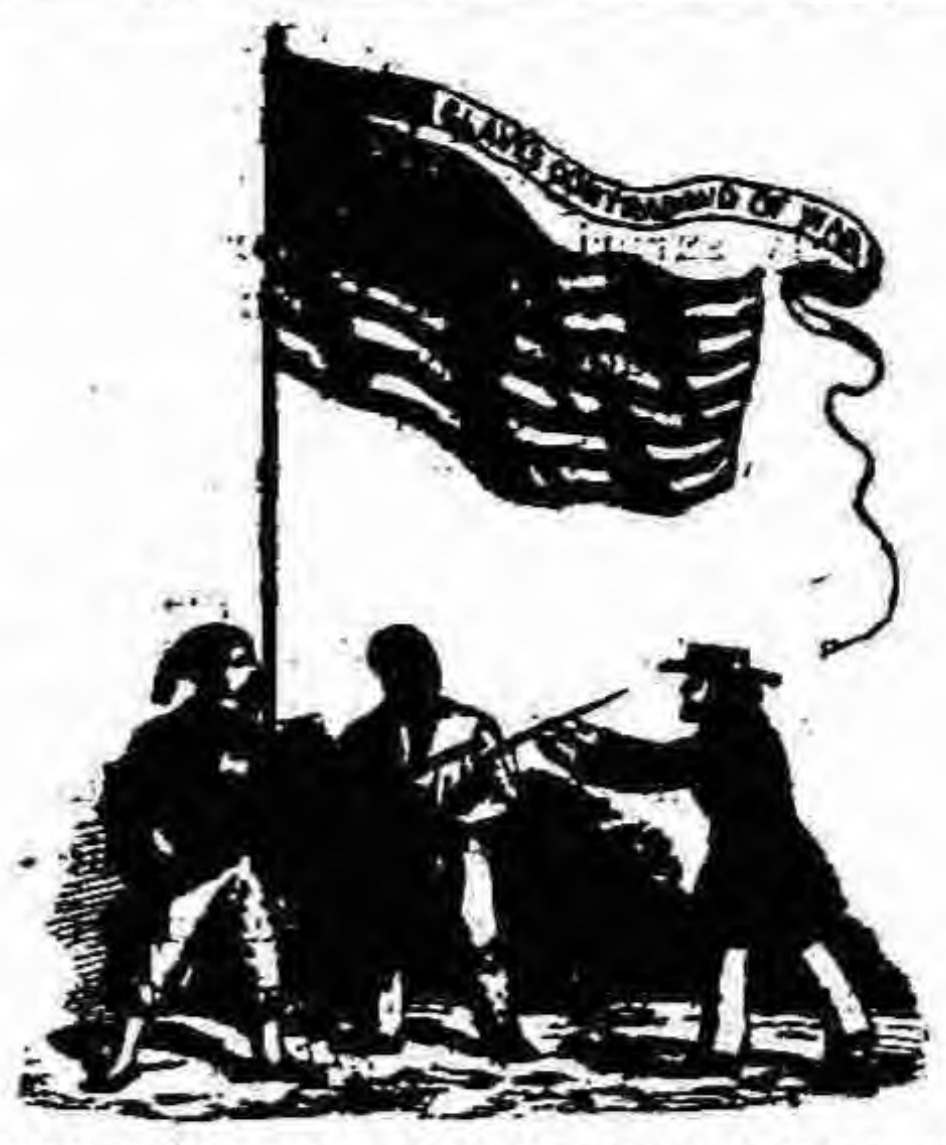
A French traveller, formerly attached to the Crimean army, happening to be on one of the vessels which captured Port Royal, writes to one of his friends in this city a letter, from which the following is an extract:

And now, my friend, let me say a word of that burning question of slavery, which, happily for the fame of our common country, and for the interests of the French planters themselves we disposed of thirteen years ago. I say happily for the French planters, for I was six months ago in one of the emancipated colonies, and I could ascertain with my own eyes that she produces now three times as much sugar as before the emancipation. Excuse me if I refer to that event, but I cannot forbear thinking that if the rich soil which I tread was cultivated by free hands it would in a few years, like the French colonies, yield three times as much as it does now. The negroes who flock from all parts of the country to meet their liberators, and who are now surrounding the staff of General Sherman, have an intellectual an appearance as any French negro of my acquaintance. I have just talked to a French creole from Louisiana, who goes as a body servant to New Orleans every year with his master. He had a basket of oranges under one of *his arms and a dozen of unfeathered chickens* on the other, which he wanted me to buy. Seeing that I was talking French to one of the officers he undertook me in that language, that is to say in creole, a kind of brogue with which my numerous travels have made me familiar. You cannot imagine how interested I was with his conversation. There was such a feeling of gratitude in his whole countenance, such a contentment beaming in his eyes, that notwithstanding the wariness of his nature and the simplicity of his language, I could not help being moved to tears. He said to me that every negro in the South turned every day his eyes towards the horizon to see whether he could not discover the Star Spangled Banner looming in the distance, and the Yankees coming to deliver them. Every negro, male or female, is conscious of the struggle now going on between the North and the South, and relies upon its results for the recovery of his freedom. The expedition of Port Royal, for instance, was *known by them as well as by Jeff. Davis him*self; and though they could neither read or write, they knew by the conversation the rebels had between themselves, perhaps through other channels unknown to me, the place of landing of the expedition, and more particularly the name of the officer who commanded it. It seems, however, that they have not a very exact idea of time, for when I asked the creole negro how long he had been waiting for Commodore Dupont's arrival, he told me that he thought he would have come six months ago, in July last. Though perfectly ignorant of the material *means of action of the blacks in the* South, I think that there is in them a hidden force calculated to display itself sooner or later, which, if the American government chose to use now, would undoubtedly transform itself into a mighty instrument of war.

The other night, a landlord, discovering one of his customers drunk, sloshing about in the mire, went to his assistance, and setting him up on his feet, inquired if he 'was sick, or what was the matter?' 'No,' replied the boozy customer, 'I ain't sick nor I ain't drunk—but I'm almighty discouraged!

Mrs. Partington advises all young people inflicted with preparation of the heart, to apply a plaster of the contract of mustard, to draw out the information, and she says she has never known a failure where this devise was swallowed.

MISCLELANEOUS.



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Every mother should be prepared to act in the capacity of both nurse and physician to her children she can, if she will, discharge these duties much better than any one she can employ. If she does not, she ought to know that there is a Medicine prepared by an old nurse and female physician which has stood the test of many, many years, and is the most perfect thing on earth for children teething; it also cures Wind Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, and is sure to regulate the bowels. We say to every mother, do not let your own prejudices, or the prejudices of others stand in the way of the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP certainly does, as the name implies, "soothe" the little sufferer into a quiet, natural sleep, from which it awakes invigorated and refreshed. And for the cure of diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Wind Colic, &c., we have never seen its equal.

We have always been, and still are, opposed to the practice of drugging infants. This article has no deleterious effects whatever, and from our own experience (we speak advisedly) we have every confidence in it, and can heartily recommend it to all mothers. Take our advice—use it—and you will as strongly recommend it to others as we have to you.

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Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States.

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The palatableness of these bitters renders them agreeable to every one, and being composed entirely of vegetables, *they may be* used by all classes of people with safety.

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These pills are made mostly from a valuable herb that grows on the proprietor's farm.

Warranted to cure Bilious Stomach, Bilious Bowels, Bilious Colic, Bilious Fever, and all diseases which arise from a bilious state of the system viz, Jaundice, Headache, Heartburn, Sour Stomach Liver Complaint, Weak Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, and a host, of diseases too numerous to mention, as their number is legion.

Warranted to cure diseases *peculiar to the female* sex

Warranted at all times safe and efficient.

Warranted for a gentle family physic not to have an equal in America, operating without pain.

Warranted not to contain calomel, aloes, gamboge colocynth, or other drastic poisonous drugs, which always do the system more hurt than good, and by their continued use are sure to cause a derangement of the liver, bring on costiveness, and its inevitable consequence, piles, and dyspepsia, and finally break down the constitution, and cause the victim to drag out a miserable existence. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wily poison. Your life is your own,—preserve it. Take a simple herb, sure in its effects, but safe and pleasant,—no wrenching pains, no ill effects, and made pleasant to take by a fine coat of sugar. Children love them, ladies admire them, fools and wise men cannot do without them, doctors prescribe them,—and every body takes them. Yes, every body; from the honest farmer and mechanic to the most learned philosopher. And why? Simply because they are good, excellently good; and will do you good.

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PART I.

> "By myself, the Lord of Ages,
> I have sworn to right the wrong;
> I have pledged my word unbroken,
> *For the weak against the strong.*"
> [H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SALE.

'Dar now, dar now!' exclaimed mammy Judy; 'jis wat ole man been tellin' on yeh! Yeh go out yondeh, ye kick up yeh heel, git yeh head clean full proclamation an' sich like dat, an' let debil fool yeh, den go fool long wid wite folks long so, sho! Betteh go 'bout yeh business; been sarvin' God right, yeh no call t'do so I reckon!'

'I dont care what comes! my course is laid out and my determination fixed, and nothing they can do can alter it. So you and daddy Joe, mammy, had just as well quit your preaching to me the religion you have got from your oppressors.'

'Soul-driveh git yeh, yeh can' git way from dem I don' recken! Sho chile, yeh ain' dat mighty!' admonished mammy Judy.

'Henry my chile, look to de Laud! look to de Laud! case he 'lone am able to bar us up in our trouble! an—'

'Go directly sir, to captain John Harris' office and ask him to call immediately to see me at my house!' ordered Franks.

Politely bowing, Henry immediately left the premises on his errand.

'Laud 'a messey maus Stephen!' exclaimed mammy Judy, on hearing the name of John Harris the negro trader; "hope yeh arter no haum! gwine sell all ob us to de tradehs?',

'Hoot-toot, hoot-toot! Judy, give yourself no uneasiness about that, till you have some cause for it. So you and Joe may rest contented Judy,' admonished Franks.

'Tank'e maus Stephen! case I hearn yeh tell Henry dat yeh sell de las' nig—'

'Hush! ole umin, hush! yeh tongue too long! Put yo trus' in de Laud!' interrupted daddy Joe.

'I treat my black folks well,' replied Franks; 'and all they have to—'

Here the door bell having been rung, he was interrupted with a message from Ailcey, that a gentleman awaited his presence in the parlor.

At the moment which the Colonel left the kitchen, Henry stepped over the style into the yard, which at once disclosed who the gentleman was to whom the master had been summoned, he having been met by the messenger in the street. Henry passed directly around and behind the house.

'See, ole man, see! reckon 'e gwine dar now!' whispered mammy Judy, on seeing Henry pass through the yard without going into the kitchen.

'Whar!' enquired daddy Joe.

'Don'o, out yondeh, whar 'e gwine way from wite folks!' she replied.

The interview between Franks and the trader Harris was not over half an hour duration, the trader retiring, Franks being prompt and decisive in all his transactions, making little ceremony.

So soon as the front door was closed, Ailcey smiling bore into the kitchen a half pint glass of brandy, saying that her master had sent it to the old people.

The old man received it with compliments to his master, pouring it into a black jug in which there was both tansy and garlic, highly recommending it as a 'bitters' and certain antidote for worms, for which purpose he and the old woman took of it as long as it lasted, though neither had been troubled with that particular disease since the days of their childhood.

'Wat de gwine do wid yeh my son?' enquired mammy Judy as Henry entered the kitchen.

'Sell me to the soul drivers! what else would they do?'

'Yeh gwine stay 'bout till de git yeh?'

'I shant move a step! and let them do their—!'

'Maus wants to see yeh in de front house Henry,' interrupted Ailcey, he immediately obeying the summons.

'Hear dat now!' said mammy Judy, as Henry followed the maid out of the kitchen.

'Carry this note sir, directly to captain Jack Harris!' ordered Franks, handing to Henry a sealed note. Receiving it, he bowed politely, going out of the front door, directly to the slave prison of Harris.

'Eh heh! I see,' said Harris on opening the note: 'Colonel Frank's boy; walk in here;' passing through the office into a room which proved to be the first department of the slave-prison. 'No common negro I see! you're a shade higher. A pretty deep shade too! Can read, write, cipher; a good religious fellow, and has a Christian and surname. The devil you say! Who's your father? Can you preach?'

'I have never tried,' was the only reply.

'Have you ever been a member of Congress?' continued Harris with ridicule.

To this Henry made no reply.

'Wont answer hey! beneath your dignity. I understand that you're of that class of gentry who dont speak to common folks! You're not quite well enough dressed for a gentleman of your cloth. Here! Mr. Henry, I'll present you with a pair of ruffles: give yourself no trouble sir, as I'll dress you! I'm here for that purpose,' said Harris, fastening upon the wrists of the manly bondman, a heavy pair of handcuffs.

'You hurt my wrist!' admonished Henry.

'New clothing will be a little tight when first put on. Now sir!' continued the trader, taking him to the back door and pointing into the yard at the slave gang there confined; 'as you have been respectably dressed, walk out and enjoy yourself among the ladies and gentlemen there; you'll find them quite a select company.'

Shortly after this the sound of the bell-ringer's voice was heard—a sound which usually spreads terror among the slaves: 'Will be sold this afternoon at three o'clock by public outcry, at the slave-prison of captain John Harris, a likely choice negro-fellow, the best trained body servant in the state, trained to the business by the most accomplished lady and gentleman negro-trainers in the Mississippi Valley. Sale positive without a proviso.

'Dar, dar! did'n I tell yeh so?' Ole man, ole man! hear dat now! Come hear. Dat jis wat I been tellin on 'im, but 'e uden blieve me!' ejaculated old mammy Judy on hearing the bell ring and the hand-bill read.

Falling upon their knees, the two old slaves prayed fervently to God, thanking him that it was as 'well with them' as it was.

'Bless de Laud! my soul is happy!' cried out mammy Judy being overcome with devotion, clapping her hands.

'Tang God, for wat I feels in my soul!' responded daddy Joe.

Rising from their knees with tears trickling down their cheeks, the old slaves endeavored to ease their troubled souls by singing—

> 'Oh when shall my sorrows subside,
> And when shall my troubles be ended;
> And when to the bosom of Christ be conveyed,
> To the mansions of joy and bliss;
> To the mansions of joy and bliss!'

'Wurthy to be praise! blessed be de name ob de Laud! Po' black folks, de Laud on'y knows wats to come ob us!' exclaimed mammy Judy.

'Look to de Laud ole umin, he's able to bar us out mo' ner conker. Keep de monin star in sight!' advised daddy Joe.

'Yes ole man yes, dat I's done dis many long day, an' I ain' gwin lose sight ob it now! No, God bein' my helpeh, I is gwine keep my eyes right on it, dat I is!'

As the hour of three drew near, many there were going in the direction of the slave-prison, a large number of persons having assembled at the sale.

'Draw near, gentlemen! draw near!' cried Harris; the hour of sale is arrived: a positive sale and no proviso, cash down, or no sale at all!' A general laugh succeeded the introduction of the auctioneer.

'Come up here my lad!' continued he, wielding a long red cowhide; 'mount this block, stand beside me, an' let's see which is the best looking man! We have met before, but I never had the pleasure of introducing you. Gentlemen one and all, I take pleasure in introducing to you Henry—pardon me sir—Mr. Henry Holland, I believe—am I right sir?—Mr. Henry Holland, a good looking feller you will admit.

'I am offered one thousand dollars; one thousand dollars for the best looking negro in all Mississippi! If all the negro boys in the state was as good looking as him, I'd give two thousand dollars for 'em all my-self!' This caused another laugh. 'Who'll give me one thousand five—'

Just then a shower of rain came on.

'Gentlemen!' exclaimed the auctioneer; 'without a place can be obtained large enough to shelter the people here assembled, the sale will have to be postponed. This is a proviso we could'nt foresee, an' therefore is not responsible for it.' There was another hearty laugh.

A whisper went through the crowd, when presently a gentleman came forward saying, that those concerned had kindly tendered the use of the church which stood near by, in which to continue the sale.

'Here we are again, gentlemen! Who bids five hundred more for the likely negro feller? I am offered fifteen hundred dollars for the finest negro servant in the state! Come my boy bestir yourself an' dont stan' there like a statute; cant you give us a jig? whistle us a song! I forgot, the negro feller is religious; by the by, an excellent recommendation gentlemen. Perhaps he'll give us a sermon. Say, git up there old feller, an' hold forth. Cant you give us a sermon on Abolition? I'm only offered fifteen hundred dollars for the likely negro boy! Fifteen, sixteen hundred dollars, seventeen hundred, just agoing at—eighteen, eighteen, nineteen hundred, nineteen, nineteen! Just agoing at nineteen hundred dollars for the best body servant in the state; just agoing at nineteen and without a better bid I'll—going! going! go—!'

Just at this *point a note was passed up* the aisle to the auctioneer, who after reading it said:

'Gentlemen! circumstances beyond my *control, makes it necessary that the sale be* postponed until one day next week; the *time of continuance will be duly announced!'* when bowing he left the stand.

'That's another proviso not in the original bill!' exclaimed a voice as the auctioneer left the stand, at which there were peals of laughter.

To secure himself against contingency, Harris immediately delivered Henry over to Franks.

There were present at the sale, Crow, Slider, Walker, Borbridge, Simpson, Hurst, Spangler and Williams, all noted slave traders, eager to purchase, some on their return home, and some with their gangs en route for the southern markets.

The note handed to the auctioneer read thus:

'CAPT. HARRIS:—Having learned that there are private individuals at the sale, who design purchasing my negro man Harry, for his own personal advantage, you will peremptorily postpone the sale—making such apology as the occasion demands—and effect a private sale with Richard Crow, Esq., who offers me two thousand dollars for him. Let the boy return to me. Believe me to be,

Very Respectfully,
STEPHEN FRANKS.

Capt. John Harris.
Natchez, Nov. 29th, 1852.'

'Now sir,' said Franks to Henry, who had barely reached the house from the auction block; 'take this pass and go to Jackson and Woodville, or any where else you wish to see your friends, so that you be back against Monday noon. I ordered a postponement of the sale, thinking that I would try you awhile longer, as I never had cause before to part with you. Now see if you can't be a better boy!'

Eagerly taking the note, thanking him with a low bow, turning away, Henry opened the paper which read:

'Permit the bearer my boy Henry, sometimes calling himself Henry Holland—a kind of negro pride he has—to pass and repass wherever he wants to go, he behaving himself properly.

STEPHEN FRANKS.

To all whom it may concern.
Natchez, Nov. 29th, 1852.'

Carefully depositing the *charte volante* in his pocket wallet, Henry quietly entered the hut of mammy Judy and daddy Joe.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RUNAWAY.

'De Laud's good—bless 'is name!' exclaimed mammy Judy, wringing her hands as Henry entered the hut; 'he hears de pra'rs ob 'is chilen. Yeh hab reason to tang God yeh is here dis day!'

'Yes Henry, see wat de Laud's done fer yeh. Tis true's I's hear dis day! Tang God fer dat!' added daddy Joe.

'I think,' replied he after listening with patience to the old people; 'I have reason to thank our Ailcey and Van Winter's Biddy; they, it seems to me should have some credit in the matter.'

'Sho boy, g'long whar yeh gwine! Yo backsliding, gwine git yeh in trouble g'in I reckon?' replied mammy Judy.

Having heard the conversation between her mistress and Henry, Ailcey as a secret, informed Van Winter's Derba, who informed her fellow servant Biddy, who imparted it to her acquaintance Nelly the slave of esquire Potter, Nelly informing her mistress, who told the 'Squire, who led Franks into the secret of the whole matter.

'Mus'n blame me, Henry!' said Ailcey in an undertone; 'I did'n mean de wite folks to know wat I tole Derba, nor she di'n mean it nuther, but dat devil, Potteh's Nell! us gals mean de fus time we ketch 'er out, to duck 'er in de riveh! She's rale wite folk's nigga, dat's jis' wat she is. Neveh mine, we'll ketch 'er yit!'

'I dont blame you Ailcey, nor either of Mrs. Van Winter's girls, as I know that you are my friends, neither of whom would do anything knowingly to injure me. I know Ailcey that you are a good girl, and believe you would tell me—'

'Yes Henry, I is yo' fren' an' come to tell yeh now wat de wite folks goin' to do.'

'What is it Ailcey; what do you know?'

'Wy dat ugly ole devil Dick Crow—God for gim me! but I hates 'im so, case he nothin' but po' wite man, no how—I knows im; he comes from Fagina an—'

'Never mind his origin, Ailcey, tell me what you know concerning his visit in the house.'

'I is goin' to, but de ugly ole devil, I hates 'im so! Maus Stephen had 'im in de parla, an' he sole yeh to 'im, dat ugly ole po' wite devil, for—God knows how much—a hole heap a money; "two" somethin'.'

'I know what it was—two thousand dollars—for that was his selling price to Jack Harris.'

'Yes, dat was de sum, Henry.'

'I am satisfied as to how much he can be relied on. Even was I to take the advice of the old people here, and become reconciled to drag out a miserable life of degradation and bondage under them, I would not be permitted *to do so by this man,* who seeks every opportunity to crush out my lingering *manhood, and reduce my free* spirit to the submission of a slave. He *cannot do it; I will not submit to it,* and I defy his power to make me submit.'

'Laus a messy, Henry, yeh *free man!* how cum yeh not tell me long'o? Sho boy, betteh go long whar yeh gwine, out yondeh, an' not fool long wid wite folks!' said mammy Judy with surprise, 'wat brings yeh hear anyhow?'

'That's best known to myself, mammy.'

'Wat make yeh keep hear so long den, dat yeh ain' gone fo' dis?'

"Your questions become rather pressing mammy; I cant tell you that either.'

'Laud, Laud, Laud! So yeh free ma Well, well, well!'

'Once for all, I now tell you old people, what I never told you before, nor never expected to tell you under such circumstances; that I never intend to serve any white man again. I'll die first.'

'De Laud a' messy on my po' soul! An' how cum yeh not gone befo'?'

'Carrying out the principles and advice of you old people; "standing still to see the salvation." But with me, "now is the accepted time, to-day is the day of salvation."'

'Well, well, well!' sighed mammy Judy.

'I am satisfied that I am sold, and the wretch who did it, seeks to conceal his perfidy by deception. Now if ever you old people did anything in your lives, you must do it now.'

'Wat dat yeh want wid us?'

'Why, if you'll go, I'll take you on Saturday night, and make our escape to a free country.'

'Wat place yeh call dat?'

'Canada!' replied Henry, with emotion.

'How far yeh gwine take me?' earnestly enquired the old woman.

'I cant just now tell the distance, probably some two or three thousand miles from here, the way we'd have to go.'

'De Laus a messy on me! an' wat yeh gwine do wid little Joe; ain gwine leave 'im behine?'

'No, mammy Judy, I'd bury him in the bottom of the river first! I intend carrying him in a bundle on my back, as the Indians carry their babies.'

'Wat yeh gwine do for money; yeh ain' gwine rob folks on de road?'

'No mammy, I'll starve first. Have you and daddy Joe saved nothing from your black-eye peas and poultry selling for many years?'

'Ole man, how much in dat pot undeh de flo' dar; how long since yeh count it?'

'Don'o,' replied daddy Joe, 'las' time I count it, de was faughty guinea* or sich a mautter, an' I put in some six-seven guinea mo' since dat.'

'Then you have some two hundred and fifty dollars in money?'

'Dat do you?' enquired mammy Judy.

'Yes, that of itself is enough, but—'

'Den take it an' go long whar yeh gwine; we ole folks too ole for gwine headlong out yondeh an' don'o whar we gwine. Sho boy! take de money an g' long!' decisively replied the old woman after her inquisitiveness.

'If you dont know, I do mammy, and that will answer for all.'

'Dat ain' gwine do us. We ole folks ain' politishon an' undehstan' de graumma ob dese places, an' wen we git dar den may be do'n like it an can' git back. Sho chile, go long whar yeh gwine!'

'What do you say, daddy Joe? Whatever you have to say must be said quick, as the time with me is precious'

'We is too ole dis time a-day chile, t'go way out yondeh de Laud knows whar; betteh whar we is.'

'You'll not be too old to go if these whites once take a notion to sell you. What will you do then?'

'Trus' to de Laud!'

'Yes, the same old slave song—"Trust *to the Lord." Then I must go,* and—'

'Ain' yeh gwine take de money Henry?' *interrupted the old woman.*

'No mammy, since you will not go, I *leave it for you and daddy Joe, as you may* yet have use for it, or those may desire to use it, who better understand what use to make of it than you and daddy Joe seem *willing to be instructed in.'*

'Den yeh 'ont have de money?'

'I thank you and daddy most kindly, mammy Judy, for your offer, and only refuse because I have two hundred guineas about me.'

'Sho boy, yeh got all dat, yeh no call to want dat little we got. Whar yeh git all dat money? Do'n reckon yeh gwine tell me! Did'n steal from maus Stephen, I do'n reckon?'

'No Mammy, I'm incapable of stealing from any one; but I have from time to time, taken by littles, some of the earnings due me for more than eighteen years' service to this man Franks, which at the low rate of two hundred dollars a year, would amount to sixteen hundred dollars more than I secured, exclusive of the interest, which would have more than supplied my clothing, to say nothing of the injury done me by degrading me as a slave. "Steal" indeed! I would that when I had an opportunity, I had taken fifty thousand instead of two. I am to understand you old people as positively declining to go, am I?'

'Wat dat yeh mean, dat "cline" so!'

'Oh! by "decline," I mean wont go.'

'No, no, chile, we can' go? We put our trus' in de Laud, he bring us out mo' ner konker.'

'Then from this time hence, I become a runaway. Take care of my poor boy while he's with you. When I leave the swamps, or where I'll go, will never be known to you. Should my boy be suddenly missed, and you find three notches cut in the bark of the big willow tree, on the side away from your hut, then give yourself no uneasiness; but if you dont find these notches in the tree, then I know nothing about him. Good bye!' and Henry strode directly for the road to Woodville.

'Fahwell my son, fahwell, an' may God a'mighty go wid you! May de Laud guide an' 'tect yeh on de way!'

The child, contrary to his custom, commenced crying asking to see 'mamma Maggie and dadda Henry.' Every effort to quiet him was unavailing. This brought sorrow to the old people's hearts and tears to their eyes, which they endeavoured to soothe in a touching lamentation:

> 'See wives and husbands torn apart,
> Their children's screams, they grieve my heart!
> They are torn away to Georgia!
> Come and go along with me—
> They are torn to Georgia
> Go sound the Jubilee;'

CHAPTER X.

MERRY MAKING.

The day is Saturday, a part of which is given by many liberal masters to their slaves, the afternoon being spent as a holiday, or in vending such little marketable commodities as they might by chance possess.

As a token of gratitude for acts of generosity, it is customary in many parts of the South for slaves to invite their masters to their entertainments. This evening presented such an occasion, on the premises of Colonel Stephen Franks.

This day mammy Judy was extremely busy, for in addition to the responsibility of the culinary department, there was her calico habit to be done up—as she would not let Potter's Milly look any better than herself—and an old suit of the young master George's clothes had to be patched and darned a little before little Joe could favorably compare with Craig's Sooky's little Dick. And the cast off linen given to her husband for the occasion might require a 'little doing up.'

'Wat missus sen' dis shirt hear wid de bres all full dis debilment an' nonsense for?' said mammy Judy, holding up the garment, looking at the ruffles: 'sho! missus mus' be crack, sen' dis hear. Ole man ain' gwine sen' he soul to de ole boy, puttin' on dis debilment!' and she hastened away with the shirt, stating to her mistress her religious objections. Mrs. Franks smiled as she took the garment, telling her that the objections could be easily removed by taking off the ruffles.

'Dat look sumphen like!' remarked the old woman, when Ailcey handed her the shirt with the ruffles removed. 'Sen' dat debilment an' nonsense hear! sho!' and carrying it away smiling, she laid it upon the bed.

The feast of the evening was such as mammy Judy was capable of preparing when in her best humour, consisting of all the delicacies usually served up on the occasion of corn huskings in the grain growing region.

Conscious that he was not entitled to their gratitude, Colonel Franks declined to honor the entertainment, though the invitation was a ruse to deceive him, as he had attempted to deceive them.

The evening brought with it much of life's variety, as may be seen among the slave population of the South. There were Potter's slaves, and the people of Mrs. Van Winter, also those of Major Craig, and Dr. Denny, all dressed neatly, and seemingly very happy.

Ailcey was quite the pride of the evening, in an old gauze orange dress of her mistress, and felt that she deserved to be well thought of, as proving herself the friend of Henry, the son-in-law of daddy Joe and mammy Judy, the heads of the entertainment. Mammy Judy and Potter's Milly were both looking matronly in their calico gowns and towlinen aprons, and daddy Joe was the honored and observed of the party, in an old black suit of his master, with an abundance of surplus.

'Hep' yeh se'f chilen!' said mammy Judy, after the table had been blessed by daddy Joe: 'Henry ain' gwine be hear, he gone to Woodville or some whar dar, kick'n up 'e heel. Come chilen eat harty, mo' whar dis come from. He'p yeh se'f, now do'n—'

'I is aun Judy; I likes dis hear kine a witals!' drawled out Potter's Nelse, reaching over for the fifth or sixth time; 'dis am good shaut cake!'

'O mammy, look at Jilson!' exclaimed Ailcey, as a huge, rough field hand—who refused to go to the table with the company, but sat sulkily by himself in one corner—was just walking away, with two whole 'cakes' of bread under his arm.

'Wat yeh gwine do wid dat bread Jilson?' enquired the old woman.

'I gwine eat it, dat wat I gwine do wid it! I ain' had no weat bread dis two hauvest!' he having come from Virginia, where such articles of food on harvest occasion were generally allowed the slave.

'Big hog, so he is!' rebukingly said Ailcey, when she saw that Jilson was determined in his purpose.

'Neveh mine dat chilen, plenty mo!' responded mammy Judy.

'Ole umin, dat chile in de way dar; de gals hardly turn roun,' suggested daddy Joe, on seeing the pallet of little Joe crowded upon as the girls were leaving the table, seating themselves around the room.

'Ailcey my chile, jes' run up to de hut wid 'im, 'an lay 'im in de bed; of yeh feard, Van Winteh' Ben go wid yeh; I knows 'e likes to go wid de gals,' said mammy Judy.

Taking up his hat with a bland smile, Ben obeyed orders without a demur.

The entertainment was held at the extreme end of a two acre lot in the old slave quarters, while the hut of mammy Judy was near the great house. Ailcey thought she espied a person retreat into the shrubbery, and startled as she went to the back door of the hut, but Ben hooted at the idea of any person being out and about on such an occasion, except indeed it was Jilson with his bread. The child being carefully placed in bed, Ailcey and her protector were soon again mingled with the merry slaves.

There were three persons generally quite prominent among the slaves of the neighborhood, missed on this occasion; Frank's Charles, Denny's Sam, and Potter's Andy; Sam being confined to bed by sickness.

'Ailcey, whar's Chaules—how cum he not hear?' enquired mammy Judy.

'Endeed, I don'o mammy.'

'How cum Potteh's Andy ain' hear nudder?'

'Andy a' home to-night,' aun' Judy, an' I don' o whar 'e is,' replied Winny.

'Gone head-long out yondeh, arteh no good, I don' reckon, an' Chaules 'e gone dar too,' replied the old woman.

'De ain' nothin' matteh wid dis crowd aun' Judy!' complimented Nelse as he sat beside Derba. At this expression mammy Judy gave a deep sigh, on the thought of her absent daughter.

'Come chilen!' suggested mammy Judy; 'yeh all eat mighty harty, an' been mighty merry, an' 'joy yehse'f much; we now sing praise to de Laud for wat 'e done for us,' raising a hymn in which all earnestly joined:

> 'Oh! Jesus, Jesus is my friend.
> He'll be my helper to the end,' etc.

'Young folks yeh all betteh git ready now an' go, fo' de patrolles come out. Yeh all 'joy yeh se'f much, now time yeh gone. Hope yeh all sarv God Sunday. Ole man fo' de all gone, hab word ob prar,' advised the old woman; the following being sung in conclusion:

> 'The Lord is here, and the Lord is all around us;
> Canaan, Canaan's a very happy home—
> O, glory! O, glory! O, glory! God is here!

when the gathering dispersed, the slaves going cheerfully to their homes.

'Come ole man, yeh got match? light sum dem shavens dar, quick! I can' fine de chile hear on dis bed!' said mammy Judy, on entering the hut and feeling about in the dark for little Joe. 'Ailcey, wat yeh done wid de chile?'

'E's dar, mammy Judy; I lain 'im on de bed, I spose 'e roll off.'

The shavings being lit, there was no child to be found.

'My Laud, ole man! whar's de chile? Wat dis mean? O, whar's my po' chile gone; my po' baby!' exclaimed mammy Judy, wringing her hands in distress.

'Stay, ole 'umin! de tree! de tree!' when going out in the dark, feeling the trunk of the willow, three notches in the bark were distinct to the touch.

'Ole 'umin!' exclaimed daddy Joe in a suppressed voice, hastening into the hut; 'it am he, it am Henry got 'im!'

'Tang God, den my po' baby safe!' responded mammy Judy, when they raised their voices in praise of thankfulness:

> 'O, who's like Jesus!
> *Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord;*
> O, who's like Jesus!
> *Hallelujah! love and serve the Lord!*

Falling upon their knees, the old man offered an earnest, heartfelt prayer to God, asking his guardianship through the night, and protection through the day, especially upon their heart-broken daughter, their runaway son-in-law and little grandson, when the two old people retired to rest with spirits mingled with joy, sorrow, hope and fear; Ailcey going into the great house.

CHAPTER XI.

A SHADOW.

'Ah, boys! here you are, true to your promise,' said Henry, as he entered a covert in the thicket adjacent the cotton place, late on Sunday evening; 'have you been waiting long?'

'Not very,' replied Andy; 'not mo' den two-three hours.'

'I was fearful you would not come, or if you did before me that you would grow weary, and leave.'

'Yeh no call to doubt us Henry, case yeh fine us true as ole steel!'

'I know it,' answered he; 'but you know Andy, that when a slave is once sold at auction, all respect for him—'

'O pshaw! we ain' goin' to hear nothin' like dat a tall! case—'

'No!' interrupted Charles; 'all you got to do Henry, is to tell we boys what you want, an' we're your men.'

'That's the talk for me!'

'Well, what you doin' here?' enquired Charles.

'W'at brought yeh back from Jackson so soon?' farther enquired Andy.

'How did you get word to meet me here?' asked Henry.

'By Ailcey; she give me the stone, an' I give it to Andy, an' we both sent one apiece back. Did'nt you git 'em?'

'Yes, that's the way I knew you intended to meet me,' replied he.

'So we thought,' said Charles; 'but tell us Henry, what you want us to do.'

'I suppose you know all about the sale, that they had me on the auction block, but ordered a postponement, and—

'That's the very pint we cant understand, although I'm in the same family with you,' interrupted Charles.

'But tell us Henry, what yeh doin' here?' impatiently enquired Andy.

'Yes, added Charles, 'we want to know.'

'Well, I'm a runaway, and from this time forth, I swear—I do it religiously—that I'll never again serve any white man living!'

'That's the pint I wanted to git at before,' explained Charles; 'as I cant understan' why you run away, after your release from Jack Harris, an'—'

'Nor I, nuther!' interrupted Andy.

'It seems to me,' continued Charles; 'that I'd 'ave went before they 'tempted to sell me, an' that you're safer now than before they had you on the block.'

'Dat's de way I look at it,' responded Andy.

'The stopping of the sale was to deceive his wife, mammy, and daddy Joe, as he had privately disposed of me to a regular soul-driver by the name of Crow.'

'I knows Dick Crow,' said Andy; ''e come f'om Faginy, whar I did, de same town.'

'So Ailcey said of him. Then you know him without any description from me,' replied Henry.

'Yes 'n deed! an' I knows 'im to be a *inhuman, mean, dead-po' w'ite man, dat's* wat I does!'

'Well, I was *privately sold to him for* two thousand dollars, then ordered back to Franks, as though I was still his slave, and by him given a pass, and required to go to Woodville where there were arrangements to seize me and hold me, till Crow ordered me, which was to have been on Tuesday evening. Crow is not aware of my having been given a pass; Franks gave it to deceive his wife; in case of my not returning, to make the impression that I had run away, when in reality I was sold to the trader.'

'Then our people had their merry-making all for nothin',' said Charles; 'an' Franks got what 'e didn't deserve—their praise.'

'No, the merry-making was only to deceive Franks, that I might have time to get away. Daddy Joe, mammy Judy, and Ailcey, knew all about it, and proposed the feast to deceive him.'

'Dat's good! sarve 'im right, de 'sarned ole scamp!' rejoined Andy.

'It could'nt be better!' responded Charles.

'Henry I wish we was in yo' place an' you none de wus by it,' said Andy.

'Never mind, boys, give yourselves no uneasiness, as it wont be long before we'll all be together,

'You think so, Henry?' asked Charles.

'Well I hope so, but den body can hardly 'spect it,' responded Andy.

'Boys,' said Henry, with great caution, and much emotion; 'I am now about to approach an important subject, and as I have always found you true to me—and *you can only be true to me by being true* to yourselves—I shall not hesitate to im*part it! But for Heaven's sake!*—perhaps I had better not!'

'Keep nothin' back, Henry,' said Charles; 'as you know that we boys 'll die by our principles, that's settled!'

'Yes, I wants to die right now by mine; right hear, now!' sanctioned Andy.

'Well it is this—close boys! close!' when they gathered in a huddle beneath an underbrush, upon their knees: 'you both go with me, but not now. I—'

'Why not now?' anxiously enquired Charles

'Dat's wat I likes to know!' responded Andy.

'Stop boys, till I explain. The plans are mine and you must allow me to know more about them than you. Just here, for once, the slave-holding preacher's advice to the black man is appropriate—"Stand still and see the salvation."'

'Then let us hear it, Henry,' asked Charles.

'For God's sake!' said Andy, 'let us hear w'at it is, anyhow, Henry; yeh keeps a body in 'spence so long, till I's mose crazy to hear it. Dat's no way!'

'You shall have it, but I approach it with caution! Nay, with fear and trembling, at the thought of what has been the fate of all previous matters of this kind. I approach it with religious fear, and hardly think us fit for the task; at least, I know I am not. But as no one has ever originated, or given us any thing of the kind, I suppose I may venture.'

'Tell it! tell it!' urged both in a whisper.

'Andy,' said Henry, 'let us have a word of prayer first!' when they bowed low, with their heads to the ground, Andy, who was a preacher of the Baptist persuasion among his slave brethren, offering a solemn and affecting prayer, in whispers to the Most High, to give them knowledge and courage in the undertaking, and success in the effort.

Rising from their knees, Andy commenced an anthem, by which he appeared to be much affected, in the following words:

> 'About our future destiny,
> *There need be none debate—*
> Whilst we ride on the tide,
> *With our Captain and his mate.'*

Clasping each other by the hands, standing in a band together, as a plight of their union and fidelity to each other, Henry said—

'I now impart to you the secret—it is this: I have laid a scheme, and matured a plan for a general insurrection of the slaves in every State, and the successful overthrow of slavery!'

'Amen!' exclaimed Charles.

'God grant it!' responded Andy.

'Tell us, Henry, how's dis to be carried out?' enquired Andy.

'That's the thing which most concerns me, as it seems that it would be hard to do in the present ignorant state of our people in the slave States,' replied Charles.

'Dat's jis wat I fear!' said Andy.

'This difficulty is obviated. It is so simple that the most stupid among the slaves will understand it as well as if he had been instructed for a year.'

'What!' exclaimed Charles.

'Let's hear dat aghin!' asked Andy.

'It is so, just as I told you! So simple is it that the trees of the forest or an orchard illustrate it; flocks of birds or domestic cattle, fields of corn hemp or sugar cane; tobacco rice or cotton, the whistling of the wind, rustling of the leaves, flashing of lightning, roaring of thunder, and running of streams all keep it constantly before their eyes and in their memory, so that they cannot forget it if they would.'

'Are we to know it now?' enquired Charles.

'I'm boun' to know it dis night befo' I goes home, 'case I been longin' for ole Potteh dis many day, an' I got 'im now!'

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* Guinea—among slaves, a five dollar gold piece.

'Yes boys, you've to know it before we part, but—'

'That's the talk!' said Charles.

'Good nuff talk for me!' responded Andy.

'As I was about to say, such is the character of this organization, that punishment and misery are made instruments for its propagation, so—'

'I cant understan' that part—'

'You know nothing at all about it Charles, and you must—'

'Stan' still an' see de salvation!' interrupted Andy.

'Amen!' responded Charles.

'God help you so to do, brethren!' admonished Henry.

'Go on Henry tell us! give it to us!' they urged.

'Every blow you receive from the oppressor impresses the organization upon your mind, making it so clear that even Whitehead's Jack could under tand it as well as his master.'

'We are satisfied! The secret, the secret!' they importuned.

'Well then, first to prayer, and then to the organization. Andy!' said Henry, nodding to him, when they again bowed low with their heads to the ground, whilst each breathed a silent prayer, which was ended with 'Amen' by Andy.

Whilst yet upon their knees, Henry imparted to them the secrets of his organization.

'O, dat's de thing!' exclaimed Andy.

'Capital, capital!' responded Charles; 'what fools we was that we did'nt know it long ago!'

'I is mad wid myse'f now!' said Andy.

'Well, well, well! Surely God must be in the work,' continued Charles.

'Es hear; Heaven's nigh! I feels it! it's right hear!'-responded Andy, placing his hand upon his chest, the tears trickling down his cheeks.

'Brethren,' asked Henry; 'do you understand it?'

'Understand it? Why a child could understand, it's so easy!' replied Charles.

'Yes,' added Andy, 'I not only undehstan' myse'f, but wid de knowl dge I has uv it, I could make Whitehead's Jack a Moses!'

'Stand still, then, and see!' said he.

'Dat's good Bible talk!' responded Andy.

'Well, what is we to do?' enquired Charles.

'You must now go on and organize continually. It makes no difference when, nor where you are, so that the slaves are true and trustworthy, as the scheme is adapted to all times and places.'

'How we gwine do Henry, 'bout gittin' de things 'mong de boys?' enquired Andy.

'All you have to do, is to find one good man or woman—I dont care which, so that they prove to be the right person—on a single plantation, and hold a seclusion and impart the secret to them, and make them the organizers for their own plantation, and they in like manner impart it to some other next to them, and so on. In this way it will spread like smallpox among them.'

'Henry, you is fit for leadeh I see,' complimentingly said Andy.

'I greatly mistrust myself, brethren, but if I cant command, I can at least plan.'

'Is they anything else for us to do, Henry?' enquired Charles.

'Yes, a very important part of your duties has yet to be stated. I now go as a runaway, and will be suspected of lurking about in the thickets, swamps and caves; then to make the ruse complete, just as often as you think it necessary to make a good impression, you must kill a shoat, take a lamb, pig, turkey, goose, chickens, ham of bacon from the smoke house, a loaf of bread or crock of butter from the spring house, and throw them down into the old waste well at the back of the old quarters, always leaving the heads of the fowls lying about and the blood of the larger animals. Everything that is missed do not hesitate to lay it upon me, as a runaway, it will cause them to have the less suspicion of your having such a design.'

'That's it—the very thing!' said Charles, 'an it so happens that they's an ole waste well on both Franks and Potter's places; one for both of us.'

'I hope Andy, you have no religious objections to this?'

'It's a paut uv my 'ligion Henry, to do whateveh I bleve right, an' shall sholy do dis, God being my helpeh!'

'Now he's talkin'!' said Charles.

'You must make your religion subserve your interests, as your oppressors do theirs!' advised Henry. 'They use the Scriptures to make you submit, by preaching to you the texts of obedience to your masters and "standing still to see the salvation," and we must now begin to understand the Bible so as to make it of interest to us.'

'Dat's gospel talk'! sanctioned Andy. 'Is da anything else yeh wants tell us boss—I calls 'im boss, 'case 'e aint nothing else but "boss"—so we can make 'ase an' git to wuck? 'case I feels like goin' at 'em now, me!'

'Having accomplished our object, I think I have done, and must leave you tomorrow.'

'When shall we hear from you Henry?' enquired Charles.

Not until you shall see me again; when that will be, I dont know. You may see me in six months, and might not in eighteen. I am determined, now that I am driven to it, to complete an organization in every slave state before I return, and have fixed two years as my utmost limit.'

'Henry, tell me before we part, do you know anything about little Joe?' enquired Charles.

'I do!'

'Whar's de chile!' enquired Andy.

'He's safe enough, on his way to Canada!' at which Charles and Andy laughed.

'Little Joe on 'is way to Canada!' said Andy; 'mighty young traveleh!'

'Yes,' replied Henry with a smile.

'You're a joking Henry?' said Charles enquiringly.

'I am serious, brethren,' replied he, 'I do not joke in matters of this kind. I smiled because of Andy's surprise.'

'How did 'e go?' farther enquired Andy.

'In company with his "mother" who was waiting on her "mistress!" replied he quaintly.

'Eh heh!' exclaimed Andy, 'I knows all 'bout it now; but whar'd de "mammy" come f'om?'

'I found one!'

'Aint 'e high!' said Andy.

'Well brethren, my time is drawing to a close,' said Henry, rising to his feet.

'O!' exclaimed Andy, 'I like to forgot; has yeh any money Henry?'

'Have either of you any?'

'We has?'

'How much?'

'I got two—three hundred dollahs!' replied Andy.

'An' so has I, Henry!' added Charles.

'Then keep it, as I have two thousand dollars now around my waist, and you'll find use for all you've got, and more, as you will before long have an opportunity of testing. Keep this studiously in mind and impress it as an important part of the scheme of organization, that they must have money, if they want to get free. Money will obtain them every thing necessary by which to obtain their liberty. The money is within all their reach if they only knew it was right to take it. God told the Egyptian slaves to "borrow from their neighbors"—meaning their oppressors—"all their jewels;" meaning to take their money and wealth wherever they could lay hands upon it, and depart from Egypt. So you must teach them to take all the money they can get from their masters, to enable them to make the strike without a failure. I'll show you when we leave for the North, what money will do for you, right here in Mississippi. Bear this in mind; it is your certain passport through the white gap, as I term it.'

'I means to take all I can git; I bin doin' dat dis some time. Ev'ry time ole Potteh leave 'is money pus, I borrys some, an' 'e all'as lay it on Miss Mary; but 'e think so much uv hur, dat anything she do is right wid 'im. Ef 'e 'spected me, an' Miss Mary say 'twant me, dat would be 'nough for 'im.'

'That's right!' said Henry; 'I see you have been putting your own interpretation on the Scriptures, Andy, and as Charles will now have to take my place, he'll have still a much better opportunity than you, to "borrow from his master."'

'You need'nt fear, I'll make good use of my time!' replied Charles.

The slaves now fell upon their knees in silent communion, all being affected to the shedding of tears, a period being put to their devotion by a sorrowful trembling of Henry's voice singing to the following touching words:

'Farewell, farewell, farewell!
My loving friends farewell!
Farewell old comrades in the cause,
I leave you here, and journey on;
And if I never more return,
Farewell, I'm bound to meet you there!'

'One word before we part,' said Charles. 'If we never should see you again, I suppose you intend to push on this scheme?'

'Yes!

Insurrection shall be my theme!
My watchword "Freedom or the grave!"
Until from Rappahanock's stream,
To where the Cuato * waters lave,
One simultaneous war cry
Shall burst upon the midnight air!
And rouse the tyrant but to sigh—
Mid sadness, wailing, and despair!'

Grasping each eagerly by the hand, the tears gushing from his eyes, with an humble bow, he bid them finally 'farewell!' and the runaway was off through the forest.

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* A river in Cuba.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

What shall be done with the Freedmen?

We feel guilty, to a certain extent, of pro-slavery leanings, in the mere discussion of this question; for we tacitly admit in such discussion that three or four millions of men set free from chattel slavery, will *require* some care or protection on the part of their liberators. This is false in theory, and is falsified by experience. It is false in theory because the assertion that they ought to be set free contains the assumption that they are fit for all the responsibilities of freedmen. And the history of emancipation in British West Indies (see ANGLO AFRICAN MAGAZINE, p.p. 151,) abundantly proves that once set free, negro slaves require no special government, or other protection, in order to advance themselves, and to promote the material welfare of the community in which they live. They simply required that the laws should regard and treat them as it regarded and treated other free men. The results were that society righted itself, and required no political, or other quackery, to restore it to a normal condition.

This matter is so well set forth by one of our own orators that we cannot forbear quoting:

"One word as to the propriety of calling West India Emancipation an experiment. I take it that this is one of the tricks of slavery, and is of a piece with the character of their fraudulent business. There is obviously no more reason for calling West India Emancipation an experiment, than for calling the law of gravitation an experiment. Liberty is not a device, an experiment, but a law of nature, dating back to man's creation, and if this fundamental law is a failure, then the responsibility is not with the British Parliament, not with the British people, but with the Great Author of this law. Slavery is the experiment in this case. God made man upright, but man has sought out many inventions, and slavery is one of them. It is an experiment by which men seek to live without labor, to eat bread by the sweat of another man's brow, to get gold without digging it, and to become rich without using ones faculties and powers to obtain riches. This is the real experiment. But in answer to the charge that West India Emancipation is a failure, I frankly admit that in some respects it has failed. It has failed to keep slavery under the name of Liberty. It has failed to change the name without changing the character of the thing. The negroes have really been emancipated, and are no longer slaves. Emancipation has failed to keep negroes out of civil office; it has failed to keep them out of the jury-box; off the judge's bench, and out of the Colonial Legislature; for colored men have arisen to all these stations since emancipation. It has failed to keep the lands of Jamaica in the hands of a few, and out of the hands of the many. It has failed to make men work for a planter at small wages, when they can work for themselves at larger wages."—(Speech of Frederick Douglas, August 1st, 1858.

If the freedmen in Jamaica required no special protection from the British, neither will the freedmen of our Southern States require any special protection from the American government. The government has simply to act towards them as it will act towards the poor whites or non-slaveholders of the South; give them a fair and equal chance to occupy confiscated lands, or to seek employment as free laborers with those who may purchase these lands. In the reconstruction of the several state or territorial governments, let these slaves be counted each one as five-fifths of a citizen. They are quite as well prepared to vote as the poor whites are, if not a little better—give them the right of suffrage, under the clause of the Constitution of the United States which guarantees to each State a Republican form of government.

But will the Government do this thing? Will it by indirection elevate the slave in the slave States to the status of the free white man in the slave States? The question is just the other way. The poor whites of the slave States occupy a position lower than the slaves; they are slaves without masters. As producers, in matters of intelligence, of religion they rank greatly below the slaves, and have a harder fate in some regards; the poor wretches shivering in the fields bordering on the Potomac, in arms to seal forever their own degradation, are sunk to a level which the slaves can never reach.

Owing to a press of other matter we are obliged to defer the further prosecution of this subject until our next.

Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 20, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—Washington just now is full of strangers from the east, west, north, and a few from the south in the shape of contrabands. Everything and everybody have assumed a military aspect. Almost every man you meet appears to have something to do directly or indirectly with the army or navy, for almost every one has some part of a uniform on, and what is still more remarkable, everybody here is Union, if the badge is an evidence of it. Some few who were known a few months ago to be "secesh," now display large Union rosettes, which only serve as bait in the Government fish pond.

Sometimes we, the colored people, make a slight rejoicing over some army or naval victory, but verily I say unto you, we rejoice more over one poor downtrodden soul escaped from chains, than over the taking of ninety and nine cities; hence the proclamations of our Generals, after running off the white residents with shot and shell, and which should read thus: "I ——, General commanding, invite all good and loyal citizens to return and reclaim your slave property." Until such proclamations cease, we cannot look for a complete victory, for slavery is the cause of the war, and must be abolished before permanent peace can be established.

Your readers probably would like to know how the war affects the colored people of Washington. This being the seat of war all classes here are benefited by it. Five hundred men find employment each day in the Quartermaster's department, all of which number, instead of one-half, would have been colored, had they been found, as they are preferred as teamsters. Business of every kind for males has increased fully ten per cent. Numbers of our young men have taken officers' messes. Some have staff officers of the different commands. Others attend exclusively to the horses of the army officers. Large numbers find employment in our hotels, boarding-houses, and restaurants. Barbers and hackmen are doing a driving business, and the Northern Suttlers' establishments give work to any number as drivers, porters, assistant packers, and salesmen. Many are engaged at the railroad depot unloading and storing the immense amount of freight that daily arrives here from the North and West. Three or four thousand men are employed at cutting wood in Virginia around the different fortifications, and on the northern front of Washington. Laundresses are doing a fine business. They have the exclusive wash of entire regiments and the families of U. S. officers; also for the Hospital inmates. Many females are securing a comfortable livelihood by peddling little notions around the different camps. In a word, we are all doing well as far as employment is concerned. None need be idle.

Our churches and societies are also in a prosperous condition. The attendance is necessarily diminished from the large number of males off with the army in Virginia, Maryland and other Southern States.

The establishment of the Metropolitan police has made but very little difference with the colored people, as they manifest as much eagerness to carry out the obnoxious laws made by Maryland before the ceding of the district to the government. They, like the old Auxiliary Guards, arrest all persons of color who may be found out after dark without a pass from some responsible white person. I, with many others, hoped that when the government got control of the police department that we would receive better treatment, instead of which it is worse than heretofore. When the appointments were made by the Commissioners it happened that just such men were selected as hated to see the colored man live and were delighted with an opportunity to show their ill feeling toward the colored people. As an illustration I will give an occurrence of a few evenings ago. A Mr. Butler got up a ball after securing the usual permit from the Mayor. I will here say that under the old regulation after getting a permit, a policeman is detailed by the Captain of the Guard, who instructs him to call in several times at the place of entertainment, to see that order is preserved for which service he receives from the proprietor two dollars with a supply of refreshments and an opportunity to take a nap and display his ungentlemanly propensities. Since the establishment of the new police regulations, men detailed for such service are not allowed to take any pay. After the ball, of which I write, the policeman remained contending for his pay. Mr. Butler pointed him to the law which forbade him receiving any remuneration. He left swearing to get even with Mr. B. Mr. Butler keeps a bar on Pennsylvania Avenue, and is patronized by numerous friends. A few evenings ago a number of his patrons had assembled there, when this M. P. got wind of it, and accompanied by others entered and took the whole party prisoners. The next day Mr. B. was arraigned on the charge of selling liquor to negroes, and was fined $20 and costs. Each one of his customers, twenty-two in number, was fined $6 each.

Is the government justified in employing a set of men, as policemen, at an expense of $60,000, whose sole duty appears to be to harrass poor, inoffensive colored people? We have endured this treatment for a long time, but when the government administers it, we feel its severity increased tenfold. Notwithstanding the outrages perpetrated upon us, we still remain true and loyal citizens, paying regularly our annual property tax and obeying the laws.

Last Tuesday evening the St. Vincent and St. Paul (catholic) Colored Association gave a concert to assist in paying the expenses of repairing the basement of St. Mathew's Catholic Church, which is occupied by the colored portion of that congregation as a meeting room. Although the performances were not of the highest order, yet it was a pleasant affair. Miss Gray and Miss King of Georgetown bore off the palm, as usual.

BOX.

AMUSEMENTS,

A complimentary entertainment was given on Thursday evening, 21st inst., at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, Prince street.

As the evening was pleasant the effort was well repaid with cheerful numbers. When the evening had pretty well advanced, the company was called to order, and Mr. Jas. R. W. Leonard introduced to make a few remarks who arose and spoke substantially as follows;

He was somewhat surprised and embarrassed by the position in which he found himself so suddenly thrust, having had not the slightest expectation of being called upon to speak, but after all he esteemed it a great privilege to be permitted to testify his own humble approval of this most cheering sign of progress amongst the colored people exhibited in this humble testimonial of respect and gratitude toward the family of a distinguished public laborer in the public vineyard. He regarded this movement of infinitely more importance because it emanated from the young. Said he, "it appears to me that there has a new class of minds suddenly sprung up amongst us to elbow out and put to flight the old fogy element which has so long ruled our affairs to the detriment of our dearest interests. Can it be, that from his far off trans-atlantic fields of labor, the trumpet tones of his voice, coming o'er the ocean has rung out again upon the ears of that class whose chief interest was his care and whose prosperity his delight,—the young,—can it be that they have received the inspiration, and thus crown his effort with success. May we hope that it is so and that from this example we inaugurate an improved spirit and better practice."

After some further remarks, complimentary to the committee, the speaker alluded to the fitness of the demonstration toward Mrs. Garnet. Said he, "Socrates was blessed with his Xantippe; her peculiar qualifications were her capacities to scold and annoy him—but the sharper her tongue, the pleasanter his smile; for he was a philosopher, and used her faults to strengthen his patience and self-control; but Socrates has been dead some time, and with him died this philosophical disposition to experiment with our patience. Men look for the opposite traits in a wife; therefore, when you see a man going forth with a smiling countenance, grappling with calm power and success the stormy elements of public life, know that you see a man whose domestic relations are congenial and inspiring—his home the fountain of light and strength which adorns and revives like the river Euphrates.'

Mr. Leonard concluded by assuring Mrs. Garnet that he spoke the sentiments of all present, and hundreds whose privilege was not to be there when he said that the hearts of the people cherished his labors for their good, and that though far away he was near.

Mr. Titus followed in a most eloquent strain, and, in fact, made the oration of the evening.

Before retiring, Mrs. Garnet, supported by Mr. Leonard, addressed the young folks in acknowledgment of the compliment. It had been to her a great surprise. They had kept the matter secret from her until near the issue of the bills, and then she could hardly realize it.

At the conclusion of her remarks the young folks advanced, and affectionately embraced her.

The affair was extremely pleasant, and broke up at a late hour. Many looked wishfully at the music, but the rules were strict, and there was no dancing.

TYPES.

Letter from Newark.

NEWARK, Nov. 26, 1861.

MR. EDITOR: According to the recent celebrated speech of Col. John Cochrane, the comments thereupon by the Secretary of War, and the still more recent endorsement of the same by that wily old politician, Edwin Croswell, we see plainly that despite the haughty refusal of this Government to accept of proffered aid from the Northern blacks last summer, Providence is irresistibly forcing the President and his Cabinet into the development of measures in which the aid of our enslaved brethren south are about to be invoked. God speed the work! But will our brethern have meted out to them in the end, the same bitter pill that Gen. Jackson gave them after their invaluable aid in securing the victory at New Orleans and at Mobile?

Is it the destiny of our enslaved brothers to assist the Government not only in achieving still greater victories at Charleston, Savannah, and other places, but in the *finale* to dash to pieces, and grind to powder, the slavish chains which now bind all of us.

Last evening William Wells Brown, the celebrated lecturer, entertained a large audience in the Plane-street school-room, with a lecture on the history and present condition of Hayti, and the splendid inducements held out by the government of that island for colored agricultural and mechanical immigrants from this country. And I confess with unfeigned regret my inability to do the distinguished lecturer due justice, as regards the varied information he imparted to his very attentive listeners.

At the close a vote of thanks was passed unanimously.

SKIMMER.

The Spanish Outrage on Liberia.

In the December number of the Colonization Journal, we find letters from President Benson, Vice-President Warner, Hon. B. V. R. James, Mayor of Monrovia, and Gen. J. N. Lewis, in reference to the recent outrage by the Spanish. They all breathe a manly spirit, and inspire the friends of that growing republic with high hopes of a glorious future for it.

President Benson writes under date Sept. 26th:

Messrs. Johnson & Turpin will give you all the particulars respecting the conduct of the Spanish man-of-war, and certain Spaniards on the coast, said to be acting under the authority of the Governor-General of Fernando Po. Suffice it to say that the Quail so disabled the aggressor, the Spanish war-steamer, that she had to put into Sierra Leone for repairs. If we have wronged Spanish subjects in any way, we are willing to give satisfaction, to make prompt redress, when civilly applied to. But we will never be bullied into measures. And having travelled five thousand miles to secure the liberty we have in Liberia, we will die to a man, rather than permit the slave-trade to be forced upon us in our territory by any nation under the sun, because of their superior power.

We give Vice-President Warner's letter in full:

MONROVIA, Sept. 12, 1861.

REV. J. B. PINNEY—Dear Sir:—Some time in the month of June last, the Government had an occasion to despatch the Quail to Gallinas, to order away or to bring to trial, just as circumstances might require, a Spanish schooner, which had gone there for the purpose of purchasing slaves. She was found in the river, having discharged her cargo of goods, and bargained for her load of human beings. The officers of the Quail boarded her, with a view of bringing her to Monrovia, to be tried, either for violating our revenue law, or for buying slaves within our territory. But during the time of making preparations to carry into effect the order of Government, an English cruiser, the Torch, went into Gallinas for the purpose also of arresting the slaver, and did seize, and then set fire to and destroyed her; for which act, the Spanish Government became displeased, and ordered one of its armed vessels up here from Fernando Po, to chastise us; and yesterday, at twelve o'clock, the vessel came in, and, without asking any questions, or even visiting the shore, steamed alongside the Quail, and fired into her twice with grape and round shot. For endeavoring to suppress the slave-trade within our territory, we are first opposed by the natives, and then unceremoniously murdered by the Spaniards.

Great Britain, by an armed force, ought not to have been the first to throw into our face an indignity, by taking out of our harbor, last April, before trial, two English trading vessels, schooners, which had openly and willfully violated our revenue-law; and thus opened the door for the ingress of every species of insult and contumely that others chose to throw in upon us. Will stronger America and England remain dormant, and look on with indifference, while these outrages are being committed upon a weaker nation, by a barbarous people, against humanity and international justice? I think not. Liberia is the last place to which we can remove and be free, it being our legitimate home; and here we will stay, unless otherwise determined by Infinite Wisdom, until we die.

Very respectfully and truly yours,
D. B. WARNER.

The following is an extract from Mayor James' letter; after alluding to the taking and burning of a Liberian prize by an English man-of-war, an account of which has already appeared in our columns, Mr. James says:

We heard nothing more of this affair, until, about six weeks ago, the Mystic arrived here from Ferando Po, and gave the information that when the steamer left that place, there was fitting out a small steam gunboat by the Spanish Consul, for the purpose, he understood, of proceeding to Monrovia, to attack and destroy the Liberian schooner Quail. This information being confirmed by other communications received about this time, President Benson thought it necessary to make some preparations to receive the Spaniard, if he should think proper to carry into execution his threat. Accordingly, orders were given to have the cannon in Fort Norris, on Mesurado Height, mounted as soon as possible. Our men went to work with a will and by the first of September, eight of the heaviest pieces were mounted, and ready for effective service.

At 2 o'clock, P.M., on the 1st inst., just as the men who had been engaged on the works and keeping guard were assembling to hear preaching on the battery, a steamer to the south-west of the Cape hove in sight, and bore down upon the Cape, until she came near the south-west point. She showed no colors, which was the cause of much suspicion and many conjectures by our people; but she soon hauled up, and kept away to the N. N. W. She seemed to be a small schooner-rigged steamer, a propeller. Long before sundown, she was out of sight, and was no more seen or heard of until the 11th inst., when, about 11 o'clock A. M., a steamer about the same size and rig was signaled coming from the same direction, south-west; and in an hour or so she reached the harbor, displaying Spanish colors.

The second officer from the Quail boarded her, inquired her name and the name of her commander, to which inquiry he received no answer. Then Mr. Carney intimated, that he would like to know his business, as she seemed to be a man-of-war, etc. The captain replied that he was a Spanish man-of-war just from Sierra Leone, and had come to see the President; expected to stop two or three days; and asked the officer about the landing, etc. His questions were satisfactorily answered, and Mr. Carney, the officer, offered to accompany him to the shore. He said he was not ready then, but would come when he got ready. Mr. Carney left, and returned to his vessel.

The Spanish gunboat immediately steamed out of the harbor some distance, tacked about, and came back into the harbor, and came in between the bark Edwards, which was not lying far from the Quail, so as to be sheltered and protected by the Edwards. As soon as she got broadside on the Quail, she let go a charge of grape into the Quail. The professed peaceable intentions of the Spaniard had thrown the people on the Quail off their guard, and they were engaged in their various duties about the vessel as usual, suspecting no harm. When the Spaniard fired, Captain Benedict immediately ordered his men to the guns, which order was quickly obeyed; but before the Quail's guns were brought to bear upon her, the Spaniard gave them a round shot, accompanied with canister (neither of which did any harm.) By this time Captain Benedict was able to reply, and gave them two to one, two of his shots taking effect. The guns from the fort were also booming away. The Spaniard began to think, by this time, he was getting more than he had bargained for; up all sail, and made hot haste to get out to sea, which he succeeded in doing, and has not made his appearance since.

How this affair will terminate, I cannot say; no one knows. We have taken our first lesson; and I hope, by God's grace, we shall prove apt scholars.

General Lewis says:

About a month ago we received intelligence by the way of Cape Palmas, which came in one of the mail packets, that the Governor of the island of Fernando Po was fitting out a squadron to proceed to Monrovia, to capture or sink the Quail, and bombard the city. We could scarcely believe that a representative of a civilized nation would attempt any thing of the kind, before calling on our Government for explanation. Nevertheless it was determined to prepare for defence, and it was well that we did so. Fort Norris battery was put in a state of defence, and the Quail was made ready to resist aggression.

On the morning of the 11th September inst., a Spanish war-steamer came to anchor in our harbor, and was immediately boarded by an officer from the Quail, to tender to the Commander the usual civilities. The officer was politely received by the Spanish commander, who said that he would remain in port two or three days, as he intended to communicate with the President; and he requested to know the place of landing. The Quail's officer had returned to his vessel not more than half an hour, before the Spaniard got his vessel under weigh, and stood out to sea. The favorable report made by the officer of the Quail, which was immediately reported to the authorities on shore, had the effect of relieving us from immediate apprehensions, and therefore we were somewhat off our guard. The crew of the Quail was employed, not apprehending any disturbance from the Spaniard: [illegible] seems to have been the object aimed at by the Spaniard. He returned to the [illegible], rounded to, near the Quail, and fired into her. Commander Benedict, though taken by surprise, soon beat to quarters, and returned the shot with a good will. Fort Norris followed his example, and in a short time the Spaniard was compelled to make steam and sail, and put to sea with all haste.

We do not know what will be the ending of this matter with the Spaniards, but it is believed that the civilized world will condemn this act of theirs as being without a parallel in atrocity.

Capt John Brown, Jr.'s Men—A Speech of Col. Jennison.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

CAMP JENNISON, KANSAS CITY,
Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1861.

To-night I have looked on scenes such as few months ago men would have been considered demented to have foretold. Capt. John Brown, Jr.'s Company of Sharpshooters arrived here this afternoon, having on reaching Fort Leavenworth, unanimously decided to join Col. Jennison's command. They will be attached as mounted riflemen. Some sixty men are here, under Lieuts. Bostwick and Hoyt. Capt. Brown is still in your city, finishing the recruiting, and will be on in a few days. It is by all odds the finest body of men I have seen, and as they marched up the main street, singing the "John Brown" song, the emotions and memories the scene excited crowded thickly on the mind of an old Kansas man like your correspondent, and were far too deep to be painted by words. As the song rung out, and the escort came to meet the new-comers, cheering lustily, there was something in the scene which will render it ineffaceable to my mind.

Stirring as was the reception of the company, it was surpassed by the scene that took place in camp after supper. The company came to the Colonel's quarters, and formed a semicircle in front. The field-officers came out, and then the "John Brown's" song by them was sung with glorious spirit. Afterwards cheers were given for the Colonel and officers generally. The bugler of the company then sung a new and very appropriate version of "Dixie," which I will send hereafter. Col. Jennison was called out and made a characteristic speech. I cannot give you more than a short synopsis thereof. It was as forcible, and couched in as strong Anglo-Saxon as the proclamation I forwarded you yesterday. Col. Jennison said; "Gentlemen and fellow-soldiers, I am not in the habit of public speaking, but will say that I never felt more like fighting than I have in the last fifteen minutes. Proud to welcome here Capt. Brown's New York Company, he would say that old John Brown was the only man in the United States in whom he took stock. He first took arms under him, and, when doing so, determined never to lay them down again until the last slave in the United States was free. The time for that was now come. This regiment was organized, not for political effect, but for fighting purposes and freedom. He meant to do for treason, and to kill Slavery at the same time. Here he would say, that if at any time the Government did not approve of such action, they could have his commission. But if that occurred, they would be likely to find him on his own hook though, as at first, he should have but six men with him. He felt that Capt. Brown's Company had honored him, his officers and regiment, by so unitedly voting to come into it. In his own name, and that of his officers and men, he returned them thanks.

He believed that everything would be done to insure mutual confidence, and wanted them to understand the programme. It was a standing order that any man bringing a rebel into camp should be put into irons. If the Colonel ever did so foolish a thing, he trusted the regiment would enforce the order. He meant to bring them out of their holes by necessitating their attendance on their families. He was ordered to guard through a government train, and, in doing so, proposed to make this country so safe that a lone widow might travel in safety. He wanted the rights of Union men respected. For rebels and their sympathizers, no temporizing. Be sure they are disloyal men, and then meet them promptly. For the half-way trash we have no room, and my test of loyalty is a willingness to fight for the Union. There can be no peace until the thing is settled, justice done to traitors, and freedom established. He had told Gen. Fremont that he would do no fighting if he thought slavery would exist when the fight was done. The slaves of rebels can always find a protection in this camp, and they will be defended to the last man and bullet. He wanted no men who were not Abolitionists—had no room for such, and trusted he had none, for all know now that slavery is at the bottom, middle and summit of this hellish war. Nor was he or his men too good to fight by darker skinned men than themselves. He meant to make 'contrabands useful,' and did not know what better use to put secesh guns to than place them in the hands of the slaves of rebels. No excesses will be committed by his men, and he doubted not our new companions will cheerfully obey all legitimate commands. Again he thanked them.'

LOST BY NEGLECT.—We give the following case as "The Calendar" states it:

"The American Colonization Society has recently missed securing a legacy of $10,000, by what looks like sheer negligence on the part of some of its officers. Notice was given of the bequest, and by the terms of the will, the acceptance of it was to be signified within six months after the notice. The legacy was duly accepted by the Executive Committee, informed as to the terms, but the act of acceptance was not intimated to the trustees of the charities of the deceased till four days after the expiration of the six months. A question was raised as to the true date from which to reckon, and the case was carried into court, which decided against the claims of the Colonization Society."

The loss of this money is in one sense a gain: for while we do not doubt that the Colonization Society has done much good, we know that it has done much harm; and the compensating reflection in the present case is, that there will be ten thousand dollars less to aid in expatriating American black men from the soil on which they were born, and sending them to a foreign coast three thousand miles from their native land.
—*Independent.*

MASONIC.

MR. EDITOR: I have from time to time met those who have and still are working under different jurisdictions, and the question has ever and anon been asked, What is going to be done this year? It has grown old by repetition as the work goes on; but the question has now been changed. It is this, What are you young men going to do? I will briefly answer. The young men, without distinction of party, have viewed with regret the errors of our fathers. We have long desired to see the craft working in harmony. We believe that discord and dissension belong not to us, and everything that is contrary to the principles we have been taught to inculcate, is calculated to destroy the feeling that should exist among us. Acting, then, not upon the cause of our division, but upon the means of uniting, as a body, with one jurisdiction, we say no more old fogyism; let us have ten young men, with the consent of the two or more Grand Lodges each; let them be empowered to arrange the plan for uniting the bodies; let them have the full power to work. Let our fathers stay at home; they have rent in twain. Let the young recruits meet according to their arrangements, with the understanding that they are not to separate until they come to a conclusion which will be satisfactory to all parties. We do not want to hear anything about the cause of division; we have had enough of this already. Young men and brothers! let us rise up in our might, and call upon our fathers to cast in oblivion the cause of dissension, that generations to come may receive the work from our hands unshattered and unbroken! May God direct us, and may every brother's heart respond for the union, for our cause!

SELAH.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25th.

SECRETARY CAMERON AND EMANCIPATION.—A Washington dispatch of November 26th reads:

"The slavery question will come before Congress at the opening of the next session in an official form. Secretary Cameron will discuss the subject in his annual report from the War Department, and will take strong ground in favor of the emancipation of all slaves belonging to rebels in arms against the Government. Rumors of this recommendation of Mr. Cameron have been in circulation here for a day or two, and are fully confirmed by a statement made last evening by the Secretary himself."

DEFRAUDING A COLORED WOMAN.—The following case of fraud, reported in the Brooklyn News of 26th inst., is an illustration of the disadvantages many of our people labor under from the want of an ordinary education:

A well-known police court lawyer, named James L. Smith, was brought before the Mayor this morning, to answer a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. The complainant was a colored woman named Sarah Carrol, who lives in Stryker's Court, Jay street, whose statement is as follows: On the 27th of October last, she engaged Smith to prosecute her husband for abandonment. He instituted the proceedings, and she paid him $27 for his services. Smith afterwards learned from the woman that she had $135 in a Brooklyn savings bank; he persuaded her that her money was not safe in Brooklyn, as her husband could claim it, and that she had better give it to him to place in a bank in New York. The poor woman placing implicit faith in the shyster, drew the money from the savings bank and placed it in his hands. Smith gave her a receipt for it, which she could not read, but supposed it was all right. About two weeks ago she went to Smith, and asked him for her money. He put her off at first, but she went again to his house in East Broadway, New York, when Smith's wife gave her three dollars. On Saturday last, Mrs. Carrol went to the house again, and found that Mr. Smith had all his furniture packed ready to move away. She then applied to his Honor, the Mayor, who dispatched Officer Carr to arrest Smith. The receipt which Smith had given the woman was acknowledging the receipt of $135 "for professional services." When Smith was first brought in before the Mayor, he appeared to be suffering under a mild attack of delirium tremens, and had to be taken out in the air for a short time until he recovered. When he was brought back he told a very plausible story to his Honor; he acknowledged that he had taken the money, but said it was to pay the expenses of a divorce suit which Mrs. Carrol wished him to institute. Mrs. Carrol denied that she had ever said anything about a divorce suit, and maintained with an earnestness that carried conviction with it, that her original statement was strictly true. Smith, with a readiness which betrayed him, said he was willing to return the money, but had not the amount by him, but said that he had a note and some other securities to give. The Mayor finally agreed to let Smith go in charge of Officer Carr to see Mrs. Carrol's lawyer, Mr. Applegate, to see if a satisfactory arrangement could be made. No such arrangement appears to have been arrived at, for Smith was brought back to the Mayor's office.

THEN AND NOW.—Twenty days ago our brave troops in Missouri had just routed the enemy in the battle of Fredericktown, and the four successive skirmishes of Lexington, Wet Glaze, Linn Creek, and Springfield. They had driven the rebels down to the Arkansas line, and were still in pursuit, when Gen. Fremont was removed from the command for "incompetency." Since that time our army has evacuated Springfield, leaving all southern Missouri to be again overrun by the Rebels, while Union families by hundreds are flying for their lives. The enemy has been permitted to advance more than a hundred miles to the north, burn Warsaw, and destroy the Government supplies which were stored there, rob the steamer Platte Valley on the Mississippi, and the sunshine on the Missouri, and capture a valuable train, loaded with guns, between Sedalia and Leavenworth. But, on the other hand, great vigor has been shown in giving orders for the rendition of fugitive slaves, in hunting down even the negroes who accompanied General Fremont and his staff on their return to St. Louis, culminating in General Halleck's order to kick out all fugitives who have sought protection in our lines.

We need not venture to make any comment upon these facts. Indeed they need none.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE REFUGEE HOME SOCIETY, held its Annual Meeting at Detroit, on the evening of the 7th inst., Rev. Wm. Webb, in the chair.

The treasurer, H. Hallock, reported the condition of the society as follows:

Amount on hand at the commencement of the year	$ 922 88
Receipts	758 15
Total	$1,691 03
Disbursements	1,235 54
Balance on hand	$ 455 39

This society since the commencement of the war had had its hands full, but circumstances occurring in the south somewhat relieved it of much of its labor.

Mrs. Carys' school in Chatham, and another school in Windsor, have been aided by the society, judging by its Report we should be pronounce it to be an institution worthy of public support. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year;

President—Rev. H. D. Kitchel, D. D.
Vice President—Rev. N. Colver.
Treasurer—H. Hallock
Recording Secretary—F. Raymond.
Auditor—E. C. Walker.
General Agent—Rev. C. C. Foote.
Executive Committee—Rev. T. J. Mumford, Rev. C. C. Foote, Rev. Wm. Hogarth, Nathan Power, Robt. Garver, S. M. Holmes, S. Zag, H. E. Baker, George DeBaptists.

Highly Important from Africa.

Important intelligence has just reached here, through a reliable source, from Africa, that King Docemo of Lagos, having discovered the deception and fraud of the treaty imposed upon him by Commander Bedingfield, of Her Majesty's Squadron, and Mr. Consul, McCoskry, has become so incensed that he is expelling the English from the Island. This is precisely what might have been expected under the circumstances as a legitimate fruit. He that "soweth the wind," may expect to reap the whirlwind.

PRESIDENT BENSON ON HAYTIAN EMIGRATION.—From a letter just received by a gentleman in this city from the President of Liberia, we make the following extract:

Though not the avowed policy of your government, (nor would it be policy to make such an avowal), yet I feel sanguine that emancipation in the Slave States will keep pace with the United States troops. Divine Providence has taken the work of emancipation in hand, and it will be brought about in a manner and with a rapidity not originally designed, nor yet fully understood by human foresight. I believe it to be beyond any human power and sagacity to prevent it. As the United States Government will necessarily have, at some time in future, to make some provision for the emancipated, I hope there will be no abatement in the usual interest of our friends in the United States in advocating the superior claims and interests of Liberia. I perceive that the agents of the Haytian Government are exerting themselves; but I think it does not require any extraordinary penetration of mental acumen to see that the prospect of permanently establishing a colored nationality (African) in the western hemisphere, is very gloomy. I wish Hayti well, and so do Liberians generally. We will not speak an unkind word of them; yet we are incredulous that the Caucassian race will let them maintain a permanent nationality in that hemisphere.

ENLISTING COLORED MEN.—Gen. Jackson, who, as colonel, commanded at Harper's Ferry, is engaged at Winchester in organizing, arming and equipping a regiment of free negroes, said to number full 1,000. The negroes are reported to be very enthusiastic in their new position.

ARRIVALS AT MRS. PLANT'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

Mr. George Smith, of Philadelphia.
Mr. Wm. M. Polk, of Bridgeport, Conn.
Mr. Edgar Harlet, of Philadelphia.
Mr. John Caraway, of Brooklyn.
Mr. John Ridley, from Kingston, Jamaica.
Mr. Black, from Sweden.
Mr. Pellen, of Newburg, N. Y.
Isaac Bradley, from Washington, D. C.

Special Notices.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I take great pleasure in introducing to the public CHARLES A. DORSEY, A.B. On the 28th of August last, he took his departure from Oberlin College, having completed his collegiate course. As far as we are able to learn, he stood well in his classes, performing the tasks assigned him. We are warranted in saying, that as this young man has just entered the field of life, will do credit to himself and his race. We wish him success. Hoping that as difficulties present themselves, he will meet them with courage. He is the son of Augustus Dorsey, residing in Philadelphia, Pa. This city should be proud, as he is the first, we believe, who has received a thorough collegiate course. His father educated him without any assistance, and we earnestly desire that his efforts will not go unrewarded. May many follow his example.

Cleveland "Leader" please copy.

E. F. C.

SHILOH RE-UNION.

The Ladies of Shiloh Church, situated at the corner of Prince and Marion Sts., (Pastor, Rev. J. N. GLOUCESTER,) will give, in happy concert with all its Officers, a highly intellectual and social

Re-Union Entertainment,

THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 12th, 1861,

In the Basement of the Church.

For the consolidation of their own interest, the increase of their Church treasury, so that in these perilous, but yet joyous times for freedom, they may more perfectly secure the blessings of the Gospel, and stand prepared to aid, as they have ever aimed to do, the cause of bleeding Humanity.

The meeting will commence at precisely 8 1-2 o'clock.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Reading of the Scriptures, by a lady.
2. Hymn—by the Choir—

"Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love."

3. Prayer.
4. Brief addresses from different visiting clergymen and distinguished laymen of this City and Brooklyn.
5. Tea at 9 1-2 o'clock [illegible]
6. The Box intended for the suffering brothers and sisters, the "Contrabands" at Fortress Monroe, will be [illegible] from a distinguished brother, and an anthem of Freedom from that well known vocalist, ROBT. HAMILTON, assisted by Professor [illegible] and his Choir.
7. Presentation at 12 o'clock, by Committee on Presentation, composed of the wives and daughters of the Members of the Board of Trustees and others, with an address by Mrs. H. Ross, and received by the President of the Board in an address in behalf of his associates and the Church they represent.
8. Conclusion. Hymn—[illegible]

"[illegible] Jehovah's awful throne."

N. B.—All contributions of goods for the box must be brought in on or before Wednesday evening, the 11th inst.

TICKETS 37 1-2 CENTS.

To be obtained of Mrs. J. N. Gloucester, 290 Bridge St.; Mrs. N. B. Lewis, 55 Carll St.; Mrs. W. H. Ross, 80 High St., Brooklyn; John L. Hudson, 4 East Houston St.; at the Drug Store (Dr. Smith's), 55 West Broadway, and the office of the Anglo-African, 48 Beekman St., New York.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Mrs. Thomas Jackson, Sr.,	Miss Helen Clow,
Jacob Butler,	Adeline Ogden,
Henry Hardy,	Sharp,
N. B. Lewis,	Bending,
James N. Gloucester,	F. Bodee,
Thomas Howard,	Mary Felix,
Frances Selby,	Isabella Demarest,
Wm. H. Carney,	Jane Merit,
— Ferguson,	Emily Thurston,
Henry Green,	Nancy Jane Benson,
Warren Stewart,	H. S. Demarest,
Miller Pierce,	Elder Thomas Jackson,
Samuel Demarest,	Jacob Butler,
Christopher Clow,	N. B. Lewis,
James Bays,	Thomas Howard,
John L. Hudson,	Henry Hardy,
Wm. H. Ross,	Dea. Stackhouse,
Thomas Jackson, Jr.,	Mr. J. L. Hudson,
A. Zabriskie,	C. Clow,
Lewis Frazier,	Wm. H. Ross,
Foster,	Thos. Jackson, Jr.,
John Rock,	A. Zabriskie,
Stackhouse,	S. Demarest,
Benj. Landrine,	Miller Pierce,
Jane Corbit.	Jas. Bays,
Miss Margaret Clark,	James Tolbert,
Mary Harris,	Amos Davis,
E. Denis,	Thomas Davis,
Margaret Smith,	T. S. Demarest,
A. A. Vandyke,	Wm. Smith,
	Elymus Reeve,
	John Rock,

"UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL."

FIRST ANNUAL BALL AND SUPPER OF THE COLORED SEAMEN'S

BOARDING - HOUSE KEEPERS

AND OUT-FITTERS

Of the City of New York, will be given on **Thursday Eve'g, Dec. 26th, 1861,**

AT THE

METROPOLITAN ASSEMBLY ROOMS,

178 PRINCE ST.

The Proprietors of this Association will spare no pains to make this Entertainment one of the most entertaining nights of the season, and also assure the public that nothing on their part will be wanting to render them happy.

Music under direction of Mr. J. DOUGLASS.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

William E. Slater,	Henry Beverley,
George F. Thompson,	William Butler.

The Floor will be under the gentlemanly management of Mr. GEORGE H. WILLIAMS and Mr. JOHN WILSON.

Tickets, admitting Gent. and Lady, $2; Single Ticket, $1.

Tickets to be had of the following Committee:

George F. Thompson, 4 Catherine Lane.
William E. Slater, 3 Catherine Lane.
William Butler, 1 Benson St.
Manuel Gilbert, 42 Baxter St.
Susan Williams, 105 Park St.
Henry Beverley, 76 Roosevelt St.
Albro Lyons, 20 Vandewater St.
Samuel Porter, 21 Batavia St.
Charles M. Fortes, 199 South St.
William Spriggs, 1 Mechanics' Alley.
Thomas Lewis, 49 Marion St.

Tickets may also be had at the following places:—Eldorado, 154 Church St., Messrs. Suel & Spencer; Geo. H. Williams, 189 Church St.; Francis & Rogers, 56 Leonard St.; R. D. Kinney, 178 Prince St.; Robt. Tappen, 42 Ridge St.; J. A. Trower, 279 S. 4th St., Williamsburgh; Phineas Spriggs, 37 N. Bowery.

WM. E. SLATER, Pres.
HENRY BEVERLEY, Treas.
G. F. THOMPSON, Sec'y.
WM. BUTLER, Cashier. 18 4t

GEORGE OTON'S

QUADRILLE BAND.

BALLS, PARTIES, &c., furnished with MUSIC, at the shortest notice.

MR. GEORGE OTON,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; F. F. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St., and with G. Oton.
18tf

MASONIC

DIRECTORY,

FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R.W.G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st, the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N.Y., not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwich, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14. Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, New York City.

MASONIC NOTICE.

The members of OLIVE BRANCH LODGE, No. 5, working under the jurisdiction of the Philanthropic United Grand Lodge, will take notice that the annual meeting of said Lodge will be held at their Lodge Rooms, 178 Prince St., on Monday evening, Dec. 16th.

Punctual attendance is requested.

By order of

CHAS. T. BROWN, W M.
R. D. KINNEY, Sec. 18 3t

Thanksgiving Sermon.

Rev. J. N. GLOUCESTER will preach on Sabbath evening, in the Shiloh Church, cor. of Prince and Marion Sts., at half-past seven o'clock, a Thanksgiving Sermon. Subject—"Gratitude to God due for the Sublime Hope, in the Country, for impartial, universal Liberty, and the imperative duty of the Government to its 'Contrabands.'"

A GRAND

MUSICAL FESTIVAL

WILL BE GIVEN AT

Turn Hall, 63 and 65 Meserole Street,

WILLIAMSBURGH,

On Wednesday Evening, Dec. 11, 1861.

The Committee pledge themselves that no pains will be spared to make this equal to any that has been given.

Music under the direction of

Prof. S. WALDRON'S BAND.

Prof. LaMATIEU, the celebrated TIGHT ROPE PERFORMER, has been engaged to give one of his performances on this occasion. He will WALK A ROPE one inch thick, with his hands and feet chained together. He will also walk a rope blindfolded, hang by his feet with his head down, and beat a drum, and perform many other daring and interesting feats.

TICKETS 50 CENTS,

REFRESHMENTS INCLUDED.

Persons wishing to see the performance can have a seat in the Gallery for 25 Cts. Children half price.

Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Mr. George Poole,	Mr. Joseph H. Nixon,
Mr. Wm. Moore,	Mr. Charles Trower,
Mr. Chas. Smith,	Mr. Wm. R. Conner,
Mr. Benjamin Clark,	Mr. James Mitchell,
Mr. J. F. Jackson,	Mr. Alexander Corprew.

N. B.—Cars leave Peck Slip and Grand Street Ferry every five minutes, and go within one block of the Hall. J. A. TROWER, Conductor.
17 3t

A GRAND TEA ENTERTAINMENT

For the benefit of Mrs. MARY REDDEN, gotten up by a Committee of Ladies and Gentlemen, will be given on

TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 3, 1861,

AT THE

Metropolitan Assembly Rooms,

178 Prince street.

The Committee being satisfied that Mrs. Redden is worthy of this demonstration, assure the public that no pains will be spared to entitle it to their patronage.

Tickets 38 cents. 17 2t

LECTURES.

THE UNDERSIGNED is prepared to fill engagements to deliver single Lectures, on the following subjects:

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY;

THE ADAPTATIONS OF THE EARTH, OR TERRESTRIAL ADAPTATIONS;

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ANCIENT HONORS OF THE BLACK AND COLORED RACES OF THE EARTH;

—Being a series of popular discourses recently delivered, founded on the following texts:

1. "Look not upon me because I am black." [Song of Sol.—1.6.
2. "Princes shall come out of Egypt." [Psalm 68—31.
3. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin." [Jer.—13.23.
4. "Cursed be Canaan.'—Gen.—9.25.
5. "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus." Philemon.

TERMS—The lecturer's passage both ways, and one-fourth of profits.

[From the Detroit Daily Advertiser, March 1, 1860.]

"Mr. BERRY's lecture last night is stated to have displayed much thought, and to have been in every respect meritorious."

THE BALL IS UP!

FLOOR SKATING, FLOOR SKATING!

BOSTON'S

SKATING ACADEMY.

FOR LADIES.

Mr. T. S. BOSTON respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that he will re-open his SKATING SCHOOL, for Ladies and Gentlemen, at the

ASSEMBLY ROOMS,

178 PRINCE STREET,

Terms of Admission—10 cts. Doors open at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Terms for Skating—15 cts. half hour; 20 cts. per hour.

TUESDAY and FRIDAY Evenings, for Classes.

Persons wishing to engage the Rooms for private parties, can do so by communicating to

THOS. S. BOSTON,
No. 87 Sullivan St.,
15 5t New York City.

NOTICE.

All members of the Annual Conferences of the A.M.E. Zion Church who have taken shares in the stock of the Book Concern of said church, are hereby informed that the payment is now due, and they are requested to make remit[illegible] the Treasurer, Rev. Jos. P. Thompson, B[illegible]n,N.Y., through the mail or by express.

N B. All who have not taken shares can do so by forwarding the amount of $10 to the Secretary, at New Bedford, Mass.

SAMUEL M. GILES,
Secretary of the Board,
New Bedford, Oct. 18th, 1861.

AGENCY

FOR TROY AND VICINITY.

James R. Benham is the regularly appointed Agent for the Anglo-African in Troy, Lansingburg, Waterford and vicinity. All orders or communications for the paper may be left with Mr Benham on board of the steamer "Cornelius Vanderbilt."

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delsart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

AN ADJOURNED MEETING

To consider measures with reference to a settlement of the

GERRIT SMITH LANDS,

will be held, agreeable to adjournment, at Prince Street Hall, on Monday evening, December 2d, 1861. The public are invited to attend.

Charles L. Reason, Ch'mn.
Wright Seaman, Jr., Sec'y.

LECTURES.

The Rev. Alex. Crummell, of Liberia, W.A., is prepared to deliver the following Lectures, either singly or as a course, during the months of November and December:

1. The customs, genius, and characteristics of native tribes in Western Africa.
2. The growth of civilization along the Western Coast of Africa.
3. The progress and prospects of the Republic of Liberia.

Letters are to be addressed to Rev. A. Crummell, 311 Spring Street, New York. 12—4t

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

DeKalb, near Hudson Avenue.

REV. ELI N. HALL, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:

10½ o'clock, ... A. M.
" . . . . P. M.
" . . . . P. M.

10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:

10 1-2 o clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7 1 " . . . . P. M.

12–1y

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,

(PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL)

Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

Rev. WM. J. ALSTON, Pastor. Residence—70 Sullivan St.

R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.

10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.

Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue

Hours of worship:—

3 o'clock, ... P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

Rev. CHAS. H. THOMPSON, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—

10½ . . . . A. M.
3 . . . . P. M.
7½ . . . . P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn.
13-1y.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. SARAH A. TILMAN,

FANCY HAIR BRAIDER,

In all its branches—such as

BRACELETS, EAR-RINGS, WATCH

GUARDS, FINGER RINGS, CHARMS, ETC.,

Residence—120th St., between 3d and 4th Avenues, Harlem.

18 26t

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE—GOOD Music, splendid Dancing; Ice Cream and other delicacies of the season—all for Fifty Cents. Remember, Wednesday evening, the 27th inst., at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, 178 Prince street.

PETER S. PORTER,

GENERAL AGENT FOR

HOUSE LETTING,

170 WEST 29TH STREET,

NEW YORK.

Colored Families furnished with apartments in suits of Rooms or whole Houses, in different parts of the City. 17 13t

BOARDING AND LODGING.

MR. GEO. POOL can accommodate LADIES and GENTLEMEN with FIRST CLASS BOARD, on reasonable terms, at his residence, No. 13 Sheriff Street, a few doors north of Grand. 16 13t

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MRS. M. E. EDY,

EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE.

RESIDENCE—134 Christie Street, N. Y.
26 26t

BOARDING AND LODGING

IN BROOKLYN,

At Mrs. SUSAN HARRIS', 58 Atlantic St., near South Ferry. $3 per week for gentlemen, and $2 50 for ladies. Lodgings 75 cts. per week. 15tf

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TO LET.—THE ROOM ON THE SECOND floor of Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-street. Inquire at 66 East Houston-st., or of the Janitor 225 West 15th-st.

POCKET WATER-FILTER

AND

DRINKING TUBE.

Indispensable for Soldiers, Travelers, and Sportsmen. Weighs one ounce. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Send it to your friends. Agents wanted. Samples mailed on receipt of 50 cents, by addressing

DAY & CO.,
3 -13t. Box 464 P.O., Newark, N. J.

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK. Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this in any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,

BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG

Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS

of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.

DON'T FORGET,

168 EWEN ST.,
9 1y. Williamsburg.

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,

EMPIRE STATE HOTEL

AND

UNION HOUSE,

541 BROOME STREET,

Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. RAMSEY.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Pease call and examine the premises

HATS CAPS & FURS

IN THEIR VARIETY.

First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS.

The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St., one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
10 5t

PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE

BY

MRS. W. S. WILKINS & Co

610 PINE, ABOVE SIXTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA 7-13t.

LADIES' FURNISHING STORE.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

READY-MADE AND MADE TO ORDER, BY

MRS. S. WILKINS & CO.,

610 Pine, above Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
7-13t.

MRS. ANDERSON,

CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS

Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m

---

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE, CAN ACCOMOdate a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tf.

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTES, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 MULBERRY STREET, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5—4t

---

HENRY G. LEASK,

HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS

AND FURS.

COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.

Shipping Furs Bought. 12-tf.

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) REspectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. or sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold F d Frankfort Sts.

DENTISTRY.

BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist.

79 Thompson St., N. Y

MRS. E. LEONARD,

FASHIONABLE

DRESS- MAKER,

25 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK.

Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.

3tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies,	$2,50
" " Gentleman,	3,00
Lodging per week,	75

y12t

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,

CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

219 CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts., 2 tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 182 Suffolk Street. Terms very moderate. a10 1y.

BROWN'S POPULAR RESORT.

The undersigned takes the privilege to inform his Friends and the public generally that as he has recently fitted up his SALOON anew, he is now prepared to furnish them with

Ice Cream, Fruit, and other Delicacies.

BENJ. E. BROWN,
70 Bleecker St
between Broadway & Crosby St. 4t.

P. A. WHITE,

Corner of Frankfort & Gold [illegible]

GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

[illegible]

A FRESH AND PURE ASSORTMENT

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

GENUINE

LUBIN'S EXTRACTS

AND OTHER PERFUMERY,

FANCY SOAPS, FINE HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES, FAMILY ARTICLES, HAVANA SEGARS, &c., &c.

All his articles are purchased with great care, and are warranted to be pure, fresh, and genuine.

MEDICINE CHESTS carefully made up.

All orders promptly attended to, on receipt of the CASH.

Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared.

WHITE'S

VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR

FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH, AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely *Gray.*

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh, and unpleasant in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a *root* in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea-voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full of dandruff, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this, and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hairbrush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off; always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that occasional failure will, no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and perseveringly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

BADEAU'S

STRENGTHENING PLASTER.

AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR

LAME OR WEAK BACK, PAIN OR WEAKNESS IN THE SIDE, CHEST, STOMACH, OR LIMBS. A CERTAIN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, PLEURISY, LIVER OR KIDNEY COMPLAINT, SPRAINS, BRUISES, &c., &c.

Persons disposed will find this plaster particularly serviceable.

Dyspeptic persons will find a permanent relief from its use, as it keeps a continued [illegible] action as a gentle counter irritant, removing the inflammation of the stomach without breaking the skin. Persons engaged in sedentary pursuits should [illegible] constantly, as they give strength [illegible] by constant sitting and stooping.

For STRAINS and SPRAINS they are [illegible], affording relief [illegible].

For RHEUMATISM there is no [illegible] application equal to them, promoting the [illegible] circulation, and

PREVENTING A RETURN

of the excruciating [illegible].

These plasters [illegible] the best material [illegible] you will be deceived.

P. A. WHITE, Sole Proprietor.

Poetry.

[For the Weekly Anglo-African.]

YES, OFT I THINK OF THEE.

Dearest Ellen, I think of thee
When morn's first flush streams on high,
Or when the twilight's crimson flush
Is fading in the western sky.
I'll think of thee in mirth's gay hours,
When song and jest pass fleeting by,
When o'er me memory has one power,
That is—to think of thee.

Through all the hours of blessed light,
Amid my daily toil and care,
And through the watches of the night
For thee to Heaven ascends my prayer;
I'll think of thee through shade and light—
Fondly and truly I'll think of thee—
Loving thee ever through evil and right,
And ask in return that you "remember me."

THEODOCIA DALTON.

Nyack, Nov. 12th, 1861.

FORMATION OF COLORED REGIMENTS.

[CONCLUDED.]

I think I am quite safe in assuming that there is no scrap of history that can be brought by analogy to prove "that we must either succumb to the numerical preponderance of power which our enemies may bring to bear against us, or cease to exist on the continent." I think the history of the aborigines of this country goes but a short distance in proof of this mode of reasoning; they sunk by thousands in the very pursuits under which our race have steadily increased. Besides, there are very many reasons why they have diminished, aside from the aggressive war of extermination forced upon them by the whites; while the sword among them has slain its thousands, the introduction of rum of the most poisonous character has slain its tens of thousands. Delirium tremens, mania potua, and a thous. and other hereditary diseases more fruitful of death and the entire destruction of the human family than the sword, through the wily craft of white men have been thrust among them, then what has followed? Internal dissensions among the different tribes by which means the sword in the hands of brethren have done more for their extermination than enemies of the opposite race. But our people usually drink good whisky, or the best of brandy, and I therefore do not exactly look for the same results to them in this direction; and with their knowledge of the descriptive character of our oppressors, I cannot think we will ever be induced by them to slay each other indiscriminately, as the Indians have. My friend speaks of world's fairs, agricultural pursuits, arts and sciences, etc., versus momentary admiration for exhibitions of well disciplined men, well drilled in military tactics &c. He brings wealth education, industry, &c., against efficient military drill, well contested battles, bravery and gallant exploits in active service, etc. But he evidently does not draw his conclusions from a very careful study of his subject and the nations to whom he refers. Great Britain first made herself free, then became the governess of her numerous colonies, then became mistress of the seas, before she turned her attention to these social and civil pursuits that my friend cites us to. France had pillaged the world by her superior perfection in artillery and infantry tactics, before she was satisfied to go to work at worlds fairs and what not. But the slaves of every nation are those who challenge competition in mechanics, agriculture, and the fine arts. Why then have they not been freed by this means without an appeal to arms! My friend refers to Hayti, and says they are not more respected though "they wielded the sword to desperation, etc." Thank God they are at least free and independent. Besides this the colored planters, though they were acknowledged the most wealthy, educated, industrious and thrifty of the Haytians, challenging competition by their industry and wealth, and commanding respect by their education and refinement; yet they never were recognized or respected at home or abroad till they grasped the sword and taught their oppressors and the world a lesson of African chivalry; versus so much mock morality, peaceful submission etc., in this stirring age of human progress. By this means the blacks of Hayti are felt in a way that world's fairs &c., &c.; would not have made them felt for centuries yet to come. My friend inquires how we could influence the administration more than Gen. Fremont? And whether the states could thrust upon the war department persons whom interest or necessity might dictate they should reject?

Or whether they could accept the services of those who are legally disqualified. He then says if this may not be constitutionally done, would not my policy environ the administration and force that evil I would obviate? I think I fairly met these questions in my previous article. I will again for the esteem I have for my friend answer him as best I can. First no one can tell how much Gen. Fremont has or can influence the war department; the fact that Mr. Cameron visited Fremont in person and that Fremont has made no public protest against the ruling of the cabinet; looks very suspicious that they understood each other and were only acting up to the necessity of keeping their own counsel. Fremont evidently wields an influence that would require but a very few men of his stamp to emancipate the entire south. Secondly the states have and are doing every day all that we would require them to do; i. e., they are raising troops, preparing them by all available means for the time the government will need them; and may they not as readily prepare colored as white men! Would this not be a step in the direction of enfranchisement. And after all, is it not through this medium; the recognition of our rights by the people, that we may ever hope to reach the general government. As to legal disqualification, and constitutional necessity being in our way, I would refer my friend to Mr. Lincoln's speech at Independence Hall, in this city when he said that "after all decisions of the supreme court, our constitutional obligations are not eternal principles, but must vary with the necessities of the times, etc." A solution of these strange words are given in the Rev. H. H. Garnet's passports by Mr. Seward; and Mr. Lincoln's answer to the writ of habeas corpus issued by the highest judicial authority of the country. Garnet's passport and the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus are the best of argument against constitutional and legal restrictions, preventing the recognition of a hundred thousand men of the best muscle and determined bravery in the federal ranks.

As to what southern emissaries may do by throwing information into the hands of the Rebels of our movements, etc., I have only to say that it is an abstract question that should have no weight with men willing to do their duty in a great crisis like the present; follow this rule of reasoning and we should have no army, no president, no freemen, no free-soil nor aught else to defend. Seven years ago the serfs of Russia were homeless slaves; the nobility had frustrated the efforts of every Cabinet for the amelioration of their condition. At length a war broke out between Russia, Turkey, France and England. The Czar driven to an extremity proposed to place in the field 250,000 serfs. The nobility protested against it fearing the result to themselves. The serfs opposed it because they could see no issue in the war favorable to their interest, they believed England and France to be far more favorable to them than Russia. The war raged and finally Alexander over the heads of nobility and serfs drafted 75,000 serfs and sent them off to the Crimea; and in less than three years from that time, nearly thirty millions of slaves are freed by the result of that policy. There was no way to dispossess these people of the influence they swayed by that one stroke of war policy; but to emancipate them was inevitable. Is not our condition analogous to theirs in many respects; and may we not by the same policy expect a similar result? I must thank my friend for two considerations of kindness toward his old misguided suicidal friend; first for his anxiety "that I might receive my sight." Second, for his anxiety that I should be lost while performing an unpleasant duty. There are two kinds of blindness mentioned in scripture, an unfortunate blindness and a wilful one; as my friend has placed me among the first class, by Moses' law Leviticus 19: 14, I am entitled to commisseration, and by the same law Deut. 27: 18, he should be sorely punished for trying to lead me to wander out of the way, etc. I am somewhat fearful that my friend may be of the opposite class mentioned in the ¶ from 37 to 52 verses of the 12th chapter of John. If so a solution to his unfortunate state may be found in Matthew 15: 14.

A. M. GREEN.

Letter from Toronto.

TORONTO, C. W., Nov. 22, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—Nothing of a very startling character has transpired since I last wrote you. It is true we have had the pleasure of hearing the truly talented and eloquent lecturer, W. J. Watkins, Esqr., whose streaming eloquence electrified our citizens on two occasions during last week. The gentleman was, as on former occasions, greeted with large and attentive audiences. He is, as you are aware, in the interest of the Haytian emigration movement, consequently the force of his lectures was entirely aimed in that direction, but with what success, your correspondent will be better able in a few days, than now, to tell, as another lot intends leaving on the 25th inst.

Mr. Watkins is rather a favorite with Toronto audiences, hence his success, as far as numbers are concerned, in attendance upon his lectures, and is attributable to that fact more than to any partiality for the movement in which he is engaged. I am not disposed to give a partizan or biased opposition to the Haytian emigration movement, and I think I also speak the sentiments of the colored citizens generally, but we cannot be but opposed to the exaggerated coloring that is often given to the disadvantages under which we labour in Canada, in order to enhance their project.

We are told that we must select one of two things—either voluntarily emigrate, or submit to expatriation or extermination, then immediately following we are told by the same parties that they do not favor an *en masse* emigration from the fact that they consider it impracticable. Pray, how are we to harmonize statements so divergent. I submit that with my limited logical acumen I am quite unable to solve a matter so paradoxical. I quite agree with your Trenton correspondent that education and wealth, are chiefly the two great levers by which we are to attain a proper position in this or any other country, more especially in this where we enjoy rights and immunities in common with others. I do not, by any means, disfavor emigration when it can be properly demonstrated that it is to our benefit, for in so doing we are only following in the wake of those who have all the advantages that we are deprived of—the whites. That I hold is one of the many ways by which we are to be elevated, therefore, those who advocate Haytian emigration, and those who oppose it, should take up the matter, and deal with it dispassionately, and by such means good may result from the agitation, rather than harm. And while on this point I will allude to a portion of a letter written by Mr. Simon P. J. Spencer, and published in the "Pine and Palm" of the 9th inst., respecting the Haytian emigration feeling in this city. He there states that "many of the wealthiest of the colored folk of Toronto and vicinity, have made up their minds to emigrate."

Unfortunately we cannot boast of a very large number of wealthy colored persons, nevertheless we can compare favorably with many other cities of the same size, and of the same number of inhabitants here in Canada or in the United States. And as I have been raised in this city from my boyhood, covering over a period of nearly twenty-six years, and am pretty well acquainted with almost every colored man of wealth among us, ought to know something of the "many" spoken of by Mr. Spencer, but I can assure you that I have yet to find them out, that is, those who are going to emigrate. I will admit that W. R. Abbot, Esqr., (who, by the way, is a very wealthy gentleman) stated to Mr. Spencer at one of his meetings, that he intended visiting Hayti, and taking out his son, &c. That was said, however, by way of encouragement to the gentleman who was speaking of his despondency, &c., in the matter. But I fancy Mr. Abbot's extreme modesty will not allow him to assume the appellation "many," so fondly promulgated by Mr. Spencer.

I see from an advertisement in the Toronto "Globe," that an application is made for one hundred colored refugees in Canada, for the use of the Australian Cotton Growing Association. Persons who have experience in the cotton fields of the Southern States are required. They are to proceed to New South Wales and Queensland, their passage will be paid, and an engagement made for two years, at £21 sterling per annum, with rations and lodgings. Application is to be made to R. H. Cameron, No. 90 Beaver st., New York, and of T. A. Ambridge, Hamilton, C. W.

The course of lectures for the winter, under the auspices of the "Association for the education and elevation of colored persons," will commence early in December. This is an incorporated association, brought into existence some three or four years ago, mainly through the active exertions of Dr. A. T. Augusta; it is managed by a board of trustees, and they have, through the agency of the doctor, who was chairman of the board, procured suitable lecturers during the winter months, to lecture for the benefit of the colored people generally, free of charge. I regret that the board has no longer the valuable services of the learned gentleman, he having withdrawn from it. However, I am happy to state that they are going ahead with a will in the prosecution of their laudable design. The lecturers will be composed of colored and white gentlemen. A word, Mr. Editor;—one does not like to be made to appear as saying ridiculous things, by the printer, such as substituting these for there, &c., &c. "A word to the wise, &c."

G. W. C.

LETTER FROM REV. W. P. NEWMAN.

MY DEAR ANGLO:—I hope it is well with thee. May success attend thee. Be assured that your name is to us, as dear as one loved, and lost, and found again. We have often thought of thee since we left thy birthplace—especially while rolled almost to death, on the troubled sea, by the storms of the old traitor—Cape Hatteras. We had four days of heavy weather. Our passage across the ocean, in other respects, was very pleasant.

We left North America with pleasure, except those little regrets on leaving our friends. I was a little sad when our steamer fired her parting gun, and my brethren in the ministry, who came to see me off, lifted their hats and bid me farewell—among whom I name the Revs. George Whipple and J. O. Beardslee, as they are not members of my own denomination.

It is a public blessing to have a British steamer to come to the West Indies. On such vessels ALL nations fare alike. Even James Redpath's "Virginia Negro," (?) in the order of arrangement, was honored with a seat, at the captain's right hand, at meals; notwithstanding we had on board the American Consul for Jamaica and Lieutenant Hall of our army, as well as other persons of distinction. I was treated with marked respect by all on board the steamer. Capt. Russell is a Presbyterian, and an Irish gentleman. He is wise, careful and courteous. The passengers unanimously invited me to draw up a letter of approval of him, his officers and crew, for their conduct towards us, which I did in my own plain style, and which they signed and presented to him. Had he been a wine-bibber, many bottles would have been uncorked, after his graceful reply. Thank God, there was not one.

Would a "Virginia negro" be treated with such respect on any American mail steamer? We saw several vessels on shore, among them a man-of-war of our navy. She had run a long ways out of her way, and had been doubtless chased by a privateer, or feared it. She seemed to make for Cuba, on discovering us, but when the "Union Jack" went up, we soon saw the "Stars and Stripes," and her course was changed for the United States.

We were at sea ten days, and had no little joy when a pure African man took command of our steamer as pilot.

We had a fine view of many beautiful sugar estates, highly cultivated, as we passed up the south side of Jamaica. There was a striking contrast between it and slave-cursed Cuba, and barbarous Hayti. We entered Port Royal at nightfall, amid the thundering of cannon and the cloud-piercing rockets. There we rested quietly at anchor till morning. During the night we were visited by many of our citizens to learn of the anticipated "sham" battle in Virginia, by the two Republics' armies. The rainy season is on us. Everything looks green and flourishing. Jamaica tends upwards.—Much interest is being felt about internal improvements. We expect a warm time of it, at the next meeting of the Legislature. Sir Edward Jordon and his followers are dead set against the present administration. The colored influence will be dominant.

"When Jews and Maroons equal meet,
The Maroons will the Jews defeat."

The subject of emigration has awakened much interest here. The Coolies and Africans are still coming. But we need men of Northern stamp and capital. A new agent of emigration has been appointed for the East Indies, and yet there is a strong desire for North Americans to come here. I see two letters of mine on the subject have been published by the "Jamaica Guardian," the government organ, with most favorable comments. It urges on the government action, action, and at once.

I have been congratulated for having given to Redpath and Hayti what they deserved, during my late visit to the North—notwithstanding my insanity and intention to invade Cuba, according to the heartless trader in the woes of my people. I have just been informed by the Rev. L. Thompson that the Governor of Jamaica desires to have an interview with me on the subject of emigration, before the Legislature meets again. A bill will be passed by that body, when it meets, to aid emigrants from the Canadas and the United States. At that I will rejoice, for several reasons: 1st, because here the afflicted will obtain happy homes and the rights of men; 2d, because here their posterity will grow up with spirits uncrushed by a sense of degradation—they will be high-souled and independent; 3d, because of the interest of Jamaica itself; 4th, because to come here will be but a manifestation of self-respect. Who would not leave a white man's country, as he would his company, if he is not wanted in it? And, 5th, because it will be but a just rebuke to the CHRISTIAN HYPOCRITES of North America, to leave them to prey upon one another, as they have preyed upon us. Let them raise their own cotton and bread, and wear their own cloth and cook their own food. Let them fight their own battles, and pay the expenses of the war. Let no colored man so degrade himself and his race as to take up arms for any people who permit them to do so because they CAN'T do without him. Does not one degrade himself who allows himself to be made a political tool of by the aspirants to the Presidency of that country of which *he is not a citizen?*

Respectfully,

W. P. NEWMAN.

Jamaica, Oct. 18, 1861.

CONFIRMED IN HER HABITS.—A gentleman of excellent habits and very amiable disposition, was so unfortunate as to have a wife of a very different character; in short, one that would get beastly drunk. Being in company with a few intimates, one of them remarked to him, that if she was his wife—since all other things had failed—he would frighten her in some way, so that she would quit her evil habit, and proposed the following method: that sometime when dead drunk, she should be laid in a box shaped like a coffin, and left in that situation until her fit should be over, and consciousness restored.

A few evenings after, the dame being in a proper state, the plan was put into execution; and after the box lid was properly secure, the party before alluded to watched each in turn, to witness the result. About daylight next morning the watch heard a movement, laid himself down by the box, when her ladyship, after bumping her head a few times, was heard to say:

"Bless me? why, where am I?"

The outsider answered in a sepulchral tone;

"Madame, you are dead, and in the other world."

A pause ensued, after which the lady again inquired;

"Where are you?"

"O! I am dead too," said he.

"Can you tell me how long I have been dead?"

"About three weeks."

"How long have you been dead?"

"Four months."

"Well, you have been here so much longer than I have, can't you tell me where I can get a little gin?"

MEMORABLE SPEECHES.—We desire to embalm the following extraordinarily sublime, eloquent, and elegant perorations. The first is said to have been delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania:

"Your honor sits high upon the adorable seat of justice, like the Asiatic rock of Gibralter, while the eternal streams of justice, like cadaverous clouds of the valley, flow meandering at your extended feet."

The next is by a celebrated lawyer of New Jersey:

"Your honors, I fancy, do not sit there like marble statues, to be wafted about by every idle breeze."

Next, the soul-stirring opening of a western oration:

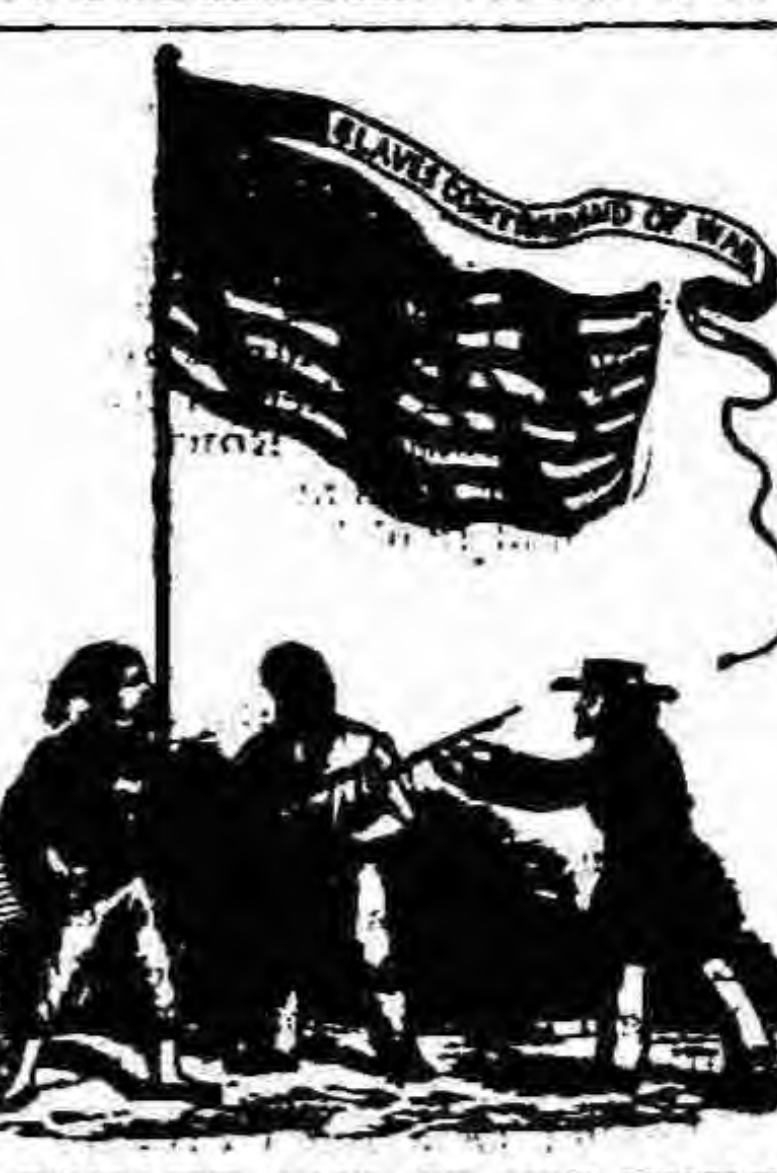
"The important crisis which were about to have arriven, have arroven."

Last, but not least, one that locates itself:

"The court will please to observe that the gentleman from the East has given them a very learned speech. He has roamed with old Romulus, soaked with old Socrates, ripped with Euripides, and canteree with Cantharides! but what—your honor—what does he know about the law in old Arkansaw?"

"I DON'T SEE IT."—Lord Nelson was undoubtedly the author of this popular slang phrase. At the celebrated naval battle of Copenhagen, Nelson, who was determined to continue the battle, but whose attention had been called to a signal of the commanding officer to cease hostilities, placed his hand over his good eye, and pretending to look with his blind one, said "I don't see it!" and at once ordered a brisk renewal of the engagement.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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Price per thousand $5; per hundred 60 cents; packages of 25 each, 20 cents.
Orders should be addressed
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MEDICAL.

PAIN-KILLER.

We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, DIPTHERIA and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent linament for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

Dr. Walton writes from Coschocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, DIPTHERIA, *or Sore Throat*, that is so alarmingly prevalent here; and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

Rev. H. L. Van Meter, writing from Burmah says: "The *Pain-Killer* has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

Rev. Jabez Swan says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy."

Rev. A. W. Curtis: "By its use I entirely cured a felon in a few days."

The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

The New York Examiner says, "We have used the Pain-Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the family medicine box."

The N. Y. Independent says, "We have used it, and it proves to be all it professes."

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors.
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TIME, MONEY, AND LABOR SAVED, BY USING
B. T. BABBITT'S
SUPERIOR FRENCH
CHEMICAL ERASIVE SOAP,

Made and improved by the ORIGINAL INVENTOR of the German and Austrian Chemical Erasive or Detersive Soap, of which the *real and genuine article* has, since its first introduction to the American public, been most favorably known, as the *Best* and *Cheapest* Washing Soap in the market, and with the present improvement, which is not known to any other manufacturer, we CHALLENGE THE WORLD to produce a better article.

1. One pound of it will accomplish as much as three pounds of any other soap.
2. But one quarter the time and labor are required to do the same amount of washing, as with the best of family soap.
3. It does not injure the most delicate fabric; will tend to set the colors, and wash cleaner than any other soap in use.
4. Clothes need no boiling, and but little rubbing with the hands, thus avoiding their wear upon the wash-board.
5. Paints, Grease, Tar, and stains of every description vanish as by magic, before its wonderful, searching, erasive powers.
6. It is invaluable to Machinists, Printers Painters, and all others using Inks, Oils, etc. for washing hands; it does not chap them (like other soaps,) but will cleanse and soften the skin.
7. It may be used in hard or soft water, and is adapted for use in all climates.

Put up in one pound bars, sixty bars in each Box.

For sale by the bar or box by
THOS. HAMILTON,
48 Beekman Street.

MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP.

Every mother should be prepared to act in the capacity of both nurse and physician to her children she can, if she will, discharge these duties much better than any one she can employ. If she does not, she ought to know that there is a Medicine prepared by an old nurse and female physician which has stood the test of many, many years, and is the most perfect thing on earth for children teething; it also cures Wind Colic, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, and is sure to regulate the bowels. We say to every mother, do not let your own prejudices, or the prejudices of others stand in the way of the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP certainly does, as the name implies, "soothe" the little sufferer into a quiet, natural sleep, from which it awakes invigorated and refreshed. And for the cure of diseases incident to the period of teething, such as Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Wind Colic, &c., we have never seen its equal.

We have always been, and still are, opposed to the practice of drugging infants. This article has no deleterious effects whatever, and from our own experience (we speak advisedly) we have every confidence in it, and can heartily recommend it to all mothers. Take our advice—use it—and you will as strongly recommend it to others as we have to you.

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BLAKE: OR THE HUTS OF AMERICA.

A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R. DELANY

PART I.

> "By myself, the Lord of Ages,
> I have sworn to right the wrong;
> I have pledged my word unbroken,
> For the weak against the strong."
> [H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XII

THE DISCOVERY.

'It can't be; I wont believe it!' said Franks, at the breakfast table on Sunday morning, after hearing that little Joe was missed; 'he certainly must be lost in the shrubbery.'

After breakfast a thorough search was made, none being more industrious than Ailcey in hunting the little fugitive, but without success.

'When was he last seen?' inquired Franks.

'He was put to bed las' night while we was at de suppeh seh!' replied Ailcey.

'There's something wrong about this thing, Mrs. Franks, and I'll be hanged if I don't ferret out the whole before I'm done with it!' said the Colonel.

'I hope you dont suspect me as—'

'Nonsense! my dear, not at all—nothing of the sort, but I do suspect respectable parties in another direction.'

'Gracious, Colonel! whom have you reference to? I'm sure I can't imagine.'

'Well, well, we shall see! Ailcey call Judy.'

'Maus Stephen, yeh sen' for me?' enquired the old woman, puffing and blowing.

'Yes Judy. Do you know anything about little Joe? I want you to tell me the truth!' sternly inquired Franks.

'Maus Stephen! I can't lie! so long as yeh had me, you nor missus neveh knows me tell lie. No bless de Laud! I sen' my soul to de ole boy dat way? No maus Stephen, I would'n give wat I feels in my soul—'

'Well never mind Judy about your soul, but tell us about—'

'Ah! maus Stephen, I 'specs to shout wen de worl's on fieh! an'—'

'Tell us about the boy Judy, and we'll hear about your religion another time.'

'If you give her a little time Colonel, I think she'll be able to tell about him!' suggested Mrs. Franks on seeing the old woman weeping.

'Sho, mammy!' said Ailcey in a whisper with a nudge, standing behind her; 'wat yeh stan' hear cryin' befo' dese ole wite tolks for!'

'Come, come, Judy! what are you crying about! let us hear quickly what you've got to say. Don't be frightened!'

'No maus Stephen, I's not feared: I could run thru troop a. hosses an' face de debil! My soul's happy, my soul's on fieh! Whoo! blessed Jesus! ride on King!' when the old woman tossed and tumbled about so dextrously, that the master and mistress considered themselves lucky in getting out of the way.

'The old thing's crazy! We'll not be able to get anything out of her Mrs. Franks.'

'No maus Stephen, blessed be God a'mighty! I's not crazy, but sobeh as a judge! an—'

'Then let us hear about little Joe, as you can understand so well what is said around you, and let us have no more of your whooping and nonsense, distracting the neighborhood!'

'Blessed God! blessed God! Laud sen' a nutheh gale! O, for a nutheh showeh!'

'I really believe she's crazy! We've now been here over an hour, and no nearer the information than before.'

'I think she's better now!' said Mrs. Franks.

'Judy, can you compose yourself long enough to answer my questions?' inquired Franks.

'O yes, mausta! I knows wat I's 'bout, but w'en mausta Jesus calls, ebry body mus' stan' back, case he's 'bove all!'

'That's all right Judy, all right; but let us hear about little Joe; do you know anything about him, where he is, or how he was taken away?'

'He was dar Sattiday night, maus Stephen.'

'What time Judy, on Saturday evening was he there?'

'W'en da was eatin' suppeh seh.'

'How do you know, when you were at the lower quarters, and he in your hut?'

'He was put to bed den.'

'Who put him to bed, you?'

'No, seh, Ailcey.'

'Ailcey—who went with her, any one?'

'Yes seh, Van Winteh Ben went wid her.'

'Van Winter's Ben! I thought we'd get at the thieves presently; I knew I'd ferret it out! Well now Judy, I ask you as a Christian, and expect you to act with me as one Christian with another—has not Mrs. Van Winter been talking to you about this boy?'

'No seh, neveh!'

'Nor to Henry?'

'No seh!'

'Did not she, to your knowledge, send Ben there that night to steal away little Joe?'

'No seh!'

'Did you not hear Ailcey tell some one, or talking in her sleep, say that Mrs. Van Winter had something to do with the abduction of that boy?'

'Maus Stephen, I do'n undehstan' dat duckin or "duckshun," dat w'at yeh call it—dat big wud!'

'O! "abduction" means stealing away a person, Judy.'

'Case I want gwine tell nothin 'bout it.'

'Well, what do you know Judy?'

'As dar's wud a troof in me, I knows nothin' 'bout it.'

'Well Judy, you can go now. She's an honest old creature I believe!' said Franks, as the old fat cook turned away.

'Yes, poor old black fat thing! she's religious to a fault,' replied Mrs. Franks.

'Well Ailcey, what do you know about it?' enquired the master.

'Nothin' seh, o'ny mammy Judy ask me toat 'im up to de hut an' put 'im in bed.'

'Well, did you do it?'

'Yes seh!'

'Did Ben go with you?'

'Yes seh!'

'Did he return with you to the lower quarters?'

'Yes seh!'

'Did he not go back again, or did he remain in the house?'

''E stay in.'

Did you not see some one lurking about the house when you took the boy up to the hut?'

'I tho't I hearn some un in de bushes, but Ben say 'twan no one.'

'Now Ailcey, dont you know who that was?'

'No seh!'

'Was'nt it old Joe?'

'No seh, lef' 'im in de low quarteh.'

'Was it Henry?'

'Don no seh!'

'Was'nt it Mrs. Van Winter's—'

'Why Colonel!' exclaimed Mrs. Franks with surprise.

'Negroes I mean! You did'nt let me finish the sentence my dear!' explained he, correcting his error.

'I don'o seh!'

'Now tell me candidly, my girl, who and what you thought it was at the time?'

'I do'n like to tell!' replied the girl, looking down.

'Tell Ailcey! who do you think it was, and what they were after!' enquired Mrs. Franks.

'I do'n want tell missus!'

'Tell, you goose you! did you see any one?' continued Franks.

'I jis glance 'em.'

'Was the person close to you?' farther inquired Mrs. Franks.

'Yes um, da toched me on de shouldeh an' run.'

'Well, why don't you tell then Ailcey, who you thought it was, and what they were after, you stubborn jade you, speak!' stormed Franks, stamping his foot.

'Don't get out of temper, Colonel! make some allowance for her under the circumstances. Now tell Ailcey, what you thought at the time?' mildly asked Mrs. Franks.

'I tho't 'twas maus Stephen afteh me.'

'Well, if you know nothing about it, you may go now!' gruffly replied her master. 'These negroes are not to be trusted. They will endeavor to screen each other if they have the least chance to do so. I'll sell that girl!'

'Colonel don't be hasty in this matter, I beg of you!' said Mrs. Franks, earnestly.

'I mean to let her go to the man she most hates; that's Crow.'

'Why do you think she hates Crow so badly?'

'By the side looks she gives him when he comes into the house.'

'I pray you then Colonel, to attempt no more auction sales, and you may avoid unpleasant associations in that direction.'

'Yes, by the by, speaking of the auction, I really believe Mrs. Van Winter had something to do with the abduction of that little negro.'

'I think you do her wrong, Colonel Franks; she's our friend, and aside from this, I dont think her capable of such a thing.'

'Such friendship is worse than open enmity my dear, and should be studiously shunned.'

'I must acquit her Colonel, of all agency in this matter.'

'Well mark what I tell you Mrs. Franks, you'll yet hear more of it, and that too at no distant day.'

'Well it may be, but I can't think so.'

'May be!' I'm sure so. And more: I believe that boy has been induced to take advantage of my clemency, and run away. I'll make an example of him, because what one negro succeeds in doing, another will attempt. I'll have him at any cost. Let him go on this way and there wont be a negro in the neighborhood presently.'

'Whom do you mean Colonel?'

'I mean that ingrate Henry, that's who!'

'Henry gone!'

'I have no doubt of it at all!' as he had a pass to Woodville and Jackson; and now the child is stolen by some one, I've no doubt himself. I might have had some leniency towards him had he not committed a theft, a crime of all others the most destestable in my estimation.'

'And Henry is really gone?' with surprise again inquired Mrs. Franks.

'He is my dear, and you appear to be quite inquisitive about it!' remarked Franks as he thought he observed a concealed smile upon their lips.

'I am inquisitive Colonel, because whatever interests you should interest me.'

'By Monday evening, hanged if I don't know all about this thing. Ailcey, call Charles to get my saddle horse!'

'Charles ain' hear maus Stephen.'

'Where's old Joe?'

'At de hut, seh.'

'Tell him to saddle Oscar immediately and bring him to the door.'

'Yes seh!' replied the girl, lightly tripping away.

The horse was soon at the door, and with his rider cantering away, the Colonel to return in the evening.

'Tony, what is mammy Judy about?' enquired Mrs. Franks as evening approached.

'She's sif'en meal missus to make mush for our suppeh.'

'You must tell mammy not to forget me Tony, in the distribution of her mush and milk.'

Yes missus, I tell 'er right now! when away ran Tony bearing the message, eager as are all children to be the agents of an act of kindness.

Mammy Judy smiling received the message with the assurance of 'Yes, dat she shall hab much as she want!' when turning about she gave strict orders that Ailcey neglect not to have a china bowl in readiness to receive the first installment of the hasty pudding.

The hut of mammy Judy served as a sort of head quarters on Saturday and Sunday evenings for the slaves from the plantation, and those in the town belonging to the 'estate,' who this evening enjoyed a hearty laugh, at the expense of daddy Joe.

Slaves are not generally supplied with light in their huts, consequently, except *from the fat of their meat and that gathered* about the kitchen with which they make a 'lamp,' and the use of pine wood tapers, they eat and do everything about their dwellings in the dark.

Hasty pudding for the evening being the bill of fare, all sat patiently awaiting the summons of mammy Judy, some on blocks, some on logs of wood, some on slab benches, some on inverted buckets and half barrel wash tubs, and whatever was convenient, while many of the girls, and other young people, were seated on the floor around against the wall.

'Hush chilen!' admonished mammy Judy, after carefully seeing that each one down to Tony, had been served with a quota from the kettle.

'Laud, make us truly tankful for wat we 'bout to 'ceive!' petitioned daddy Joe with uplifted hands. 'Stop dar wid yo' nause an' nonesense ole people can' hear der years to eat!' admonished the old man as he took the pewter dish between his knees and commenced an earnest discussion of its contents. 'Do'n yeh hear me say hush dar? Do'n yeh hear!'

'Joe!' was the authorative voice from without.

'Sar!'

'Take my horse to the stable!'

'Yes, sar!' responded the old man, sitting down his bowl of mush and milk on the hearth in the corner of the jam. 'Do'n any on yeh toch dat, yeh hear?'

'We ain gwine to daddy Joe,' replied the young people.

'How cum de young folks gwine eat yo' mush and milk?' Sho, ole man, g' long whar yeh gwine, an' let young folks 'lone!' retorted mammy Judy.

On returning from the stable, in his hurry, the old man took up the bowl of a young man who sat it on his stool for a moment.

'See hear daddy Joe, dat my mush!' said the young man.

'How cum dis yone?' replied the old man.

'Wy I put it dar; yeh put yone in de chimbly corneh.

'Ah! dat I did!' exclaimed he, taking up the bowl eating heartily.

'Wat dat yeh all been doin' hear?' Some on yeh young tolks been prankin' long wid dis mush an' milk!' continued the old man, champing and chewing in a manner which indicated something more solid than mush and milk.

'Deed we did'n daddy Joe; did'n do nothin' to yo' mush an' milk so we did'n!' replied Ailcey, whose word was always sufficient with the old people.

'Hi, what dis in hear! Sumpen mighty crisp!' said daddy Joe, still eating heartily and now and again blowing something from his mouth like course meal husks. 'Sumpen hear mighty crisp I tells yeh! Ole umin, light dat pine knot dar; so dabk yeh can't see to talk. Git light dar quick ole umin! Sumpen hear mighty crisp in dis mush an' milk!—Mighty crisp!'

'Good Laud! see dar now! I tole yeh so!' exclaimed mammy Judy when on producing a light, the bowl was found to be partially filled with large black house roaches.

'Reckon daddy Joe do'n thank im for dat!' said little Tony, referring to the blessing of the old man; amidst an outburst of tittering and *snickering among the young* people.

Daddy Joe lost his supper, when the slaves retired for the evening.

CHAPTER XIII.

PERPLEXITY.

Early on Monday morning, Colonel Franks arose to start for Woodville and Jackson, in search of the fugitive.

'My dear, is Ailcey up? Please call Tony,' said Mrs. Franks, the boy soon appearing before his mistress. 'Tony, call Ailcey,' continued she; 'your master is up and going to the country.'

'Missus Ailcey ain' dar!' replied the boy, returning in haste from the nursery.

'Certainly she is; did you go into the nursery?'

'Yes um!'

'Are the children there?'

'Yes um boph on 'em.'

'Then she can't be far—she'll be in presently.'

'Missus, she ain' come yit,' repeated the boy after a short absence.

'Did you look in the nursery again?'

'Yes um!'

'Are the children still in bed?'

'Yes um, boph sleep, only maus George awake.'

'You mean one asleep and the other awake!' said Mrs. Franks smiling.

'Yes um boph wake!' replied the boy.

'Did'nt you tell me Tony that your master George only was awake?' asked the mistress.

'Miss Martha sleep fus, den she wake up and talk to maus George,' explained the boy, his master laughing, declared that a negro's skull was too thick to comprehend anything.

'Don't mistake yourself, Colonel!' replied Mrs. Franks; 'that boy is anything but a blockhead, mind that!'

'My dear, can't you see something about that girl?' said the Colonel.

'Run quickly Tony, and see if Ailcey is in the hut,' bade Mrs. Franks.

'Dear me!' continued she; since the missing of little Joe, she's all gossip, and we need'nt expect much of her until the thing has died away.'

'She'll not gossip after to-day, my dear!' replied the Colonel decisively; 'as I'm determined to put her in my pocket in time, before she is decoyed away by that ungrateful wretch, who is doubtless ready for anything, however vile, for revenge.'

Ailcey was a handsome black girl, graceful and intelligent, but having been raised on the plantation, had not the opportunity of a house maid for refinement. The Colonel having had a favorable opinion of her as a servant, frequently requested that she be taken from the field, long before it had been done. This had not the most favorable impression upon the mind of his lady, who since the morning of the interview, the day before, had completely turned against the girl.

Mrs. Franks was an amiable lady and lenient mistress, but did a slave offend, she might be expected to act as a mistress; and still more, she was a woman; but concerning Ailcey she was mistaken, as a better and more pure hearted female slave, there was not to be found; and as true to her mistress and her own honor, as was Maggie herself.

'Missus, she ain't dare nuther! aun' Judy 'ain seed 'er fom las' night!' said the boy who came running up the stairs.

'Then call Charles immediately!' ordered she; when away went he and shortly came Charles.

'Servant mist'ess!' saluted Charles, as he entered her presence.

'Charles, do you know anything of Ailcey?' enquired she.

'No mist'ess, I don't.'

'When did you see her last?'

'Last night ma'am.'

'Was she in company with any one?'

'Yes ma'am, Potter's Rachel.'

'What time in the evening was it Charles?'

'After seven o'clock ma'am.'

'O, she was home after that and went to bed in the nursery, where she has been sleeping for several nights.'

'My dear, this thing must be probed to the bottom at once! things are taking such a strange course, that we don't know whom to trust. I'll be hanged if I understand it!' The carriage being ordered, they went directly down to 'squire Potter's.

'Good morning Mrs. Potter!—you will pardon us for the intrusion at so early an hour, but as the errand may concern us all, I'll not stop to be ceremonious—do I find the 'squire in?'

'The answer being in the affirmative, a servant being in attendance, the old gentleman soon made his appearance.

'Good morning Colonel and Madam Franks!' saluted he.

'Good morning 'squire! I sha'nt be ceremonious, and to give you a history of my errand, and to make a short story of a long one, we'll 'make a lump job of it,' to use a homely phrase.'

'I know the 'squire will be interested!' added Mrs. Franks.

No doubt of it at all ma'am!' replied Mrs. Potter who seemed to anticipate them.

'It is this:' resumed the Colonel. 'On Friday I gave my boy Henry verbal permission to go to the country, when he pretended to leave. On Saturday evening during the negro-gathering at the old quarters, my little negro boy Joe was stolen away, and on last evening, our negro girl Ailcey the nurse, cleared out, and it seems was last seen in company with your negro girl Rachel.'

'Titus, call Rachel there! No doubt but white men are at the bottom of it,' said Potter.

'Missus, hear I is!' drawled the girl awkwardly, with a courtsey.

'Speak to your master there; he wants you,' ordered Mrs. Potter.

'Mausta!' saluted the girl courtseying.

'Rachel my girl, I want you to tell me, were you with Colonel Frank's black girl Ailcey on last evening?'

'Yes seh, I war.'

'Where Rachel!' continued the master.

'Hear seh, at our house.'

'Where did you go to?'

'We go down to docteh Denny.'

'What for—what took you down to Dr. Denny's, Rachel?'

'Went 'long with Ailcey.'

'What did Ailcey go there for—do you know?'

Went dar to see Craig' Polly.'

'Craig's Polly; which of Mr. Craig's negro girls is that?'

'Dat un w'ot mos' white.'

'Well, was Polly there?'

'She want dar w'en we go, but she soon come.'

'Why did you go to Dr. Denny's to meet Polly?'

'Ailcey say Polly go'n to meet er dar.'

'Well, did they leave there when you did?'

'Yes seh.'

'Where did you go to then?'

'I come home, seh.'

'Where did they go?'

'Da say da go'n down undeh de Hill.'

'Who else was with them besides you?'

'No un seh.'

'Was there no man with them, when they left for under the Hill?'

'No seh.'

'Did you see no man about at all Rachel?'

'No seh.'

'Now don't be afraid to tell: was there no white person at all spoke to you when *together* last night?'

'None but some wite gent'men come up an' want walk wid us, same like da al'as do we black gals w'en we go out.'

'Did the girls seem to be acquainted and glad to see them?'

'No seh, de gals run, and de gent'men cus—.'

'Never mind that Rachel, you can go now,' concluded her master.

'Well 'squire, hanged if this thing mus'nt be stopped! Four slaves in less than that many days gone from under our very eyes, and we unable to detect them! It's insufferable! and I believe whites to be at the head of it. I have my suspicions on a party who stands high in the community, and—

'Now Colonel, if you please!' interrupted Mrs. Franks.

'Well, I suppose we'll have for the present, to pass that by,' replied he.

'Indeed, something really should be done!' said the 'squire.

'Yes, and that quickly, if we would keep our negroes to prevent us from starving.'

'I think the thing should at once be seen into: what say you Colonel?'

'As I have several miles to ride this morning,' said Franks, looking at his watch; 'it now being past nine o'clock, I must leave so as to be back in the evening. Any steps that may be taken before my return, you have the free use of my name. Good morning!'

A few minutes and the Colonel was at his own door, astride of a horse, and on his way to Woodville.

CHAPTER XIV.

GAD AND GOSSIP.

This day the hut of mammy Judy seemed to be the licensed resort for all the slaves of the town; and even many whites were seen occasionally to drop in and out, as they passed along. Every one knew the residence of Colonel Franks, and many of the dusky inhabitants of the place, were solely indebted to the purse-proud occupants of the 'great house,' for their introduction to that part of Mississippi.

For years he and Major Armsted were the only reliable traders upon whom could be depended for a choice gang of field negroes and other marketable people. And not only this section, but the whole Mississippi Valley to some extent, was to them indebted. First as young men the Agents of Woodfolk, in maturer age their names became as household words and known as the great proprietory Mississippi or 'Georgia Negro Traders.'

Domestic service seemed for the time suspended, and little required at home to do, as the day was spent as a kind of gala-day, in going about from place to place talking of every thing.

Among the foremost of these was mammy Judy, for although she partially did, and was expected to stay and be at home to-day, and act as an oracle, yet she merely stole a little time to run over to Mrs. Van Winter's, step in at 'squire Potter's to speak a word to Milly, drop by Dr. Denny's, and just poke in her head at Craig's a moment.

'I been tellin' on 'em so! All along I been tellin' on 'em, but da ud'n bleve me!' solliloquised mammy Judy, when the first dash of news through the boy Tony reached her, that Ailcey had gone and taken with her some of 'squire Potter's people, several of Dr. Denny's, a gang of Craig's and a half of Van Winter's. 'Dat jis wat I been tellin' on 'em all along, but da ud'n blevo me!' concluded she.

'Yeh hear de news!' exclaimed Potter's Winney to Van Winter's Biddy.

'I hearn dat Ailcey gone!' replied Biddy.

'Dat all; no mo'!' inquired the girl with a high turban of Madras on her head.

'I hearn little Joe go too!'

'Didn' yeh hear dat Denny' Sookey, an' Craig' Polly, took a whole heap ob Potteh' *people an' clar'd out wid two po' wite* mens, and dat da all seen comin' out Van Winteh de old ablish'neh, soon in de monin' fo' day?'

'No!' replied the good natured simple hearted Biddy; 'I did nt!'

'Yes sho's yeh baun dat true, case urly dis mornin' Cunel Frank' an' lady come see mausta—and yeh know 'e squieh 'an make de law—an' mausteh g'in 'em papehs, an' da go arter de Judge to put 'er in Jail?'

'To put who in jail?'

'Wy dat ole ablishineh, Miss Van-Winteh! I wish da a'l dead dese ole ablishinehs, case da steal us an' sell us down souph to haud maustas, w'en we got good places. Any how she go'n to jail, an' I's glad!'

Looking seriously at her, Biddy gave a long sigh, saying nothing to commit herself, but going home, communicated directly to her mistress that which she heard, as Mrs. Van Winter was by all regarded as a friend to the negro race, and at that time the subject of strong suspicion among the slave holders of the neighborhood.

Eager to gad and gossip, from place to place the girl Winney passed about relating the same to each and all with whom she chanced to converse, they imparting to others the same strange story, until reaching the ears of intelligent whites who had heard no other version, it spread through the city as a statements of facts.

Learning as many did by sending to the house, that the Colonel that day had gone in search of his slaves, the statement was confirmed as having come from Mrs. Franks, who was known to be a firm friend of Mrs. Van Winter.

'Upon my word!' said Captain Grason on meeting Sheriff Hughes; 'Sheriff, things are coming to a pretty pass!'

'What's that Captain?' inquired the Sheriff.

'Have you not heard the news yet, concerning the negroes?'

'Why no! I've been away to Vicksburg the last ten days, and just getting back.'

'O, Heavens! we're no longer safe in our own houses. Why sir, we're about being overwhelmed by an infamous class of persons who live in our midst, and eat at our tables!'

'You surprise me Captain! what's the matter?'

'Sir, it would take a week to relate the particulars, but our slaves are running off by wholesale. On Sunday night a parcel of Colonel Frank's negroes left, a lot of Dr. Denny's, some of 'squire Potter's, and a gang of Craig's, aided by white men, whom together with the negroes were seen before day in the morning coming out of the widow Van Winter's, who was afterwards arrested, and since taken before the judge on a writ of habeas corpus, but the circumstances against her being so strong she was remanded for trial, which so far strengthens the accusation. I know not where this thing will end!'

'Surprising indeed sir!' replied Hughes; 'I had not heard of it before, but shall immediately repair to her house, and learn all the facts in the case. I am well acquainted with Mrs. Van Winter—in fact she is a relation of my wife—and must hasten. Good day sir!'

On ringing the bell, a quick step brought a person to the door, when on being opened, the Sheriff found himself in the warm embraces of the kind hearted and affectionate Mrs Van Winter herself.

After the usual civilities, she was the first to introduce the subject, informing him of the loss by their mutual friends Colonel Franks and lady, with others, and no surprise was greater than that on hearing the story current concerning herself.

Mammy Judy was as busy as she well could be, in hearing and telling news among the slaves who continually came and went through the day. So overwhelmed with excitement was she, that she had little else to say in making a period, than

'All a long I been tellin' on yeh so, but yeh would'n bleve me!'

Among the many who thronged the hut was Potter's Milly. She in person was black stout and fat, bearing a striking resemblance to the matronly old occupant mammy Judy. For two hours or more letting a number come in, gossip and pass out, only to be immediately succeeded by another; who like the old country woman who for the first time in visiting London stood all day upon the sidewalk of the principal thoroughfare waiting till the crowd of people and cavalcade of vehicles passed, before she made the attempt to cross the street: she sat waiting till a moment would occur by which in private to impart a secret to her friend alone. That moment did at last arrive.

'Judy!' said the old woman in a whisper; 'I been waitin' all day long to see yeh for sumpen' ticlar!'

'W'at dat Milly?' whispered mammy Judy scarcely above her breath.

'I's gwine too!' and she hurried away to prepare supper for the white folks before they missed her, though she had been absent full two hours and a half, another thirty minutes being required for the fat old woman to reach the house.

'Hear dat now!' whispered mammy Judy; 'I tole yeh so!'

'Well my dear, not a word of that graceless dog, the little negro, nor that girl,' said Franks who had just returned from the country; 'but I am fully compensated for the disappointment, on learning of the arrest and imprisonment of that—!'

'Who Colonel!' interrupted his wife.

'I hope after this you'll be willing to set some estimation on my judgment—I mean your friend Mrs. Van Winter the abolitionist!'

'I beg your pardon Colonel, as nothing is farther from the truth! From whom did you receive that intelligence?'

'I met Captain Grason on his way to Woodville, who informed me that it was current in town, and that you had corroborated the statement. Did you see him?'

'Nothing of the kind sir, and it has not been more than half an hour since Mrs. Van Winter left here, who heartily sympathizes with us, though she has her strange notions that black people have as much right to fredom as white.'

'Well my dear, we'll drop the subject!' concluded the Colonel with much apparent disappointment.

'The leading gentlemen of the town and neighborhood assembled inaugurating the strictest vigilant police regulations, when after free and frequent potations of brandy and water, of which there was no scarcity about the Colonel's mansion, the company separated, being much higher spirited, if not better satisfied, than when they met in council.

This evening Charles and Andy met each other in the street, but in consequence of the strict injunction on the slaves by the patrol law recently instituted, they only made signs as they passed, intending to meet at a designated point. But the patrol reconnoitred so closely in their track they were driven entirely from their purpose, retiring to their homes for the night,

CHAPTER XV.

INTERCHANGE OF OPINION.

The landing of a steamer on her downward trip, brought Judge Ballard and Major Armsted to Natchez. The Judge had come to examine the country, purchase a cotton farm, and complete the arrangements of an interest in the 'Merchantman.' Already the proprietor of a large estate in Cuba, he was desirous of possessing a Mississippi cotton place. Disappointed by the absence of his wife abroad, he was satisfied to know that her object was accomplished.

Major Armsted was a man of ripe intelligence, acquired by years of rigid experience and close observation, rather than literary culture; though his educational attainments as a business man, were quite respectable. He for years had been the partner in business with Colonel Stephen Franks. In Baltimore, Washington City, Annapolis, Richmond, Norfolk, Charlestown, and Winchester, Va., a prison or receptacle for Coffle Gangs of Slaves purchased and sold in the market, comprised their principal places of business in the slave growing states of the Union.

The Major was a great jester, full of humor, and fond of a joke, ever ready to give and take such even from a slave. A great common sense man, by strict attention to men and things, and general observation, he had become a philosopher among his fellows.

'Quite happy to meet you Judge, in these parts!' greeted Franks; 'wonder you could find your way so far south, especially at such a period, these being election times!'

'Don't matter a bit, as he's not up for anything I believe just now, except for negro trading! and in that he is quite a proselyte, and heretic to the teachings of his northern faith!' jocosely remarked Armsted.

'Don't mistake me gentlemen, because it was the incident of my life to be born in a non-slaveholding state. I'm certain that I am not at all understood as I should be on this question!' earnestly replied the Judge.

'The North has rather given you a bad name Judge, and it's difficult to separate yourself now from it, holding the position that you do, as one of her ablest jurists,' said Armsted.

'Well gentlemen!' seriously replied the Judge; 'as regards my opinion of negro slavery, the circumstances which brought me here, my large interest and responsibility in the slave-labor products of Cuba, should be I think sufficient evidence of my fidelity to southern principles, to say nothing of my official records, which modesty should forbid my reference to.'

'Certainly, certainly, Judge! The Colonel is at fault. He has lost sight of the fact that you it was, who seized the first runaway negro by the throat and held him by the compromise grasp, until we southern gentlemen sent for him and had him brought back!'

'Good, good, by hookie!' replied the Colonel, rubbing his hands together.

'I hope I'm understood gentlemen!' seriously remarked the Judge.

'I think so Judge, I think so!' replied Armsted, evidently designing a full commitment on the part of the Judge; 'and if not, a little explanation will set us right.'

'It is true that I have not before been engaged in the slave trade, because until recently I had conscientious scruples about the thing—and I suppose I'm allowed the right of conscience as well as other folks'—smilingly said the Judge; 'never having purchased but for peopling my own plantation. But a little sober reflection set me right on that point. It is plain that the right to buy implies the right to hold, also to sell; and if there be right in the one, there is in the other; the premises being right the conclusion follows as a matter of course. I have therefore determined, not only to buy and hold, but buy and sell also. As I have heretofore been interested for the trade I will become interested in it.'

'Capital, capital, by George!—that's conclusive. Charles! a pitcher of cool water here; Judge, take another glass of brandy.'

'Good, very good!' said Armsted; 'so far, but there is such a thing as feeding out of two cribs—present company you know, and so—ahem!—therefore we should like to hear the Judge's opinion of equality, what it means, anyhow. I'm anxious to learn some of the doctrines of human rights, not knowing how soon I may be called upon to practice them, as I may yet marry some little Yankee girl, full of her Puritan notions. And I'm told an old bachelor can't come it up that way, except he has a 'pocket full of rocks,' and can talk philanthropy like old Wilberforce.'

'Here gentlemen, I beg to make an episode, before replying to Major Armsted,' suggested the Judge. 'His jest concerning the Yankee girl reminds me—and I hope it may not be amiss in saying so—that my lady is the daughter of a clergyman, brought up amidst the sand-hills of New England,

and I think I'll not have to go from the present company, to prove her a good slaveholder. So the Major may see that we northerners are not all alike.'

How about the Compromise measures Judge? Stand up to the thing all through, and no flinching.'

'My opinion sir, is a matter of record, being the first judge, before whom a case was tested, which resulted in favor of the South. And I go farther than this; I hold as a just construction of the law, that not only has the slaveholder a right to reclaim his slave when and wherever found, but by its provision every free black in the country north and south, are liable to enslavement by any white person. They are freemen by sufferance or slaves at large, whom any white person may claim at discretion. It was a just decision of the Supreme Court—though I was in advance of it by action—that persons of African descent have no rights that white men are bound to respect!'

'Judge Ballard, with this explanation, I am satisfied; indeed as a southern man I would say, that you've conceded all that I could ask, and more than we expected. But this is a legal disquisition; what is your private opinion respecting the justice of the measures?'

'I think them right sir, according to our system of government.'

'But how will you get away from your representative system Judge? In this your blacks are either voters, or reckoned among the inhabitants.'

'Very well sir, they stand in the same relation as your negroes. In some of the states they are permitted to vote, but can't be voted for, and this leaves them without any political rights at all. Suffrage sir, is one thing, franchisement another; the one a mere privilege—a thing permitted—the other a right inherent, that which is inviolable—cannot be interfered with. And my good sir, enumeration is a national measure, for which we are not sectionally responsible.'

'Well Judge. I'm compelled to admit that you are a very good southerner, upon the whole, you are severe upon the negroes; you seem to allow them no chance.'

'I like negroes well enough in their place!'

'How can you reconcile yourself to the state of things in Cuba, where the blacks enter largely into the social system?'

'I don't like it at all, and never could become reconciled to the state of things there. I consider that Colony as it now stands, a moral pestilence, a blighting curse, and it is useless to endeavour to disguise the fact: Cuba must cease to be a Spanish Colony, and become American Territory. Those mongrel Creoles are incapable of self-government, and should be compelled to submit to the United States.'

'Well Judge, admitting the latter part of that, as I rather guess we are all of the same way of thinking—how do you manage to get on with society when you are there?'

'I cannot for a moment tolerate it! One of the hateful customs of the place is, that you must exchange civilities with whomsoever solicits it, consequently, the most stupid and ugly negro you meet in the street, may ask for a 'light' from your cigar.'

'I know it, and I invariably comply with the request. How do you act in such a case?'

'I invariably comply, but as invariably throw away my cigar! If this were all, it would not be so bad, but then the idea of meeting negroes and mulattoes at the Levees of the Captain General is intolerable! It will never do to permit this state of things so near our own shores.'

'Why throw away the cigar, Judge? What objection could there be to it, because a negro took a light from it?'

'Because they are certain to take hold of it with their black fingers!'

'Just as I've always heard Judge Ballard. You northerners are a great deal more fastidious about negroes than we of the south, and you'll pardon me if I add, 'more nice than wise,' to use a homily. Did ever it occur to you that black fingers made that cigar, before it entered your white lips!—all tobacco preparations being worked by negro hands in Cuba—and very frequently in closing up the wrapper, they draw it through their lips to give it tenacity.'

'The deuce! Is that a fact Major!'

'Does that surprise you Judge?' I'm sure the victuals you eat is cooked by black hands, the bread kneaded and made by black hands, and the sugar and molasses you use, all pass through black hands, or rather the hands of negroes pass through them; at least you could not refrain from thinking so, had you seen them as I have frequently, with arms full length immersed in molasses.'

'Well Major, truly there are some things we are obliged to swallow, and I suppose these are among them.'

'Though a Judge, your honor, you perceive that there are some things you have not learned.'

'True Major, true; and I like the negro well enough in his place, but there is a disposition peculiar to the race, to shove themselves into the notice of the whites.'

'Not peculiar to them Judge, but common to mankind. The black man desires association with the white, because the latter is regarded his superior. In the south it is the poor white man with the wealthy, and in Europe the common with the gentlefolks. In the north you have not made these distinctions among the whites, which prevents you from noticing this trait among yourselves.'

'Tell me Major, as you seem so well to understand them, why a negro swells so soon into importance?'

'Simply because he's just like you Judge, and I! It is simply a manifestation of human nature in an humble position, the same as that developed in the breast of a conqueror. Our strictures are not just on this unfortunate race, as we condemn in them, that which we approve in ourselves. Southerner as I am, I can joke with a slave just because he is a man; some of them indeed, fine warm-hearted fellows, and intelligent, as was the Colonel's Henry.'

'I can't swallow that Major! Joking with a negro, is rather too large a dose for me!'

'Let me give you an idea of my feeling about these things; I have on my place two good natured black fellows, full of pranks and jokes—Bob and Jeff. Passing along one morning Jef was approaching me, when just as we met and I was about to give him the time of day, he made a sudden halt, placing himself in the attitude of a pugilist, grasping the muscle of his left arm, looking me full in the eyes exclaimed: 'Maus Army, my arm aches for you!' when stepping aside he gave the path to me to pass by.'

'Did you not rebuke him for the impudence?'

'I laid my hand upon his shoulders as we passed, and gave him a laugh instead. At another time, passing along in company, Bob was righting up a section of fence, when Jef came along. 'How is yeh, Jef!' saluted Bob, without a response. Supposing he had not seen me, I halloed out: 'How are you Jef!' but to this, he made no reply. A gentleman in company with me who enjoyed the joke, said: 'Why Jef, you appear to be above speaking to your old friends!' Throwing his head slightly down with a rocking motion in his walk, elongating his mouth after the manner of a sausage—which by the way needed no improvement in that direction—in a tone of importance; still looking down he exclaimed, I 'totes a meat!' He had indeed, a fine gammon on his shoulder from which that evening, he doubtless intended a good supper with his wife, which made him feel important, just as Judge Ballard feels when he receives the news that 'sugar is up,' and contemplates large profits from his crop of that season.'

'I'll be plagued, Major, if your love of the ludicrous dont induce you to give the freest possible license to your negroes! I wonder they respect you!'

'One thing Judge, I have learned by my intercourse with men, that pleasantry is the life and soul of the social system; and good treatment begets more labor from the slave than bad. A smile from the master, is better than cross looks, and one crack of a joke with him, is worth a hundred cracks of the whip. Only confide in him, and let him be satisfied that you respect him as a man, he'll work himself to death to prove his worthiness.'

'After all, Major, you still hold them as slaves, though you claim for them the common rights of other people.'

'Certainly! and I would just as readily hold a white as a black in slavery, were it the custom and policy of the country to do so. It is all a matter of self interest with me; and though I am morally opposed to slavery, yet while the thing exists, I may as well profit by it, as others.'

'Well Major,' concluded the Judge; 'let us drop the subject, and I hope that the free interchange of opinion, will prove no detriment to our future prospects and continued friendship.'

'Not at all sir, not at all!' concluded the Major with a smile.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

The President's Message.

Will have more readers than such documents usually do; people will read and re-read it because it is not only short, but half puzzling in the novelty of the style, a half reticent half curt mode of expression very difficult to get the hang of.

Yet the people will rise from the reading of the "message" with an almost universal feeling of disappointment. It does not contain one word of generous trust, generous cheer or cordial sympathy with the "great uprising" of the nation which the nation had a right to expect from its chief magistrate. The only states which meet with praise and cheer at the president's hands, are mean little Delaware, blood-treacherous Maryland, hollow hearted Kentucky and ——— Missouri! These are near the executive heart, they stir the presidential respect and admiration and hope, while New York and Massachusetts and the entire noble north, whose blood and treasure have preserved the republic—to say nothing of the President's own life—have no word of praise nor cheer awarded them! A warm message truly, a cheering message verily, a stirring message indeed for the hundreds of thousand houseless soldiers who bivouack on the Potomac—nay the confederates there congregated must feel cheered at the apathy of the federal chief

There are many topics in the message evidently above Mr. Lincoln's comprehension, such as our "foreign relations," and the question of capital vs. labor, in which Mr. Seward might have helped him a little for the credit of the cabinet which allowed so disgraceful a "muggle" to pass, as having been understood, even by them.

RECOGNITION OF HAYTI AND LIBERIA.

One of the most amusing aspects of American caste-hate, is, when a white American not entirely free from its influence is placed in a position in which he is obliged to introduce a black, as a man, a gentleman, or a brother. It works against the grain most frightfully, and the contortions of face wherewith words are uttered which the soul believes out, are a perfect study. President Lincoln "makes months" after this fashion:

"If any good reason exists why we should remain longer in witholding our recognition of the independence and sovereignty of Hayti and Liberia, I am unable to discern it. Unwilling, however, to inaugurate a novel policy in regard to them without the approbation of Congress, I submit for your consideration the expediency of an appropriation for maintaining a Charge d'Affaires near each of those new States It does not admit of doubt that important commercial advantages might be secured by favorable treaties with them."

In this paragraph the President evidently squirms as wretchedly in introducing two negro states into the family of nations, as he will one of these days when Mr. Seward shall introduce the black minister of Hayti to the chief magistrate of our Union. For we earnestly hope that both Hayti and Liberia will accede to no treaty of amity, &c., unless one of their citizens (who must be black) shall be accredited to this government. What does the President mean by "these *new* States?" Surely Hayti is a government at least sixty years old, and there is nothing new nor novel in the fact of its recognition by one of the great powers of the earth.

THE DISPOSAL OF THE FREEDMEN

is thus glanced at by Mr. Lincoln:

"Under and by virtue of the act of Congress, entitled "An Act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes," approved August 6th, 1861, the legal claim of certain persons to the labor and service in certain other persons have become forfeited, and numbers of the latter, thus liberated are already dependent on the United States, and must be provided for in some way. Besides this, it is not impossible that some of the States will pass similar enactments for their own benefits respectively, and by the operations of which persons of the same class will be thrown upon them for disposal. In such cases I recommend that Congress provide for accepting such persons from such States according to some mode of valuation in lieu, pro tano of direct taxes, or upon some other plan to be agreed on with such States respectively that such persons on such acceptance by the general government be at once deemed free, and that in any event steps be taken for colonizing both classes, or the one first mentioned if the other shall not be brought into existence, at some place or places in a climate congenial to them. It might be well to consider too, whether the free colored people already in the United States could not, so far as individuals may desire, be included in such colonization. To carry out the plan of colonization may involve the acquiring of territory, and also the appropriation of money beyond that to be expended in the territorial acquisition Having practised the acquisition of territory for nearly sixty years, the question of constitutional power to do so is no longer an open one with us.

The power was at first questioned by Mr. Jefferson, who, however, in the purchase of Louisiana, yielded his scruples to the plea of great expediency. If it be said that the only legitimate object of acquiring territory is to furnish homes for white men, this measure effects that object for the emigration of colored men, leaves additional room for white men remaining or coming here. Mr. Jefferson, however, placed the importance of procuring Louisiana more on political and commercial grounds than on providing room for population.

On this whole proposition, including the appropriation of money with the acquisition of territory, does not the expediency amount to absolute necessity, that without which the Government cannot be perpetuated. The war continues. In considering the policy to be adopted for suppressing the insurrection, I have been anxious and careful that the inevitable conflict for this purpose shall not degenerate into a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle. I have therefore, in every case, thought it proper to keep the integrity of the Union prominent as the primary object of the contest on our part, leaving all questions which are not of vital military importance to the more deliberate action of the Legislature. In the exercise of my best discretion, I have adhered to the blockade of the ports held by the insurgents, instead of putting in force by proclamation the law of Congress, enacted at the late session, for closing those ports. So, also obeying the dictates of prudence, as well as the obligations of law, instead of transcending, I have adhered to the act of Congress to confiscate property, and for insurrectionary purposes. If a new law upon the same subject shall be proposed, the propriety will be duly considered. The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed. We should not be in haste to determine, that radical and extreme measures which may reach the loyal as well as the disloyal, are indispensable. The inaugural address at the beginning of the Administration and the Message to Congress at the late special session were both mainly devoted to the domestic controversy, out of which the insurrection and consequent war have sprung. Nothing now occurs to add or substract to or from the principles or general purposes stated and expressed in those documents."

"Which means, being interpreted," "Gentlemen, I really don't know what to do with the irrepressible negro. I have said my say, and done the best I could. I cannot be too hard on my wife's relations. They are in rebellion to be sure; but they cannot, when conquered, live on equal terms with their former slaves. They are the government, I feel it, daily, and nightly. If you would have them perpetual this necessity must occur, the negro must be moved out of their sight. I say no more. You are wiser; do as you please about it, but, I beg you, spare their feelings. A few hundred or thousand millions, to pay them for slaves they have forfeited will be cheerfully borne by the Northern mudsills. A short war to acquire more territory to settle these freed negroes upon will just keep our hands in." As free colored men, we thank Mr. Lincoln for nothing, when he asks Congress to provide for the expatriation of such of us as may be desirous to leave the country. We are decidedly of the opinion that we will stay; any surplus change Congress may have can be appropriated "with our consent" to expatriate and settle elsewhere the surviving slaveholders.

We find the following complimentary notice of the performances of Prof Wm. Johnson and Troupe, of Rhinebeck, N. Y., in the Delhi Express of the 20th inst. From the testimony of parties who have heard them, we are prepared to indorse all that the Express has said in regard to the musical attainments of this company.

"Prof Johnson and company, of Rhinebeck, colored, gave a Concert at this place a few evenings since. Though not engaged all the time in giving public performances, they displayed considerable artistic skill. Some of the pieces—such as "Star of the Evening," and "Ellsworth's Lament,"—were admirably performed. With a little careful cultivation, this company would be able to execute in as fine and acceptable a manner as some of the first class troupes of singers."

Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 1st, 1861.

Mr. Editor.—Winter is again upon us with its biting influence; and like death, prepared or unprepared, we must meet it. But few of us have made every preparation for it, and I fear that many will suffer much for three months to come.

Thanksgiving day here was a delightfull day, and was generally observed by our white churches as a day of prayer and other religious exercises; but our colored congregations, with a very few exceptions, made it a day and night of frolic. Mr. Lynch's congregation in Georgetown observed the night by giving a public supper, at which was a large assemblage of persons of both sexes, and a worthy trustee placed at the door to receive the dimes from the pockets of gay folks of all creeds. I think that the churches at least should set a better example to the public. It has been too much the practice here of late years for the colored people to set aside this kind of holiday for their church sprees.

In Washington we notice many strangers from Baltimore; among them Rev. S. W. Chase, Wm. E. Matthews, and Mr. John Henry Butler.

On the evening of the 28th, a grand masonic celebration and installation of the officers of Mount Vernon Chapter of Free Masons came off at the Presbyterian Church, at which the Rev. S. W. Chase, John A. Gray, and others, made fine addresses. A large number was in attendance, who seemed much pleased. In the early part of the evening a large company assembled to witness a marriage ceremony. The parties were Mr. Pennington, of Baltimore, Maryland, and Mrs. Elizabeth Young, of Washington. In the afternoon of Thanksgiving-day large numbers of sorrowing friends and relatives attended the funeral of Mrs. Delia Younger, the wife of Edward C. Younger, who departed this life on Tuesday, the 26th ult., at two o'clock, leaving a husband and seven children to mourn the loss of an affectionate wife and an indulgent mother. This amiable lady had resided long among us, and was loved by all who knew her for her sweet and forgiving disposition, and her constant effort to please and make happy all who came in contact with her. Her many warm friends in the North and West will receive this intelligence with deep regret, but will be rejoiced to know that a few days before her decease she gave her spiritual advisers, the Rev. M. Hamer, and the Rev. Robert Dyson, and all the sorrowing family and friends around her bed side every assurance that she had made her peace with God, and was ready and willing to go; and on the morning of the day on which she died, she, with evident composure, gave all directions respecting the arrangements for her funeral, and assigned particular duties to selected friends, and after a few hours of hard suffering died without a struggle.

Some slight effort was made to get up a Haytian meeting in Washington for Thursday evening last, but, like all previous attempts, failed. The Haytian Fever in Washington has never yet been above zero.

BOX.

Letter from Newark.

NEWARK, Dec. 2, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:

In this city on Thanksgiving day, (Nov. 28th,) business of every kind was generally suspended, reminding one of the sabbath. Services were held in most of the churches during the day, and in the evening there were several concerts and festivals. The Plane street Church had services in the afternoon. Mr. Adams the pastor, preached an interesting discourse from the Psalm, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord," during which he remarked that we had reason to thank God for the glorious prospects of emancipation.

In the evening the Passaic Lodge of the G. U. O. O. F., gave an entertainment at the Union Hall at which addresses were made by Mr. J. Murray Wells of Elizabeth City and others, interspersed with music by Prof. P. P. O'Fake's Band. In the midst of the exercises the Samaritan Lodge entered the Hall and was received by the Passaic Lodge, on whose behalf a fine address was made by Mr. John H. O'Fake, W. G. C. The festivities continued until a late hour.

A festival was to have been given on the same evening in the lecture room of the Bethel Church, but whether it came off or not I cannot say.

Mr. J. Burley, a graduate of Oberlin College, lectured on Tuesday evening last at the Friendship Hall; subject, "Characteristics of the Races." The lecture was an interesting one and ably handled.

Dr. M. R. Delany is announced to lecture to-night in the South Park Presbyterian Church on the moral and social relations of the races; and to-morrow night in the Baptist church upon the commercial advantages of Africa. These churches being two of the most popular in the city, we hope that the Doctor will make a fine and lasting impression on his audiences.

The Ladies Sewing Circle connected with the Plane street church, are making preparation for the coming holidays. The ladies cut and baste while the gentlemen help to sew and entertain the ladies.

A lady in this city declined taking our paper any longer, because it contains no ball advertisements, (!) and on the same day I received two new subscribers more than off-setting the loss.

ISAAC TEMBROOK.

Letter from Bethlehem.

BETHLEHEM, Northampton Co., Pa.,
Nov. 19, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—Several weeks ago in the "ANGLO" I saw an article entitled "Heathenism in New Jersey." I take the liberty of sending you a word about heathenism in Pennsylvania. The town of [illegible], in this county, has a population of colored people estimated from three to four hundred, and a more abject class I do believe does not exist in the State—ekeing out an existence disgraceful to humanity. They have neither church, school or society; no disposition to do anything, except to destroy themselves by drinking all the corn whisky possible for them to get hold of—living with no higher aspiration than to excel at a game of euchre, or a dance; consequently morality is considerably below par—a failing peculiar to the democracy, for truly a democratic people they are, being too independent to hear a white minister preach, and too stubborn and overbearing to hear a black one.

Why, in 1852–3, they actually thrashed a minister of the gospel who considered it his duty to tell them of their faults. (He was, I think, from Newark.) Recently they made an attempt to start a benevolent society, which ended in a general breaking of heads and damaging of countenances; and so they go, every little gathering, social or otherwise, ending with a fight. Subsequently to the undertaking of the benevolent society, the white citizens gave them ground as a place of interment for the dead, and a start in the shape of money for a school, several contributions being made. A public meeting of the colored citizens was held and a committee appointed to make arrangements to commence the school. The committee met on several occasions, but cavil succeeding cavil, order would not come out of chaos, consequently no school made its appearance; but the money they had, and to do something with it they determined; so the committee concluded, for the benefit of parties concerned, to have a dance, and a dance they had—which terminated with a descent upon the hall by a gang of white rowdies, and a general demolition of furniture, countenances, ladies' dresses, etc. Their condition is little better than were their ancestors at their emancipation. Prospects they have none, and never will have, unless Mr. Redpath can induce them to emigrate to Hayti to re-establish the Connecticut colony.

S. E.

Servile Insurrections Probable.

The following is an extract from a letter to a lady in Philadelphia from a relative in Charleston, and published in the Philadelphia "Enquirer" of a recent date:

Disguise the truth as we may, all thinking men here feel their position peculiarly unsafe; and those who are surrounded by female relatives, have their anxiety increased a thousand fold. We do not fear for the clash of contending armies, though that is sufficiently terrible to excite much apprehension; but even amid the carnage of war, the veriest boor within the armies would respect women; though traitors try to teach us that the Northern war cry is "Beauty and Booty;" but we do dread lest at midnight the fearful sound of servile insurrection shall salute our ears. You know the negroes are far superior in numbers to the whites, and now that so many are absent in the army their majority is greatly increased. If they rise we are in their power. Do you know what that means? Remember the history of all servile insurrections, and recall the horrors enacted by the race whom oppression has helped to brutalize. Of course the masters would fight desperately; but how could the small number of male whites defend their helpless wives and daughters against a tenfold force of maddened slaves, whose strength and ferocity are well known.

Much as I miss your society, and as keenly as I feel our long separation, I had rather know you shared the humblest cottage in the North in safety, than see you mistress of a palace with such danger threatening you.

Do not think our apprehension is expressed. When the difficulties began we looked daily for some uprising among the slaves. No general insurrection has taken place, though several revolts have been attempted; two quite recently, and in these cases whole families were murdered before the slaves were subdued. Then came retaliation of the most fearful character. At any time where servants assail or murder white persons, speedy and severe punishment is administered: but now they do not wait for the action of the law; Lynch law prevails. In these revolts, which occurred in the interior of the State, most of the servants who participated were either shot in the conflict, or, as soon as captured, and two of them were burned to death.

To say they were burned to death seems a simple sentence, devoid of any special horror; but the scene, as described to me by a witness, was too dreadful for mortal eye. Imagine the poor wretches, red with the blood of their masters, cowering in the hands of those from whom they need not look for pity; not even for time to repent of deeds which exclude them from hope hereafter. They are dogged and defiant towards their captors, until their doom is pronounced—a fate of which they have a special horror. Dragged to the place of execution, within sight of their own houses, surrounded by their fellow-servants, who are compelled to witness the sight, they are bound to strong trees, with great heaps of pine knots piled close around their persons. Directly the torch is applied, and the inflammable pine bursts into a vivid flame. When the blaze reaches the bodies, and the sensitive flesh peels and crackles, their cries are too fearful to be heard by human ears. Nor is the torment soon over. The flames scorch the upper part of the bodies, producing exquisite agony, but slowly burn into the vitals, until the wretched sufferers go to judgment, with all their crimes upon their heads.

Do you wonder I am shocked? Suppose it had been Nelly, or Andrew, or Hiram, to whom we are so strongly attached? Yet these tortured criminals were favorite household servants of unusual intelligence. [illegible] ought not to tell you of those terrible things, but they haunt my memory so I cannot refrain. Thank Heaven, you are safe!

I undertook to [illegible] the apprehension of servile insurrection [illegible] its power when, as time passed, all [illegible] peaceful; so we easily fell back into dreams of security until these events aroused us to watchfulness. This news is suppressed as far as possible, and kept entirely from the papers, for the negroes hear what is published if they do not read it, and such examples might produce disastrous consequences.

The Slavery Question in Congress.

In the House of Representatives on Monday 2nd inst.:

Mr. Eliot, (rep.) of Mass. offered the following:—

Resolved, by the House of Representatives of the United States of America:—

First—That in behalf of the people of these States we do again solemnly declare that the war in which we are now engaged against the insurgent bodies now in arms against the government has for its object the suppression of such rebellion and the re-establishment of the rightful authority of the national constitution and laws over the entire extent of our common country.

Second—That while we disclaim all power under the constitution to interfere by ordinary legislation with the institutions of the several States, yet the war now existing must be conducted according to the usages and rights of military service, and that during its continuance we recognize the authority of the maxim that the safety of the State, as the highest law subordinates right of property, and dominates over civil relations.

Third—That, therefore, we do hereby declare that in our judgment the President of the United States, as the Commander-in-Chief of our army, and the officers in command under him, have the right to emancipate all persons as slaves in any military district in a state of insurrection against the national government, and that we respectfully advise that such order of emancipation be issued, whenever the same will avail to weaken the power of the rebels in arms, or to strengthen the military power of the loyal forces.

Mr. Dunn, (rep.) of Ind., moved to lay the resolution on the table, but the motion was disagreed to by yeas 56, against 70.

The question recurring on Mr. Eliot's resolution, Mr. Roscoe L. Conkling, (rep.) of N. Y., proposed an amendment, which Mr. Eliot accepted, so as to make the resolution apply to the slaves of disloyal citizens.

On motion of Mr. Stevens, the further consideration of the resolution was postponed until to-morrow week; in order that it may be discussed and amendments submitted. He was in favor of the main features of the proposition, but desired modification.

ANOTHER EMANCIPATION PROPOSITION.

Mr. Campbell, (rep.) of Pa., gave notice that he would call up the following on next Tuesday week:—

Resolved, That in legislating to meet the exigencies of the present rebellion, Congress should confiscate the property, slaves included, of all rebels, and protect the property and rights, under the constitution and laws, of all loyal citizens.

STILL ANOTHER PLAN OF EMANCIPATION.

Mr. Stevens, (rep.) of Pa., submitted the following for future consideration:—

Whereas, slavery has caused the present rebellion in the United States; and whereas, there can be no solid and permanent peace and union in the republic so long as that institution exists within it; and, whereas, slaves are now used by the rebels as an essential means of supporting and protracting the war; and, whereas, by the law of nations it is right to liberate the slaves of an enemy to weaken his power; therefore,

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled, that the President be requested to declare free, and to direct all our generals and officers in command to order freedom to, all slaves who shall leave their masters or shall aid in quelling the rebellion.

Second—And be it further resolved, That the United States pledge the faith of the nation to make full and fair compensation to loyal citizens who are or shall remain active in supporting the Union for all loss they may sustain by virtue of this resolution.

Rev. J. Sella Martin in London.

Last night a meeting was held in John street chapel, John street, Bedford row, to hear an address on "The American War and Slavery," by the Rev. J. Sella Martin, formerly a slave, but now pastor of a colored church, at Boston, Massachusetts, United States.

The chair was taken by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, minister of the chapel, who, after opening the proceedings with devotional services, proceeded at some length to advocate the cause of the North against the South in the present struggle, on imperial, territorial, political, commercial, moral and religious grounds. Quoting the authority of Washington, Webster, and other high authorities cited by Mr. Motley in his pamphlet, Mr. Noel held that the struggle involved nothing less than national existence, and so far from being of the opinion, which he frequently saw stated in the journals of this country, that delay would enable the South to conquer, he believed the very contrary. The Northern States had a population of 26,000,000—The Southern only 6,000,000. Ireland, with 6,000,000 in rebellion, had no chance against Great Britain with 20,000,000. Could a different result take place in America? The people of the North were religious, moral, wealthy and enterprising, and fully aware of the mighty game at stake now and for the future. The Southerners were poor; their cotton crop was worth two hundred million dollars a year, but it was all locked up, while their expenditure in war was two hundred million dollars, and they were already in that state that Mr. Memminger was calling upon the planters for money, while the planters in return asked for assistance from the government. He could not believe that, with all the advantages on the side of the North, battling in a righteous cause, that the weaker belligerent would ultimately triumph in a bad cause.

The Rev. J. Sella Martin then came forward to address the audience, evidently suffering from severe indisposition. He said he had just left his bed, to which he had been confined since seven o'clock the previous evening, to address that meeting, but he feared he should be unable to go over the ground he had traced out for himself with great care and thoughtfulness. He had been grieved and pained by the criticisms which the moral and religious portion of the British people had passed upon what they called a fratricidal and futile war since his arrival in this country. Now, he deprecated bloodshed as much as any christian man could, but it should be remembered that there were worse things than war, and above all that slavery was itself a chronic war, in which thousands of slaves were murdered outright yearly, while in the cotton and sugar growing States the average duration of life was only nine years. Slavery also corrupted and weakened the free States themselves.

The reverend gentleman here became so ill that he was compelled to resume his seat. After expressing a hope that he should have another opportunity of stating his views at length.

The Hon. and Rev. Chairman intimated that such an opportunity would be given.

Mr. Craft, an escaped slave, who has been ten years in this country, expressed his belief that two great benefits would arise from the present war, First, That Great Britain would be supplied with cotton from India and West India colonies, and thus be liberated from all dependence on the blood stained cotton of the Southern States of America; and Second, That the North would be driven ultimately in self defense to decrease the abolition of slavery in America.

Much sympathy was expressed for Mr. Martin, and the proceedings were brought to a premature close in consequence of his indisposition.—London Advertiser, Nov. 15.

School Exhibition at Bergen.

MR. EDITOR:

An exhibition of the Bergen district school took place last Thursday evening. At an early hour the house was crowded, and over a hundred persons stood out side anxious to gain admission, but were unable to do so. At the hour appointed the children made their appearance on the stage, neat and tastefully dressed; and if we are to judge by the applause we must come to the conclusion they done well. At the close of the exercises the Rev. R. H. Cain made a brief but eloquent address; after which the concourse of people retired to the basement, where a large table was spread loaded with all the good things of the season. Much credit is due Miss Lynch, the worthy teacher for the success of this exhibition. Miss L. is a young lady of fine talents, and good education, and has done much for the moral, and intellectual improvement of this people. The school under her care is in a flourishing condition, and by her kind and gentle manner, she has won the affections of parents and children. May God bless her; and may she long continue to be useful.

H. J.

Bergen, N. J., Nov. 28th, 1861.

DON'T LEND YOUR PAPERS.—There are many persons, too mean to expend four cents a week for a copy of our paper, who are calculating to get the reading of the great story now being published in our columns, by borrowing from such of their neighbors as do take and pay for it. That this class of literary spungers may be disappointed in their calculations, we would suggest to our patrons that they refuse to lend their copies, except in cases where extreme poverty renders it impossible to buy

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☞ Our readers will observe in another column the advertisement of Messrs. Rice & Co., for agents. The articles there mentioned are genuine—of real merit and practical utility, and are rapidly selling. Some of their agents are making from $2 to $5 per day. Any one with proper energy can make good wages in selling their articles, even these hard times. Give them a trial, as but a small capital is required to commence with.

The funeral of JORDON W. SHEPARD, who was drowned on the 23d of last month, took place from the Zion Baptist church, Sullivan street, Thursday 28th inst. The church was densely filled by our citizens, many of whom were intimately acquainted with the deceased.

The King Solomon Lodge A. Y. M. was out in full force, also many members of the Grand Lodge; and quite a large number of Royal Arch Masons.

The "Sons of Wesley" were also out in large numbers.

The Rev. J. T. Raymond preached a very interesting sermon, tracing the history of the deceased from the place of his birth to the day of his death.

We have long been acquainted with the deceased, and we desire to bear our testimony to the worthiness of his character.

Mr. Shepard was the son-in-law of Mr. Whitney, whose decease we chronicled a few weeks since.

ERRATTA.—Mr. Editor: Owing, I fear to the illegibility of my MS., the meaning of several sentences in the article on "Confidence and Cotton," was entirely destroyed. The corresponding phrases should have read as follows: "their acts, so far as, &c.;" "how much soever, I might, &c.;" "because the malignity, &c.;" "the late scurrilous attack, &c.;" and "Considering the facts with which, &c."

A. P. S.

Saddle River, N. J.

A communication from Mrs. M. A. S. Cary on Haytian Emigration, intended for this week's paper reached us too late for insertion in this issue. It will appear in our next.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Annual Festival of the J. W. B. Smith Tabernacle, No. 2.—This Tabernacle of the Order of Love and Charity held its annual feast on Wednesday evening, Nov. 27th, in the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms.

The company began to assemble at a rather late hour; but by midnight the rooms were well filled, by a highly respectable audience, who, it was easily to be seen, had prepared themselves for an evening's enjoyment, so joyous did they appear.

Although the dancing had commenced at an early hour, yet you could very readily tell that the ladies were not Prof. Voorhees' scholars. This was manifest, not only by their dancing, but by their general appearance, there being but few ball dresses worn.

Of course the assemblage was not without a "Belle;" but whether it was the "*petite*" Miss R., of White street, whose pretty form clothed in pink silk waist and lawn skirt, with it myriad of tucks, or the stately Miss E., of Marion street, whose dress consisted of "pineapple," four flounces, bound with black velvet, we cannot say: but we heard many remarks in favor of the latter.

The supper, which is pronounced by those who tasted it to have been all right, was under the direction of Mr. Moses Coss.

We think that a great deal of the success attendant on this festival is due to our friend Mr J. D Bagwell, who, by making ample use of our advertising columns, kept the attention of the public attracted to the affair. It is hardly necessary to say that every member present put forth their best exertions to make the affair agreeable.

Grand Mental Feast of Leah Tent No. 6.—Mr. Editor:—I had the pleasure of being present at the aforesaid entertainment, which took place on the evening of Thursday Nov. 28th, at the Adelphi Hall, Williamsburgh, and listened to a very entertaining address by the Rev. Moses Manning, pastor of Zion Church, who had selected for his subject "the secrets of women which had never been revealed." The speaker succeeded in relieving the sex from the charge of communicativeness, so generally made; and even made it clear that mother Eve had been grossly slandered when charged with the crime of ta king too much.

The company was not large but very respectable, and the refreshments were fine and abundant.

J. A. T.

Proposed Plan for the Emancipation of Slaves in Western Virginia.—In the Wheeling Convention, on Monday, Dec. 2d, Mr. Hogan, of Barne, offered the following:

Whereas, Negro slavery is the origin and foundation of our national troubles, and the cause of the terrible rebellion in our midst that is seeking to overthrow our government; and whereas, slavery is incompatible with the Word of God, detrimental to the interests of a free people as well as wrong to the slaves themselves; therefore,

Resolved, That the Convention inquire into the expediency of making the proposed new State a free State, and a provision be inserted for the gradual emancipation of all slaves within the proposed boundaries of the new State, to be submitted to the people of the same for their approval or rejection.

Referred to the committee on fundamental and general provisions.

An Insurrection in North Carolina.—A correspondent of the Boston 'Traveller' writing from Exeter, N. H., states that a lady who arrived in that town from Lexington, N. C., reports that the slaves generally in North Carolina sympathize with the North, and improve every opportunity to run away from their masters. A slight insurrection recently occurred near Lexington, in which three negroes were shot. The masters tell their slaves that on reaching Fortress Monroe they are either sold to Cubans or have their hands cut off; but the majority disbelieve such fabrications, and "look away" to Butler for deliverance.

MARRIED.

Smith—Thompson.—In Newark, N. J., on Nov. 7th, by Rev. E. J. Adams, Elijah Smith to Mrs Elizabeth Thompson.

Gasten—Nichols.—In Brooklyn, Nov. 28, by Rev. George W. Levere, George Gasten, of New Jersey, to Dianah Nichols, of Newtown, L. I.

Royal—Henson.—In Williamsburgh, on Sunday, Dec. 1st, 1861, by Rev. Moses Manning, Coleman Royal, of Richmond, Va., to Miss Eliza Ann Henson, of the former place.

DIED.

Jackson.—At Paterson, N. J., an aged lady and faithful follower of the cross, known as Aunt Polly Jackson. She was buried the 21st ult, her funeral sermon being preached by Rev. Mr. Duryea, of the Reformed Dutch Church.

Sturms.—In this city, on Friday, Nov. 29th, of consumption, Miss Mary Alice Sturns, aged 21 years and 5 days.

Her funeral took place from St. Philip's church, on the following Sunday afternoon, and was attended by a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends, and on which occasion an able and appropriate discourse was preached by the pastor of the church, Rev. Wm. J. Alston.

Special Notices.

Zion Methodist Church, Sag Harbor, L. I.

At a meeting of the officers of aforesaid church held Oct. 9th, 1861, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we heartily indorse the action of this church and congregation in unanimously voting it an Independent Methodist Church.

Resolved, That the insults and injuries done to this church fully justify our act of independence; and that we also demur against the conduct of Mr. Decker in attempting to take charge of our church against our will and after being rejected by large majorities, first by the trustees, and then the society, and we charge him with causing discord among us. We also declare against the acts of Mr. Clinton, Superintendent of the African Zion Methodist Conference, in coming here and attempting to take possession of our meeting house as if he owned it. This we view as a high-handed act in a Bishop. We denounce the acts of the Quarterly Conference of New York City, in the pretence case of Mr. Posey, our pastor, who has served us two years faithfully and acceptably, believing that if Mr. Posey was to be tried at all, our Quarterly Conference is the only competent body to do it according to the discipline and not a church in New York that knew nothing at all about the case.

Resolved, That we say to all whom it may concern, that the said parties have taken the trial out of our hands and proceeded with it in their own way—that we knew the charges to be untrue, gotten up for malice and the publication of them but an attempt to slander.

Resolved, That we hold brother Posey, as ever, in good and honorable ministerial standing in our church, and recommend him to all sister churches.

Resolved, Know all men that on the 6th day of October, 1861, that the Zion Methodist Church of Eastville, Sag Harbor L. I., did vote and declare herself free from the African Methodist Zion Conference, and is an independent Methodist Church, by the Grace of God.

Jason Cuffee, Chairman.

King W. Ward, }
A. Sweeney, } Trustees.
Samuel Butler, }

M. N. Ashmon, Secretary.

C. Brant, }
S. Butler, } Class Leaders.

A CARD.

As I consider myself insulted by Mr. Clinton, in May last, in the New York Conference, and afterwards pursued to Sag Harbor by the said Clinton, and treated in a very ungentlemanly manner by himself and sub-agent, Mr. Decker, endorsed by the ignorance of the Quarterly Conference of Zion Church, New York City; I do, this 22nd day of November, say to all whom it may concern, that I now dissolve all further relations with Mr. Clinton, his aids, and Conferences.

Alexander Posey.

SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Professor A. M. GREEN

Will give ONE of his highly interesting Exhibitions of Descriptive

Geography, Astronomy, Natural Science and History,

— at the —

Zion Baptist Church, Sullivan Street,

above prince,

ON FRIDAY EVE'G, DEC. 13,

commencing at 7½ o'clock precisely. The programme will consist of a variety of beautiful Diagrams, brilliantly illustrated by the aid of the

ORIGINAL DRUMMOND LIGHT,

and not least in contributing to beautify the Exhibition is the masterly ability with which Mr. GREEN lectures, in explanation of his truly interesting Paintings.

PART FIRST.

CHEMICAL DIORAMA.

Scene 1.—The old Ptolmaic theory of the Solar System exhibited, and the defects in this theory explained and accounted for.

Scene 2.—The Copernicum theory, first introduced by Pythagoras, beautifully illustrated:—The Planets—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, Herschel and Leverier, all revolving at their respective distance from the Sun.

Scene 3.—Kepler's Laws of Motion beautifully presented—View of Mercury and Venus, as seen from the earth in superior conjunction.

Scene 4.—The boundary of the Earth geographically described—Beautiful view of an approaching vessel seen in the distance on the smooth surface of the ocean.

Scene 5.—The eccentric revolution of a Comet around the Sun, showing the different appearance of its train at different points of its orbit.

Scene 6.—The great Comet of 24th of September, 1858, as seen through Professor O. M. Mitchell's great Refractor at the Cincinnati Observatory on the night of the 26th of September.

PART SECOND.

Scene 1.—Waterloo Bridge, London, with a distantview of the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Scene 2.—The Tower of London, built by William, the famous Norman Conqueror.

Scene 3.—Evening on the River Thames—Moonlight View of the famous Tower of London.

Scene 4.—Southwark Bridge, and full view of St. Paul' Cathedral.

Scene 5.—The Mosque of Omar—A Mahommedan Temple—The hour of morning prayer

Scene 6.—Moonlight view of the celebrated Temple.

Scene 7.—The Mosque illuminated for the midnight service on Christmas Eve.

Scene 8.—View of Melrose Abbey—Beautiful View of the Tombs of the Departed Saints.

PART THIRD.

Scene 1.—The Deluge—The Ark in the distance resting on the bosom of the waters. Those men of giant frame, who lived in that age of the world, are seen attempting to resque their wives and children from the power of the devouring elements.

Scene 2.—Site of the ancient city of Jerusalem—the city now in ruins.

Scene 3.—The destruction of the Temple of Diana, at Baalbec, in Syria.

Scene 4.—Summer scene at the birth-place and residence of Robert Burns, the distinguished Scotch Poet.

Scene 5.—A winter morning at Burns' home—A tremendous snow storm.

Scene 6.—Splendid view of the Military Hospital at Paris, in France.

Doors open at 7 o'clock—to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

Admission Reduced to 15 Cents.

Tickets, admitting a Lady and Gentleman, 25 Cents: To be had at the door.

SECOND GRAND CONCERT.

The Trustees of the A. M. E. Church, Bridge Street, Brooklyn, (R. H. Cain, Pastor,) returning grateful thanks to the public for its generous response to the efforts of the Sabbath School at their last Concert, respectfully announce that the School, by public request, will give a Second Concert and Exhibition, in the church for the benefit thereof, on TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 10th, 1861. At the conclusion of the Concert, the Ladies of the Church will give a TEA FESTIVAL in the basement of the church, the admission to which will be six cents.

The Concert given by the children on the 22d Oct., having been received with every demonstration of applause, and the Festival given by the ladies of the church on the same evening, being a most brilliant success, we confidently promise an entertainment of equal pleasure on the evening of the 10th.

Doors open at 6½ o'clock: Concert to commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

Michael Thompson, Supt.
Miss Victoria Price, Pianist.
Robt. Hamilton, Conductor.

LOVE, PURITY AND TRUTH.

Good Samaritan Lectures.

The fourth of the Course will be delivered by R. H. JOHNSON, Esq., on Thursday evening next, the 12th inst., under the patronage of Fountain Union Lodge, No. 7, I. O. of G. S., at their Rooms, Masonic Hall, corner of Broome and Forsyth Sts. Subject—"Temperance its Influence upon Benevolent Institutions." The public are cordially invited to be present. N. B.—Admission Free.

SHILOH RE-UNION.

The Ladies of Shiloh Church, situated at the corner of Prince and Marion Sts., (Pastor, Rev. J. N. Gloucester,) will give, in happy concert with all its Officers, a highly intellectual and social

Re-Union Entertainment,

THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 12th, 1861,

In the Basement of the Church.

For the consolidation of their own interest, the increase of their Church treasury, so that in these perilous, but yet joyous times for freedom, they may more perfectly secure the blessings of the Gospel, and stand prepared to aid, as they have ever aimed to do, the cause of bleeding Humanity.

The meeting will commence at precisely 8 1-2 o'clock.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Reading of the Scriptures, by a lady.
2. Hymn—by the Choir—

"Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love."

3. Prayer.
4. Brief addresses from different visiting clergymen and distinguished laymen of this City and Brooklyn.
5. Tea at 9 1-2 o'clock.
6. The Box intended for our suffering brothers and sisters, the "contrabands" at Fortress Monroe, will be closed by an address from a distinguished brother, and an anthem of Freedom from that well known vocalist, Robt. Hamilton, assisted by Professor Dias and his Choir.
7. Presentation at 12 o'clock, by Committee on Presentation, composed of the wives and daughters of the Members of the Board of Trustees and others, with an address by Mrs. H. Ross, and received by the President of the Board in an address in behalf of his associates and the Church they represent.
8. Conclusion. Hymn—

"Before Jehovah's awful throne."

N. B.—All contributions of goods for the box must be brought in on or before Wednesday evening, the 11th inst.

TICKETS 37 1-2 CENTS:

To be obtained of Mrs. J. N. Gloucester, 290 Bridge St.; Mrs. N. B. Lewis, 55 Carll St; Mrs. W. H. Ross, 80 High St., Brooklyn; John L. Hudson, 4 East Houston St.; at the Drug Store (Dr Smith's), 55 West Broadway, and the office of the Anglo-African, 48 Beekman St., New York.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Mrs. Thomas Jackson, Sr.,
Jacob Butler,
Henry Hardy,
N. B. Lewis,
James N. Gloucester,
Thomas Howard,
Frances Selby,
Wm. H. Carney,
— Ferguson,
Henry Green,
Warren Stewart,
Miller Pierce,
Samuel Demarest,
Christopher Clow,
James Bays,
John L. Hudson,
Wm. H. Ross,
Thomas Jackson, Jr.,
A. Zabriskie,
Lewis Frazier,
Foster,
John Rock,
Stackhouse,
Benj. Landrine,
Jane Corbit,
Miss Margaret Clark,
Mary Harris,
E. Denis,
Margaret Smith,
A. A. Vandyke,
Miss Helen Clow,
Adeline Ogden,
Sharp,
Bending,
F. Bodee,
Mary Felix,
Isabella Demarest,
Jane Merit,
Emily Thurstorf,
Nancy Jane Benson,
H. S. Demarest,
Elder Thomas Jackson,
Jacob Butler,
N. B. Lewis,
Thomas Howard,
Henry Hardy,
Dea. Stackhouse,
Mr. J. L. Hudson,
C. Clow,
Wm. H Ross,
Thos. Jackson, Jr.,
A. Zabriskie,
S. Demarest,
Miller Pierce,
Jas. Bays,
James Tolbert,
Amos Davis,
Thomas Davis,
T. S. Demarest,
Wm. Smith,
Elymus Reeve,
John Rock,

"United we Stand, Divided we Fall."

FIRST ANNUAL BALL AND SUPPER

of the

COLORED SEAMEN'S

BOARDING - HOUSE KEEPERS

AND OUT-FITTERS

Of the City of New York, will be given on **Thursday Eve'g, Dec. 26th, 1861,**

at the

METROPOLITAN ASSEMBLY ROOMS,

178 Prince St.

The Proprietors of this Association will spare no pains to make this Entertainment one of the most entertaining nights of the season, and also assure the public that nothing on their part will be wanting to render them happy.

Music under direction of Mr. J. DOUGLASS.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

William E. Slater,
Henry Beverley,
George F. Thompson,
William Butler.

The Floor will be under the gentlemanly management of Mr. George H. Williams and Mr. John Wilson.

Tickets, admitting Gent. and Lady, $2; Single Ticket, $1.

Tickets to be had of the following Committee:

George F. Thompson, 4 Catherine Lane.
William E. Slater, 3 Catherine Lane.
William Butler, 1 Benson St.
Manuel Gilbert, 42 Baxter St.
Susan Williams, 105 Park St.
Henry Beverley, 76 Roosevelt St.
Albro Lyons, 20 Vandewater St.
Samuel Porter, 21 Batavia St.
Charles M. Fortes, 199 South St.
William Spriggs, 1 Mechanics' Alley.
Thomas Lewis, 49 Marion St.

Tickets may also be had at the following places:—Eldorado, 154 Church St., Messrs. Suel & Spencer; Geo. H. Williams, 189 Church St.; Francis & Rogers, 56 Leonard St.; R. D. Kinney, 178 Prince St.; Robt. Tappen, 42 Ridge St.; J. A. Trower, 279 S. 4th St., Williamsburgh; Phineas Spriggs, 37 N. Bowery.

Wm. E. SLATER, Pres.
HENRY BEVERLEY, Treas.
G. F. THOMPSON, Sec'y.
Wm. BUTLER, Cashier. 18 4t

GEORGE OTON'S

QUADRILLE BAND.

Balls, Parties, &c., furnished with music, at the shortest notice.

MR. GEORGE OTON,

Professor of Music,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St., and with G. Oton. 18tf

MASONIC

DIRECTORY,

FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A. D. 1849, A. L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No. 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star No. 14 Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwick, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No. 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 29, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14, Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, New York City.

MASONIC NOTICE.

The members of Olive Branch Lodge, No. 5, working under the Jurisdiction of the Philanthropic United Grand Lodge, will take notice that the annual meeting of said Lodge will be held at their Lodge Rooms, 178 Prince St., on Monday evening, Dec. 16th.

Punctual attendance is requested.

By order of

CHAS. T. BROWN, W. M.

R. D. Kinney, Sec. 18 3t

A GRAND

MUSICAL FESTIVAL

will be given at

Turn Hall, 63 and 65 Meserole Street,

WILLIAMSBURGH,

On Wednesday Evening, Dec. 11, 1861.

The Committee pledge themselves that no pains will be spared to make this equal to any that has been given.

Music under the direction of

Prof. S. WALDRON'S BAND.

Prof. LaMATIEU, the celebrated Tight Rope Performer, has been engaged to give one of his performances on this occasion. He will WALK A ROPE one inch thick, with his hands and feet chained together. He will also walk a rope blindfolded, hang by his feet with his head down, and beat a drum, and perform many other daring and interesting feats.

TICKETS 50 CENTS,

refreshments included.

Persons wishing to see the performance can have a seat in the Gallery for 25 Cts. Children half price.

Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Mr. George Poole,
Mr. Wm. Moore,
Mr. Chas. Smith,
Mr. Benjamin Clark,
Mr. J. F. Jackson,
Mr. Joseph H. Nixon,
Mr. Charles Trower,
Mr. Wm. R. Conner,
Mr. James Mitchell,
Mr. AlexanderCorprew.

N. B.—Cars leave Peck Slip and Grand Street Ferry every five minutes, and go within one block of the Hall. J. A. TROWER, Conductor.

17 3t

LECTURES.

The undersigned is prepared to fill engagements to deliver single Lectures, on the following subjects:

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY;

THE ADAPTATIONS OF THE EARTH, OR TERRESTRIAL ADAPTATIONS;

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ANCIENT HONORS OF THE BLACK AND COLORED RACES OF THE EARTH;

—Being a series of popular discourses recently delivered, founded on the following texts:

1. "Look not upon me because I am black." [Song of Sol.—1.6.
2. "Princes shall come out of Egypt." [Psalm 68—31.
3. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin." [Jer.—13.23.
4. "Cursed be Canaan." —Gen.—9 25.
5. "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus." Philemon.

Terms—The lecturer's passage both ways, and one-fourth of profits.

[From the Detroit Daily Advertiser, March 1, 1860.]

"Mr. Berry's lecture last night is stated to have displayed much thought, and to have been in every respect meritorious."

AGENCY

FOR TROY AND VICINITY.

James R. Benham is the regularly appointed Agent for the Anglo-African in Troy, Lansingburg, Waterford and vicinity. All orders or communications for the paper may be left with Mr Benham on board of the steamer "Cornelius Vanderbilt."

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delsart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

AN ADJOURNED MEETING

To consider measures with reference to a settlement of the

GERRIT SMITH LANDS,

will be held, agreeable to adjournment, at Prince Street Hall, on Monday evening, December 9th, 1861. The public are invited to attend.

Charles L. Reason, Ch'mn.
Wright Seaman, Jr., Sec'y.

LECTURES.

The Rev. Alex. Crummell, of Liberia, W. A., is prepared to deliver the following Lectures, either singly or as a course, during the months of November and December:

1. The customs, genius, and characteristics of native tribes in Western Africa.
2. The growth of civilization along the Western Coast of Africa.
3. The progress and prospects of the Republic of Liberia.

Letters are to be addressed to Rev. A. Crummell, 311 Spring Street, New York. 12—4t

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

DeKalb, corner of Hudson Avenue.

Rev. Eli N. Hall, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:

10½ o'clock, . . . A. M
" . . . P. M.
" . . . P. M

10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue, Rev. John Frisby, Pastor. Residence 69 Madison Avenue.

hours of worship:

10½ o'clock, . . . A. M.
3 " . . . P. M.
7½ " . . . P. M.

12-1y

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,

(protestant episcopal)

Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

Rev. Wm J. Alston, Pastor. Residence—70 Sullivan St.

R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

hours of worship

10 1-2 o'clock, . . . A. M.
3 " . . . P. M.

Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue

Hours of worship:—

3 o'clock, . . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

Rev Chas H Thompson, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev Richard H. Cain, Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship —

10½ . . . A. M
3 . . . P. M
7½ . . . P. M

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn. 13-1y.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sullivan St., near Houston.

Rev. John T. Raymond, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.

hours of worship.

10 1-2 o'clock, . . . A. M.
3 " . . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . P. M.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.

Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.

Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AGENTS WANTED.

SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand sewing; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal oil lamps; Egyptian Cement, for mending furniture, crockery, &c.; Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y. 19 13t

BOSTON HOUSE,

MRS. CHURCH, PROPRIETRESS,

105 *Park Street, near Mott,*

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This is the oldest Colored Boarding-House in the city, having been

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It is centrally located, being within fifteen minutes' walk of the steamboat landings, and of all the principal colored Churches. 19 26t

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In all its branches—such as

BRACELETS, EAR-RINGS, WATCH

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Residence—120th St., between 3d and 4th Avenues, Harlem.

18 26t

PETER S. PORTER,

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HOUSE LETTING,

170 WEST 29TH STREET,

NEW YORK.

Colored Families furnished with apartments in suits of Rooms or whole Houses, in different parts of the City. 17 13t

BOARDING AND LODGING.

MR. GEO. POOL can accommodate Ladies and Gentlemen with first class Board, on reasonable terms, at his residence, No. 13 Sheriff Street, a few doors north of Grand. 16 13t

MRS. M. K. EDY,

EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE.

Residence—131 Christie Street, N. Y.

26 26t

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IN BROOKLYN,

At Mrs. SUSAN HARRIS', 58 Atlantic St., near South Ferry. $3 per week for gentlemen, and $2 50 for ladies. Lodgings 75 cts. per week. 15tf

TO LET.—THE ROOM ON THE SECOND floor of Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-street. Inquire at 66 East Houston st., or of the Janitor 225 West 15th-st.

POCKET WATER-FILTER

AND

DRINKING TUBE.

Indispensable for Soldiers, Travelers, and Sportsmen. Weighs one ounce. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Send it to your friends. Agents wanted. Samples mailed on receipt of 50 cents, by addressing

DAY & CO.,
3-13t Box 464 P.O., Newark, N. J.

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 60 Sullivan Street, New York. 4-1

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this or any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,

bet. stagg & wyckoff sts., williamsburg

Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,

CASSIMERES

AND VESTINGS

of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.

Don't Forget,

168 EWEN ST.,

9 1y. Williamsburg.

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,

EMPIRE STATE HOTEL

and

UNION HOUSE,

541 BROOME STREET.

Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N. Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. Ramsey.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Please call and see for yourselves.

HATS CAPS & FURS

IN THEIR VARIETY.

First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS.

The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.

10 1y.

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E. 13th St., one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.

10 5t

PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE

by

MRS. W. S. WILKINS & Co

610 PINE, above SIXTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA. 7-13t.

LADIES' FURNISHING STORE.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

Ready-Made and Made to Order, By

MRS. S. WILKINS & CO.,

610 Pine, above Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

7-13t.

MRS. ANDERSON,

CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS

Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMOdate a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate. 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tf.

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. Fortes, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 26 Mulberry Street, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the *time; fall is near and good help wanted for city* and country. 5—4t

HENRY G. LEASK,

HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS AND FURS,

cor. pearl & chatham sts., n. y.

Shipping Furs Bought. 12-tf.

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) REspectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most *reasonable terms.*

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts.

DENTISTRY.

BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist.
79 Thompson St., N. Y

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BROWN'S POPULAR RESORT.

The undersigned takes the privilege to inform his Friends and the public generally that as he has recently fitted up his SALOON anew, he is now prepared to furnish them with

Ice Cream, Fruit, and other Delicacies.

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GENERAL

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KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

A FRESH AND PURE ASSORTMENT

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DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS

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LUBIN'S EXTRACTS

AND OTHER PERFUMERY,

FANCY SOAPS, FINE HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES, FAMILY ARTICLES, HAVANA SEGARS, &C., &C.

All his articles are purchased with great care, and are warranted to be pure, fresh, and genuine.

MEDICINE CHESTS

carefully made up.

All orders promptly attended to, on receipt of the CASH.

Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared.

WHITE'S

VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR

FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH, AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely *Grey.*

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh and unpleasant in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full of dandruff, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this, and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hair-brush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off, always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that cases of failure will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and perseveringly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

BADEAU'S

STRENGTHENING PLASTER.

AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR

LAME OR WEAK BACK, PAIN OR WEAKNESS IN THE SIDE, CHEST, STOMACH, OR LIMBS. A CERTAIN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, PLEURISY, LIVER OR KIDNEY COMPLAINT, SPRAINS, BRUISES, &c., &c

Persons disposed will find this plaster particularly servicable.

Dyspeptic persons will find a permanent relief from its use, as it keeps a continued heat, acting as a gentle counter irritant, removing the inflamation of the stomach without breaking the skin. Persons engaged in sedentary pursuits should use these Plasters constantly, as they give strength to parts weakened by constant sitting and stooping.

For STRAINS and SPRAINS they are infallible, affording relief immediately and without fail.

For RHEUMATISM there is no external application equal to them, promoting the general circulation, and

PREVENTING A RETURN

of the excruciating pain.

These plasters are prepared with great care, and of the best material, and to prevent fraud the name of the originator, is placed on the back of each one. In purchasing ask for BADEAU'S PLASTER. See that the name BADEAU is written on the back, or you will be deceived.

P. A. WHITE, Sole Proprietor.

Poetry.

"STAND LIKE AN ANVIL."

"Stand like an anvil!" when the strokes
Of stalwart strength fall fierce and fast:
Storms but more deeply root the oaks,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;
Thine be the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that can not fear.

"Stand like an anvil!" noise and heat
Are born of earth and die with time;
The soul, like God, its source and heat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

[Bishop Doane.

PRAYER FOR LIBERTY.

Roll on, thou cheerful day,
When tyranny's proud sway,
Stern as the grave,
Shall to the ground be hurled,
And freedom's flag unfurled
Shall wave, throughout the world,
O'er every slave.

Trump of grand jubilee,
Echo o'er land and sea
Freedom for all!
Let the glad tidings fly,
And every tribe reply,
Glory to God on high,
At slavery's fall.

Free, too, the captive mind
By darkness long confined
In slavery's night:
The Savior's name extend,
Virtue with freedom blend,
And full salvation send
With freedom's light.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Headquarters of Hooker's Division,
Near Budd's Ferry, Charles County,
Md., Nov. 19, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—It has been my fortune to witness much of life in the Southern States. I was arrested in the city of Charleston, S. C., in the year 1858, for merely standing upon that slavery cursed soil, in spite of my regular enlistment in the navy of the United States, as a seaman. Virginia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, and lastly Maryland, have all furnished painful scenes and incidents for the imagination to dwell upon. I have seen old, grey-haired men of toil-worn frame and tottering step, old women and young women, driven like very beasts to shambles and a market. I have seen wives and daughters torn from husbands and parents, and their charms sold to the highest bidder, to lecherous masters. My own dear father was exiled from Northampton county, Virginia, before I was born—in 1830—by the persecutions which followed the Nat Turner insurrection. From infancy up to my manhood he has been relating the wrongs of my people. Many a tale of woe has he impressed upon my mind and heart. The thousand-fold crimes of this guilty nation against our race, pass in solemn sorrow before me. The fangs of the serpent of oppression has pierced my own bosom until it swells with the hot blood of a revenge which nothing but the blood of a slaveholder can satiate. This is a stern school for a man who has passed the terrible ordeal of life under American slavery and oppression. This land must be consecrated to freedom, and we are to-day the only class of people in the country who are earnestly arrayed on the side of freedom. True it is that thousands of our enfranchised brethren are ready and willing to offer up their lives upon the altar of liberty. Tens and hundreds of thousands would rejoice to see the great national sin eradicated; but could they restore what was supposed to be by the credulous a "Glorious Union," and the Constitution and laws, with all of the crimes and iniquities which hover around it, they would passively submit and forget under the sophistries and blandishments of polished rhetoric, the claims of millions of enslaved men, to all of the blessings and benefits of liberty and civilization. Three quarters of a century of complicity to the guilt of man-stealing has demoralized a people who in 1776, for their love of liberty, gained the admiration of the civilized world, secured the valor of Lafayette, DeKalb and others, and called forth the eloquence of England's most popular statesmen. In that memorable struggle for nationality the purest and most imperishable sentiments gushed forth, as if from the fountain-head of liberty. It seemed but the prelude to that great social symphony—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—which Republican France sounded throughout monarchial Europe, when the old State House bell in Independence Hall rung out the declaration of freedom to all. Compare that brilliant epoch with the present. Recount in your minds the noble deeds of "'76," and mark the events of "'61."—Whom of the noble spirits of that age dreamed that in the year of our Lord 1861, the only powerful Republic on the face of the earth was sanctioning, directly and indirectly, those monstrous wrongs against an entire race of men which I have thus meagerly epitomised. Nearly a million of men in arms, one half unblushingly declaring its purpose to be the unlimited extension of slavery; the other half daring not to raise its hands against the iniquitous purpose. Oh, sir, in the present instance the righteous sword is unsheathed, and I honestly believe there are enough freedom loving allies to our cause to keep that sword unsheathed until every wythe that binds the slave shall be cast asunder.

I am perfectly astonished at the many reports which appear in the daily papers about the "Blockade." The reports generally sent from this region are generally unreliable, and will always be so, if all newspaper correspondents do as I see one of the New York Herald correspondents do. Well, he had any quantity of note paper, seated in a captain's tent; the captain spreading himself, and relating all the most extravagant stories he could rattle off, and which are gathered from the thousand and one statements straggling soldiers bring in. The truth is, we know nothing sure of the number, location or purposes of the enemy. With powerful glasses we can discover squads of cavalry and infantry over toward Acquia Creek; can see one rebel battery with C. S. flag flying; two large guns visible, and on an island directly opposite Budd's Ferry fresh earth thrown up, which may be a rifle pit, or boat or raft; building operations to the rear of this; on a bluff is an earthwork with no guns visible. Large rewards are said to be offered to the individual who will make a reconnoisance of the enemy's position, and bring back information of his number and location. There is scarcely any danger of your humble servant's undertaking—the hazardous task. The rebels take great delight in practicing with their big guns. They are constantly throwing shot and shell over on this side, and as we lay some two miles inside, we feel a perfect indifference to their death-dealing missiles. Of our own batteries and intrenchments I dare not say anything. Suffice it to say, they are almost completed. We have river communication regularly with Washington, and our telegraph is completed which connects us with headquarters. General Hooker is all activity, and from what I can learn from him he does not apprehend any attempt to cross. In my opinion, nothing is more desirable than that they should do so. There is not provision enough in all Maryland to support an army of 5,000 men. There are but a very few points from which their guns could command the river; that is where the channel runs close to the Virginia shore. The river varies in width 1 1-2 to 4 1-2 miles; hence should they cross over here in force, and we should all have to take to our heels for dear life, the river could be inundated with gunboats of light draught, and cut off all supplies and re-enforcements. The traitor population of Maryland is already drained of arm-bearing men, and there are no arms in the State to put into the hands of the few which are left. The sycophant croakers say that Maryland is loyal, too.—Well, nothing but disaster or defeat to the rebel army could result from an invasion of the sacred soil of Maryland. The most hypocritical thing in the world is this much talked of loyalty. Everybody you meet says he is "for the Union," and they laugh, talk and drink with you—are even glad to converse and drink with a Northern "nigger!" But hear one withering proof of the utter disloyalty. Just here in the vicinity of Budd's Ferry the rebels used to congregate; they kept up a regular ferry between the two shores, and their engineers had surveyed the positions now occupied by the Union troops, and yet in the face of all this, it is impossible to gather any information from these people here that would be of advantage to us. Can it be possible that they are ignorant of the plans, and purposes, and force and position of their accomplices? The lawyers tell us that the "manner and appearance" of the criminal have great bearing on his case. If this be true, the Marylanders, so far as I have seen of them, stand adjudged guilty of the crime of treason.—Well, I am told a sheep thief is about the meanest looking wretch on earth. Well, take a score of sheep thieves, extract the essence, then the quintessence of all their meanness, and you have pictured in your mind's eye of a hang-dog Marylander—heart and soul an enemy he is—conscious of his entire subjection, in spite of his negro-driving propensities; and although I hate a slaveholder from the innermost recesses of my heart, and also when I consider the dough-faced negro-hating propensities of the horde by which I am surrounded, I must admire his consistency.

The rebel batteries are continually throwing shot and shell over here, but as yet done no harm. They are ugly looking missiles, and I should not wonder if a tap from one of them should do one's physical frame considerable damage.

You will remember that a year or two (I think) ago, it was published in the various papers, and stated publicly, that a man by the name of Harry Green sold three of his children to the far South. I disremember all the details of the story, but I have learned from the woman who gave the children their supper on the night of their departure for Richmond, Va., that it was through the infernal machinations of a wretch by the name of "Skinner," that this poor man was compelled to sell into bondage his own flesh and blood. I have seated myself at the same table where that last supper to them was partaken; have looked upon the inhuman wretch who was party to the infernal deed. I shall try, at some future time, to give the details of the painful story, if I should be able to seize sufficient time from amidst the whirl and excitement of camp life.

Hopkins, the Sheriff of Prince George county, was up here on a slave hunt. We pointed him out to the Indiana cavalry boys. It would have done your heart good to have heard the jeers and imprecations they heaped upon him. Mr. Lambert Dutrenielle (the General's steward) while he (Hopkins) was seated at the General's table eating cold beefsteak, sat down directly opposite to him, and called for hot steak. By a preconcerted arrangement, one of the white servants asked, "How dare you sit down to the table with a white man?" "I thought this was a colored gentleman, he sticks so close to the colored people." Hopkins dared not whisper, and, if I am not very much mistaken, will not visit these parts again soon.

It gives me great pleasure to announce that the tide of emigration Northward continues to flow, all barriers to the contrary notwithstanding.

G. E. S.

Asbury Church, near Budd's Ferry,
Maryland, Nov. 20, 1861.

Dear Anglo:—We are now encamped in the graveyard of the above church—rather a strange place for a General's headquarters, but nevertheless true. Gen. Hooker has made a telegraph office of the church, and has his tent in the abode of the dead. It reminds me of the saying, "in the midst of life we are in death." I am now seated in the pulpit of this great church. It is not as large as a small school-house in the country towns of New York. The residents hereabouts can not, of course, hold service while we use it; when they do, they do not admit colored people in the body of the church; they have a little coop built up above, which is reached by means of a ladder on the outside, for the poor slave. I think after death the slave will be, at least, that much nearer heaven than their masters, whose religion, I think, is of equal magnitude with their church. The whites throughout this section are the most villainous looking set of people I have ever seen. They are dressed in the same material worn by the slaves. We see more intelligent looking colored men than white. The lord of the manor here is one Posey, of Secesh renown, who is now running loose on his parole of honor (!), which is not worth a ha'penny. He was arrested on the charge of giving aid and comfort, and of showing signals to the rebels, and released about a week ago. He has ninety-four head of slaves, and is considered the richest man in Charles county, Md. A few days since the rebels fired at a large schooner belonging to a colored man. It was running the blockade. The rebels came out into the channel of the river and boarded the schooner, whereupon her crew, thinking discretion the better part of valor, took their own boat and made their escape to our shore; in the meantime Gen. Hooker ordered a couple of pieces of flying artillery down to the beach, and they in turn commenced firing upon the rebels, who thought best to retire—doing so in good order, after setting fire to her. A company of the Massachusetts 1st then went on board and took her up to the flotilla off Indian Head.

We are in daily receipt of rebel compliments in the shape of shell and shot, varying in size from 10 to 64 pounds, none of which have as yet done any damage.

I find that the slaves have a very true conception of the present state of affairs, and can talk very sensibly on the points bearing on their case. They know that the Confederates will fight and die, to the man, and they hope the Federals will carry the war into Africa. If the war lasts long there must of course be a very great diminution in the number of masters, and they cherish the hope of finding again a John Brown to lead them on "to liberty or death." It gives me pleasure to hear the rebel guns; "it is music to mine ears;" for I know that every shot they fire loosens the chains that binds the poor slave to an unwilling servitude. God speed the day when liberty shall be proclaimed to them! If it is not done soon there will be a storm bursting o'er our heads, worse than the one that now threatens this country.

Though deprived of the rights of a man under the star-spangled banner, my heart feels joyous at the sight of it, and I can not but look on the Confederate flag with contempt and scorn, knowing as I do—aye, as all do—that it is the emblem of the great slave oligarchy of the South, that has for its foundation and corner stone my enslavement. A few more triumphs for it will be good for us. The North will yet be obliged to proclaim the slaves free. How it galls the hot rich Southern blood to see free negroes from the North—from the hot-bed of abolitionism—transplanted to their very plantations, and thriving grandly, sowing seeds of liberty in the hearts and minds of their chattels. These seeds will surely grow, and the slaveholder shall reap the crop to his sorrow!

The fugitive slave law is strictly enforced here, as the State promises to stay in the Union. Slaves are given up on the presentation of the proper papers, but I am happy to say that they are not always found, for frequently by the time the hounds get their papers countersigned, the victims are gone on their way rejoicing.

The rebels are now firing from a gun said to be the monster that the great thief Floyd stole from Pittsburgh, to help him regain his power in Washington, for he anticipated his political death several months ahead. They planted it yesterday and tried it last night on a couple of steamers passing down the river. We are nearly opposite to Cock-pit Point, where they have a four gun battery, but they cannot hurt anything on this side. They have fired since I have been here about five hundred shot, without doing a particle of damage. This is the most God-forsaken country that ever I saw. The plantations as they are called, are stony, hilly, and generally used up by tobacco. They do not yield scarcely a decent living for their owners and slaves. The former live mostly on salt meat and oysters, except when they have company, then they kill the fatted calf and are merry off their ill gotten gains. I am not ashamed to say openly that I will advise the slaves to line their pockets well from their Master's coffers, then make tracks for the Northern states. An agent of the U. G. R. R., could do a large business just now in these parts. Send one along, and oblige,

Duke.

LETTER FROM PATERSON.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 28th, 1861.

Mr. Editor;

Two lectures (the 20th and 22nd,) have been given here by William Wells Brown, the first on Haytian Emigration, and the other on Elevation. The speaker has visited the Island (but returned to live and lecture in this country) and speaks very favorably of its qualities; and he recommends enterprising persons to investigate the matter, and grasp the golden opportunities awaiting them on its free shores. He further said that every one should not go; for unless the emigrant makes up his mind to work earnestly, to use all his energy, he might as well stay at home. Our people are religious, don't feel at home in white churches, and hence he thinks we gather together in towns; but he would advise all those occupying low positions, such as waiters, ostlers, white-washers, boot-blacks, to go into the country, purchase land, and become honest farmers. This is the most independent, respectable position they can occupy. Indeed he thinks it possible for some to do as well at farming here as in Hayti. But for the rest of the lecture, please read the "Guide to Hayti" by Jas. Redpath. In handling his subject Mr. Brown exhibited much tact; and as a lecturer, won the highest opinion of our people for his ability and eloquence.

One thing, however, puzzles the writer. Why is it that men who have been years before the public as lecturers, never by the faintest whisper advocated an emigration to Hayti until they became the hired agents of the disinterested James Redpath? Did the shining orbs of the Bureau cast any new light on the subject? Like Miss Dartle, "I only ask for information."

Occasional.

◆

Domestic Duties.—A knowledge of domestic duties, says Mrs. Child, is beyond all price to a woman. Every one of our sex ought to know how to sew, and knit and mend, and cook, and superintend a household. In every situation of life, high or low, this sort of knowledge is of great advantage. There is no necessity that the gaining of such information should interfere with intellectual acquirement or elegant accomplishment. A well regulated mind can find time for all. When a girl is nine or ten years old, she should be accustomed to take some regular share in the household duties, and to feel responsible for the manner in which her part is performed, such as her own mending, washing the cups and putting them in place, cleaning silver or dusting and arranging parlors. This should not be occasionally, and neglected whenever she feels it convenient; she should consider it her department. When older than twelve, girls should begin to take turn in superintending the household, making puddings, pies, cake, etc.; to learn effectually to do these things themselves, and not stand by and see others do them.

Had Him There.—The Washington correspondent of the Bridgewater Standard writes:

"Our hotels are full. An officer on asking for his bill a few days ago, found that a quart of wine was charged, when he had had but a pint. He took exceptions to the items. Landlord was incorrigible—said there never was any mistake about the wine bills. Officer paid it, went to his room to pack his carpeting. Having made purchases, his bag was too full to get in an extra pair of boots. Landlord was sent for—came. Says the officer, 'I can't get these boots into this d——d bag.' Landlord—'If you can't I'm sure I cant." Officer—'Yes you can, for a man who can put a quart of wine into a pint bottle, can put these boots into that bag.' Landlord cancelled the whole bill and returned the amount."

An ancient, impertinent fellow divides female beauty into four orders, as follows:

Long and lazy, little and loud,
Fair and foolish, dark and proud.

Arrant rascal! the following is the true reading:

Tall and splendid, little and neat,
Fair and pleasant, dark and sweet.

Or, the exact translation should be—

High and beauteous, little and witty,
Fair and lovely, dark and pretty.

This is our version:—Exchange.

Lofty and queen-like, little and talkative,
Fair and winning dark and "walkative."

And this is ours:

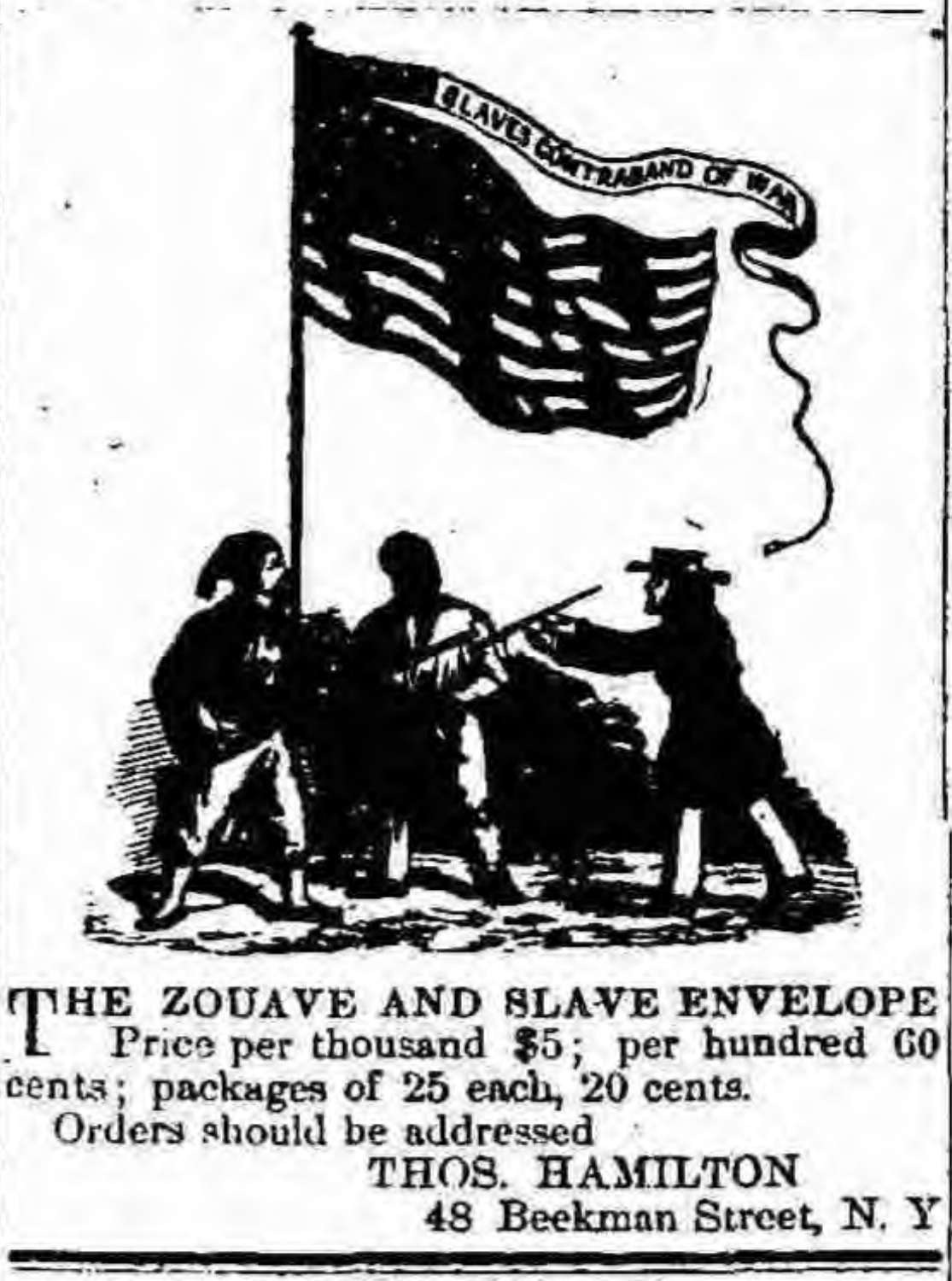
Proud and pouty, pretty and sweet,
Bonnets and crinoline take up the street.

How He got Used to it.—Somewhere in our neighborhood lives a farmer of such social habits, that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge.

"Why, you see," he would say, "I'll sign it after a while, but I don't like to break right off at once; it ain't wholesome. The best way is to get used to a thing by degrees, you know."

The Solitude of Death.—We must die alone. To the very verge of the stream our friends may accompany us; they may bend over us, they may cling to us, there; but that one long wave from the sea of eternity washes up the lips, sweeps us from the shore and we go forth alone! In that untried and utter solitude, then, what can there be for us but the pulsation of that assurance—"I am not alone because the Father is with me!"

MISCELLANEOUS.



THE ZOUAVE AND SLAVE ENVELOPE

Price per thousand $5; per hundred 60 cents; packages of 25 each, 20 cents.

Orders should be addressed

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48 Beekman Street, N. Y

MEDICAL.

PAIN-KILLER.

We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, Diptheria and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent linament for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

Dr. Walton writes from Coschocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, *Diptheria, or Sore Throat,* that is so alarmingly prevalent here; and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

Rev. H. L. Van Meter, writing from Burmah says: "The *Pain-Killer* has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

Rev. Jabez Swan says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy."

Rev. A. W. Curtis: "By its use I entirely cured a felon in a few days."

The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

The New York Examiner says, "We have used the Pain-Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the family medicine box."

The N. Y. Independent says, "We have used it, and it proves to be all it professes."

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors.

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TIME, MONEY, AND LABOR SAVED,
BY USING
B. T. BABBITT'S
SUPERIOR FRENCH
CHEMICAL ERASIVE SOAP,

Made and improved by the Original Inventor of the German and Austrian Chemical Erasive or Detersive Soap, of which the *real* and *genuine article* has, since its first introduction to the American public, been most favorably known, as the *Best* and *Cheapest* Washing Soap in the market, and with the present improvement, which is not known to any other manufacturer, we Challenge the World to produce a better article.

1. One pound of it will accomplish as much as three pounds of any other soap.

2. But one quarter the time and labor are required to do the same amount of washing, as with the best of family soap.

3. It does not injure the most delicate fabric; will tend to set the colors, and wash cleaner than any other soap in use.

4. Clothes need no boiling, and but little rubbing with the hands, thus avoiding their wear upon the wash-board.

5. Paints, Grease, Tar, and stains of every description vanish as by magic, before its wonderful, searching, erasive powers.

6. It is invaluable to Machinists, Printers Painters, and all others using Inks, Oils, etc. for washing hands; it does not chap them (like other soaps,) but will cleanse and soften the skin.

7. It may be used in hard or soft water, and is adapted for use in all climates.

Put up in one pound bars, sixty bars in each Box.

For sale by the bar or box by

THOS. HAMILTON,
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A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R. DELANY.

PART I.

By myself, the Lord of Ages,
I have sworn to right the wrong;
I have pledged my word unbroken,
For the weak against the strong.
—[H. Beecher Stowe.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOLICITUDE AND AMUSEMENT.

Mrs. Franks sought the earliest opportunity for an interview with the Major, concerning her favorite Maggie. The children now missed her, little George continued fretful, and her own troubled soul was pressed with anxiety.

On conversing with the Major to her great surprise she learned that the maid had been sold to a stranger, which intelligence he received from Mrs. Ballard herself, whom he met on the quay as he *left* Havana. The purchaser was a planter formerly of Louisiana, a batchelor by the name of Peter Labonier. This person resided twelve miles from Havana, the proprietor of a sugar estate.

The apprehensions of Mrs. Franks on learning these facts, were aroused to a point of fearful anxiety. These fears were mitigated by the probable chance in her favor, by a change of owners, as his first day's possession of her, turned him entirely against her. He would thus most probably part with her, which favored the desires of Mrs. Franks.

She urged upon the Major as a favor to herself, to procure the release of Maggie, by his purchase and enfranchisement with free papers, of unconditional emancipation.

To this Major Armsted gave the fullest assurance, at the first possible opportunity. The company were to meet at no distant day, when he hoped *to execute* the orders.

'How did you leave cousin Arabella, Judge?' enquired Mrs. Franks, as he and the Colonel entered the parlor, directly from the back porch where they had been engaged for the last two hours in close conversation.

'Very well Maria! when last heard from, a letter reaching me just before I left by the kindness of our mutual friend the Major. By the way, your girl and she did not get on so well I be—!'

An admonitory look from Franks, arrested the subject before the sentence was completed.

Every reference to it was carefully avoided, though the Colonel ventured to declare, that henceforth, towards his servants, instead of leniency, he intended severity. They were becoming every day more and more troublesome, and less reliable. He intended in the language of his friend the Judge, to 'lay upon them a heavy hand' in future.

'I know your sentiments on this point,' he said in reply to an admonition from Armsted; 'and I used to entertain the same views, but experience has taught me better. Well Judge as you wish to become a southerner, you must first see the sights,' as children say, and learn to get used to them. I wish you to ride out with me to Captain Grason's, and you'll see some rare sport; the most amusing thing I ever witnessed,' suggested Franks.

'What is it?' enquired the Major.

'The effect is lost by previous knowledge of the thing,' replied he. 'This will suit you Armsted, as you're fond of negro jokes.'

'Then Colonel let's be off,' urged the Major.

'Off it is!' replied Franks, as he invited the gentleman to take a seat in the carriage already at the door.

'Halloo, halloo, here you are Colonel! Why Major Armsted, old fellow, 'pon my word!' saluted Grason, grasping Armsted by the hand as they entered the porch.

'Judge Ballard! sir,' said Armsted.

'Just in time for dinner gentlemen! Be seated,' invited he holding the Judge by the hand. 'Welcome to Mississippi sir! What's up gentlemen?'

'We've come out to witness some rare sport the Colonel has been telling us about,' replied the Major.

'Blamed if I don't think the Colonel will have me advertised as a *showman* presently! I've got a queer animal here; I'll show him to you after dinner,' rejoined Grason: 'Gentlemen, help yourselves to brandy and water.'

Dinner over, the gentlemen walked i the pleasure grounds, in the rear of the mansion.

'Nelse, where is Rube? Call him!' said Grason to a slave lad, brother to the boy for whom he sent.

Shortly there came forward, a small black boy about eleven years of age, thin visage, projecting under teeth, rather ghastly consumptive look, and emaciated condition. The child trembled with fear as he approached the group.

'Now gentlemen,' said Grason, 'I'm *going to show you a sight!*' having in his hand a long whip, the cracking of which he commenced, as a ring master in a circus.

The child gave him a look never to be forgotten; a look beseeching mercy and compassion. But the decree was made, and though humanity quailed in dejected supplication before him, the command was imperative, with no living hand to stay the impending consequences. He must submit to his fate, and pass through the ordeal of training.

'Wat maus gwine do wid me now! I knows wat maus gwine do;' said this miserable child of pity; 'he gwine make me see sights!' when going down on his hands and feet, he commenced trotting around like a brute.

'Now gentlemen, look!' said Grason; 'he'll whistle, sing songs, hymns, pray, swear like a trooper, laugh, and cry, all under the same state of feelings.'

With a peculiar *swing of* the whip, bringing the lash down upon a certain spot on the exposed skin, the whole person being prepared for the purpose, the boy commenced to whistle almost like a thrush; another cut changed it to a song, another to a hymn, then a pitiful prayer, when he gave utterance to oaths which would make a Christian shudder, after which he laughed outright; then from the fulln ss of his soul he cried:

'O, maussa, I's sick! Please stop little!' casting up clots of hemorrhage.*

Franks stood looking on with unmoved muscles. Armsted stood aside whittling a stick; but when Ballard saw, at every cut the flesh turn open in gashes streaming down with gore, till at last in agony he appealed for mercy, he involuntary found his hand with a grasp on the whip, arresting its further application.

'Not quite a southerner yet Judge, if you can't stand that!' said Franks on seeing him *wiping away a stealing tear.*

'Gentlemen help yourselves to brandy and water. The little negro don't stand it nigh so well as formerly. He used to be a very trump!'

'Well Colonel'' said the Judge; 'as I have to leave for Jackson this evening, I suggest that we return to the city.'

The company now left Grason's; Franks for the enjoyment of home, Ballard and Armsted for Jackson, and the poor boy Reuben from homorrage of the lungs, that evening left time for eternity.

CHAPTER XVII.

HENRY AT LARGE.

On leaving the plantation carrying hanging upon his arm, thrown across his shoulders, and in his hands, Henry had a bridle, halter, blanket, girt, and horsewhip, the emblems of a faithful servant in discharge of his master's business.

By shrewdness and discretion such was his management as he passed along, *that* he could tell the name of each place and proprietor, long before he reached them. Being a scholar, he carefully kept a record of the plantations he had passed, that when accosted by a white, as an overseer or patrol, he invariably pretended to belong to a back estate, in search of his master's race horse. If crossing a field, he was taking a near cut; but if met in a wood, the animal was in the forest, as being a great leaper no thing could debar him, though the forest was fenced and posted. The blanket a *substitute for a saddle, was in reality* carried for a bed.

With speed unfaltering and spirits unflinching, his first great strive was to reach the Red River, to escape from his own state as quickly as possible. Proceeding on in the direction of the Red River country, he met with no obstruction, except in one instance, when he left his assailant quietly upon the earth. A few days after an inquest was held upon the body of a deceased overseer—verdict of the Jury, 'By hands unknown.'

On approaching the river, after crossing a number of streams, as the Yazoo, Ouchita, and such, he was brought to sad reflections. A dread came over him, difficulties lay before him, dangers stood staring him in the face at every step he took. Here for the first time since his maturity of manhood responsibilities rose up in a shape of which he had no conception. A mighty undertaking, such as had never before been *ventured upon*, and *the duty* devolving upon him, was *too* much for a slave with no other aid than the aspirations of his soul panting for liberty. Reflecting upon the peaceful hours he once enjoyed as a professing Christian, and the distance which slavery had driven him from its peaceful portals, here in the wilderness, determining to renew his faith and dependence upon Divine aid, when dropping upon his knees, he opened his heart to God, as a tenement of the Holy Spirit.

'Arm of the Lord awake! renew my faith, confirm my hope, perfect me in love. Give strength, give courage, guide and protect my pathway, and direct me in my course!' Springing to his feet as if a weight had fallen from him, he stood up a new man.

The river is narrow, the water red as if colored by iron rust, the channel winding. Beyond this river lay his hopes, the broad plains of Louisiana with a hundred thousand bondsmen, seeming anxiously to await him.

Standing upon a high bank of the stream contemplating his mission, a feeling of humbleness, and a sensibility of unworthiness impressed him, and that religious sentiment which once gave comfort to his soul now inspiring anew his breast, Henry raised in solemn tones amidst the lonely wilderness:

'Could I but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Could drive me from the shore!'

To the right of where he stood was a cove, formed by the washing of the stream at high water, which ran quite into the thicket, into which the sun shone through a space among the high trees.

While thus standing and contemplating his position, the water being too deep to wade, and on account of numerous sharks and alligators, too dangerous to swim, his attention was attracted by the sound of a steamer coming up the channel. Running into the cove to shield himself, a singular noise disturbed him, when to his terror he found himself amidst a squad of huge alligators, which had sought the advantage of the sunshine.

His first impulse was to surrender himself to his fate and be devoured, as in the rear and either side, the bank was perpendicular, escape being *impossible* except by the way he entered, to do which would have exposed him to the view of the boat, which could not have been avoided. Meantime the frightful animals were crawling over and among each other, at a fearful rate.

Seizing the fragment of a limb which lay in the cove, beating upon the ground and yelling like a madman, giving them all possible space, the beasts were frightened at such a rate, that they reached the water in less time than Henry reached the bank. Receding into the forest, he thus escaped the observation of the passing steamer, his escape serving to strengthen his faith in a renewed determination of spiritual dependence.

While gazing upon the steamer in solemn reflection for Divine aid to direct him, logs came floating down, which suggested a proximity to the raft with which sections of that stream are filled, when going but a short *distance up, he crossed in safety to the* Louisiana side. His faith was now fully established, and thenceforth, Henry was full of hope and confident of success.

Reaching Alexandria with no obstruction, his first secret meeting was held in the hut of aunt Dilly. Here he found them all ready for an issue.

'An dis you chile!' said the old woman stooping with age, sitting on a low stool in the chimney corner; 'dis many day, I hearn on yeh!' though Henry had just entered on his mission. From Alexandria he passed rapidly on to Latuer's making no immediate stops, prefering to organize at the more prominent places.

This was a mulatto planter, said to have come from the isle of Guadaloupe. Riding down the road upon a poney at a quick gallop, was a mulatto youth, a son of the planter, an old black man on foot keeping close to the horse's heels.

'Whose boy are you?' inquired the *young mulatto, who had just dismounted,* the old servant holding his pony.

'I'm in search of master's race horse.'

'What is your name?' farther enquired the young mulatto.

'Gilbert sir.'

'What do you want?'

'I am hungry sir.'

'Dolly,' said he to an old black woman at the woodpile; 'show this man into the negro quarter, and give him something to eat; give him a cup of milk. Do you like milk my man?'

'Yes sir, I have *no choice* when hungry; anything will do.'

'Da is none hear but claubeh, maus Eugene,' replied the old cook.

'Give him that,' said the young mastet. 'You people like that kind of stuff I believe; our negroes like it.'

'Yes sir,' replied Henry, when the lad left.

'God knows 'e needn' talk 'bout wat we po' *black folks eat, case da don' g'in us* nothin' else but dat an' caun bread,' muttered the old woman.

'Dont they treat you well, aunty?' inquired Henry.

'God on'y knows my chile, wat we suffeh.'

'Who was that old man who ran behind your master's horse?'

'Dat Nathan, my husban'.'

'Do they treat him well, aunty?'

'No chile, wus an' any dog, da beat 'im for little an nothin'.'

'Is uncle Nathan religious?'

'Yes chile ole man an' I's been sarvin' God dis many day, 'fo yeh baun! Wen any on 'em in de house git sick, den da sen for 'uncle Nathan' come pray for dem; 'uncle Nathan' mighty good den!'

'Do you know that the Latuers are colered people?'

'Yes, chile; God bless yeh soul yes! Case 'er mammy ony dead two-three years, an' she black as me.'

'How did they treat her?'

'Not berry well; she nus de childen, an eat in de house arter all done.'

'What did Latuer's children call her?'

'Da call 'er 'mammy' same like wite folks childen call de nus.'

'Can you tell me aunty why they treat you people so badly, konwing themselves to be colored, and some of the slaves related to them?'

'God bless yeh hunny, da wite folks, dese plantehs make 'em so; da run hear, an' tell 'em da mus'n treat der niggehs well, case da spile 'em.'

'Do the white planters frequently visit here?'

'Yes, hunny, yes, da hear some on 'em all de time eatin' an' drinkin' long wid de old man; da on'y tryin' git wat little 'e got, dat all! Da 'tend to be great frien' de ole man; but laus a messy hunny, I don' mine dese wite folks no how!'

'Does your master ever go to their houses and eat with them?'

'Yes chile, some time 'e go, but den half on 'em got nothin' fit to eat; da hab fat poke an' bean, caun cake an' sich like, dat all da got, some on 'em.'

'Does Mr. Latuer give them better at his table?'

'Laws hunny, yes; yes'n deed chile! 'E got mutton—some time whole sheep mos'—fowl, pig, an' ebery tum ting a nudder, 'e got so much ting dar, I hardly know wat cook fus.'

'Do the white planters associate with the family of Latuer?'

'One on 'em 'ten 'e coatin de darter; I don't recon 'e gwine hab 'er. Da can' fool long wid 'Toyeh's gals dat way.'

'Whose girls, Metoyers?'

'Yes chile.'

'Do you mean the wealthy planters of that name?'

'Dat same chile.'

'Well, I want to understand you. You don't mean to say that they are colored people.'

'Yes, hunny, yes; da good cul'd folks any body. Some five-six boys an five-six gals on 'em; da all rich.'

'How do they treat their slaves?'

'De boys all mighty haud maustes, de gals all *mighty good*; *sahvants all like em*'

'You seem to understand these people very well aunty. Now please tell me what kind of masters there are generally in the Red river country.'

'Haud 'nough, chile, haud 'nough, God on'y knows!'

'Do the colored masters treat theirs generally worse than the whites?'

'*No hunny, 'bout de same.*'

'That's just what I want to know. What are the usual allowances for slaves?'

'Da 'low de fiel' han' two suit a year for umin, one long linen coat,* make suit, an' for man, pantaloon an' jacket.'

'How about eating?'

'Halt peck meal a day for family ob fo'!'

'What about weekly privileges?' Do you have Saturday to yourselves?'

'Laud hunny, no! no chile, no! Da do'n 'low us no time, 'tall. Da 'low us ebery udder Sunday wash our close; dat all de time we git.'

'Then you don't get to sell anything for yourselves?'

'No, hunny, no? Da don' low pig, chicken, tucky, goose, bean, pea, tatch, nothin' else.'

'Well aunty, I'm glad to meet you, and as evening's drawing nigh, I must see your husband a little, then go.'

'*God bless yeh chile whar eber yeh go! Yeh ain' artch no race-hos, dat yeh aint.*'

'You got something to eat my man, did you?' inquired the lad Eugene, at the conclusion of his interview with uncle Nathan.

'I did sir, and feasted well!' replied Henry in conclusion; 'Good bye!' and he left for the next plantation suited to his objects.

'God bless de baby!' said old aunt Dolly as uncle Nathan entered the *hut*, referring to Henry.

'Ah, chile!' replied the old man with tears in his eyes; 'my years has hearn dis day!'

CHAPTER XVIII.

FLEETING SHADOWS.

In high spirits Henry left the plantation of Latuer, after sowing seeds from which in due season, he anticipated an abundant harvest. He found the old man Nathan all that could be desired, and equal to the task of propagating the scheme. His soul swelled with exultation on receiving the the tidings, declaring that though nearly *eighty years of age*, he never felt before an implied meaning, in the promise of the Lord.

'Now Laud!' with uplifted hands exclaimed he at the conclusion of the interview; 'my eyes has seen, and my years hearn, an' now Laud! I's willin' to stan' still an' see dy salvation!'

On went Henry to Metoyers, visiting the places of four brothers, having taken *those of the white planters intervening*, all without detection or suspicion of being a stranger.

Stopping among the people of Col. Hopkins at Grantico summit, here as at Latuer's and all intermediate places he found the people patiently looking for a promised redemption. Here a pet female slave, Silva, espied him and gave the alarm that a strange black was lurking among the negro quarters, which compelled him to retire sooner than intended.

Among the people of Dickson at Pine Bluff, he found the best of spirits. There was Newman, a young slave man born without arms, who was ready any moment for a strike.

'How could you fight?' said Henry; 'you have no arms!'

'I am compelled to pick with my toes, eighty pound of cotton a day,† and I can sit on a stool and touch off a cannon!' said this promising young man whose heart *panted with an unsuppressed throb* for liberty.

Heeley's, Harrison's, and Hickman's slaves were fearfully and pitiably dejected. Much effort was required to effect a seclusion, and more to stimulate them to action. The continual dread that 'maus wont let us!' seemed as immovably fixed as the words were constantly repeated; and it was not until an occasion was made for an another subject *of inquest in the person of a pest of an old* black slave man, that an organization was effected.

Approaching Crane's on Little River, the slaves were returning from the field to the gin. Many being females, some of whom were very handsome, had just emptied their baskets. So little clothing had they on, and so loosely hung the tattered fragments about them, that they cowered themselves behind the large empty vessels tilted over on the side, to shield their person from exposure.

The overseer engaged in another direc*tion, the master absent,* and the *family* at the great house, a good opportunity presented for an inspection of affairs.

'How do you do, young woman?' saluted Henry.

'How de do sir!' replied a sprightly, comely young mulatto girl, who stood behind her basket with not three yards of cloth in the tattered relic of the only garment she had on.

'Who owns this place?'

'Mr. Crane sir,' she politely replied with a smile.

'How many slaves has he?'

'I don'o, some say five'a six hund'ed.'

'Do they all work on this place?'

'No sir, he got two-three places.'

'How many on this place?'

'Oveh a hund'ed an' fifty.'

'What allowances have you?'

'None sir.'

'What! no Saturday to yourselves?'

'No sir.'

'They allow you Sundays, I suppose.'

'No sir, we work all day ev'ry Sunday.'

'How late do you work?'

'Till we can' see to pick no mo' cotton; but w'en its moon light, we pick till ten o'clock at night.'

'What time do you get to wash your clothes?'

'None sir; da on'y 'low us one suit ev'ry New Years day,* an' us gals take it off ev'ry Satady night afteh de men all gone to bed and wash it for Sunday.'

'Why do you want clean clothes on Sunday, if you have to work on that day?'

'It's de Laud's day, an' we wan' to be clean, and we feel bettch.'

'How do the men do for clean clothes?'

'We wash de men's clothes afteh da go to bed.'

'And you say you are only allowed one suit a year? Now young woman, I don't know your name but—'

'Nancy, sir.'

'Well Nancy, speak plainly, and dont be backward; what does your one suit consist of?'

'A frock, sir, made out er coase tow linen.'

'Only one piece, and no under clothes at all?'

'Dat's all sir!' replied she modestly looking down and drawing the basket which sufficiently screened her, still closer to her person.

'Is that which you have on a sample of the goods your clothes are made of?'

'Yes sir, dis is de kine.'

'I would like to see some other of your girls.'

'Stop sir, I go call Susan!' when gathering up, and drawing around and before her, a surplice of the back section, the only remaining sound remnant of the narrow tattered garment that she wore, off she ran behind the gin, where lay in the sun, a number of girls to rest themselves during their hour of 'spell.'

'Susan!' she exclaimed rather loudly; 'I do'n want you gals!' she pleasantly admonished, as the whole twelve or fifteen rose from their resting place, and went hurriedly around the building, Nancy and Susan in the lead. They instinctively, as did Nancy, drew their garments around and about them, on coming in sight of the stranger, standing on the outside of the fence, who politely bowed as they *approached.*

'Dis is Susan, sir!' said Nancy, introducing her friend with bland simplicity.

'How de do sir!' saluted she, a modest and intelligent, very pretty young black girl, of good address.

'Well Susan!' replied Henry, 'I dont want anything but to see you girls; but I will ask you this question: how many suits of clothes do they give you a year?,

'One sir.'

'How many pieces make a suit?'

'Jus' one frock;' and they simultaneously *commenced* drawing still closer before, the remnant of coarse garment, which hung in tatters about them.

'Dont you have shoes and stockings in winter?'

'We no call for shoes, case 'taint cole much; on'y some time little fros'.'

'How late in the evening do you work?'

'De fiel' hans dar;' pointing to those returning to the field; 'da work till bed time, but we gals hear, we work in de gin, and spell each other ev'ey twelve ours.'

'You're at leisure now; who fills your places?'

'Nutha set a han's go to work, fo' you come.'

'How much cotton do they pick for a task?'

'Each one mus' pick big basket full, an' fetch it in f'om da fiel' to de gin, else da git thirty lashes.'

'How much must the women pick as a task?'

'De same as de men.'

'That can't be possible!' said Henry, looking over the fence down upon their baskets; 'how much do they hold?'

'I dis membeh sir, but good 'eal.'

'I see on each basket marked 125 lbs., is that the quantity they hold?'

'Yes sir, dat's it.' 'All mus' be in gin certain our else da git whipped; sometime de men help 'em.'

'How can *they* do this when they have their own to carry?'

'Da put derse on der head, an' ketch hole one side de women basket. Sometime da leave part in de fiel', an' go back afteh it.'

'Do you get plenty to eat?'

'No sir, da feeds us po'ly; sometime, we do'n have mo'n half nough!

'Did you girls ever work in the field?'

'O yes sir! all uv us, on'y we wan't strong nough to fetch in our cotton, den da put us at da gin.'

'Where would you rather be, at the gin or in the field?'

'If 'twant for carryin' cotton, we drather work in de fiel'.'

'*Why so girls?*'

'Case den da would'n be so many ole wite plantehs come an' look at us, like we was show!'

'Who sees that the tasks are done in the field?'

'De Driveh.'

'Is he a white man?'

'No sir, black.'

'Have you no white overseer?'

'Yes sir, Mr. Dorman.'

'Where is Dorman when you are at work?'

'*He out at de fiel' too.*'

'What is he doing there?'

'He watch Jesse, de driveh.'

'Is Jesse a pretty good fellow?'

'No sir, he treat black folks like dog, he all de time beat 'em, when de no call to do it.'

'How did he treat you girls when you worked in the field?'

'He beat us if we jis' git little behind de res' in pickin'! De wite folks make 'im bad.'

'Point him out to me and after to night, he'll never whip another.'

'Now girls, I see that you are smart intelligent young women, and I want you to tell me why it is, that *your master keeps* you all here at work in the gin, when he could get high prices for you, and supply your places with common cheap hands at half the money?'

'Case we gals won' go! Da been mo'n a doz'n plantehs hear lookin' at us, an' want to buy us for house keepehs, an' we wont go; we die fus!' said Susan with a shudder.

'Yes,' repeated Nancy, with equal emotion, "we die fus!'

'How can you prevent it girls; wont your master sell you agianst your will?'

'Yes sir, he would, but de plantehs da dont want us widout we willin' to go.'

'I see! Well girls, I believe I'm done with you; but before leaving let me ask you, is there among your men, a real clever good trusty man? I dont care either old or young, though I prefer an old or middle aged man.'

'O yes sir,' replied Nancy; 'da is some *mong* 'em.'

'Give me the name of one,' said Henry, at which request Nancy and Susan looked hesitatingly at each other.

'Dont be backward,' admonished he; 'as I shan't make a bad use of it. But they still hesitated, when after another admonition Nancy said—

'Dare's uncle Joh—'

'No, uncle Moses, uncle Moses!' in a *suppressed tone* interrupted the other girls.

'Who is uncle Moses?' inquired Henry.

'He is my father!' replied Susan; 'an—'

'My uncle!' interrupted Nancy.

'Then you two are cousins?'

'Yes sir, her father an' my motha is brotha an' sisteh,' replied Nancy.

'Is he a religious man, girls?'

'Yes sir, he used to preach but'e do'n preach now,' explained Susan.

'Why?'

'Case da 'ligious people won' hear him now.

'Who, colored people?'

'Yes sir.'

'When did they *stop* hearing him preach?'

'Good while ago.'

'Where at?'

'Down in de bush meetin', at da Baptism.'

'He's a Baptist then—what did he do?'

Again became Susan and Nancy more perplexed than before, the other girls in this instance failing to come to their relief.

'What did he do girls, let me know it quick, as I must be off?'

'Da say—da say—I do'n want tell you!' replied Susan hesitating with much feeling.

'What is it girls, cant some of you tell me?' earnestly inquired Henry.

'Da say befo' 'e come hear way down in Fagins, he kill a man, ole po' wite ovehseer!'

'Is that it girls? inquired he.

'Yes sir' they simultaneously replied.'

'Then *he's* the very man I want to see!' said Henry. 'Now don't forget what I say to you; tell him that a man will meet *him to-night below here on the river side,* just where the carcass of an ox lies in the verge of the thicket. Tell him to listen, and when I'm ready, I'll give the signal of the runaway—the screech of the panther*—when he must immediately obey the summons. One word more, and I'll leave you. Every one of you, as you have so praiseworthily concluded, die before surrendering to such base purposes as that for which this man who holds you wishes to dispose *of* you. Girls, you will see me no more.—Fare—'

'Yo' name sir, yo' name!' they all exclaimed.

'My name is—Farewell, girls, farewell!'—when Henry darted in the thickest of the forest on observing the approach of a white man, leaving the squad of young maiden slaves in a state of bewildering inquiry concerning the singular black man.

The next day Jesse the driver was missed, and never after heard of. On inquiry being *made of the old man* Moses concerning the stranger, all that could be elicited was—

'Stan' still child'en, and see de salvation uv de Laud!'

CHAPTER XIX.

COME WHAT WILL.

Leaving the plantation of Crane with high hopes *and great confidence* in the integrity of uncle Moses and the maiden gang of cotton girls, Henry turned his course in a retrograde direction so as again to take the stream of Red River. Little River where he then was, being but a branch of that water.

Just below its confluence with the larger stream at the moment when he reached the junction, a steam cotton trader hove in view. There was no alternative but to stand like a freeman, or suddenly escape into the forest, thus creating suspicions and fears, as but a few days previous a French planter of the neighborhood lost a desperate slave, who became a terror to the country around. The master was compelled to go continually armed, as also other white neighbors, and all were afraid after nightfall, to pass out the threshold of their own doors. Permission was given to every white man to shoot him if ever seen within rifle shot, which facts having learned the evening be*fore, Henry was armed with this precau*tion.

His dress being that of a race-groom—small leather cap with long front piece, neat fitting roundjacket, high boots drawn over the pantaloon legs, with blanket, girt, halter, whip and bridle—Henry stood upon the shore awaiting the vessel.

'Well boy!' hailed the captain as the line was thrown out, which he caught making fast at the root of a tree; 'do you wish to come aboard?'

'Good man!' approvingly cried the mate, at the expert manner which he caught the line and tied the sailor knot.

'Have you ever steamboated my man?' continued the captain.

'Yes sir,' replied Henry.

'Where?'

'On the Upper and Lower Mississippi sir.'

'Who do you know as masters of steamers on the Upper Mississippi?'

'Captains Thogmorton, Price, Swan, and—'

'Stop, stop: that'll do,' interrupted the captain; 'you know the master of every steamer in the trade I believe. Now who in the Lower trade?'

'Captains Scott, Hart, and—'

'What's Captain Hart's Christian name?' interrupted the captain.

'Jacob, sir.'

'That'll do; be George you know every body! Do you want to ship?'

'No sir.'

'What are you doing here?'

'I am hunting master's stray race horse.'

'Your 'master's' race horse! Are you a slave boy?'

'Yes sir.'

'How did you come to be on the Mississippi River?'

'*I hired my time sir.*'

'Yes, yes, boy, I see.'

'Who is your master?'

'Colonel Sheldon; I used to belong to Major Gilmire.'

'Are you the boy Nepp, the great horse trainer the Major used to own?'

'No sir, I'm his son?'

'Are you as good at horse training as the old chap?'

'They call me better, sir.'

'Then you're worth your weight in gold. Will your master sell you?'

'I dont know sir.'

'How did your horse come to get away?'

'He was bought from the Major by Colonel Sheldon to run at the great Green Wood Races, Texas, and while training he managed to get away, leaping the fences, and taking to the forest.'

'Then you're Major Tom's race rider Gilbert! eh heh, yes, yes!' You're a valuable boy; I wonder the Major parted with you.'

The bell having rung for dinner, the captain left, Henry going to the deck.

Among those on deck was a bright mulatto young man, who immediately recognized Henry as having seen him on the Upper Mississippi, he being a free man. On going up to him, Henry observed that he was laden with heavy manacles.

'Have I not seen you somewhere before?' enquired he.

'Yes; my name is Lewis Grimes, you saw me on the Upper Mississippi,' replied the young man; 'your name is Henry Holland!'

'What have you been doing?' enquired Henry, on seeing the handcuffs.

'Nothing at all!' replied he with eyes flashing resentment and suffused with tears.

'What does this mean?' continued he, pointing at the handcuffs.

'I am stolen and now being taken to Texas, where I am to be enslaved for life!' replied Lewis sobbing aloud.

'Who did this vile deed?' continued Henry in a *low tone* of voice, pressing his lips to suppress his feelings.

'One Dr. Johns of Texas, now a passenger on this boat!'

'Was that the person who placed a glass to your lips which you refused, just as I came aboard?'

'Yes, that's the man.'

'Why dont you leave him instantly?' said Henry, his breast heaving with emotion.

'Because he always handcuffs me before the boat lands, keeping me so during the time she lies ashore.'

'Why don't you jump overboard when the boat is under way?'

'Because he guards me with a heavy loaded rifle, and I can't get a chance.'

'He 'guards' you! you can't get a chance!' Are there no nights, and dont he never sleep?'

'Yes, but he makes me sleep in the state room with him, keeping his rifle at his bedside.'

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* This is a true Mississippi scene.

* Coat—a term used by slaves for frock.

† At the age of thirteen his daily task was 36 lbs. with his oes. This fact was received from the master by the writer.

* Some Red River planters do not allow their slaves but one suit a year.

* This outlandish yell is given by runaway slaves in imitation of what they consider the screech of the panther, so as to frighten people, thus—'WHO-WEE!' dwelling long on both syllables.

'Are you never awake when he is asleep?'

'Often, but I'm afraid to stir lest he wakens.'

'Well dont you submit, die first if thereby you must take another into eternity with you! Were it my case and he ever went to sleep where I was, he'd never waken in this world again!'

'I never thought of that before, I shall take your advice the first opportunity. Good bye sir!' hastily said the young man, as the bell tapped a signal to start, and Henry stepped on shore.

'Let go that line!' sternly commanded the captain, Henry obeying orders on the shore, when the boat glided steadily up the stream, seemingly in unison with the lively though rude and sorrowful song of the black firemen—

'I'm a goin to Texas—O! O-O!
'I'm a goin to Texas, O! O-O!

In consequence of the scarcity of stopping houses and larders along his way in so level and thinly settled country, Henry took in his pouch from the cook of the boat an ample supply of provisions for the succeeding four or five days. Thus provided for, standing upon the bank for a few minutes, with steady gaze listening to the sad song of his oppressed brethren as they left the spot, and reflecting still more on the miserable fate of the young mulatto freeman Lewis Grimes held by the slave-holder Dr. Johns of Texas, he with renewed energy determined that nothing short of an interference by Divine Providence should stop his plans and progress. In soliloquy said Henry:

'Yes!

If every foe stood marshalled in the van.
I'd fight them single combat, man to man!'

and again he started with a manly will, as fixed and determined in his purpose as though no obstructions lay in his pathway.

From plantation to plantation did he go, sowing the seeds of future devastation and ruin to the master and redemption to the slave, an antecedent more terrible in its anticipation, than the warning voice of the destroying Angel, in commanding the slaughter of the first born of Egypt. Careworn, distressed and hungry, scarcely justbeing supplied with nourishment for the system, Henry went forth a welcome messenger, casting his bread upon the turbid waters of oppression, in hopes of finding it after many days.

Holding but one seclusion on each plantation, his progress was consequently very rapid, in whatever direction he went.

With a bold stride from Louisiana, he went into Texas. Here he soon met with the man of his wishes. This presented in the person of Sampson, on the cotton place of proprietor Richardson. The master here though represented wealthy, with an accomplished and handsome young daughter, was a silly, stupid old dolt, an inordinate babbler and wine bibber. The number of his slaves was said to be great, and he the owner of three plantations, one in Alabama, and the others in Texas.

Sampson was a black, tall, stoutly built and manly, possessing much general intelligence, and a good looking person. His wife a neat, intelligent, little woman, the complexion of himself, was the mother of a most interesting family of five pretty children, three boys and two girls. This family entered at once into the soul of his mission, seeming to have anticipated it.

With an ample supply of means,* buried in a convenient well marked spot he only awaited a favorable opportunity to effect his escape from slavery. With what anxiety did that wife gaze smilingly in his face, and a boy and girl cling tightly each to a knee, as this husband and father in whispers recounted his plans and determination of carrying them out. The scheme of Henry was at once committed to his confidence, and he requested to impart them wherever he went.

Richardson being a sportsman and Sampson his body servant, they traveled through every part of the country, thus affording the greatest opportunity for propagating the measures of the secret organization. From Portland in Maine to Galveston in Texas, Sampson was as familiar as a civil engineer.

'Sampson, Sampson, stand by me! Stand by me my man; stand at your master's back!' was the language of this sottish old imbecile to his faithful manly attendant, whom he kept continually upon his feet for hours at a time when reveling at a gambling table, who from excessive fatigue would sometimes squat or sit down upon the floor behind him. 'Sampson, Sampson! are you there? Stand by your master, Sampson!' again would he exclaim so soon as the tall commanding form of his black protector was missed from his sight.

Sampson and wife were both pious people, believing much in the providence of God, as he said having recently had it 'shown to him'—meaning a presentiment—that a messenger would come and reveal the plan of deliverance.

'I am glad to see that you have money,' said Henry; 'you are thereby well qualified for your mission. With money you may effect your escape almost at any time. Your most difficult point is an elevated obstruction, a mighty hill, a mountain; but through that hill there is a gap; and money is your passport through that White Gap to freedom. Mark that. It is the great range of White mountains and White river which are before you and the White Gap that you must pass through to reach the haven of safety. Money alone will carry you through the White mountains or across the White river to liberty.'

'Brother my eyes is open, and my way is clear!' responded Sampson to this advice.

'Then,' said Henry; 'you are ready to 'rise and shine' for—'

'My light has come!' interrupted Sampson; 'but—'

'The glory of God' is not yet shed abroad!* concluded Henry, who fell upon Sampson's neck with tears of joy in meeting unexpectedly one of his race so intelligent in that region of country.

Sampson and wife Drusilla, taking Henry by the hand wept aloud, looking upon him as the messenger of deliverance foreshown to them.

Kneeling down a fervent prayer was offered by Sampson for Henry's protection by the way, and final success in his 'mighty plans,' with many Amens and 'God grants,' by Drusie.

Partaking of a sumptuous fare of 'ash cake' and sweet milk—a dainty diet with many slaves—and bidding with a trembling voice and tearful eye a final 'Farewell!' in six hours he had left the state of Texas to the consequences of a deep laid scheme for a terrible insurrection.

CHAPTER XX.

ADVENT AMONG THE INDIANS.

From Texas Henry went into the Indian Nation near Fort Towson, Arkansas.

'Make yourself at home sir!' invited Mr. Culver the intelligent old Chief of the United Nation; 'and Josephus will attend to you,' referring to his nephew Josephus Braser, an educated young chief and councellor among his people.

'You are slaveholders I see Mr. Culver!' said Henry.

'We are sir, but not like the white men,' he replied.

'How many do you hold?'

'About two hundred on my two plantations.'

'I cant well understand how a man like you can reconcile your principles with the holding of slaves and—'

'We have had enough of that!' exclaimed Dr. Donald, with a tone of threatening authority.

'Hold your breath sir, else I'll stop it!' in a rage replied the young chief.

'Sir,' responded the Doctor; 'I was not speaking to you, but only speaking to that negro!'

'You're a fool!' roared Braser springing to his feet.

'Come, come, gentlemen!' admonished the old Chief; 'I think you are both going mad! I hope you'll behave something better.'

'Well uncle I cant endure him! he assumes so much authority!' replied he, 'He'll make the Indians slaves just now, then Negroes will have no friends.'

Donald was a white man, married among the Indians, a sister of the old Chief and aunt to the young, for the sake of her wealth and a home. A physician without talents, was unable to make a business and unwilling to work.

'Mr. Bras—'

'I want nothing more of you,' interrupted the old Chief; 'you will surely let the Doctor speak!'

'Josephus, Josephus!' interrupted the old Chief; 'you will surely let the Doctor speak!'

Donald stood pale and trembling before the young Choctaw born to command, when receiving no favor he left the company muttering 'nigger!'

'Now you see,' said Mr. Culver as the Doctor left the room; 'the difference between a white man and an Indian holding slaves. Indian work side by side with black man, eat with him, drink with him rest with him, and both lay down in shade together; white man wont even let you talk? In our Nation Indian and black all marry together. Indian like black man very much, only he dont fight 'nough. Black man in Florida fight much, and Indian like 'im heap!'

'You make, sir, a slight mistake about my people. They would fight if they were in their own country, and united as the Indians here, and not scattered thousands of miles apart as they are. You should also remember, that the Africans have never permitted a subjugation of their country by foreigners as the Indians have theirs, and Africa to day is still peopled by Africans, whilst America the home of the Indian who is fast passing away, is now possessed and ruled by foreigners.'

'True, true!' said the old Chief looking down reflectingly; 'too true! I had not thought that way before. Do you think the white man could nt take Africa if he wanted?'

'He might by a combination, and I am doubtful whether then he could if the Africans were determined as formerly to keep him out. You will also remember, that the whites came in small numbers to America, and then drove the Indians from their own soil, whilst the blacks got in Africa as slaves, are taken by their own native conquerers, and sold to foreign white men as prisoners of war.

'That is true sir, true!' sighed the old Chief; 'Indian like game before the bow, is passing away before the gun of the white man!'

'What I now most wish to learn is, whether in case that the blacks should rise, they may have hope or fear from the Indian?' asked Henry.

'I'm an old mouthpiece, been puffing out smok and talk many seasons for the entertainment of the young and benefit of all who come among us. The squaws of the great men among the Indians in Florida were black women, and the squaws of the black men were Indian women. You see the vine that winds around and holds us together. Dont cut it, but let it grow till bimeby, it gits so stout and strong, with many, very many little branches attached that you can't separate them. I now reach to you the pipe of peace and hold out the olive-branch of hope! Go on young man, go on. If you want white man to love you, you must fight 'im!' concluded the intelligent old Choctaw.

'Then sir, I shall rest contented, and impart to you the object of my mission,' replied Henry.

'Ah hah!' exclaimed the old Chief after an hour's seclusion with him; 'ah hah! Indian have something like that long ago. I wonder your people aint got it before! That what make Indian strong; that what make Indian and black man in Florida hold together. Go on young man, go on! may the Great Spirit make you brave!' exhorted Mr. Culver, when the parties retired for the evening. Henry rooming with the young warrior Braser.

By the aid of the young Chief and kindness of his uncle the venerable old brave, Henry was conducted quite through the nation on a pony placed at his service, affording to him an ample opportunity of examining into the condition of things. He left the settlement with the regrets of the people, being the only instance in which his seclusions were held with the master instead of the slave.

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* This person had really $2,000 in gold, securely hid away unknown to any person but wife, until showing it to the writer.

* A real incident which took place between a slave and a free black adviser.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

Hints and Queries.

In the absence from Northern homes of three-fourths of a million of white men, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, there is a vacuum of workers in their various callings, which our colored young men may partly fill up by a prompt offer of services; and a little of what Scotsmen call CHEEK; or, what might be better be termed, *elbow-a-tive-ness*. Now is your time young men to look higher than waiter-dom and tender dom, steamboat-dom and hotel dom, cards-dom and dice-dom! Necessity knows no law; not even caste-law; men in want of help have not time to "take a candle," &c., as Governor Andrews well said.

If twenty millions of free white men (WITHOUT *negro aid*) with abundance of money, arms, ammunition, naval forces, &c., &c., are held at bay seven months by three hundred and fifty thousand slave-holders (WITH *negro aid*) without money, clothing, scant of food, without naval force, &c., &c., does it not follow that *negro aid* is the preponderating aid in the conflict?

When lawyer C. S. Spencer, in the board of County Canvassers, threatened County Clerk elect Genet, with a reduction of fees and salary from twenty thousand to two thousand dollars per year, he evidently had him as the monkey caught the rooster. Genet has been seen in the Board of Canvassers only once, since.

If it takes five hundred thousand Northern troops seven months to conquer fifteen miles by a hundred of Southern territory, how long will it take two millions of such troops to fight their way "way down South to Dixie?"

The Hon. Mr. Gurley proposes to take the slaves of the South from their so-called masters, and re-enslave them under the name of apprentices in the State of Florida, for six or seven years. Mrs Glass of comfortable memory, says "first catch your hare," &c., &c.

The "Evening Post" takes Mr. Gurley to task for giving up such a nice State as Florida to the blacks; "it is fit," says the 'Post,' "for white men to cultivate; give the negroes the narrow marshy swamps of South Carolina, where white men cannot live," &c., &c. May God enlarge your "little piddling" soul, Mr. Evening Post; for so large and cool a brain, you have the very meanest heart which ever beat in a white man's breast—which is saying a great deal.

In view of the gallantry of the act, should not our young men, by a twenty-five cent subscription, raise enough money to present a handsome pair of navy revolvers to Lieut. Benedict, of the Liberian navy, for the reason that he did not know any better than to blaze away at the Spanish war steamer until she was compelled "to leave" the harbor of Monrovia? A nice little "tea" could be got up, and the "tools" could be presented by Professor Wilson in a neat little speech, to the Rev. Alexander Crummell, who would appropriately receive them and faithfully present them to the worthy Lieutenant, on his arrival home.

A neat sett of white ostrich feathers might in like manner be sent to President Geffrard, through J. R.

A lady correspondent, who claims to be "posted," informs us that our musical friend Luca has taken to dress-making in Monrovia, and has quite a run. His "breech cloths *a la mode*" quite astonish the natives.

One of the first best fruits of the great French Revolution was the destruction of the Bastile. From the assaults made on our national bastile at Washington we have some promise of a revolution, if not a war.

President Lincoln, in answer to one who urged a belligerent policy towards England, is said to have replied "one war at a time." Good. But when is the "time" coming.

"Give us our liberty, let us stay here, and pay us for our work, and we will be satisfied," was the answer of a confiscated slave to an enquiring army officer at Port Royal. Let these words be enacted by Congress, and applied to all held in slavery, and the war will be ended, and a happy peace restored in six months.

"Say"—our "say"—is one of the things which will be heard in the not very distant future. We have been hushed up a long while. Gentlemen of the jury, you have never heard ou "say;" members of corporations, city and financial, you have never heard our "say;" members of the legislature, you have seldom heard our "say;" members of Congress you have never heard our "say;" nations, principalities, and powers of the earth, you have never heard our "say;" yet the black man's "say" must be heard one of these days, because the black man is rapidly becoming a "power on the earth," thus far blindly, but soon intelligently weaving into the warp and woof of affairs. President Lincoln's last message is remarkable for its recognition of this fact, when he speaks of "the free colored peoples," and their "desires." The British Government also recognized this "say" of ours, when it sealed up Abbeokuta by seizing upon Lagos. Some among us think it is about time that we should initiate this "say," by a combined expression of opinion emanating from our Northern States, in the form of a "say" which shall find an echo in the West Indies and on the African coast. Dr. Delany is of this opinion, and it is worth thinking about—"say?"

Aid for the Contrabands at Fortress Monroe.

On Sunday, Nov. 8th, the Rev. L. C. Lockwood, a missionary from the American Missionary Association to the "contrabands" at Fortress Monroe, delivered three addresses; the first at Bridge street church, Brooklyn, and in the evening at Zion and Shiloh churches, in this city.

At Zion church, at the conclusion of his address, which was full of interest, and occupied about half an hour in its delivery, the Elder of the church, the Rev. D. Stevens, dismissed the congregation, and immediately thereafter a public meeting was organized.

The Rev. D. Stevens was called to the chair, Mr. Smart Drayton appointed Vice Chairman, and Messrs. T. M. Eato and Sadler were appointed Secretaries.

After a few remarks from different persons in approbation of the objects of the meeting, the following gentlemen and ladies were appointed a committee to solicit donations for the unfortunates at the Fort:

Mr. Robt. Hamilton,
Mrs. Ellen Stevens,
Mr. Isaac Purnell,
Mr. Edward Lawrence,
Mr. Neah Atkinson,
Miss Eliza Smith,
Mr. Smart Drayton,
Miss Cornelia King,
Mrs. Susan Church,
Mr. Bird,
Mr. Robt. Thomas,
Mr. Wash. Williams,
Mr. Geo. Gillett,
Mr. S. J. Howard,
Mr. F. Williams,
Mr. J. Turner,
Mr. J. Downs,
Mr. Wm. Reeves, and others.

Subsequently the committee held two or three meetings, and at the conclusion of their labors they found, on comparing notes, that they had collected clothing to the amount of about two hundred and fifty dollars ($250.). They were greatly assisted by Messrs. Champion, S. J. Howard, F. Thompson and Harget & Caraway, of Brooklyn.

The committee were enabled to fill four large boxes, which were forwarded to Fortress Monroe, on Saturday last, by the American Missionary Association.

At Shiloh church, the Rev. J. N. Gloucester, Pastor of the church, at the conclusion of Mr. Lockwood's remarks, invited the people to bring to the church whatever they had to give. How far this invitation has been complied with, we will be able to state in our next issue, as the boxes were to be closed on Thursday evening of this week.

Martyr's Day in New York City.

A meeting was held on the evening of this day (Dec. 2nd), in Shiloh Presbyterian Church, agreeably to the request of the Pastor, (Rev. H. H. Garnet), who is now in England.

Rev. Jas. N. Gloucester acted as chairman of the meeting.

After singing John Brown's favorite hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," prayer was offered by the chairman, who, afterwards stated to the audience that as the meeting would be a free one, he would be glad to hear remarks from any person or persons who might feel inclined to offer any; whereupon, remarks were made at length by Messrs. Butler, Howard (who by the way suggested the singing of the "Captives' Hymn" by the audience, who joined right heartily with him), and several other gentlemen whose names we did not learn. A letter from Mr. Garnet to the church was then read, and after more singing the meeting adjourned.

The attendance was quite slim, owing mainly to the fact that sufficient publicity had not been given to it.

H. W., a fine Virginian gentleman, of seventy winters, in splendid keep, and recently set free by the Confiscation Act, called in at our sanctum to-day. He had witnessed the fight at Hilton Head, and landed at Beaufort, returning to this city in one of the transports a week or two ago. He insists that the worst SECKSCHERS are in the North, men owning lands and slaves in Dixie, who dare not speak out, but are working "mighty" in the dark. He also says that the reputed robberies by the slaves at Beaufort were really committed by the officers and soldiers of the invading army. The officers would station men around the houses, go in first and help themselves, and then let the soldiers do likewise. An officer who landed at New York, brought several heavy trunks ashore, one of which it took four men to lift. The soldiers having seized all they could carry, made a general smash of what was left; charging these barbarisms on the slaves.

A SAD CASUALTY.—Robert H. Hollister, a colored boy, residing at No. 113 West 27th street, died from the effects of burns accidentally received by his clothes catching fire from a lighted candle, on the 5th inst. Deceased, it appears, was sent to get some coal, and while carrying a lighted candle for the purpose of seeing his way, he set fire to his clothes and was fatally burned.

Coroner Jackman held an inquest upon the body.

Letter from Dr. Pennington.

LIVERPOOL, Eng., Nov. 21, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:

A column of smoke from the burning of an American ship in British waters has been added to the dingy atmosphere of this land of November fogs and mists. It seems that the full rigged ship, Harvey Birch, 1,487 tons, owned by one Brown, of your city, left Havre in ballast on the 17th inst., for New York. On the 19th she fell in with the paddle steamer Nashville, which had run the blockade at Charleston. Commander Peagrim, of the Nashville, with his officers, boarded the Harvey Birch, and ordered Captain Nelson and the crew of the same on board the Nashville as prisoners. They were put in irons and the ship burnt. All this was done in the English Channel, and the crew were taken into Southampton. This daring act has created in this country a strange development of feeling and opinion. Some regard it as a bold bid to the cotton interest of England. This is made plausible by the fact that Col. Peyton was a passenger on the Nashville, and who has business, it is said, with W. L. Yancey, Southern Commissioner at London, managed on the breeze of the excitement to bring out before the public in the very papers that contain the sensation news of the act of the ship burning, a statement that there is now behind the blockade, of the old crop 750,000 bales of cotton, of the new 4,000,000, and of tobacco and naval stores more than fifty millions worth! Was it a desperate plot to run the blockade, and do some such daring act as this in the British waters, and then throw this tempting piece of information before the people of this country just now? Others suppose that it is aimed at British pride, to compel the nation to operate upon the Government to take position on the issue between the North and the South. At all events the pride of the people just now is quite keenly touched. The idea of the "American War in British Waters," as the "Daily Post" heads a leader this morning, is all the talk on 'Change, in the hotels, on the street and shops; and I hear such expressions as these: "We have not troubled them, and they had better keep their quarrel at home." "They had better not come into John Bull's way." "Hi, hi, this is pretty well too; our Government will have to look into this." Others think that it is intended to raise some new question in diplomacy, in which some of the Southerners will have a chance to display themselves. Com. Peagrim, it is said, declares that he holds no commission from the Confederate Government as a war steamer, and that he is not a privateer. What is he then? He says he has been a U. S. N. officer thirty-two years, and that the hauling down and burning of the Harvey Birch was the most painful act of his life. What did he do it for? All yet is mystery. I shall watch the case.

The American passport question is exciting considerable interest. I have had occasion to correct through the press here some erroneous statements as to its bearings upon colored people. The question how far a passport guarantees the right of citizenship at home is yet the most vital point of all. They ask whether the fact of having a passport to travel in a distant country will protect a colored New Yorker to ride in any other car on the Sixth Avenue than "the colored car," or "black Maria?" The answer must obviously be in the negative. A passport from James Buchanan has carried me over the Continent, and yet, with it in my pocket, I have been dragged out of the Sixth Avenue cars, and I should be with the one I have from W. H. Seward.

In England a colored man needs no passport, unless he wishes to go to the Continent as an American citizen, or go home as an American citizen. In either case he must solemnly swear without mental reservation to support and defend the Constitution and the Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign, &c., &c.

In the midst of all that is being said, you may depend upon it that the British people are taking wise caution. You have little idea of the pressure upon the cotton interests at the present time. But a solid conviction rests upon the minds of the people that they will not in future be dependent upon a cotton aristocracy.

J. W. C. PENNINGTON.

A CLEVER HIT.—A correspondent of the "Sunday Mercury" furnishes its readers with a document purporting to be a message of the Brigadier of the "justly popular Mackerel Brigade," from which the following is an extract:

THE RECOGNITION OF HAYTI AND LIBERIA.

If any good reason exists why we should longer refuse to notice Hayti and Liberia, I should just like to know it. Unwilling, however, to inaugurate the novel policy of recognizing colored people in public, I would recommend the sending of a few reduced consuls to Hayti, as there are several persons with carpet-bags yet to be provided with positions.

DEATH OF MISS BARBARA STEWARD.—By a letter just received from Mr. Austin Steward, we learn that his beloved daughter, the able lecturer, Barbara Stewart, departed this life on Nov. 25th, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., where she had been engaged for some time past in school teaching. She died in the full triumph of faith. In her death the oppressed have lost an able advocate, and society a bright ornament.

Movements of Superintendent Bishop.

DEAR ANGLO:

I left my residence, 12 Webster street, Newark, N. J., Oct. 31st, on my parochial tour in the New England Conference District, viz: Boston, New Bedford, Providence, Worcester, Springfield, &c., in all of which I have been met with cheerfulness and Christian courtesy, not only by my own, but also by other of our city churches; in short, the good Lord is with us. In our beloved Zion, as a general whole, as far as I have been able to ascertain, there is peace and unanimity in, or among, the officials and the laity of the churches, with slight exceptions. I am thankful that I can say that I believe that the pleasure of the Lord seemeth to prosper us in spiritual and temporal matters. The brethren in the ministry generally seem to be in good spirits, and looking for better days.

N. B. I leave for Hartford on the 10th inst., and shall, by Divine permission, be at home about the 22nd inst., to spend the Holidays, after which will resume my labours.

WM. H. BISHOP,
Superintendent of the 1st District
of the A. M. Zion Connexion.
Springfield, Mass., Dec. 6, 1861.

Letter from Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 8th, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—The young ladies and gentlemen connected with the Rev. Wm. F. Butler's congregation, Springfield, Mass., expressed their love and respect for their pastor—on the evening of the 3d inst.—by surprising and presenting him with a beautiful morning robe, and a purse well filled. At the conclusion of the presentation, which was made by Miss Sarah Massey, in behalf of the young ladies, the Reverend Sir responded in a brief but touching address, thanking them for their kindness and attention towards him. After participating of an abundant supply of refreshments, which were furnished by the gentlemen, the happy throng dispersed, with a closer and warmer affection for their beloved pastor.

J. A.

Highly Important Documents.

ORDER FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Dec. 5, 1861.

The Secretary of the Treasuay has just issued the following general regulations relative to securing and disposing of the property found or brought within the territory now or hereafter occupied by the United States forces in the disloyal States.

TREASURY DEP'TMENT, Nov. 30, 1861.

In order to the security and proper disposition of the production of the soil, and all other property found within the limits of States or parts of States declared to be in insurrection against the United States, and now occupied or to be hereafter occupied by the troops and authority of the Union, the following regulations are established:

There shall be appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, with the approbation of the President, agents to reside at such ports or places as are, or may be, occupied by forces of the United States, whose duties shall be to secure and prepare for market the cotton and such other products and property as may be found or brought within the lines of the army, or under the control of the Federal authorities.

To enable such agents to fulfill the duties devolved upon them, the military and naval authorities, under proper instructions, will render such military protection and aid as may be required to carry out the intentions of the Department. Persons held to service for life, under State laws, who may be found within such limits, may be employed by the agent, who will prepare lists, embracing the name, sex and condition of such persons, and, as near as may be, their respective ages, together with the name of any person claiming their services; which lists shall be in triplicate—one for the military commandant, one for the files of the agent, and one to be immediately forwarded to the Secretary of the Treasury.

The persons so listed will be organized for systematized labor in securing and preparing for market the cotton, rice, and other products found in the Territory brought under Federal control. Pay rolls will be prepared, and a strict account of the labor daily performed by each person thereon, for which a proper compensation shall be allowed and paid to the laborers. The amount of such compensation will be fixed in proportion to the service rendered by the agent, and approved by the commandant, and by the Secretary of the Treasury. An inventory of all horses, mules, and other stock, vehicles of transportation and other property, will be carefully made, and a copy transmitted to the Secretary of the Treasury, signed by such agent.

A record of all products taken possession of will be made, and those of each plantation kept distinct. When prepared for shipment, the packages from the several plantations will be plainly marked, so as to be easily distinguished. An account of all provisions of whatsoever character, found on such plantation, will be taken, and such provisions will be used so far as may be necessary for the sustenance of the laborers thereon. Any deficiencies of subsistence will be supplied by the United States Commissary upon the requisition of the agent, to whom they will be charged, and for which he will account.

The cotton and other articles when prepared for market, shall be shipped to New York, and so far as practicable, by the returning Government transports, and all shipments shall be consigned to the designated agent at New-York, unless otherwise specially directed by the Secretary of the Treasury. A carefully detailed account will be kept by the Agent of all supplies furnished by the Government, and of all expenditures made. Each agent will transmit a weekly report of his proceedings to the Secretary of the Treasury, and render his account in duplicate monthly for settlement.

All requisitions, bills of lading, and invoices will be countersigned by the military commander, or by each officer as he may designate for the purpose. Each agent will so transact his business and keep his accounts that as little injury as possibel may accrue to private citizens, who may maintain or may within reasonable time resume the character of loyal citizens of the United States.

ORDER FROM THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

The following order has been issued from the State Department:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington,
Dec. 4, 1861.

To Major-General George B. McClellan,
Washington.

GENERAL; I am directed by the President to call you attention to the following subject; Persons claimed to be held to service or labor under the laws of the State of Virginia, and actually employed in hostile service against the Government of the United States, frequently escape from the lines of the enemy's forces, and are received within the lines of the army of the Potomac. This Department understands that such persons, after coming into the City of Washington, are liable to be arrested by the City Police, upon the presumption, arising from color, that they are fugitives from service or labor, by the fourth section of the act of Congress, approved Aug. 6, 1861, entitled an act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes, such hostile employment is made a full and sufficient answer to any further claim to service or labor. Persons thus employed and escaping are received into the military protection of the United States, and their arrest as fugitives from labor or service should be immediately followed by the military arrest of the parties making the seizure.

Copies of this communication will be sent to the Mayor of the City of Washington, and to the Marshal of the District of Columbia, that any collision between the military and civil authorities may be avoided.

I am, General, your very obedient
servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

The Freedmen at Fortress Monroe.

Extract from a letter of a correspondent of the N. Y. "Daily Times."

FORTRESS MONROE, Thurs. Dec. 5, 1861.

On my journey to Hatteras, I have called at "Old Point Comfort," and here I shall spend a few days. During the past day I have moved about to see the 'sights,' and they are not few. The "contrabands" attract considerable attention. I have conversed with many of them, and they appear contented and happy. They are well clothed, and generally in a good state of health.

It may interest your readers to know that Ex-President Tyler's residence, at Hampton, is now occupied by these "fugitives from labor." There are several families in the house. The basement is occupied as a contraband school-room. To-day, when I rode out to see the house, I found the school in session. I took a look and my eyes scarcely ever beheld so interesting a sight. There stood about fifty little black children as eagerly pursuing their studies as any children could; and up in the midst of the crowd stood a well-built, honest and bright looking man—a contraband too—who, although a slave, learned to read and write by taking books from his "massa's children" and going away to the woods where he would sit alone, and thus, after years of perseverance, he has become able to instruct others. I met an old woman of pleasing and interesting address, and I asked how she got along? to which she replied, "Wal, reckon's well as can be 'spected dese times." "But do you have enough to eat?" I asked. She replied, "La me, I never had more since I been born." She had all her trouble from the unborn future. What was to become of her at the end of the war? was her chiefest concern.

Her idea was this. She knew the Lord heard prayer. That was her starting point. And she knew the Lord heard her prayers. "Bless de Lord!" She knew that often her "massa" was very cruel, "and sometimes very wicked" to her; and that in her sorrow she went and told it "to de Lord," and so had thousands of slaves; and now the Lord visits the masters with his displeasure. She had faith to believe that, if this war was not overruled by the Almighty for the punishment of the cruel master, that the time must come when he would be punished. She soon burst into a fit of solemn earnest, and exclaimed—"Look dare! that boy is my massa's son, and I was married and had a husband at de time; and I know de good Lord hates such bad." It is easy to comprehend the idea set forth here, and it will need no comment from me.

These "contrabands" have one or two preachers from their own class, who preach to them. The school-teacher is one of them. The woman of whom I have spoken, said she was learning to read, and that soon she would be able to "go to preachin and hear de text, and know de place." In the mysteriousness of their present condition, it is a matter of astonishment to notice how eager these poor souls are for knowledge. A history awaits them which, to my mind, will demonstrate that the hand of an all-wise Providence is in this thing. The cultivation of their minds is to keep pace with the changes made in their history and condition. Crushed by man, as if they were but things, they are raised by the Almighty to the dignity of humanity! From the future we will see these things in the light of sublime developments.

COLORED SOLDIERS IN THE REBEL ARMY.—An intelligent colored boy, who says that he was born free in New Orleans, and has just escaped from the rebel army, states that there are two regiments of colored men at Centreville, under the command of Jordan, an old colored veteran of 1812, having been a drummer boy under General Jackson. One of these numbers eleven hundred, and the other fourteen hundred. Two other colored regiments were sent to Missouri since the last battle there. These regiments are composed of both free and slave. They are not allowed to do picket duty, but are drilled and encamped separate from the white men. Their officers are all colored.

Children's Concert

Another brilliant assemblage greeted the children of the Bridge-street A. M. E. Church Sabbath School at their concert on Tuesday evening last The Rev. Messrs. R. H. Cain, and S. White, occupied the pulpit.

The concert was opened by Miss Victoria Rice, who performed "The Star Spangled Banner" on the piano in a very artistic manner

This young lady, who is a native of Harrisburgh, Pa., promises much as an artist, if she will apply herself closely to the art. She is the organist of Siloam Church.

The children acquitted themselves in the recitations, particularly those of Misses Mary Brown, Cynthia Wilson, Clarissa Winslow; and Masters Albert Wilson, Wesley Jones, Francis Gilbert, — Cosby, and Thomas Williams.

The solo singers evinced much latent ability, which we hope to see developed. Misses Mary Brown, Catherine Anderson, Caroline Bell, and Cynthia Wilson, elicited much applause, as did also Master William Bronaugh; the duet sung by him and Miss Brown being honored by an encore. But the bright particular star of the evening was Miss Caroline Brown, whose singing elicited unbounded applause. This young lady has a fine, soprano voice, which is quite full in the upper register. We hope that her friends may be induced to give her a musical education, as we KNOW that she has all the requisites of a good singer. We would suggest that she reserve her smiles to her young friends for a more suitable place than the public stage.

The ladies of the church closed the evening's entertainment by a festival in the basement of the church, which was fully attended. So rapid were the sales that the refreshments were soon used up. We are pleased to announce that these entertainments have been crowned with the best of (silver) success, the church having realized quite an amount from them.

Distressing Intelligence from Hayti.—The brig King Brothers, from St. Marks, Hayti, arrived at this port on Sunday, 8th inst. She brought as passengers, Mr. Chas. P Ramsey and wife, of Providence, Mr. Thomas, of Boston, and Mr. Cook, whose residence we could not learn. They are, with the exception of Mr. Thomas, returned emigrants. We had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Ramsey, and the tale of suffering and death among our people in that island, as recited by him, is enough to bring tears to the eyes of the most indifferent. Many deaths among them have resulted from the actual want of the necessaries of life. They charge the government agents with a neglect of duty, and with a conduct toward emigrants amounting almost to brutality. The majority of the emigrants are desirous of returning to this country, but cannot from the want of means and what is very strange, communication, from some cause, is cut off, to a great extent, from their friends here.

Want of time compels us to postpone the details as given by Mr. Ramsey until next week, but we cannot close without suggesting that immediate steps be taken to assist our brethren in getting away from that land of sufferings and death.

Mrs. Freshington About.—"I node 'e was like a young waus (wasp), a great 'eal bigger at the start dan he'd ever be agin," said Mrs Freshington, when Gabe told her of the position assumed by General McClellan toward the Report of Secretary Cameron.

Longevity.—The Grass Valley (Cal.) National states that a colored man by the name of Rains, who had been living in Rough and Ready since 1849 or 1850, died in that place on Friday, Oct. 11th, at the extraordinary old age of 115 years.

Washboards! Washboards!! Washboards!!!—of the celebrated "Hoagland Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

ARRIVALS AT MRS. PLANT'S
BOARDING-HOUSE.

Mr. Geo. J. Reynolds, of Sandusky City, O.
Mr. Henry Burgoyne, of Washington, D. C.
Mr. Rich'd L. Richardson, Philadelphia.
Mr. Shepherd R Patterson, "
Mr. William H. Dunbar. "
Mr. John H. Auter, "
Mr. Louis Williams, "
Mr. Wm. H. Gasaway, Wilmington, Del.

MARRIED.

Harris—Gipson.—In this city, on Sunday, September 22d by the Rev. David Stevens, Mr. Louis James Harris of New York, to Miss Lizzie Gipson, of Baltimore, Md.

DIED.

Sturms.—In this city, Friday, Nov. 29th, Mary Alice, only daughter of Lloyd and Flora Sturms, aged 21 years.

Peacefully lay her down to rest,
Place the turf kindly on her breast;
Sweet is her slumber beneath the sod,
While the pure soul is resting with God.

Quietly sleep beloved one,
Rest from thy toil, thy labor is done:
Rest till the trump from the opening skies,
Bid thee from dust to glory rise.

Brister.—In Williamsburg. Sunday, Dec. 8th, of pleurisy, Mrs. Frances Hopkins Brister, aged 56 years.

Titus.—In Brooklyn, on the 3d inst., of dropsy on the brain, Charles Augustus Titus, aged 1 year and 1 month.

Also, on the 6th inst., of consumption, John Williams Titus, aged 12 years.

Pugsley.—In this city, Nov 29th, of paralysis, Margaret Pugsle, aged 66.

Special Notices.

FRALANDO'S OPERA TROUPE

Appear every evening until further notice, at *R. W. GEORGE'S*, 85 *Mercer St*, Between Spring and Prince.

Admission 10 Cents. Doors open 7½ performances commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Grand Soiree after the performances.

ROBERT W. GEORGE
Proprietor.
THOS. FRALANDO,
Stage Manager and Musical Director.
20 4t

Amicitia Amor et Veritas.

NOTICE.

The officers and members of Terry Lodge, No. 900, G. U. O. of O. F., are hereby requested to attend their semi-monthly meeting, on Monday evening, Dec 16th, at the Lodge room, Cottage Place, cor of Bleecker St., at 8 o'clock precisely.

N. B.—Punctual attendance is requested, as matters of vital importance are to be laid before all the members. By order of

DANIEL A. BROWN, N. G.,
JAMES H. LEWIS, Sec.

Office of the R. W. G. Secretary
I. O. of G. S. and D. of S.,
No. 70 Grove St., N. Y.

The officers of, and representatives to the R. W. (Eastern District) Grand Lodge of the I. O. of G. S. and D. of S., will please to take notice—that the Quarterly meeting of the G. L. will be held on Wednesday evening, Dec 18th, at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, 178 Prince St., N. Y., at 8 o'clock precisely.

Subordinate Lodges will therefore cause their representatives to be present.

By order of the R. W. G. C.,
MOSES B. COSS.
JOHN R. PORTER, G. S.

Christmas Week Among the American Slaves.

Ready, Tuesday, December 10th,
Beadle's Christmas Story,

MAUM GUINEA
AND HER PLANTATION CHILDREN;
OR,
Christmas Week Among the American Slaves.
By Mrs. Victor,
Author of "Alice Wilde," etc.

Louisiana Plantation Life during the Holidays is seized upon by the author to weave around the barbecues, night-dancing, story-telling and love-making of the Slaves a romance embodying all the tragedy and pathos, the sorrow and enjoyment, the happiness and humor of Slave Life and its two fold experiences. The negro and white characters introduced are all "representative"—each illustrative of some peculiar phase of a strange history.

220 Pages Complete, beautifully illustrated. Price Twenty Cents. For sale by all Booksellers, Newsdealers and Army Sutlers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. BEADLE & CO., Publishers, New York. 2utf

A FAIR! A FAIR!!

The ladies of the 3d Baptist Church, W'msburgh, will open a Fair in the above named church, commencing on Tuesday, Dec. 24, and will continue 8 days, closing with a Grand Entertainment on the 2d of January, 1862, at which time the Committee pledge themselves to spare no pains to make the Entertainment agreeable to all who may favor them with their company. Admission to the Fair 6 cents. Admission to the Entertainment, 25 cents.

COMMITTEE.
Mrs. M. A. GALE, 1st Directress;
" M. GILES, 2d "
" JANE L. FISHER, Sec. 20 3t

AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY.

RECEIPTS FROM MAY 1st TO DEC. 10th, 1861.

Seventh Av Presbyterian Church, N. Y.	$ 3 74
Perth Amboy, N. J	16 11
Jonathan Sturges, $10 00; A R Wetmore, $10 00; J M Shaw, 5 00; N. Hayden, 5 00; D. Hoadley, 5 00; Rev R Loomis, 1 00; O D Mann 5 00; N Y City	41 00
Baptist Church, Flushing, L I	1 94
Congregational Ch,	5 50
P P Stewart, Troy, N Y	20 00
Mr D Buffum, 5 00; G C Platt, $1 00; Cash, $2 00; Rev Dr Rockwell $1 00; Mrs S E Austin, $2 00; H Skidmore, $1 00; Cash, 25c.; D L Wallace, $5 00; Mr Rockwell, $1 00;	18 25
Mr — Beebe, N Y	2 50
Congregational Church, Flushing, L I	4 12
Rev A A Willets $1 00, Mr McMullen, $2 00; Cash, $2 00; Brooklyn, N Y	5 00
Mr. — Beebe, $5 00; Wm A Booth, $25 00; Allan Hay, $25 00; Wm C Gilman, $10 00; N Y	65 00
Baptist Church, Somerville, N J	24 57
M E Church,	3 65
Mrs C Lyon, per Rev H M Wilson, N Y	5 00
Baptist Church, Scotchplains, N J	8 13
Wm E Dodge, Esq, N Y	50 00
Baptist Church, E Wallingford, Vt	3 50
Baptist Church, Hudson City, N J	17 08
Wm Ruggles, Esq. Washington, D C	10 00
Rev D Irving, $1 W O Baker, $10; T A Hartwell, $3; C M Mulford, $1; J L Voorhees, $2; H Ayres, $1; F B Johnson, $1; Mary Macbride, $1; C M Hall, $2; H Kipp, $1; Ann Thompson, $1; Morristown, N J	24 00
Chanceville Baptist church, N J	15 85
Baptist church, Riceville, N J	4 00
First Congregational church, Jersey City	18 57
Baptist church, Millington, N J	7 25
Union Baptist church, Jersey City	17 46
Baptist church, Lyon's Farms, N J	6 05
Fifth Baptist church, Newark, N J	15 50
Toronto, C W, $61 45; Montreal, $212 22; Quebec, $104; Kingston, $30; per Rev H A Sizer, agent	407 67
Geo Douglass, Esq, $20; Peter Lawrence, $1; J Bowers, 1; N Y—per Rev H M Wilson, Secretary	22 00
South Baptist church, Newark, N J	19 00
	$862 44

A. A. CONSTANTINE,
Secretary and General Agent.

Help the Worthy.

There will be a Giving Visit held in the basement of Zion Church, corner of Church and Leonard streets, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. the 17th, 18th and 19th, for the Rev. Thomas Johnson, who has been laboring among the people of this city and vicinity for many years, as a minister of the Gospel

People of New York—you know his worth; may we not anticipate a generous response to our appeal?

All donations will be thankfully received by the following committee, and at the church on the evenings advertised:

Sister Ellen Stevens,
" Elizabeth A. Purnell,
" Ann Derry,
" Sarah Johnson,
" Ann M. Matthews,
Miss Susanna Coss,
Brother John Purnell,
" Edward Lawrence,
" Abram Edwards,

Refreshments will be served by the ladies of the committee on the evening of the donation.

NOTICE.

An adjourned communication of the R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, will be held on the 16th inst., at their room, No. 231 West 16th street. Members and representatives are hereby notified to attend. By order of the R. W. G. M.

Samuel M. Till,
Grand Secretary.

FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST.

Stone Square Lodge, No. 6, will celebrate the Festival of St. John the Evangelist, by a Public Installation of their officers for the ensuing year, by the M. W. United States Grand Lodge, of the State of New York, and a Musical Entertainment, at their Hall, 309 Grand St, near 11th St., Williamsburgh, on Friday evening, Dec. 27, 1861, upon which occasion all the Lodges working under the above named jurisdiction will be present in full Masonic clothing.

Admission 25 Cents.

Refreshments will be abundantly supplied, as well as a splendid Band of music.

COMMITTEE.
P. W. RAY, M. PINE,
L. T. WHARTON, GEO. POOLE,
Wm. R. CONNOR, L. TREADWELL.

Tickets may be obtained at the door.

SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Professor A. M. GREEN

Will give ONE of his highly interesting Exhibitions of Descriptive *Geography, Astronomy, Natural Science and History,*

— AT THE —
Zion Baptist Church, Sullivan Street,
ABOVE PRINCE,
ON FRIDAY EVE'G, DEC. 13,

commencing at 7½ o'clock precisely. The programme will consist of a variety of beautiful Diagrams, brilliantly illustrated by the aid of the

ORIGINAL DRUMMOND LIGHT,

and not least in contributing to beautify the Exhibition is the masterly ability with which Mr. GREEN lectures, in explanation of his truly interesting Paintings.

PART FIRST.
CHEMICAL DIORAMA.

Scene 1.—The old Ptolmaic theory of the Solar System exhibited, and the defects in this theory explained and accounted for.

Scene 2.—The *Copernicum theory*, first introduced by Pythagoras beautifully illustrated;—The Planets—Mercury, Venus Earth, Mars, Asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, Herschel and Leverier, all revolving at their respective distance from the Sun.

Scene 3.—Kepler's Laws of Motion beautifully presented—View of Mercury and Venus, as seen from the earth in superior conjunction

Scene 4.—The boundary of the Earth geographically described—Beautiful view of an approaching vessel seen in the distance on the smooth surface of the ocean.

Scene 5.—The eccentric revolution of a Comet around the Sun, showing the different appearance of its train at different points of its orbit.

Scene 6.—The great Comet of 24th of September, 1858, as seen through Professor O. M. Mitchell's great Refractor at the Cincinnati Observatory on the night of the 26th of September.

PART SECOND.

Scene 1.—Waterloo Bridge, London, with a distant view of the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Scene 2.—The Tower of London, built by William the famous Norman Conqueror.

Scene 3.—Evening on the River Thames—Moonlight View of the famous Tower of London.

Scene 4.—Southwark Bridge, and full view of St. Paul' Cathedral.

Scene 5.—The Mosque of Omar—A Mahommedan Temple—The hour of morning prayer

Scene 6.—Moonlight view of the celebrated Temple.

Scene 7.—The [illegible] Illuminated for the midnight service on Christmas Eve.

Scene 8.—View of [illegible]—Beautiful View of the Tombs of the Departed Saints.

PART THIRD.

Scene 1.—The Deluge—The Ark in the distance resting on the bosom of the waters. Those men of giant frame, who lived in that age of the world, are seen attempting to rescue their wives and children from the power of the devouring elements.

Scene 2.—Site of the ancient city of Jerusalem—the city now in ruins.

Scene 3.—The destruction of the Temple of Diana, at Baalbec, in Syria.

Scene 4.—Summer scene at the birth-place and residence of Robert Burns, the distinguished Scotch Poet.

Scene 5.—A winter morning at Burns' home—A tremendous snow storm.

Scene 6.—Splendid view of the Military Hospital at Paris, in France.

Doors open at 7 o'clock—to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

Admission Reduced to 15 Cents.

Tickets, admitting a Lady and Gentleman, 25 Cents: To be had at the door.

"United we Stand, Divided we Fall."

FIRST ANNUAL BALL AND SUPPER
OF THE
COLORED SEAMEN'S
BOARDING - HOUSE KEEPERS
AND OUT-FITTERS

Of the City of New York, will be given on **Thursday Eve'g, Dec. 26th, 1861,**
AT THE
METROPOLITAN ASSEMBLY ROOMS,
178 Prince St.

The Proprietors of this Association will spare no pains to make this Entertainment one of the most entertaining nights of the season, and also assure the public that nothing on their part will be wanting to render them happy

Music under direction of Mr. J. DOUGLASS.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.
William E. Slater, Henry Beverley,
George F. Thompson, William Butler.

The Floor will be under the gentlemanly management of Mr. George H. Williams and Mr. John Wilson.

Tickets, admitting Gent. and Lady, $2; Single Ticket, $1.

Tickets to be had of the following Committee:
George F. Thompson, 4 Catherine Lane.
William E. Slater 3 Catherine Lane.
William Butler, 1 Benson St.
Manuel Gilbert, 42 Baxter St.
Susan Williams, 105 Park St.
Henry Beverley, 76 Roosevelt St.
Albro Lyons, 20 Vandewater St.
Samuel Porter, 21 Batavia St.
Charles M. Fortes, 199 South St.
William Spriggs, 1 Mechanics' Alley.
Thomas Lewis, 49 Marion St.

Tickets may also be had at the following places:—Eldorado, 154 Church St., Messrs Suel & Spencer; Geo. H Williams, 189 Church St.; Francis & Rogers, 56 Leonard St.; R. D. Kinney 178 Prince St.; Robt. Tappen 42 Ridge St; J A. Trower, 279 S. 4th St., Williamsburgh; Phineas Spriggs, 37 N. Bowery.

Wm. E. SLATER, Pres.
HENRY BEVERLEY, Treas.
G. F. THOMPSON, Sec'y.
Wm. BUTLER, Cashier. 18 4t

GEORGE OTON'S
QUADRILLE BAND.

Balls, Parties, &c., furnished with music, at the shortest notice.

MR. GEORGE OTON,
Professor of Music,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St, and with G. Oton. 18tf

MASONIC
DIRECTORY,
FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R.W G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st, the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D. suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co, State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwick, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct, meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14. Knights Templars, meets at No 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, New York City.

MASONIC NOTICE.

The members of Olive Branch Lodge, No. 5 working under the Jurisdiction of the Philanthropic United Grand Lodge, will take notice that the annual meeting of said Lodge will be held at their Lodge Rooms, 178 Prince St., on Monday evening, Dec. 16th

Punctual attendance is requested.

By order of
CHAS. T. BROWN, W M.
R. D. Kinney, Sec. 18 3t

LECTURES.

The undersigned is prepared to fill engagements to deliver single Lectures, on the following subjects:

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY;

THE ADAPTATIONS OF THE EARTH, OR TERRESTRIAL ADAPTATIONS;

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ANCIENT HONORS OF THE BLACK AND COLORED RACES OF THE EARTH;

—Being a series of popular discourses recently delivered, founded on the following texts:

1. "Look not upon me because I am black." [Song of Sol.—1.6.
2. "Princes shall come out of Egypt" [Psalm 68—31.
3. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin." [Jer —13.23.
4. "Cursed be Canaan.' —Gen.—9 25.
5. "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus." *Philemon.*

Terms—The lecturer's passage both ways, and one fourth of profits.

[From the Detroit Daily Advertiser, March 1, 1860.]

"Mr. Berry's lecture last night is stated to have displayed much thought, and to have been in every respect meritorious."

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delsart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

AN ADJOURNED MEETING

To consider measures with reference to a settlement of the

GERRIT SMITH LANDS,

will be held, agreeable to adjournment, at Prince Street Hall, on Monday evening December 16, 1861. The public are invited to attend.

Charles L. Reason, Ch'mn.
Wright Seaman, Jr., Sec'y.

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
DeKalb, corner of Hudson Avenue.

Rev. Eli N. Hall, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:
10½ o'clock, ... A. M.
" . . . . P. M.
" . . . . P. M.
10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:
10 1-2 o clock, . A. M.
3 " . P. M.
7 1 " . P. M.
12-1y

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,
(PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL)

Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

Rev. Wm. J. Alston, Pastor. Residence—70 Sullivan St.

R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1 2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.

Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue

Hours of worship:—
3 o'clock, . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock A. M.

Rev. Chas. H. Thompson, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—
10½ . . . A.M.
3 . . . P.M.
7½ . . . P.M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn, 13-1y.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.
Sullivan St., near Houston.

Rev. John T. Raymond, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, . . A. M.
3 " . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . P. M.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.
Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.
Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AGENTS WANTED.

SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand sewing; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal oil lamps; Egyptian Cement for mending furniture, crockery &c.; Patent Match Safe for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) P. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St. N. Y. 19 13t

BOSTON HOUSE,
MRS. CHURCH, PROPRIETRESS,
105 *Park Street, near Mott,*
NEW YORK.

This is the oldest Colored Boarding-House in the city, having been

Established in 1841.

It is centrally located, being within fifteen minutes' walk of the steamboat landings, and of all the principal colored Churches. 19 26t

MRS. SARAH A. TILMAN,
FANCY HAIR BRAIDER,
In all its branches—such as
BRACELETS, EAR-RINGS, WATCH
GUARDS, FINGER RINGS, CHARMS, ETC,

Residence—120th St, between 3d and 4th Avenues, Harlem.
18 26t

PETER S. PORTER,
GENERAL AGENT FOR
HOUSE LETTING,
170 WEST 29TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Colored Families furnished with apartments in suits of Rooms or whole Houses, in different parts of the City. 17 13t

BOARDING AND LODGING.

MR. GEO. POOL can accommodate Ladies and Gentlemen with first class Board, on reasonable terms, at his residence, No 13 Sheriff Street, a few doors north of Grand 16 13t

MRS. M. E. EDY,
EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE.

Residence—134 Chrystie Street, N. Y.
26 26t

BOARDING AND LODGING
IN BROOKLYN.

At Mrs. SUSAN HARRIS', 58 Atlantic St., near South Ferry. $3 per week for gentlemen, and $2 50 for ladies. Lodgings 75 cts per week. 15tf

TO LET.—THE ROOM ON THE SECOND floor of Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-street. Inquire at 66 East Houston st., or of the Janitor 225 West 15th-st.

POCKET WATER-FILTER
AND
DRINKING TUBE.

Indispensable for Soldiers, Travelers, and Sportsmen. Weighs one ounce. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Send it to your friends. Agents wanted. Samples mailed on receipt of 50 cents, by addressing

DAY & CO.,
3-13t Box 464 P.O., Newark, N J.

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and the public, that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 66 Sullivan Street New York. 4-I

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this in any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,
BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG

Where you will find a splendid assortment of *seasonable goods*, as

BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS

of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.
Don't Forget,
168 EWEN ST.,
9 1y. Williamsburg.

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,
EMPIRE STATE HOTEL
AND
UNION HOUSE,
541 BROOME STREET,

Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. Ramsey.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Please call and see for yourselves.

HATS CAPS & FURS
IN THEIR VARIETY,

First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS. The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St., one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
10 5t

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 182 Suffolk, Street. Terms very moderate. a10 1y.

PAIN-KILLER.

We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, Diptheria and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent linament for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

Dr. Walton writes from Coschocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, Diptheria, or *Sore Throat*, that is so alarmingly prevalent here; and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

Rev. H. L. Van Meter, writing from Burmah says: "The *Pain-Killer* has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

Rev. Jabez Swan says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy."

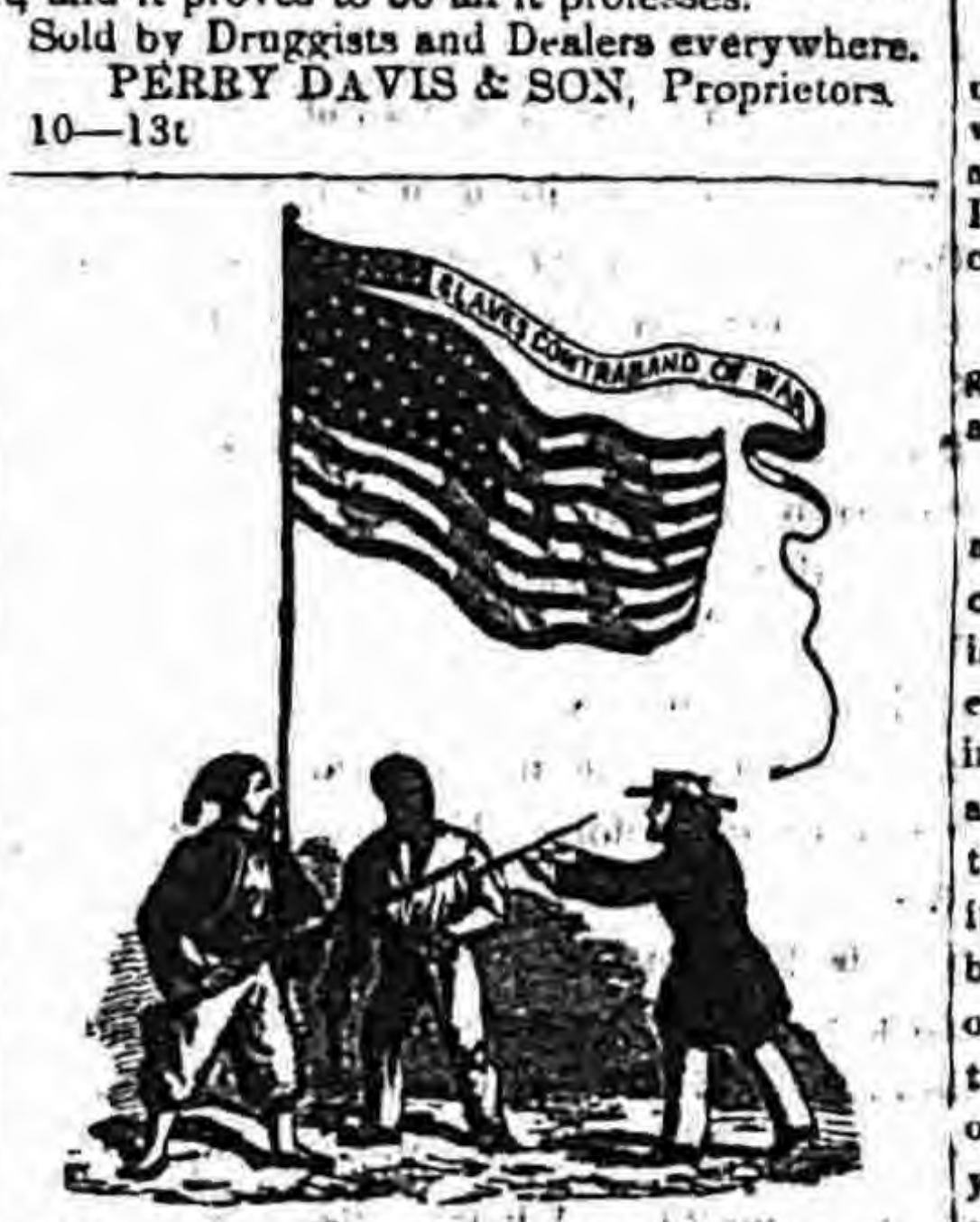
Rev. A. W. Curtis: "By its use I entirely cured a felon in a few days."

The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

The New York Examiner says, "We have used the Pain-Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the family medicine box."

The N. Y. Independent says, "We have used it, and it proves to be all it professes."

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors.
10—13t



THE ZOUAVE AND SLAVE ENVELOPE Price per thousand $5; per hundred 60 cents; packages of 25 each, 20 cents. Orders should be addressed

THOS. HAMILTON
48 Beekman Street, N. Y

PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE
BY
MRS. W. S. WILKINS & Co
610 PINE, ABOVE SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA 7-13t.

LADIES' FURNISHING STORE.
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING
Ready-Made and Made to Order, By
MRS. S. WILKINS & CO.,
610 Pine, above Sixth Street, Philadelphia. 7-13t.

MRS. ANDERSON,
CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS

Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMOdate a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tf

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. Fortes, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 199 South Street, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5—4t

HENRY G. LEASK,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS AND FURS.
COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.
Shipping Furs Bought. 12-tf.

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) REspectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts.

MRS. E. LEONARD,
FASHIONABLE
DRESS-MAKER,
25 Sullivan Street, New York.
Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.
3tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING

By Mrs. Mary Johnson, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies,	$2,50
" " Gentleman,	3,00
Lodging per week,	75

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
CARD AND JOB PRINTER,
219 Centre Street New York.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts, 2 tf.

P. A. WHITE,
Corner of Frankfort & Gold Sts.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
A FRESH AND PURE ASSORTMENT
OF
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS
GENUINE
LUBIN'S EXTRACTS
AND OTHER PERFUMERY,
FANCY SOAPS, FINE HAIR AND TOOTH
BRUSHES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES,
FAMILY ARTICLES, HAVANA
SEGARS, &c., &c.

All his articles are purchased with great care, and are warranted to be pure, fresh, and genuine.

MEDICINE CHESTS
carefully made up.

All orders promptly attended to, on receipt of the CASH.

Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared.

WHITE'S
VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH,
AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely *Gray*.

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh and unpleasant in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts *the blood to other parts* of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long, without cutting; long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood, *through the skin of the scalp and head*; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full of dandruff, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this, and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hair-brush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward, and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that cases of failure will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and perseveringly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

BADEAU'S
STRENGTHENING PLASTER.
AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR
LAME OR WEAK BACK, PAIN OR WEAKNESS IN THE SIDE, CHEST, STOMACH, OR LIMBS. A CERTAIN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, PLEURISY, LIVER OR KIDNEY COMPLAINT, SPRAINS, BRUISES, &c., &c.

Persons disposed will find this plaster particularly servicable

Dyspeptic persons will find a permanent relief from its use, as it keeps a continued heat, acting as a gentle counter irritant, removing the inflamation of the stomach without breaking the skin. Persons engaged in sedentary pursuits should use these Plasters constantly, as they give *strength to parts weakened* by constant sitting and stooping.

For STRAINS and SPRAINS they are infallible, affording relief immediately and without fail.

For RHEUMATISM there is no external application equal to them, promoting the general circulation, and

PREVENTING A RETURN

of the excrutiating pain.

These plasters are prepared with great care, and of the best material, and to prevent fraud the name of the originator is placed on the back of each one. In purchasing, ask for BADEAU'S PLASTER. See that the name BADEAU is written on the back, or you will be deceived.

P. A. WHITE, Sole Proprietor.

THE HAYTIAN FEVER AND ITS DIAGNOSTICS IN CANADA.

MR. EDITOR:

I promised in my last to draw a parallel between the Haytian scheme, now under public consideration, and the African Colonization scheme, as known to our people years ago. Your readers were also led to expect the arrival, at Chatham, of Mr. W. J. Watkins, the itinerant great gun of the Eastern and Western bureaux. If, as the chicken-cock in the story, you have read the papers, you will guess why I defer, for the present, the first, and continue the much less imposing task of giving you these diagnoses. However, everything in its order in future.

As announced before, the meeting called at the suggestion of the Haytians for Mr. Watkins, consisted of less than one hundred colored persons, and about two hundred whites, among whom was our worthy Mayor. It was organized by the unanimous appointment of Rev. H. H. Hawkins to the chiar, and Mr. I. D. Shadd, as Secretary. After ascending the platform, the speaker, who had learned how matters stood among the colored citizens, assured the people there should be free speech, a point about which all were decided, except the wire-workers, who looked chop fallen; for, alas! their threats, their caucuses for the chairship and positions, had been entirely disregarded; their orator had succumbed, and anti-Haytians had been appointed. "Jerusalem" was again looking aloft. After these preliminaries, the "oration" commenced, and such an oration! Could I but do it justice! Imagine to yourself, good reader, sandwiches of rhetoric, gesticulation and foreign phrases; a mighty big word now and then, flying away from the "Ionic column" of thought—to quote the speaker, as if such a thing could be—and hitting us ignoramuses slap on our thick sculls with here and there a latin term to keep it company, and you have it. It was a Haytian speech, minus Hayti, and with the "logic" put away from it entirely; like my Western friend's manners, which had not been used for twenty-five years, the logic, wherever it is, is doubtless as good as ever, as it was not used before us. Though, could I but daguerreotype it, your readers might know it.

The Secretary, who declares there were no minutes to take which could do credit to the speaker, took down the speech, and keeps it for Barnum, or any other lover of the curious. It was, in short, that "old withered arm."

You may remember something of an old withered arm speech that went the round of your meetings for half-a-dozen or more years, until the poor old member had become worn out, and it applied to whisky—no, whisky applied to it, how it stumped the State of New York; got in the lock-up somewhere about Rochester, for running away from anti-slavery after the woman question; came out of durance almost as good as new; took to tremendous stumping for Weed, Seward, and company, and finally, when it came out at their back door, to lie, as every one supposed, upon the shelf, during at least one Canada winter, to air up and get passable, it was thrust into a fresh cut Haytian suit and set to work. It is now looking forward with the most flattering prospects for a resting place in the Haytian Legislature I am told. Well, old bones may do out there.

After the speech, several parties opposed the scheme, and supposing they were to have meetings the next evening, and offered to discuss, should it take a week, but the orator told the Chairman it was quite unnecessary for another night's discussion, as it would probably be a repetition. Only think of giving that old arm any more!

So ended the great Haytian farce here, over which the ex-cook of the Michigan regiment, "Menard," is in ecstacies, on paper.

There was one little episode during the evening, which may not be out of place just now, as it furnishes a key to the legion of inuendoes, attacks, and simulated indifference of these magnates; and shows how it is that falsehood, abuse, and impertinence, are their stock-in-trade.

Old Mr. Shadd, from Raleigh, who knew colonization by heart, said some unpalatable things, when the orator in reply, after repeating the anecdote of the old grey ass, made a diversion, and thinking, no doubt, that there was less risk to abuse a woman, poured forth a string of second-hand charges and personalities upon your most humble servant, in a manner peculiar to a devoted servant and abject sycophant of Redpath; it was intended to be a second edition of the Dawn-Henson-Haytian programme, but failed of the mark, and the audience cried "no!" and after the reply to him, an old fashioned "nay," in earnest.* It is not a little remarkable how these Haytian agents like to call names, make mischief, fight old men with broken arms, or women; blow their own trumpets, and most singular of all, to expose one another. From A, to Z, they are steadily at such work. What think you could not be said of them were anti-Haytians to pour forth on all occasions the many *faux pas* known to the public—not hear-say—of them.

To illustrate the foregoing: Conscientious opponents are stigmatized by Blackpath as 'curs;' resolutions are drawn up and sent to a Canadian village, to "show up a woman," by parties so pretendedly conscious of their own importance, that they would not for the world add to her notoriety by the most remote allusion, when lo! their stupid tools have not the gumption to conceal the paternity of the slander, but send them forth with the finger marks of that "fousty" Bureau full upon them. The affair was almost as much of a bungle as the story of a colored woman's son, that Gregory-Kansas case you wot of. What would the colored people of America do, were the measles, small-pox, or cholera to come along and clean out these Bureaux, or, at least, "put them to bed?" from the importance assumed by Blackpath, *et al*, it is to be feared that our nation would disappear from the face of the earth: at least, there would be no great Colored-path left to make them

"Tremble when he awakes."

They would have to grovel on in their chains. Your Tappan is a fossil, Wendell Phillips a myth, and Garrison a relict of the past, in comparison to Redpath, to hear him boast; and you colored men are nothing and nowhere.

From the beginning of the anti-slavery enterprise, I have been interested in its movements; though but a child at its commencement, I watched, with the deepest sympathy, the struggles made by the handful of white men and their colored co-adjutors—not servants—who worked hard to make solid its broad foundations, and now grand and imposing superstructure. I have followed those workmen and women steadily along, until to-day

"You, and I, and all of us,"

see those same white men with the old forethought in full exercise, preparing in Boston to open up the way of the fugitive to Canada; as they are at John street, and as is friend Jocelyn, laboring for and among the "contrabands," to give them mental and spiritual food, working within the walls of the old citadel.

I see yourselves, the old, the young, the honest, the honorable men among us, vindicating before Europe, slaveholding America and the world, the capacity of this people, by demonstrating with figures which do not lie, the concessions their integrity, industry and ability, have wrung from the oppressor North;—by opening up to science, commerce, Christianity and freedom through our discoverers, territory large enough to use against slavery—by maintaining, in the face of bribes of Haytian gold, of braggart insolence—of that noisy and vaunting but impotent opposition, begotten of vulgarity, immorality and bad notoriety, the integrity of a growing literature, freedom of speech, and the right of the free colored man in North America as elsewhere to attend to his own affairs without the interference or management of self-constituted overseers for Hayti, and their black satellites—the broken down, disappointed, unreliable and profligate—the would be leaders of our people.

I see you doing these, and feel proud; and value more the approval, as you have it, of the bruised among this people, than the thunderings for Hayti of an hundred acres of Redpaths; yes, or that one hundred and twenty millions of dollars to be realized by the sale of four millions of black men to "Eden." That is it. Let's see—at "thirty dollars a head," four millions of colored people for Hayti would just be one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. It exactly.

If "two dollars" per head profit would cause the Chief of the Bureau to burst, one hundred and twenty millions should, by reasonable calculation, cause him to evaporate.

I have said that the agents expose one another, in their fury and "spoiling," as some of them seem to be, for a fight; they rap unmercifully over the knuckles of their own associates in iniquity.

Mr. Wm. J. Watkins is in a very dangerous state indeed. He who would not be personal, gives through the last "Palm" a peep into one or two drawers of the Bureau.—While attempting to be very clever, to charge nobody at all with begging for fugitives, and lying, he unfortunately advises "snuff," "a cocktail," etc., etc.; had he added a little opium, an agency to buy a wife, to buy a colored woman's little son, with a lottery ticket or two thrown in by way of variety, the picture as a historical piece of those Bureaux, would have been a treasure. The charges he enumerates against the nobodies of the opposition, of begging, tippling, filching—of following his trades—his occupations, for lo! these many years, should never have been touched by him at any time, as not only himself but other male and female members of the Board are thereby made to cry hold, when sober! and the public to exclaim: "What a perfect picture." Watkins must have been drunk when he wrote that. What a pity.

Oh the brass, the metal, I mean, of these maggots in the Haytian carcass, that wiggle away to, and in Canada, to fatten on the fugitives, and then cry out to those who have "a record," read, known and approved of by responsible societies in the old and new world—by heads of communities and families in Canada;—to those who destroy the prejudice he would build up, that there may be no excuse for his cupidity; to people who realize the responsibility of working to educate those whom oppression has deprived of wealth and information; "you live off the fugitives."

The mental and pecuniary condition of the colored refugee is well known; to be known to secure educational and religious conveniences for their use, settles the charge against any number of nobodies, by whomsoever made; not so easily are the Haytian agents vindicated.

While men and women who instruct the ignorant in temporal and spiritual knowledge, should be paid, and well paid, although none so working ever have been well paid in this country, so far as I know, the Haytian agents receive pay at the rate of "about three thousand five hundred dollars per annum" per big daddy, down to eight hundred per annum per little "skunk," with the pickings and stealings from about fifty thousand besides; and all to send fugitives where they know that pestilential fevers, licentiousness, drunkenness, heathenism and superstition abound; and where they know there is not one advantage which may truthfully be urged to redeem the movement from the severest condemnation of tried abolitionists and Christians of whatever color—not even the fact that Geffrard imports negroes, mulattoes and coolies to work his estates.

But that men whose "record" must be given, by somebody, and will be by one of the nobodies, do they persist by gross personalities and false issues, in throwing up obstacles to careful and logical investigation; or determine to continue this new slave trade, that they should be so crazy for notoriety, and so fool-hardy, when New York, Boston, Rochester, Windsor, Kansas, and the memory of old John Brown's persecutions, have not been swallowed up in the sea of forgetfulness, is to me incomprehensible.

MARY A. SHADD CARY.

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*Mr. J. Holden, strongly opposition, moved a vote of thanks at a late stage, as a matter of courtesy, but it was lost.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HEADQUARTERS OF HOOKER'S DIVISION,
Near Budd's Ferry, Doncaster, Md.,
Nov. 30, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—Although the charges are grave and numerous which we have to prefer against the Union troops, the fact that they have opened up avenues of free intercourse between Northern and Southern black men, compels us to admit their invasion of Southern soil to be grand and beneficent. The minds of our brethren of the Southern States have been crowded and confused with the most strange and extravagant stories of life and customs in the North. I find a great many of the people about here who really believe that the Northern people intend to sell the negroes of rebels, and all they can get. The wily master points his slave to this returned fugitive and the other, and says—"Now Jim, Sambo, Dick, don't you see these people are opposed to letting you go free? If I was a rebel they would take you and sell you to some outlandish place. Which would you rather do—stay with me or go with them?" The poor slave, who always dreads the auction block, gives the desired answer. If you ask him of what party his master is, Union or Rebel, he will say Union. How can they know the truth, when they see the Northern troops doing the dirty work of their masters, which a gentlemanly Confederate would scorn to do, and they see the Northern troops arresting supposed rebels, and guarding their slaves until executive clemency releases them. For instance, about the time our Division marched down here, the Indiana cavalry arrested a man by the name of Big Dick Posey. This is his universal cognomen. He is the king rebel of Charles county. As soon as the arrest was made, his slaves were placed under guard. He was detected making signals with lights to the rebels, on the Virginia shore. A man by the name of John Waite, colored, who was employed to work one of Posey's boats, also testified that he had frequently communicated with the other shore for him, carrying men and provisions. There is not a slave or free man within twenty miles that does not know that this man is in collusion with the enemy, and they see the Union troops holding his slaves while he undergoes the form and ceremony of govermental arrest. It is hard to convince these people that we are on the side of freedom. Untutored minds are always, more or less, material like the Pagan of India, who believes in no God unless he can feel him and see him with the natural eye. They want the fact and the evidence practically, that we are on the side of freedom. No theory will satisfy them. That innate principle of man—love of liberty—tells them that the rights of man can bear no compromises. Another false notion impressed upon their minds is that the colored people of the North are in a suffering and starving condition. The falsehoods have been so earnestly and unblushingly stated by their masters, and corroborated by others, that there is no wonder their minds are influenced in some degree thereby.

I have taken pains to investigate the customs, living and condition of the folks here about. The houses are generally built of logs, mansions as well as quarters; that of the master sometimes floored, that of the slave the bare earth. One, two, or ten slaves, married and single, male and female, bundle in together. The interior of these hovels present perfect pictures of discomfort, yet the people here are those that talk so glibly of the poverty and misery of the Northern people. No den of misery, or sink of iniquity, in the lowest purlieu of any of our Northern cities, ever presented a scene of squalid misery equal to some of those I have witnessed during my sojourn here. I say again, that the war so far has produced at least one good result for us (if the devil does us a good turn, we must give the devil his due, and say he is a devilish good fellow): all these old false notions are being rapidly dissipated, and we are enabled now, in a small degree, to indulge in the pleasure of an interchange of sentiments.

I see by recent advices that the advocates of emigration are hard at work in the preparation of their various schemes, as if affairs at home demanded no attention whatever. I believe emigration to be a good thing if kept within natural bounds, that is, not superinduced by undue and extravagant representations—it will then stimulate society in an industrial point of view, enlarge and extend social and commercial intercourse, unite and harmonize the various great families of men, and thus pave the way to a larger liberty, a more radical fraternity, and perfect equality, morally and politically, as well as socially amongst mankind; but I cannot, to save my heart, perceive the wisdom of raising the hue and cry of emigration about the ears of a nation at a time when we should be working might and main, tearing down a government, if unfriendly to our cause, or, if friendly, building it up.

I find the ANGLO to be a welcome visitor even here, in this region of darkness and slavery. One individual could hardly believe when he saw the ANGLO, "dat niggers could do dat," and I am importuned continually by men in the army for chances to read your paper. They find in it matter of interest and importance which they can gather from no other source.

I see in Skinner's store a handbill posted which offers a reward of $50 for the return of a slave belonging to a Mr. Cox, who lives near Port Tobacco, but if I mistake not Mr. Cox need not be so lavish with his money.

Folks across the river continue to pay their addresses to us in the form of shot and shell, but they have been so very frequent we disdain to notice them. I am full of expectancy, for during the coming week we may take up the line of march to join some one of the Southern Expeditions now preparing. This to me is good news, for I long to be transported to the very heart of Cottondom if needs be. Query. Did Secretary Cameron sound the key-note of the war, when he endorsed the speech of Col. Cochrane? Times change and men change with them. The question of emancipation is vehemently discussed among the officers; the sentiments uttered by Col. Cochrane reflecting those of the majority here. A violent discussion took place between a Colonel and Lieut. Colonel of the regiments a few days ago, during which one of them declared that before he would allow a slaveholder to take a fugitive from his camp he would throw up his commission. Since the Division has been here there has been a marked improvement in the appearance and condition of the men. Access to the whiskey jug is almost cut off; but although the General has done all in his power to prevent the entrance of liquor into camp, still it finds its way there by some unknown means. A sailor and a soldier will do almost anything for a glass of grog. One fellow discovered that his musket barrel would hold just one pint, he straightway gets a pass, has himself and his musket filled, and comes into camp, and fills a famishing comrade. Another nearly fills a stone jar, covers the top of it with butter, and passes in. Another buys a sack of potatoes, half of which prove to be whisky-skins, and so they go, resorting to every device whereby the baneful beverage can be obtained.

G. E. S.

PLAIN TALK ABOUT THE GREAT GENERAL HALLECK.

(From the Cincinnati Gazette, Nov. 25th.)

The Germans of this city turned out in large numbers on Saturday night last to attend a meeting held at Turner Hall, for the purpose of expressing sympathy with Gen. Fremont, in the course lately pursued towards him by the Administration. The meeting was called to order by Dr. A. Bauer. Frederick Werner was appointed Secretary. Judge Stallo and the Rev. Mr. Eisenlohr addressed the assemblage in the German, and Rev. M. D. Conway in the English language. A series of resolutions in German censuring the Administration for the supersedure of General Fremont, were passed. Mr. Conway spoke as follows:

"Judge Stallo has alluded to me as a Virginian who can answer for the South. I certainly have lived there long enough, and felt the heavy hand of slavery enough, to know that this government is not strong enough to preserve the Union and African slavery also. And whilst this Administration is now bending itself to that impossible and undesirable work, the people will be in this conflict like Issacher of old, a strong ass crouching between two burdens; between an imbecile Administration on the one hand, and a gigantic rebellion on the other. Both Issacher cannot bear; and such an assembly inspires me with the hope that he will not much longer crouch, but bravely bear on to the "goodly rest and pleasant land," with the burthen of liberty on his shoulders—no longer a strong ass for the government to crush with its wretched pro-slavery pack, but a strong man, with the blood which defied George III throbbing in his heart.

Now that the standard of liberty has been unfurled by Fremont over the contending parties—a higher standard than stars and stripes or stars and bars—how wretched and despicable appear the standards raised by the pigmy Generals who have gone out warm from the wing of the Administration.

What think you, my countrymen, of Sherman taking our young men from the classic shade of our colleges, and from their free homes, and offering them to the "proud and hospitable citizens of the Sovereign State of South Carolina" as the patrol of the negroes! What think you of Dix, down in Wise's district, proclaiming that his army is under strict orders to guard Slavery even to the treasonable extent of refusing to take into their lines—whether belonging to traitors "or any other man"—those black corn producers and earthwork builders. If a man sends a barrel of corn to Virginia he is imprisoned; the man who sends there the hands which produce 10,000 barrels of corn, is Major General of the U. S. Army.

Can you imagine a lower depth than this? All depths are possible with this Administration. The one who comes out and proclaims latest from that glorious Republican circle at the White House, always gets a little lower than the rest. So here came "Young Lochinvar" Halleck out of the West—the mysterious Halleck. The country argued itself unknown by knowing nothing of and never having heard a word from Halleck. In breathless suspense we listen for the first utterance of him sent out to replace the nation's darling here. At last Halleck breaks the mystical silence. Halleck pronounces. In fact he "proclaims." His first word is a lie—his second an order for his men to deliberately betray the country. If there is any man who does not know it to be a mean, malignant lie to say that fugitive slaves have been spies against us, he should be placed, soon as possible, in the Asylum for Idiots at South Boston. The meanness of the lie appears infernal by the side of the salvation of Sturgis' brigade, in that very State, by a fugitive slave's information, and the blunder of McDowell upon batteries of whose existence he was ignorant—and ignorant simply because he refused fugitives an entrance within his lines. But his second word is treasonable, for it commands his soldiers to send out to the enemy alleged spies and foes of the country. Either Halleck knows he lies when he accuses the fugitives, or else he should be hung as a traitor for sending from his lines, unarrested, alleged and charged spies against the United States. Suppose Wigfall and Pryor should seek Halleck's lines in disguise, and he should say, 'I misdoubt ye are spies; return to your homes, gentlemen," would he not be hung as an abettor of treason? He would certainly be hung; only our President dislikes to hang traitors, lest it might occasion them some personal inconvenience. This, then, Americans, is the infamous, sneaking, crawling policy which replaces the electric watchword sounded by Fremont for this great nation. The idea our Government has of fidelity is a Chinese fidelity. A missionary tell us that his coat being patched on the elbow, torn under the arm, and with a big grease-spot on it, he desired another; but wishing it made after the same pattern, he took the old coat and the new cloth to the Chinese tailor. In a week the tailor brought him the new coat, but what was his horror to find that the pattern of the old one had been so faithfully copied that the new one had a patch ingeniously made on the elbow, and a tear under the arm, and a big grease-spot that must have taken an hour in making on the fine, new cloth! Such is the Government's idea of restoring this Union. The South having forced the nation to put on a new coat, this grand Cabinet cross their legs, take their goose, and aim to bring us the new coat with the patch, the tear, and the grease-spot, the cause of which it was that we needed a new one, because of which we elected Lincoln instead of Breckinridge or Douglas!

Mr. Conway then proceeded to show that a military conquest over the South, preserving Slavery, would be a subjugation of ourselves as much as the South. From thenceforth the nation must leave the peaceful progress of its destiny to sit and hold the rebellious States—turning into a military Government, doing nothing but watching the monster whose soul is slavery, and see that it doesn't poke its ugly head out again, and coil about our States again.

He concluded by assuring the Germans that many thousand native Americans were appreciating their devotion to liberty, and would join them when the hour came to root up, whatever be the obstacle, the root of bitterness in our land. The policy of the Administration will be swept away, or else the Administration itself, just so soon as the real truth is apprehended in all its full power, that it is only the interest of a pitiful 350,000 of our people—this number of slaveholders—who, after keeping us in hot water for 85 years, now precipitate us in civil war; and that it is only because of the servility which fears to touch the impudent claim of that handful to scourge and own men and women, which makes civil war possible. A decree that this Government ignores the relation of slavery, ends the war. There is no army in the South, but a home guard from that moment.

One thing the war will teach, that Slavery ends in military despotism; that liberty ends in equality to all, black or white.' The moment which decides between the two has arrived to this nation.

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BLAKE: OR THE HUTS OF AMERICA.

A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R. DELANY.

PART I.

> By myself, the Lord of Ages,
> I have sworn to right the wrong;
> I have pledged my word unbroken,
> For the weak against the strong.
> [H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT NOT.

Leaving the United Nation of Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians, Henry continued his travel in this the roughest apparently of all the States. Armed with bowie knives and revolvers openly carried belted around the person, he who displays the greatest number of deadly weapons seems to be considered the greatest man. The most fearful incivility and absence of refinement was apparent throughout this region. Neither the robes of State nor gown of authority is sufficient to check the vengeane of awakened wrath in Arkansas. Law is but a fable, its ministration a farce, and the pillars of justice but as stubble before the approach of these legal invaders.

Hurriedly passing on in the darkness of the night, Henry suddenly came upon a procession in the wilderness, slowly and silently marching on, the *cortege* consisting principally of horsemen, there being but one vehicle, advanced by four men on horseback. Their conversation seemed at intervals, of low muttering, awe-stricken voices. The vehicle was closely covered, and of a sad, heavy sound by the rattling of the wheels upon the unfinished path of the great Arkansas road. Here he sat in silence listening, waiting for the passage of the solemn procession, but a short distance from whence in the thicket stood the hut of the slave to whom he was sent.

'Ole 'umin! done yeh hear some un tramppin' round de house? Hush! evedroppehs 'bout!' admonished Uncle Jerry.

'Who dat?' inquired Aunt Rachel, as Henry softly rapped at the back window.

'A friend!' was the reply.

'What saut frien' dat go sneak roun' people back windeh stid comin' to de doh!'

'Hush, ole umin, yeh too fas! how yeh know who 'tis? Frien', come roun' to de doh,' said the old man.

Passing quickly around, the door was opened, a blazing hot fire shining full in his face, the old man, holding in his hand a heavy iron poker in the attitude of defence.

'Is dis you, my frien', inquired Uncle Jerry, to whom Henry was an entire stranger.

'Yes, Uncle, this is *me*,' replied he.

'God bless yeh, honey! come in; we didn know 'twas you, chile!'

'God bless de baby!' added Aunt Rachel. 'Ole man hear yeh comin' and we been lookin' all-day-long. Dis evenin' I git some suppeh, an' I don'o if yeh come er no.'

'How did you know I was coming, Aunty?'

'O! honey, da tell us,' replied she.

'Who told you?'

'De folks up dar.'

'Up where?'

'Up dar, 'mong de Injins, chile.'

'Indians told you?'

'No, honey; some de black folks, da all'as gwine back and for'ard, and da larn heap f'om dem up dar; an' da make 'ase an' tell us.'

'Can you get word from each other so far apart, that easy?'

'Yes 'ndeed, honey! some on em' all de time gwine; wite folks know nothin' 'bout it. Some time some on 'em gone two-three day, an' ain miss; wite folks tink da in de woods choppin'.'

'Why, that's the very thing! you're ahead of all the other States. You folks in Arkansas must be pretty well organized already.'

'Wat dat yeh mean, chile, dat 'organ' so?'

'I mean by that, Aunty, a good general secret understanding among yourselves.'

'Ah, chile, dat da is. Da comin' all de time, ole man haudly time to eat mou'full wen 'e come in de hut night.'

'Tell me, Aunty, why people like you and Uncle here, who seem to be at the head of these secrets, are not more cautious with me, a stranger?'

'Ole umin, I lisenin at yeh!' said Uncle Jerry, after enough had been told to betray them; but the old people well understood each other, Aunt Rachel by mutual consent being the mouth-piece.

'How we knows *you*!' rejoined the old woman; 'wy, chile, yeh got mark dat so soon as we put eye on ye, we knows yeh. How come ye tink we gwine tell yeh so much wen we don'o who yeh is? Sho! chile, we ain' dat big fool!'

'Then you know my errand among you, Aunty?'

'Yes, me son, dat we does, an' we long been waitin' for some sich like yeh to come 'mong us. We thang God dis night in our soul! We long been lookin' for yeh chile!' replied Uncle Jerry.

'You are closely watched in this State, I should think, Uncle.'

'Yes, chile, de patrolers da all de time out an' gwine in de quatehs an' huntin' up black folks wid der 'nigga-dogs' as da call 'em.'

'I suppose you people scarcely ever get a chance to go anywhere, then?'

'God bless yeh, honey, da blacks do'n mine dem nor der 'nigga-dogs' nuther.—Patroles feared uv de black folks, and da black folks *chaum* de dogs, so da ca'n hurt 'em,' said Aunt Rachel.

'I see you understand yourselves! Now, what is my best way to get along through the State?'

'Keep in de thicket, chile, as da patrolers feard to go in de woods, da feard runaway ketch 'em! Keep in de woods, chile, an' da ain' gwine dar bit! Da talk big, an' sen' der dog, but da ain' gwine honey!' continued the old woman.

'I spose, me son, yeh knows how to chaum dogs?' inquired Uncle Jerry.

'I understand the mixed bull, but not the full bred Cuba dog," replied Henry.

'Well, chile, da keeh boph kine hear, de bull dog an' bloodhoun,' an' fo' yeh go I larn yeh how to fix 'em all! Da come sneakin' up to yeh! da ca'n bite yeh!'

'Thank you, Uncle Jerry! I'll try and do as much for you in some way.'

'Yeh no call for dat, me son; it ain' nothin' mo' nor our—'

'Hush! old man; ain' dat dem?' admonished Aunt Rachel, in a whisper, as she went to the door, thrusting out her head in the dark.

'Who! Patrols?' with anxiety inquired Henry.

'No chile, de man da kill down yondeh; all day long da been lookin' for 'im to come.'

'A procession passed just before I came to your door, which I took for a funeral.'

'Yes, chile, dat's it, da kill 'im down dar.'

On inquiry, it appeared that in the State Senate a misunderstanding on the rules of order and parliamentary usage occurred, when the Speaker conceiving himself insulted by the Senator who had the floor, deliberately arose from his chair, approaching the Senator, drove a bowie-knife through his body from the chest, which laid him a corpse upon the Senate floor.

'There he is! there he is!' stormed the assassin, pointing with defiance at the lifeless body, his hand still reeking hot with blood. 'I did it!' slapping his hand upon his own breast in triumph of his victory.

They were just returning with the body of the assassinated statesman to the wretched home of his distracted family, some ten miles beyond the hut of Uncle Jerry.

'Is this the way they treat each other here, Aunty?'

'Yes, chile, wus dan dat! da kill one-nuther in cole blood, sometime at de table eatin'. Da all'as choppin' up some on 'em.'

'Then you black people must have a poor chance among them, if this is the way they do each other!'

'Mighty po', honey; mighty po' indeed!' replied Uncle Jerry.

'Well, Uncle, it's now time I was doing something; I've been here some time resting. Aunty, see to your windows and doors; are there any cracks in the walls?'

'No, honey, da dob good!' whispered the old woman as a well-patched woollen quilt to shield the door was hung, covering nearly one side of the hut, and a thickly-patched linsey petticoat fully shielded the only window of four eight by ten lights.

These precautions taken, they drew together in a corner between the head of the bed and well-daubed wall to hold their seclusion.

'Laud!' exclaimed Uncle Jerry, after the secrets were fully imparted to them; 'make bear dine all conquerin' arm! Strike off de chains dat dy people may go free! Come, Laud! a little nigheh!'

'Honer to 'is name!' concorded Aunt Rachel. 'Wuthy all praise! Tang God for wat I seen an' hearn dis night! night long to be membed! My soul feels it! It is hear!' pressing her hand upon her breast, exclaimed she.

'Amen! Laud hear de cry uv dy childen! Anseh prar!' responded the old man, in tears; when Aunt Rachel, in a strain of sorrowful pathos, sung to the expressive words in the slaves' lament:

> 'In eighteen hundred and twenty-three
> They said their people should be free!
> It is wrote in Jeremiah,
> Come and go along with me!
> It is wrote in Jeremiah,
> Go sound the Jubilee!'

At the conclusion of the last line, a sudden sharp rap at the door startled them, when the old woman, hastening, took down the quilt, inquiring,

'Who dat?'

'Open the door, Rachel!' was the reply, in an authoritative tone from a posse of patrols, who on going their evening rounds were attracted to the place by the old people's devotion, and stood sometime listening around the hut.

'You seem to be happy here, Jerry;' said Ralph Jordon, the head of the party. "What boy is this you have here?'

'Major Morgan's, sir,' replied Henry, referring to the proprietor of the next plantation above.

'I don't remember seeing you before, boy,' continued Jordan.

'No sir; lately got me,' explained Henry.

'Aye, aye, boy; a preacher, I suppose.'

'No sir.'

'No, Maus Rafe, dis brotheh no preacheh; but 'e is 'ligious, an' come to gib us little comfort, an' bless God I feels it now; dat I does, blessed be God!' said the old woman.

'Well, Rachel, that's all right enough; but, my boy, it's high time that you were getting towards home. You've not yet learned our rules here; where are you from?'

'Louisiana, sir.'

'Yes, yes, that explains it. Louisiana negroes are permitted to be out at a much later hour than our negroes.'

'Maus Rafe, I hope yeh let de brotheh eat a mou'full widius fo' 'e go?'

'O yes, Rachel! give the boy something to eat before he goes; I suppose the 'laborer is worthy of his hire,'' looking with a smile at his comrades.

'Yes 'ndeed, seh, dat *he* is!' replied the old woman with emphasis.

'Rachel, I smell something good!—What have you here, spare rib?' inquired Ralph Jordon, walking to the table and lifting up a clean check apron which the old woman had hurriedly thrown over it, to screen her homely food from the view of the gentlemen patrols. 'Good, spare rib and ash cake, gentlemen! What's better? Rachel, give us some seats here!' continued Ralph.

Hurrying about, the old woman made out to seat the uninvited guests with a half barrel tub, an old split bottom chair, and a short slab bench, which accommodated two.

'By gum! this is fine,' said Ralph Jordon, smacking his mouth, and tearing at a rib; 'gentlemen, help yourselves to some spirits,' sitting on the table a large flask of Jamaica rum, just taken from his lips.

'Nothing better,' replied Tom Hammond; 'give me at *any time* the *cooking* in the negro quarters before your great house dainties.'

'So say I,' sanctioned Zack Hite, champing like a hungry man; 'the negroes live a great deal better than we do.'

'Much better, sir,' much better,' replied Ralph. 'Rachel, do you or Jerry ever take any spirits?'

'No, Maus Rafe, not any,' replied the old woman.

'May be your friend there will take a little.'

'I don't drink, sir,' said Henry.

Rising from the homely but palatable and substantial meal at the humble board of Aunt Rachel and Uncle Jerry, they emptied their pockets of crackers, cold biscuits and cheese, giving the old man a plug of honey-cured tobacco, to be divided between himself and wife, in lieu of what they had, without invitation, taken the liberty of eating. The patrol this evening were composed of the better class of persons, principally business men, two of whom being lawyers who went out that evening for a mere 'frolic among the negros.'

Receiving the parting hand, accompanied with a 'good bye, honey!' and 'God bless yeh, me son!' from the old people, Henry left the hut to continue his course through the forest. Hearing persons approaching, he stepped aside from the road to conceal himself, when two parties at the junction of two roads met each other, coming to a stand

'What's up to-night, Colonel?' inquired one.

'Nothing but the raffle.'

'Are you going?'

'Yes, the whole party here; wont you go?'

'I don'o; what's the chances?'

'Five dollars only.'

'Five dollars a chance! What the deuce is the prize?'

'Oh, there's several for the same money."

'What are they?'

'That fine horse and buggy of Colonel Sprout, a mare and colt, a little negro girl ten years of age, and a trail of four of the finest negro-dogs in the State.'

'Hallo! all them! why, how many chances, in the name of gracious, are there?'

'Only a hundred and fifty.'

'Seven hundred and fifty dollars for the whole; that's cheap. But, then, all can't win, and it must be a loss to somebody.'

'Will you go, Cap'n?'

'Well, I don't care—go it is!' when the parties started in the direction of the sport, Henry following to reconnoiter them.

On approaching the tavern, the rafflers, who waited for the rest of the company to gather, could be seen and heard through the uncurtained windows and the door, which was frequently opened, standing around a blazing hot fire, and in groups over the bar-room floor, amusing themselves with jests and laughter. Henry stood in the verge of the forest in a position to view the whole of their proceedings.

Presently there was a rush out of doors with glee and meriment. Old Colonel Sprout was bringing out his dogs, to test their quality previous to the raffle.

'Now gentlemen!' exclaimed he, 'them is the bes' trained dogs in this part of the State. Be dad, they's the bes' dogs in the country. When you say 'nigger,' you need'n fear they'll ever go after anything but a nigger.'

'Come, Colonel, give them a trial; we must have something going on to kill time,' suggested one of the party.

'But what will he try 'em on?' seid another; 'there's no niggers to hunt'

'Send them out, and let them find one, be George,' suggested a third.

'Where the deuce will they get one?' rejoined a fourth.

'Just as a hunting dog finds any other game,' answered a fifth; "where else?'

'O, by golly, gentlemen, you need'n give yourselves no uneasiness about the game. They find a nigger, once started, if they have to break into some negro quarter and drag 'em out o' bed. No mistake 'bout them, I tell you gentlemen!' boasted Sprout.

'But won't a nigger hurt 'em when he knows he's not a runaway!' inquired Richard Rutherford.

'What, a nigger hurt a bloodhound! By gracious, they're fearder of a bloodhoun' than they is of the devil himself! Them dogs is dogs, gentlemen, an' no mistake; they is by gracious!' declared Sprout.

'Well, let them loose, Colonel, and let's have a little sport, at any rate!' said Ralph Jordon, the patrol, who had just arrived; 'we're in for a spree tonight, anyhow.'

'Here! Ceaser, Major, Jowler here! Pup! niggers about! Seek out!' hissed the Colonel, with a snap of the finger, pointing toward the thicket, in the direction where stood Henry. With a yelp which sent a shudder through the crowd, the dogs started in full chase for the forest.

'By George, Colonel,' that's too bad!' Call them back!' said Ralph Johnson, as the savage brutes bounded in search of a victim.

'By thunder, gentlemen, it's too late! they'll have a nigger before they stop. They'll taste the blood of some poor black devil before they git back!' declared Sprout.

Having heard every word that passed between them, in breathless silence Henry awaited the approach of the animals. The yelping now become more anxious and eager, until at last it was heard as a short, impatient, fretful whining, indicating a near approach to their prey, and growing less and less, they ceased entirely to be heard.

'What the Harry does it mean? the dogs has ceased to bay?' remarked Colonel Sprout.

'Maybe they caught a nigger," replied John Spangler.

'It might be a 'Tartar!' rejoined Ralph Jordon.

'Maybe a nigger caught them!' said the Sheriff of the county, who was present to superintend the raffle, and receive the proceeds of the hazard.

'What!' exclaimed the old gentleman to enhance the value of the prizes; 'what! my Ceaser, Major, Jowler, and Pup, the bes' dogs in all Arkansas!—a nigger kill them! No, gentlemen, once let loose an' on their trail, an' they's not a gang o' niggers to be found out at night they could'nt devour! Them dogs! Hanged if they didn't eat a nigger quick as they'd swaller a piece o' meat!'

'Then they're the dogs for me!' replied the Sheriff.

'And me" added Spangler, a noted agent for catching runaway slaves.

'The raffle, the raffle!' exclaimed several voices eager for a chance, estimating at once the value of the dogs above the aggregate amount of the stakes.

'But the dogs, the dogs, gentlemen! they're not here! Give us the dogs first,' suggested an eager candidate for competition in the prizes.

'No matter, gentlemen, be sartin,' said the Colonel; 'when they's done they'll come back agin.'

'But how will they be managed in attacking strange negroes!' inquired Ralph Jordon.

'O, the command of any white man is *sufficient to call 'em off, an' they's plenty* o' them all'as wherever you find niggers.'

'Then, Colonel, we're to understand you to mean, that white men can't live without niggers.

'I'll be hanged, gentlemen, if it don't seem so, for wherever you find one you'll all'as find tother, they's so fully mixed up with us in all our relations!' peals of laughter following the explanation.

'Come, Colonel, I'll be hanged if we stand that, except you stand treat!' said Ralph.

'Stand what? Let us understand you; what'd I say?'

'What did you say? why, by George, you tell us flatly that we are *related* to niggers!'

'Then, gentlemen, I'll stand treat; for on that questi'n I'll be consarned if some of us don't have to knock under!' at which there were deafening roars of laughter, the crowd rushing into the bar-room, crying:

'Treat! treat!' that's too good to be lost!'

Next day after the raffle, the winners having in the morning presented the prizes back to their former owner, it was whispered about that the dogs had been found dead in the woods, the mare and colt were astray, the little slave girl was in a pulmonary decline, the buggy had been upset and badly worsted the day before the raffle, and the horse had the distemper; upon which information the whole party met at a convenient place on a fixed day, going out to his house in a body, who ate, drank, and caroused at his expense during the day and evening.

'Sprout,' said Ralph Jordon; 'with your uniform benevolence, generosity and candor, how did you ever manage to depart so far from your old principles and rule of doing things? I can't understand it.'

'How so? explain yourself,' replied Sprout.

'Why you always gave rather than took advantage, your house and means always being open to the needy, even those with whom you were unaquainted.'

'I'm sure I haint departed one whit from my old rule,' said Sprout; 'I saw you was all strangers to the thing, an' I took you in; I'm blamed if I didn't!' the crowd shouting with laughter.

'One word, Sprout,' said Jordon; 'when the dogs ceased baying, didn't you suspect something wrong?'

'I know'd at once when they stopped, that they was defeated; but I thought they'd pitched headlong into a old well-hole some sixty foot deep, where the walls had tumbled in, an' made it some twenty foot wide at the top. I lis'ened every minute 'spectin' to hear a devil of a whinin' among 'em; but I was disapinted.'

'Well, it's a blamed pity, anyhow, that such fine animals were killed; and no clue as yet, I believe, to the perpetration of the deed,' said the Sheriff.

'They was, indeed,' replied Sprout, 'as good a breed o' dogs as ever was, an' if they'd a been trained right, nothin' could a come up with 'em; but consarn their picters, it sarves 'em right, as they was the [illegible] cowards I ever seed! 'Sarn them, if a nigger ony done so—jis' made a pass at 'em, an' I'll be hanged if they didn't yelp like wild cats, an' almost kill 'emselves runnin' away!' at which explanation the peals of laughter were deafening.

'Let's stay a week, stay a week, gentlemen!' exclaimed Ralph Jordon, in a convulsion of laughter.

'Be gracious gentlemen!' concluded Sprout; 'if you stay till etarnity it won't alter the case one whit; case the mare an' colt's lost, the black gal's no use to anybody, the buggy's all smashed up, the hos' is got the distemper, and the dogs is dead as thunder!'

With a boisterous roar, the party already nearly exhausted with laughter, commenced gathering their hats and cloaks, and left the premises, declaring never again to be caught at a raffling wherein was interested Colonel Joel Sprout.

The dogs were indeed the best animals of the kind, and quickly trailed out their game; but Henry, with a well-aimed weapon, slew each ferocious beast as it approached him, leaving them weltering in their own blood instead of feasting on his, as would have been the case had he not overpowered them. The rest of the prizes were also valuable and in good order, and the story which found currency depreciating them, had its origin in the brain and interest of Colonel Sprout, which resulted as designed, entirely in his favor.

Hastening on to the Fulton* landing, Henry reached it at half past two o'clock in the morning, just in time to board a steamer on the downward trip, which barely *touched the shore to* pick up a package. Knowing him by reputation as a great horse master, the captain received him cheerfully, believing him to have been, from what he had learned, to the Texas races with horses for his master.

Being now at ease, and faring upon the best the vessel could afford, after a little delay along the cotton trading coast, Henry was safely landed in the interesting and pretentious city of New Orleans.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEW ORLEANS.

The season is the holidays, it is evening, and the night is beautiful. The moon, which in Louisiana is always an object of impressive interest, even to the slave as well as those of enlightened and scientific intelligence, the influence of whose soft and mellow light seems ever like the enchanting effect of some invisible being, to impart inspiration—now being shed from the crescent of the last day of the first quarter, appeared more interesting and charming than ever.

Though the cannon at the old fort in the Lower *Faubourg* had fired the significant warning, admonishing the slaves as well as free blacks to limit their movements, still there were passing to and fro with seeming indifference, negroes, both free and slave, as well as the whites and creole quadroons, fearlessly along the public highways, in seeming defiance of the established usage of negro limitation.

This was the evening of the day of *Mar digras*, and from long established and time-honored custom, the celebration which commenced in the morning was now being consummated by games, shows, exhibitions, theatrical performances, festivals, *masquerade* balls, and numerous entertainments and gatherings in the evening. It was on this account that the negroes had been allowed such unlimited privileges this evening.

Nor were they remiss to the utmost extent of its advantages.

The city which always at this season of the year is lively, and Chartier street gay and fashionable, at this time appeared more lively, gay and fashionable than usual. This fashionable thoroughfare, the pride of the city, was thronged with people, presenting complexions of every shade and color. Now could be seen and realized the expressive description in the popular song of the vocalist Cargill:

> I suppose you've heard how New Orleans
> Is famed for wealth and beauty;
> There's girls of every hue, it seems,
> From snow white to sooty.'

The extensive shops and fancy stores presented the presence behind their counters as saleswomen in attendance, of numerous females, black, white, mulatto and quadroon, politely bowing, courtesying, and rubbing their hinds,—in accents of broken English inviting to purchase all who entered the threshold, or even looked in at the door:

'Wat fa you want somet'ing? Walk in, sire, I vill sell you one nice presant fa one young ladee.'

And so with many who stood or sat along the streets and at the store doors. Courtesying and smiling they gave the civil banter;

'Come, sire, I sell you one pretty ting.'

The fancy stores and toy shops on this occasion were crowded seemingly to their greatest capacity. Here might be seen the fashionable comely young white lady of French or American extraction, and there the handsome, and frequently beautiful maiden of African origin, mulatto, quadroon, or sterling black, all fondly interchanging civilities, and receiving some memento or keepsake from the hand of an acquaintance. Many lively jests and impressive flings of delicate civility noted the greetings of the passers-by. Freedom seemed as though for once enshrouded by her sacred robes and crowned with cap and wand in hand, to go forth untrammeled through the highways of the town. Along the private streets, sitting under the verandas, in the doors with half closed *jalousies*, or promenading unconcernedly the public ways, mournfully humming in solace or chanting in lively glee, could be seen and heard many a creole, male or female, black, white, or mixed race, sometimes in reverential praise of—

> Father, Son and Holy Ghost—
> Madonna, and the Heavenly Host!

in sentimental reflection on some pleasant social relations, or the sad reminiscence of ill-treatment, or loss by death of some loved one, or worse than death, the relentless and insatiable demands of slavery.

In the distance, on the levee, or in the harbor among the steamers, the songs of the boatmen were incessant. Every few hours landing, loading and unloading, the glee of these men of sorrow was touchingly appropriate and impressive. Men of sorrow they are in reality; for if there be a class of men anywhere to be found, whose sentiments of song and words of lament are made to reach the sympathies of others, the black slave-boatmen on the Mississippi river is that class. Placed in positions the most favorable to witness the pleasures enjoyed by others, the tendency only is to augment their own wretchedness.

Fastened by the unyielding links of the iron cable of despotism, reconciling themselves to a life-long misery, they are seemingly contented by soothing their sorrows with songs and sentiments of apparently cheerful, but in reality wailing lamentations. The most attracting lament of the evening was sung to words, a stanza of which is presented in pathos of delicate tenderness, which is but a spray from the stream that gushed out in insuppressible juts from the agitated fountains of their souls, as if in unison with the restless current of the great river upon which they were compelled to toil, their troubled waters could not be quieted. In the capacity of leader, as is their custom, one poor fellow in pitiful tones lead off the songs of the evening:

> 'Way down upon the Mobile river,
> Close to Mobile Bay;
> There's where my thoughts are running ever,
> All through the livelong day:
> There I've a good and fond old mother,
> Though she is a slave;
> There I've a sister and a brother,
> Lying in their peaceful graves.'

Then in chorus joined the whole company—

> 'O, could I somehow a'nother,
> Drive these tears away;
> When I think about my poor old mother,
> Down upon the Mobile Bay.'

Standing in the midst of and contemplating such scenes as these, it was, that Henry determined to finish his mission in *the city and leave it by the earliest* conveyance over Pontchartrain for Alabama—Mobile being the point at which he aimed. Swiftly as the current of the fleeting Mississippi was time passing by, and many states lie in expanse before him, all of which, by the admonishing impulses of the dearest relations, he was compelled to pass over as a messenger of light and destruction.

Light, of necessity, had to be imparted to the darkened region of the obscure intellects of the slaves, to arouse them from their benighted condition to one of moral responsibility, to make them sensible that liberty was legitimately and essentially theirs, without which there was no distinction between them and the brute. Following, as a necessry consequence, would be the destruction of oppression and ignorance.

Alone and friendless, without a home, a fugitive from slavery, a child of misfortune, an outcast upon the world, floating on the cold surface of chance, now in the midst of a great city of opulence, surrounded by the most despotic restrictions upon his race, with renewed determination Henry declared that nothing short of an unforeseen Providence should impede his progress in the spread of secret organizations among the slaves. So aroused, he immediately started for a house in the Lower *Faubourg*.

'My frien', who yeh lookin' for?' kindly inquired a cautious black man, standing concealed in the shrubbery near the door of a low, tile-covered house standing back in the yard.

'A friend,' replied Henry.

'Wats 'is name?' continued the man.

'I do not rightly know.'

'Would yeh know it ef yeh heared it, my frien'?'

'I think I would.'

'Is it Seth?'

'That's the very name!' said Henry.

'Wat yeh want wid 'im, my frien'?'

'I want to see him.'

'I spose yeh do, frien'; but dat ain' answer my questin' yit. Wat yeh want wid 'im?'

'I would rather see him, then I'll be better able to answer.'

'My frien',' replied the man, meaningly; 'I see da is somethin' in yeh; come in!' giving a significant cough before placing his finger on the latch-string.

On entering, from the number and arrangement of the seats, there was evidence of an anticipated gathering; but the evening being that of the *Mar di gras*, there was nothing very remarkable in this. Out from another room came a sharp, observing, shrewd little dark brown-skin woman, called in that community a *griffe*." Bowing, sidling and courtesying, she smilingly came forward.

'Wat brotha dis, Seth?' inquired she.

'I don'o,' carelessly replied he with a signal of caution, which was not required in her case.

'Ah!' exclaimed Henry; 'this is Mr. Seth! I'm glad to see you.'

After a little conversation, in which freely participated Mrs. Seth, who evidently was deservingly the leading spirit of the evening, they soon became reconciled to the character and mission of their unexpected and self-invited guest.

'Phebe, go tell 'em,' said Seth; when lightly tripping away, she entered the door of the other room, which after a few moments' delay was partially opened, and by a singular and peculiar signal, Seth and the stranger were invited in. Here sat in one of the most secret and romantic-looking rooms, a party of fifteen, the representatives of the heads of that many plantations, who that night had gathered for the portentious purpose of a final decision on the hour to strike the first blow. On entering, Henry stood a little in check.

'Trus' 'em!' said Seth; 'yeh fine 'em da right saut uv boys—true to der own color! Da come f'om fifteen diffent plantations.'

'They're the men for me!' replied Henry, looking around the room; 'is the house all safe?'

'Yes, brotha, all safe an' soun', an' a big dog in da yard, so dat no one can come nigh widout our knowin' it.'

'First, then, to prayer, and next to seclusion,' said Henry, looking at Seth to lead in prayer.

'Brotha, gib us word a' prar,' said Seth to Henry, as the party on their knees bowed low their heads to the floor.

'I am not fit, brother, for a spiritual leader; my warfare is not Heavenly, but earthly; I have not to do with angels, but with men; not with righteousness, but wickedness. Call upon some brother who has more of the grace of God than I. If ever I were a Christian, slavery has made me a sinner; if I had been a saint, it would have made me a devil! I feel more like cursing than praying—may God forgive me! Pray for me, brethren!'

'Brotha Kits gib us word a prar, my brotha!' said Seth to an athletic, powerful black man.

'It's not for our many words, nor long prayer—our 'pinion uv our self, nor sich [illegible] dat Dou [illegible] us; but de 'cerity ob our hearts an' our 'tentions. Bless de young man dat come 'mong us; make 'im fit for 'is day, time an' genration! Dou knows, Laud, dat for wat we 'semble; anseh dis our 'tition, an' gib us token ob Dine 'probation!' petitioned Kits, slapping his hand at the conclusion down upon and splitting open a pine table before him.

'Amen!' responded the gathering.

'Let de word run an' be glorify!' exclaimed Nathan Seth.

The splitting of the table was regarded as ominous, but of doubtful signification, the major part considering it as rather unfavorable. Making no delay, lest a dispondency ensued through fear and superstition, Henry at once entered into seclusion, completing an organization.

'God sen' yeh had come 'long dis way befo'!' exclaimed Phebe Seth.

'God grant 'e had!' responded Nathan.

'My Laud! I feels like a Sampson! I feels like gwine to take de city meself!' cried out Kits, standing erect on the floor, with fists clenched, muscles braced, eyes shut, and head thrown back.

'Yes, yes!' exclaimed Phebe; 'blessed be God, brotha Kits, de King is in de camp!'

'Poweh, poweh!' responded Seth: 'da King is hear!'

'Praise 'is name!' shouted Phebe, clapping and rubbing her hands; 'for wat I feels an' da knowledge I has receive dis night! I been all my days in daukness till now! I feels we shall be a people yit! Thang, God, thang' God!" when she skipped over the floor from side to side, keeping time with a tune sung to the words—

> 'We'll honor our Lord and Master,
> We'll honor our Lord and King;
> We'll honor our Lord and Master,
> And bow at His command!
> Oh brothers, did you hear the news?
> Lovely Jesus is coming!
> If ever I get to the house of the Lord,
> I'll never come back any more.'

"It's good to be here!" shouted Seth.

"Ah, dat it is, brotha Seth;" responded Kits. De Laud is nigh, dat 'e is. 'E promise dat wharsomeveh two-three 'semble' to be in de mids' an dat to bless 'em, an' *'is promise is not vain*, case 'E here to-night!"

At the moment when Phebe took her seat, nearly exhausted with exercise, a loud rap at the door, preceded by the signal for the evening, alarmed the party.

"Come in brotha Tib—come quick, ef yeh comin," bade Seth, in a low voice, hastily, as he partially opened the door, peeping out into the other room.

"O, pshaw!" exclaimed Phebe, as he and her husband yet lingered; "I wish he stay away. I'm sho, nobody want im! he allas half drunk, anyhow. Good evenin, brotha Tib. How yeh been sense we see yeh, early paut de night?"

"Reasable, sisteh—reasable, thang God. Well, what yeh all 'cided on? I say dis night, now er neveh!" said Tib, evidently bent on mischief.

"Foolishness, foolishness!" exclaimed Phebe, "it makes me mad to see people make fool uv demself! I wish 'e stay home, an' not bother here."

"I spose I got right to speak as well as de rest on yeh. Yeh all ain' dat high yit to keep body from talkin' I spose. Betta wait tell yeh git free fo' ye 'temp' scrow oveh people dat way! I kin go out yeh house!' retorted the mischievous man, determined on distracting their plans.

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*A town in Arkansas.

'Nobody o'deh yeh out, but I like see people have sense, pecially befo' strangehs' an' know to behave demself!'

'I is gwine out yeh house,' gruffly replied the man.

'My friend,' said Henry, 'listen a moment to me. You are not yet ready for a strike; you're not yet ready to do anything effective. You have barely taken the first step in the matter, and—'

'Strangeh!' interrupted the distracter, 'don'o yeh name, yeh strangeh to me—I see yeh talk bout 'step;' how many step man got take fo' he kin walk? I likes to know dat! Tell me dat fus, den yeh may ax me what ye choose!'

'You must have all the necessary means, my brother,' persuasively resumed Henry, 'for the accomplishment of your ends. Intelligence among yourself on everything pertaining to your designs and project. You must know what, how, and when to do. Have all the instrumentalities necessary for an effective effort before making the attempt. Without this you will fail, utterly fail.'

'Den ef we got wait all dat time, we neveh be free!' gruffly replied he. 'I goes in for dis night! I say dis night! Who goes—'

'Shet yo' big mouth! Sit down! Now make a fool o' yo'self!' exclaimed several voices with impatience, which evidently only tended to increase the mischief.

'Dis night, dis night or neveh!' boisterously yelled the now infuriated man at the top of his voice; 'now's de time!' when he commenced shuffling about over the floor, stamping and singing at the top of his voice—

'Come all my brethren, let us take a rest,
While the moon shines bright and clear;
Old master died and left us all at last,
And has gone at the bar to appear!
Old master's dead and lying in his grave;
And our blood will now cease to flow;
He will no more tramp on the neck of the slave,
For he's gone where slave-holders go!
Hang up the shovel and the hoe-o-o!
I don't care whether I work or no!
Old master's gone to the slave-holders rest—
He's gone where they all *ought* to go!'

pointing down and concluding with an expression which indicated anything but a religious feeling.

'Shame so it is dat he's lowed to do so! I wish I was man for 'im, I'd make 'im fly!' said Phebe, much alarmed, as she heard the great dog in the yard, which had been so trained as to know the family visitors, whining and manifesting an uneasiness unusual with him. On going to the back door, a person suddenly retreated into the shrubbery, jumping the fence, and disappearing.

Soon, however, there was an angry low heavy growling of the dog, with suppressed efforts to bark, apparently prevented by fear on the part of the animal. This was succeeded by cracking in the bushes, dull heavy foot-steps, cautious whispering, and stillness.

'Hush! Lis'en!' admonished Phebe; 'what is dat? wy don't Tiger bark? I don't understan' it? Seth, go out and see, will you? Wy don't some you men make dat fool stop? I wish I was a man, I'd break 'is neck, so I would!' during which the betrayer was shuffling, dancing, and singing at such a pitch as to attract attention from without.

Seth seized him from behind by a firm grasp of the collar with both hands; Tib sprang forward, slipping easily out of it leaving the overcoat suspended in his assailant's hands, displaying studded around *his waist a formidable array of deathly weapons*, when rushing out of the front door, in terrible accents he exclaimed:—

'Insurrection! Insurrection! Death to every white!'

With a sudden spring of their rattles, the *gens d'armes*, who in clusters had surrounded the house, and by constant menacing gestures with their maces kept the great dog which stood back in a corner in a snarling position in fear, arrested the miscreant, taking him directly to the old fort *calaboose*. In the midst of the confusion which necessarily ensued, Henry, Seth and Phebe, Kits and fellow-leaders from the fifteen plantations, immediately fled, all having passes for the day and evening, which fully protected them in any part of the city away from the scene of disturbance.

Intelligence soon reached all parts of the city, that an extensive plot for rebellion of the slaves had been timely detected. The place was at once thrown into a state of intense excitement, the military called into requisition, dragoons flying in every direction, cannon from the old fort sent forth hourly through the night, thundering peals to give assurance of their sufficiency, and the infantry on duty traversed the streets, stimulating with martial air and voluntary vocalists, who readily joined in the chorus to the memorable exciting words in the Southern States, of—

'Go tell Jack Coleman,
The Negroes are a rising!'

Alarm and consternation succeeded pleasure and repose, sleep for the time seemed to have departed from the eyes of the inhabitants, men, women, and children ran in every direction through the streets, seeming determined if they were to be massacred, that it should be done in the open highways rather than secretly in their own houses. The commotion thus continued till the morning: meanwhile editors, journalists, reporters, and correspondents, all were busily on the alert, digesting such information as would form an item of news for the press, or a standing reminiscence for historical reference in the future.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE REBEL BLACKS.

For the remainder of the night secreting themselves in Conti and Burgundi streets, the rebel proprietors of the house in which was laid the plot for the destruction of the city and seizure of the State, were safe until the morning, their insurrectionary companions having effected a safe retreat to the respective plantations to which they belonged, that evening.

Jason and Phebe Seth were the hired slaves of their own time from a widower master, a wealthy retired attorney at Baton Rouge, whose only concern about them was to call every ninety days at the counter of the Canal Bank of New Orleans, and receive the price of their hire, which was there safely deposited to his credit by the industrious and faithful servants. The house in which the rebels met, had been hired for the occasion, being furnished rooms *kept for transient accommodation*.

On the earliest conveyance destined for the city of Mobile, Henry left, who before he fled, admonished each member of the organization, as his parting counsel, to 'stand still and see the salvation;' the next day being noted by General Ransom, as an incident in his history, by receiving a formal visit of a fortnight's sojourn, in the person of his slaves Jason and Phebe Seth.

The inquisition held in the case of the betrayer Tib, developed fearful antecedence of extensive arrangements for the destruction of the city by fire and water, thereby compelling the white inhabitants to take refuge in the swamps, whilst the blacks marched up the coast, sweeping the plantations as they went.

Suspicions were fixed upon many, among whom was an unfortunate English schoolteacher, who was arrested and imprisoned, where he died, to the last protesting his innocence. McFarland was a good and brave hearted man, disdaining to appeal for redress to his country, lest it might be regarded as the result of cowardice.

Taking fresh alarm at this incident, the municipal regulations have been most rigid in a system of restriction and *espionage* toward negroes and mulattoes, almost destroying their self-respect and manhood, and certainly much impairing their usefulness.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

The Narrowing of the Circle.

It is remarkable to see how, in the providence of God, all stratagems designed in reference to the continued oppression of the colored man have failed.

Nor is it the least interesting phase of the subject to witness how the failures occur.

In the days of the early colonizationists no efforts were spared by its advocates to drive the free colored people to Africa, in order that the slaveholder might enjoy his human property in safety. Our fathers had the wisdom to know that their salvation and the freedom of the slave, was wholly dependent upon the overthrow of this infernal scheme, and hence they fought it to the death. This battle lasted about thirty years; but during this time many persons had been sent to Liberia without the slightest preparation being made there for their care or protection; of course many of them died. But those who survived have gone on increasing until the present time.

But during all this time the South plunged deeper and deeper into its "peculiar" iniquity. From an evil, slavery had grown to be a blessing to the community; hence slavery was the normal condition of the black man. This being the case, the Colinization Society being based upon the idea that a black man could be a man somewhere, became unpopular, and finally expired in the South—the very logical ground being taken, that if slavery is right, then instead of sending negroes to Africa, that they ought by all means to be brought from Africa to this country, in order that they might enjoy the rich blessings of the Patriarchal institutions of the South.

Now during all this time the leaven of abolition was working in the national heart, and prejudice began to give way. The editor of the Tribune, and other negro-haters, began to talk about sending the blacks to Central America—the circle began to get narrower,—Africa was too far off. "They must be under our protection nearer home," &c., &c.

The slave power during all these discussions marched steadily on. It knew that it must either rule or be ruined; hence when it saw that all other methods must fail, and that delay was death, it madly determined to strike, and strike it did.

But look at the charming effect of all this. No sooner did all this take place, than the Tribune began to advocate the colonization of all the colored people in Florida!

Now reader! do you not call that narrowing the circle? *If Horace Greeley goes* on at this rate, how long will it be before he, the very embodiment of hypocrisy, will be found acknowledging our right to live on any part of God's footstool that we please, without any one daring to questron that right. We are proud of our African descent, and hope to see the day that we shall stand on its illustrious soil, and we have our own reasons for this, but we feel that there is a question which infinitely transcends all others, it is the previous question of a man's *right to "life and the pursuit of happiness."*

This being the case, we say to all questions that intervene, stand back!

We "move the previous question."

The Smith Land Enterprise.

This enterprise, so long inviting our interest and attention, is again afloat before the people upon a basis more cheering and satisfactory than any heretofore presented.

The principal excuses held forth to cover the neglect of the three thousand grantees holding these lands, have been, that we are not all farmers: that we are too poor to undertake their settlement; and that the localities are destitute of the needed conveniences, and an encouraging population. Now we shall not urge that in the face of all such objectors the colored people, like the Germans and Irish, go forth in the unbroken districts and make settlements, and by their own stern efforts sweep before them the obstacles of complaint, assisting and instructing one another in the means of accomplishing a success,—for it would be useless: our education has been, (unfortunately) different from theirs. We must first become inspired with a consciousness of the great need of, and benefit accruing from such lofty enterprise, before we can hope for an appreciation of such examples. Our present purpose herein is to dispel if possible the above objections. A few weeks ago we published a few extracts from a letter received from a colored gentleman (Mr. Silas Frazer) living on his grant in Essex Co. This gentleman speaks of the success of Mr. Epps, Mr. Appo, music teacher and others who have settled their lands there, with no knowledge of farming, and declares himself and others willing and anxious to assist as far as possible, all who may come. The population is fast increasing. Five years ago there were thirty-seven farmers within seven miles square around him; in his last letter he says that the population has 'wonderfully increased;' at that time they were sorely pressed for a mill in that neighborhood, now they boast of three. They have good schools, and Mr. Epps is their road master. Like good news we have heard from Franklin and Hamilton counties. The Vermonters, he says, are settlling the lands rapidly. Now to the want of money. We believe that some dozen or more years ago an association was formed to assist jointly its members who desired to improve their grants, believing that such a course would redound to the interest directly and indirectly of the colored people as a class. But few, if any, availed themselves of the opportunity, and the effort broke down by the weight of its discouragement.

Mr. Epps went off about this time, and after a struggle of the first year or two, took his place among the forward men of the enterprise, and now, we are informed, stands in their esteem A No. 1. We speak more particularly of Mr. Epps, because he is among the names more familiarly known in this community. Then followed Pierce, Frazer, Appo, and others, whose lofty example now invites our imitation. We have now established another organization, and again unfurl our banner to the public,—"The Gerrit Smith Land Association."

We shall not urge that which should seem to ourself unwholesome or impracticable, but with the examples shown and facilities offered, we should be remiss to our own interest if not unfortunate in self-respect, if in the present emergencies we allow this laudable enterprise to suffer and die in our hands. Let land-holders throughout the state co-operate. Types.

Letter from Washington.

Washington, Dec. 9th, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—The Washington public are being delightfully entertained by a company of operatic singers from the city of Baltimore. They have given already two concerts of vocal and instrumental music. On Monday evening, Dec. 2, the first of these concerts came off at Israel Church, on which occasion the following array of talent appeared:—Mrs. E. Tilghman, Miss S. T. Braddicks, Mr. J. H. Wilkins, Mr. R. A. Mason, Prof. H. W. Webb, conductor and pianist. This concert, like those given at the Presbyterian and Ebenezer Churches in this city, was very creditable to Mr. Webb and his talented performers, and, in fact, to his city and race. I cannot conclude my comments on this concert without giving some of the pieces sung, adding that they could not have been performed in a more satisfactory manner, the performers being frequently encored.

Bright Star of Hope,
Miss S. S. Braddicks.
Robert le Diable, do.
Dear Mother I will come home.
Mr. Mason.
Vive la America,
Mr. H. Wilkins.

We never witnessed a larger and more select audience at Israel Church. It was made up of the beauty, intelligence, and fashion of Washington, together with a number of distinguished colored strangers. One half of the proceeds of this splendid concert was generously donated to said church, which act speaks volumes for this excellent company, and its gentlemanly conductor, Mr. Harrison Webb, Jr. On Friday this company visited various public buildings, where much attention was shown them, and on Saturday they visited the Smithsonian Institution, and were much pleased with what they saw. It oftimes happens that at or near the close of a fine feast Death bends his gigantic form, and whispers in the ear of some one who had bid fair for a long life—

"Thou fool, this night thy soul is required of thee."

On the night of Friday, Dec. 6, the painful news went through this community that Prof. James H. Fleet was no more! Oh how powerful was the shock to me when I remembered that, but a few days before, I struck hands with the Doctor, on Pennsylvania avenue, and whom I had never seen look better. Little did he or your humble correspondent think that a messenger of Death had been dispatched for his soul to appear at the High Tribunal of God.

"As my soul liveth, there is but one step between me and death."

Mr. James H. Fleet has been long known and universally respected by both white and colored. He had been a successful music teacher in Washington and Georgetown for many years, and was associated with the lamented Rev. John T. Cook, in establishing the 15th street Presbyterian Church. He had filled various positions of usefulness in said church, being for many years the conductor and leader of the choir. Dr. Fleet possessed rare educational attainments, and was considered one of the most refined and talented gentlemen in Washington. He studied medicine under Dr. Sewell, of this city, many years ago, and graduated honorably, and his field of labor was to have been Africa, but owing to the delicate state of his health, he declined emigrating at that time. He did not practice medicine, but preferred the profession of music, which brought him in contact with the families of some of our best white citizens. The "Evening Star" has the following notice of his death in its Saturday's issue, Dec 7th:

Dead.—Hundreds of our fellow-citizens will learn with sincere sorrow of the death, last night, in Georgetown, of Mr. James H. Fleet, the so well known colored music teacher. His disease was typhoid fever.—He was universally respected and regarded where known, by those whose respect and regard was credible to him.

The remains of Mr. Fleet were brought to the 15th St. Presbyterian church, on Sunday *afternoon*, where a large *concourse* had assembled to hear the funeral discourse. As the remains were entering the church, the choir in a solemn manner chanted a funeral air, accompanied by the organ. After an appropriate prayer by the Rev. Benj. T. Tanner, the Rev. Dr. John C. Smith, of the 4th Presbyterian church, delivered a most eloquent and feeling discourse, selecting his text from the Book of Job—14th chapter, and the latter clause of the 20th verse:

"Thou changes his countenance, and sendeth him away"—

after which the remains were taken back to Georgetown for interment.

An exposition has been made of the condition of our county jail and its colored prisoners, by Mr. Wilson, of Mass., in Senate. I here send his report, hoping you will print it in full, as it will be very interesting to many of your Northern readers, who do not know how things have been and are being conducted down here.

Mrs. Caroline Jackson, your recently appointed agent for Washington, seems to be moving in a right direction for success. She is a lady possessing much energy and industry, and I think if anything can be done in Washington, this lady will certainly do it. Indeed, I must congratulate the Anglo-African on its choice of this fair agent—for he must have an iron heart who could, with the best of reasons, refuse to take the paper from so excellent a lady as Mrs. Caroline Jackson. Box.

Letter From Paterson.

Paterson, N. J., Dec. 14th, 1861.

Mr. Editor: More than once I have seen people, who were unacquainted with the full extent of human depravity, shocked to the soul when learning that the black sells black to the slave trader on the coast of Africa; but horrid as this may appear similar acts are daily perpetrated under our eyes by the hired agents of Jas. Redpath.

An Emigration Club, with about twenty names on the roll has been formed in this place. You must not, however, infer that there will be any great emigration from this part of New Jersey. A couple of men and several ladies comprise the whole number that desire to go; the latter wishing to go out and marry dukes, of whom Mr. Brown thinks there must be some left!

The professed object of the club is to acquire information. I therefore invite its attention to two incontrovertible facts.

First—The wages of a laboring man in Hayti are only from 18 to 25 cents per day. This, so far as I know, Mr. Redpath, brazen-faced though he is, has never dared to deny.

Second—The cost of many of the necessaries of life are much greater in Hayti than here. In proof, I refer to the fact that axes, alewives, boots, bedsteads, bricks, candles, chairs, codfish, crockery, crinoline, combs, drugs, drygoods, essence, flour, furniture, firearms, grindstones, grain, groceries, glass, hams, hats, hardware, ink, lookng-glasses, leather, lard, mackerel, matches, needles, oil, pork, pins, paper, refrigerators, shirts, shovels, soap, shoes, tallow, thread, trimmings, tubs, tombstones, &c. &c., with many other important articles, are all imported from this country. (See Pine and Palm, June 20th, 1861.) Commenting on this fact, which is significant of high prices, the paper lets off the following:—

"In reading over the list one is sometimes struck with the ludicrous jumble which is inadvertently made in the enumeration of the exports. Thus, for instance, we have beef, butter and bricks—codfish, crinoline, and crackers—herring, hatchets, and horses—pails, pistols, and pork—all strung together in 'a state of the most admired disorder.' Funny as this may appear, it only proves most emphatically the diversity of the demands which Hayti makes upon the industry of the people of the United States. It shows that her citizens consume large quantities of American food—that many of the fabrics they wear are of American manufacture,—that her physicians *prescribe* American drugs,—that her mechanics use American tools,—that her husbandmen employ American implements of agriculture,—that her newspapers are printed with American type—that her merchants write advices on American paper, with American pens, and American ink—that her children, in infancy, amuse themselves with American toys—and that even after death their places of sepulture are frequently marked by tombstones fashioned by American hands, and taken from American quarries."

True; *and it needs no arguments to show* any person capable of putting two and two together that all the articles named—the American food, American tools, American manufactures, &c., imported into Hayti, must necessarily, in consequence of such importation, be much dearer than in this country. And with the value of labor less, and the necessaries and comforts of life higher than here, how in the name of common sense, I would ask, do people expect to benefit by emigration?

Not only, though, it seems, is Jas. Redpath and other intermedling Englishmen or Irishmen, whichever he is, in favor of such a movement, but other silly gentlemen at Washington want to colonize us in some 'congenial clime." That message reminded me of a saying of ex-Senator Wigfall—"Kentucky produces nothing but asses and jackasses!" The Hoosier English in which it was written, is the only language fitted to express that silly, diabolical proposition referring to colonization. At the rate of a thousand a day, all the negroes cannot be removed in ten years. If, however, the diabolical scheme is to be consummated, let blood be spilled before we go, and let the first to pay for his infamous crimes be Jas. Redpath, the heartless trader in our people's woes. A. P. S.

Letter from Ithaca.

Ithaca, N. Y., Dec. 14th, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—With pleasure I inform you of the state of things in Ithaca. There has been a new church edifice erected here, and it is a splendid affair. The Church prospers both spiritually and temporally. There is a thriving Sabbath school attached to it, which gains steadily in numbers each Sabbath. The Sons and Daughters of Bishop of Ithaca held a supper at Zion Hall (formerly of the old church), on the evening of the 12th. An interesting company there assembled to partake of the bounties of a well laden table, and truly they did the viands thereon ample justice. The proceeds, which were $17 18 clear of all expenses, went to pay for a new chandalier for the new church, and which is very handsome indeed, and cost about $15. It seems as if the conflict of war is raging, and bids fair to be fearful and long, and it becomes us as people to be zealous in every good enterprise, hoping and praying that the Lord will bring right out of every wrong.

Rev. John Thomas.

The Fire in Charleston S. C.

We hardly know what to say of this ominous affair. If we look at it from the stand-point of an American citizen,—a friend to the perpetuity of an American Union, we have great reason to rejoice at the fact, that there are men in that infernal den, whose hearts still beat true to the Union, and out of whose breasts, the traitors have utterly failed to drive the undying spirit of patriotism.

If the torch which fired that nest was handled by a white man, his name ought to be handed down to posterity with the names of the most daring who may perish in or survive this war. But if, on the contrary, it was the act of a black hand, neither a monumental slab, or the most eloquent epistle could do him justice, of so much importance is the act to the future of this country.

If a black man did it, it is the key to the solution of the war, a key which the the President of the United States may yet be obliged to tune, notwithstauding *his attempt in his late message to stay the* flowing of the anti-slavery current.

This fire assumes gigantic importance when taken in connection with the Mason and Slidell affair.

Great Britain is now talking about going to war with this country, because of the manner of the arrest of those individuals.

Now this is the ostensible reason; but the real one is, that they want the cotton of the South, and by raising the blockade they hope to get it. But if the President will but declare, by proclamation, that the country is in danger, and call upon all her sons, of whatever color, to rally to its defence; and if he at the same time should order the Slaves of the South to seek their freedom through fire and rapine, a few such illuminations as that of Charleston would soon settle the whole question.

There were 576 houses burned in Charleston, the value of which was about $7,000,000. Many reports were rife in reference to the slaves; some papers stating that those in the interior of the State were in full insurrection. These reports have not been confirmed, but they indicate the apprehensions of the slave-holders of the South.

New Work by a Colored Author.

We have received a circular by which we are informed that our former fellow-townsman, Rev. Alex. Crummell, is about issuing from the press a collection of his several writings, in a volume of some 300 pages. The book will be published by subscription; and, at the cheap price at which it is offered, gives Mr. C.'s old schoolmates and friends a good opportunity of testing their regard for him personally, their interest in the work he is doing in West Africa, and the esteem of New York, for her sons who maintain her character in foreign lands.

We subjoin a part of the circular:

The Future of Africa: Miscellanies.—By Rev. Alexander Crummell, B. A., of Liberia, Africa.

The undersigned proposes to issue in a 12mo. volume, of about 300 pages; Orations, Addresses and other Papers, mostly prepared for National and Missionary occasions, in Liberia, West Africa; and pertaining to National Life and Duty.

The following is a list of the articles:—

1. The English Language in Liberia.
2. The Duty of a Rising Christian State to contribute to the World's Well-being and Civilization.
3. Address on laying the Corner Stone of St. Mark's Hospital, Cape Palmas.
4. Duty and Relations of Free Colored Men in America, to Africa.
5. Eulogum on the Life and Character of Thomas Clarkson, Esq.
6. God and the Nation—An Anniversary Sermon.
7. The Fitness of the Gospel for its own Work—A Convocational Sermon.
8. The Progress and Prospects of the Republic of Liberia.
9. Progress of Civilization along the West coast of Africa.
10. The Negro Race not under a Curse—From the London Christian Observer of August, 1853.

The volume will be printed on good white paper; in clear type; neatly bound; and at $1 (one dollar) per copy.

Orders for copies may be left at this office.

We are glad to see that Mr. Crummell's projected work has received the patronage of such distinguished persons as—

Rt. Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D.,
Benjamin Coates, Esq.,
Mrs. Eli K. Price,
Rev. J. W. Cracraft,
John S. Crozer, Esq.,
Hon. Edward Coles,
Rev. B. T. Noakes,
Rev. Stephen Smith,
Rev. William Douglass,
Rev. James Gloucester,
Rev. Albert Barnes,
Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D., of N. Y.,
John Welsh, Esq.,
Samuel Welsh, Esq.,
Rev. Thomas S. Malcom,
Hon. Geo. W. Woodward,
John Bohlen, Esq.,
W. Parker Foulke, Esq.,
U. B. Vidal, Esq., &c., &c.

DEATH OF REV. WALTER PROCTOR.

We learn from the last number of the "Christian Recorder" that the venerable Father Proctor, *of Philadelphia*, with whom many of our readers enjoyed an acquaintance, departed this life, on the 10th inst., in that city. From an obituary notice in the "Recorder" we make the following extract:—

"Father Proctor was troubled very much with the asthma for many years, and that, in conjunction with a dropsical affection, was probably the means of terminating his life. The deceased had been a member of Bethel Church about forty-eight years. He was ordained a Deacon by the Rev. Richard Allen, the first Bishop of the A. M. E Church. His life was one grand page, free from spot or blemish, and he was greatly beloved by all who knew him. It is said that he was sensible of the hour of his departure being near at hand, and he called his family around him, and exhorted them to look to God. He also gave out the hymn,

'Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We, wretched sinners, lay,' &c.

He recited the entire hymn in as *strong* a voice as he had ever done, and at the conclusion offered up a fervent prayer to the Throne of Grace. He told his wife that he was about to leave her, and wished her to be resigned to the will of God. He also exhorted all who called to see him to put their trust in the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. He told us, some time ago, when engaged in conversation in the book-room, that he would drop off some time when it would be least expected, and that he was living in expectation of that event. He was confined to his bed but a few days previous to his death. But he is no more—he has paid the debt that all must pay.

"He leaves behind him to mourn his loss a dear and affectionate companion, who is now in her sixty or sixty-first year, and six children—four daughters and two sons—but their loss is his infinite gain. The Church, also, and many friends, are left to mourn his loss."

The good people of Boston have a splendid chance to get the government out of the Slidell-Mason-British-Lion-scrape. They are heaping kindness on the imprisoned traitors; let them go one step farther, and "kill them with kindness." Let a few dozen go down to Fort Warren, disguised as blacks; let them seize upon Mason and Slidell, and out of pure love for "old massa," squeeze and hug the breath out of them—"so glad fer see 'um;" then let them get a butt of sack, or Malmesbury wine, and *neatly make a vinous infusion of the old* gentlemen (thereby giving them by *exdosmosis* what they have been all their lives accustomed to by *cudosmosis*), so "chemically prepared" that they will "keep" in "good order" for any British demand for the article. Such an act would relieve the government at Washington from a great deal of inkshed, and our British cousins from a little bloodshed.

What Is It?

We copy the following from the 31st No., December 14th, of the "Pine and Palm"

A Preparatory Word.—Having become sincerely convinced that many of the political doctrines that I have advocated in my writings are dangerous and abhorrent to the higher insight; the murderous policy, for instance, of inciting the slaves to insurrection;—which I have urged repeatedly and with terribly mistaken zeal—I wish to announce here that I shall retire from any participation in the political management of this journal, excepting for the purpose of retracting past errors, until such time as I feel that I have attained a clearer and more human and Christian view of the duties of the freeman to the enslaved.

I shall confine myself exclusively to the editing of the outside pages of the paper. The name of the acting editor will be duly announced. The articles signed with an asterisk (*) were mine; of these I will retract many; my associates who indicate their respective writings by the initial L. and by the marks †, ‡, and §, are alone responsible for their thoughts thus labelled, I repudiate my war doctrines, utterly and forever. James Redpath.

We don't know what to make of this "Preparatory Word," or proclamation. We must hand it over to our Canadian correspondent—Mrs. Mary Shadd Cary. Her "insight" in such matters is decidedly "higher" than ours. We pray that she will deal tenderly with our brother editor, for he is evidently on the "anxious seat, groping about for conviction." He is quite mistaken in supposing that he is "sincerely convinced" of any thing, except that the world is an oyster which J. R. is destined to open; and that his present "lay," as the tool of the black president of Hayti, does not pay quite as well as if he could become "available" to the white president of the United States. In "laying for" the latter, he has wit enough to understand that he must entirely wash all the "JOHN BROWN" spots from his antecedents. He seeks to hide this tar by a coat of self-imposed feathers. He need not labor hard. The world had more difficulty in believing him to be a brave and honest man than it will find in regarding him as a renegade and a charlatan. If "sincerely convinced" that he should repudiate war doctrines and insurrection, why does he maintain his connection with the Haytian Government, which is based upon and grew out of the doctrine of the divine right of insurrection? What is the matter, any how! Have the murdered Banquos of Geffrard's estate and St. Mark, troubled the unrest of J. R?

No Slave-catching in the Army.—In Congress on Wednesday last the resolution offered by Mr. Sumner that the army shall not be used to surrender fugitive slaves, was taken up.

Mr. Sumner said he had various letters stating abuses of this kind in the army. Brig. Gen. Stone was adding to his achievement at Ball's Bluff, by busying himself in surrendering up slaves. He (Gen. Stone) had made Massachusetts soldiers do this vile duty. The Governor of Massachusetts had already complained of this. This outrage must be stopped.

Mr. Cowan (Rep., Pa.) thought that the one great trouble was, that every General thought that he must make up his mind as to what he will do in a contingency which never arises. He (Cowan) thought that Generals had no right to settle the question as to who was the owner of a slave, and that the whole matter should be left to the Executive, and need not be put on the statute book. The fact that the army were in the Rebel States was enough. He thought that Generals must take the natural result which comes with each fact, without a special legislation for emancipation or confiscation. They had nothing to do with these questions in the Senate, whiuh were only keeping up angry agitation.

Mr. Sumner's resolution was then agreed to.

GOD BLESS GEN. HEINTZELMAN

The Washington correspondent of the "Tribune" writes:

"Gen. Heintzelman has within the past few weeks added to the population of Alexandria several Virginians whose desire to recover fugitive slaves outran their discretion. When they presented themselves at his headquarters in search of their lost bondsmen, he informed them that the soldiers of the National Army were not slave catchers, and when, satisfied that he meantwhat he said, they essayed to return to their farms, he declared that he could not permit civilians to go beyond or to remain within his lines. One of them has, in consequence, been a month in Alexandria, waiting for the Army to advance to the other side of his plantation. 'Dark-skinned Union men' continue to seek Gen. Heintzelman's camp, but fewer rebel owners visit him."

Infamous.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Daily Times, in his letter of Dec. 15th, makes the following statement, which has not yet been contradicted:

"When our troops crossed the river, previous to the battle of Ball's Bluff, the slaves in the vicinity on the Virginia side were of invaluable service as guides and boatmen in transporting our troops across. When our troops retreated, two slaves, belonging to a rebel named Smart, resident south of Leesburgh, and who had thus aided our troops, reached the Maryland side and remained in our camps, and have been devoted and faithful servants. On Friday, Gen. Stone sent orders to have the two men conveyed across the river under a flag of truce, to be conveyed to their master. The rebels at first refused to receive them, but on assurance being given that Gen. Stone's only purpose was to return the slaves, they were received, and the flag of truce returned."

The Freedmen at Fortress Monroe.

Rev. L. C. Lockwood, after a short visit to New York, has resumed his labors in Virginia. The Committee have engaged Rev. W. E. Sheldon, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as an assistant missionary. Rev. S. S. Jocelyn, one of the Secretaries of the *American Missionary Association*, supplied Mr. Lockwood's place, during his absence, and has returned deeply impressed with the great importance of sustaining this interesting mission. Mr. Lockwood writes, under date of November 25th:

"Brother Sheldon is very acceptable to the colored people. . . . The Lord has blessed Brother Jocelyn's labor here. All things now go on harmoniously."

In letter dated Nov. 27th, he says:

"In my last, I promised to give you some account of last Sabbath's services. The sunrise prayer meeting was, as usual, interesting. So with the Sabbath-schools. The 11 o'clock service at Wood's Mill, near Hampton, was also very interesting. Mr. Hobson — a 'contraband' — who is rapidly learning to read—made some sensible, Scriptural and even eloquent impromptu remarks on the text, 'Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation,' etc., adapted to make a good and deep impression upon both saints and sinners. He said he felt diffident in speaking in the presence of one of so much more knowledge and experience than himself, yet he was not ashamed to speak of Jesus. Though he could not yet perfectly read the Holy Scriptures, God had taught them to him by the Spirit."

He proceeded as follows:

"The joy of salvation! You, Christian, know what it is. When first converted, it was to you a joy unspeakable and full of glory. Then you could tell to sinners around, what a dear Saviour you had found. Jesus all the day long, was your joy and your song. When the Christian is cold in religion, he has no joy, no freedom, no heart to praise, no tongue to speak what God has done for his soul. But when God has restored to him the joy of his salvation, and once more upholds him with his free Spirit, his heart overflows, and his tongue is loosed. David lost this great blessing by sin, and regained it by repentance. Without this, Christians will meet and moil and toil together, and not a lisp is spoken of Jesus or his word; but when joy and freedom are restored, out of the abundance of the hear the mouth will speak. O then it is very easy to talk religion, because it is felt.

"Then a man will speak with power. The words will catch fire, and go from heart to heart. I see sinners out of Christ, going to hell. This is a hard word, but true. They have no joy of salvation, no free spirit; they are in Satan's chains. Can I help warning them? If I saw a child near the fire, the flames darting out to seize its clothes, would I not run and pull it away? And so I would pull a soul out of the fire. O sinner, it will double my joy to save your soul from death. One brother told me he was always talking to a sinner, and he was at first offended, but, by-and-by, he was converted. Where is he now? IN GLORY. O sinner, hasten to be wise. The rising sun will not be sure of setting. O let me point you to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Let me point you to his redeeming blood, and say, Behold the way to God. Then may you have this joy of salvation and this free spirit."

In the afternoon, Mr. Sheldon discoursed at the Seminary, from the words, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." After additional remarks by Mr. Lockwood, Mr. Carey, an aged "contraband," of whom mention has been made several times, and who is unable to read, made a remarkable address. Mr. Lockwood gives a specimen of it, as follows:

"Christ, said he, told his disciples to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, but they wanted to hang around Jerusalem, so that God had to send persecution to scatter them abroad, that they might go every where preaching the word. This persecution broke out in connection with the death of Stephen, who died the first Christian martyr, crying, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. When the secessionists left Hampton, I tried to pray for our enemies, but I could not pray that they might succeed in their rebellion, and so God taught me to pray that if they died in battle, penitent, they might be forgiven.

"To go into all the world and preach as they should do, the disciples had to be cured of their prejudices, and so God let down before Peter a sheet full of all kinds of animals, teaching him, in his figure, not to call any thing common or unclean that He had cleansed. And God is my witness," exclaimed the aged saint, "that I have ever told masters and fellow-servants that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him; that whoever, free or bond, white or colored, believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned."

In the evening, Mr. Lockwood says, they held their first service in their new quarters near the fort. It of course partook very much of the nature of a dedication. There were about two hundred and fifty present. Had it been generally known that the service was to be held there, the attendance would have been much larger. 'We need' says Mr. Lockwood, 'a house of worship for this people, and should not the matter be brought before the public and the churches? A plain building, suitable for a church and school-house could be put up for $500. I feel sure that the benevolence of the North would be delighted to furnish that sum.'

Mr. Lockwood adds: 'It is impossible for me to give you an adequate description of the meeting last Sabbath evening. A large number of those present were from a distance of thirty and sixty miles, representing a great variety of slaveholding peculiarities. One man rejoiced in his improved condition, having come from a place where slaves had been shot for fear of their falling into the hands of the Union. A young man, who has been at the fort three months, said he was thankful and hopeful; he believed that God was mysteriously but surely working out deliverance; he dismissed all fear of going back into the hands of his former masters. God, said he, is working in a mysterious way to fulfil his counsels of liberty for the oppressed. His remarks were full of native eloquence, and couched in good language.

'Brother Sheldon and myself,' says Mr. Lockwood, congratulated them on their new and comfortable quarters, and their good and warm clothing, and exhorted them to cultivate a spirit of gratitude and hope, and to behave so as to force all to say, these men are worthy of liberty. We earnestly asked their prayers for the Quartermaster and Sergeant in charge of them, and for the Union and all of its officers, civil and military. Our remarks met with a hearty response. I cannot describe their gratitude to us, to all the friends at the North who have remembered them, and to the Committee that had sent us to go in and out before them. Mr. Lockwood adds:

'Tuesday was the day for the distribution, of clothing, and O, what gladness was awakened by the benefactions of Northern charity. A large number were well supplied and those who were not, were assured that they would be soon. I have just received a letter from Brother W. L. Coan, of Chelsea, Mass., containing a promise of thirty-two more barrels of clothing, in addition to the large quantity already sent. This dear brother is doing a vast service to this people, and will receive a large reward when God recompenses for what is done for his little ones. Last evening we held a prayer-meeting at our colored Brother Pritter's, in the Red Cottage, east of the Seminary. His little child lay before us a corpse, and the occasion was a very solemn one.'

AMUSEMENTS.

That "tea," at the Shiloh church, under the auspices of the Rev. James M. Gloucester, was a glorious success. The temporary pastor of this distinguished flock, seemed perfectly at home, in his half fatherly, half politico-leadership method of moving among and leading along his family. It seemed such as a large and patriotic family party should be in these stirring times, with a good and loved father in their midst. There was a fine turn out of the beauty and manliness of the congregation, with a fair sprinkling of old Knickerbockers who worship elsewhere, but whom the good things for the physical and intellectual man, had attracted across the fence denominational. The speeches were brief, pointed and hopeful. The Rev. Mr. Gloucester opened with a vigorous and timely speech, in which, at times his clear ringing voice, made us listen for the boom of cannon and the clash of arms (by the way, we think there is a good deal of fight hid beneath that reverend breast bone), rather than the clatter of cups and saucers.

Of the other speakers; we think the Rev. Mr. Thompson of Siloan church, Brooklyn, evidently mistook what has been the mission of the church, for what ought to be the mission of the church: and his statement, "that the present enlightened state of the public mind on the great moral and political questions of the day is due to the Church," is broadly contradicted by the facts, in our land, at least, where this enlightenment has been shed forth not only without the aid, but in the teeth of the opposition of the Church.

The Rev. Mr. Peath———— of ———— is a capital off-hand speaker, yet it occurred to our youthful fancy that we heard very similar remarks made many years ago, by James Hudson in reply to Rev. Dr. Leavitt, in Shiloh church; and the initiated then claimed it was all—masonry.

Rev. Geo. W. Levere, in the poise of his head, the tone of his voice, and the impromptu sprightliness of his vivid remarks, reminded us strongly of his colored brother, the minister of a fashionable Episcopal church in this city; we do not mean St. Phillip's.

The remarks of Prof. Wm. J. Wilson were the gem of the evening. The topic was the glorious "future of our youth."—On this theme the Professor spread himself, in a few extemporaneous remarks. He knew and felt that he was successful, for the gaze of the young was fixed on him (especially of the gentler sex). He felt and enjoyed the magnetic triumph of the hour; and in conclusion brought down the house.

The delicious incense of applause carried us away into the halls of eloquence. When we "came too" sufficiently, we indulged in the excellent viands which were profusely spread out before the audience.

We repeat, the tea was a success, the pastor was at home with his flock, and the flock with their pastor. We would suggest that our other churches might get up similar re-unions; the general result would be very good.

THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL which took place at Williamsburg, on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 11th, under the superior management of Mr. J. A. Trower, was a brilliant affair, the company being large and highly respectable, the music fine, and the comforts provided "for the inner man" abundant, and fully coming up to the standard of the most fastidious epicure; and then, in addition to these desirable features, the novel one introduced by Mr. Trower, tight rope walking, was a perfect success. Prof. La Martieu, the celebrated performer, astonished and delighted the company with his astounding feats, such as walking the tight rope blindfolded, with his hands and feet chained together, hanging to the rope by his feet with head down, beating the drum, and performing in other ways equally astonishing. Taking the festival as a whole, considering its entire management fell upon Mr. Trower alone, it was the most successful and satisfactory entertainment given in Williamsburg for years, and illustrates what can be accomplished by energetic management.

THE FESTIVAL AT SHILOH CHURCH and the goods for the "contraband" at Fortress Monroe.—The goods gathered by the friends of the slave at Shiloh church were boxed for shipment on the evening of the 12th inst. The duty of making the closing speech was assigned by the Rev. Mr. Gloucester to the Rev. John Raymond. It is hardly worth while to say that his part was well performed. Mr. Raymond being a native of Virginia, delivered such a speech as he said would be delivered by Aunt Fillicy or Uncle Cudjoe, when they should examine the goods at the Fort. His remarks being delivered in broken English, kept the house in a continual roar of laughter.

After this, a Mr. ———, of Brooklyn, sung an anti-slavery song, and as the last stanza is suitable to the present time, we give it below:

"O God of love, look from above,
In mercy on the slave;
Let blessed peace bring his release,
Let truth So strong to save.
When comes the day, as come it must,
That chains shall crumble into dust,
We'll all hurra, both near and far,
Hurra, hurra, hurra!"

After a little time was spent in social chit-chat, Mrs. Henry Ross, of Brooklyn, was introduced, and proceeded to make a neat little presentation speech, at the conclusion of which, she, in the name of the Committee, presented the Trustess of the church with sixty-one dollars, as the first installment of the amount realized from the Festival,

The managers of this affair deserve great credit for the manner in which it was gotten up.

The air of refinement pervading the assemblage, and the literary exercises; made it an entertainment of unalloyed pleasure.

There was one amusing feature about the affair, and that was the amount of labor put upon the Brooklynites.

The Chairman was from Brooklyn; the first speaker, Rev. Chas. Thompson, was from Brooklyn; the second speaker, Rev. C. H. Cain; the third speaker, Prof. Wilson; the fourth speaker, Rev. G. W. Levere; the singer, and the last speaker, were all from Brooklyn. Now, whether this was a plan of the Chairman to show that Brooklyn could do something, or could fail to do, we know not; but one thing we could not fail to notice, and that was the great anxiety of each Brooklyn speaker to give place to the eloquent gentleman that was to follow him. Whether they had the "sentiments" before they came to the house, they were obliged to speak, too, we know not; but if we were one of them, "if ever we caught" that Chairman, "on the hip, we'd feed fat the ancient grudge we bore him."

We were pleased to notice the presence of many of our most distinguished citizens, including many of the clergy, and their ladies. It was past midnight ere the company departed. WANDERER.

There is quite a demand, at Washington, for Generals who know how to write proclamations. There is an equal demand "down South" for people who will read said proclamations when printed. We would respectfully suggest to government that it would be wisest, in this emergency, to abolish the system of proclamations entirely, except such as can be sent ashore, or inland, from eight and ten-inch rifled cannon; these will be sure to reach, to be listened to and felt, precisely where they can do most good. And if any of our beleaguering commanders have an insatiable desire to be "sweet" in the rebels, let such be forwarded to the enemy in a "shell-bath."—We think that we have wasted entirely too much time in trying to prove that against the rebels, "the pen is mightier than the sword."

SLAVE-CATCHING BY THE SOLDIERS.—Senator Sumner read to Secretary Cameron, on the 12th inst., a warm and indignant letter from Gov. Andrew, remonstrating against the employment of Massachusetts men in the disgraceful business of slave-catching, as had been done on the Upper Potomac. Secretary Cameron promptly referred the letter to Gen. Stone, with the emphatic request that he would see to it that the men of color who entered the camps under his command were treated liberally, in the spirit of the orders concerning fugitives from slavery which the Secretary of War had already given to the commanding generals.

JUSTICE TO A COLORED MAN.—A few weeks ago, a young colored man by the name of Wm. Reilly sued the captain of the ship Gen. Simpson, with whom he had sailed, for assault and battery, made on shipboard, and obtained a verdict of $100; since then he has obtained similar verdicts against the first and second mates as participants.

DIED.

BRADY.—In Williamsburgh, Dec. 11th, Mrs. Margaret Ann Brady, aged 68 years.

Mrs Brady had been a member of Zion Church of New York and of Williamsburgh, for thirty-two years. The night before she died she exclaimed—"The Lord is with me in all things!" "As for me I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."—Psalms—17.15.

"My suffering time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more!
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing Thy praise in endless day.

M. M.

PAYNE.—In Brooklyn, Dec. 17th, of hasty consuption, Margaret Emeline Esther Payne, aged 15 years, 8 months and 13 days.

Special Notices.

A FAIR! A FAIR!!

The Ladies of the

THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH,

WILLIAMSBURGH,

will open a FAIR in the lower part of said church, commencing on TUESDAY, Dec. 24, and will

CONTINUE EIGHT DAYS,

closing with

A GRAND ENTERTAINMENT

On the 2d of JANUARY, 1862,

at which time the Committee pledge themselves to spare no pains to make the Entertainment agreeable to all who may favor them with their company.

Admission to the Fair, . . . 6 cents.
Admission to the Entertainment, : 25 cents.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. M. A. GALE, 1st Directress;
" M. GILES, 2d "
" JANE L. FISHER, Sec.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!

A Grand Entertainment

Will be given at

GRENADA HALL, 112 Myrtle Avenue,

BROOKLYN,

On CHRISTMAS Evening, Dec. 25th, 1861.

The managers being determined that this shall be the most BLILLIANT AFFAIR of the season, will spare no pains to accomplish this end.

Prof. H. MOORE'S splendid BAND has been engaged for the occasion.

Cards for Admission and Supper, 50 Cents.

REFRESHMENTS EXTRA.

The Myrtle Avenue cars pass the Hall all night, starting from Fulton Ferry.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

J. C. BROUGHTON,
J. F. DEVILLERS, 246 Gold St.,

where tickets may be had.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Of the A. M. E. Bethel Church, Second street, between Avenues B and C, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. D. S. HALL, will celebrate their Ninth Anniversary, on Thursday evening, Dec 26th, 1861, on which occasion a great display of talent by juveniles, will be presented.

Singing under the direction of Prof. N. R. ASHBY. J. H. CRUGER, Sup't; I. J. M. HODGE, Sec'y.

Tickets of admission 12 cents; no half price. Doors open at 6 1-2 o'clock; exercises to commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.

N. B.—At the conclusion of the exercises a Collation will be served up in the basement of the church. Admission 6 cents; Refreshmets extra.

No postponement on account of the weather.

REV. J. N. GLOUCESTER

Will deliver a discourse, next Sabbath evening, at Shiloh Church. Subject—"Unity of the Human Race, or Perfect Oneness of the Human Family in Origin and Destiny, from the Irresistable Logic and Truth of the Bible."

LADIES' FAIR.

The Ladies of the Bethesda Congregational Church—Rev. Charles B. Ray, Pastor—will ho a FAIR in their Church, cor. Sixth Avenue and 41st street, for the benefit of the Church, commencing Dec. 24th (inst.), to continue through the week, until Friday evening, when it will close. Ice Cream and other Refreshments for sale. Admittance 10 cents.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Mrs. DOROTHA SMITH, formerly Miss Mingo, of Pictou, Nova Scotia. Any information in regard to her sent to Mrs. THOMPSON, 4 Catharine Lane, will be thankfully received. 21 2t

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WASHBOARDS! WASHBOARDS!! WASHBOARDS!!!—of the celebrated "Hoagland Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST.

Stone Square Lodge, No. 6, will celebrate the Festival of St. John, the Evangelist, by a Public Installation of their officers for the ensuing year, by the M. W. United Grand Lodge, of the State of New York, and a Musical Entertainment, at their Hall, 309 Grand St., near 11th St., Williamsburgh, on Friday evening, Dec. 27, 1861, upon which occasion all the Lodges working under the above named jurisdiction will be present in full Masonic clothing.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Refreshments will be abundantly supplied, as well as a splendid Band of music.

COMMITTEE.

P. W. RAY, M. PINE,
L. T. WHARTON, GEO. POOLE,
WM. R. CONNOR, L. TREADWELL.

Tickets may be obtained at the door.

"UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL."

FIRST ANNUAL BALL AND SUPPER

OF THE

COLORED SEAMEN'S

BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS

AND OUT-FITTERS

Of the City of New York, will be given on Thursday Eve'g, Dec. 26th, 1861,

AT THE

METROPOLITAN ASSEMBLY ROOMS,

178 PRINCE ST.

The Proprietors of this Association will spare no pains to make this Entertainment one of the most entertaining nights of the season, and also assure the public that nothing on their part will be wanting to render them happy.

Music under direction of Mr. J. DOUGLASS.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

William E. Slater, Henry Beverley,
George F. Thompson, William Butler.

The Floor will be under the gentlemanly management of Mr. GEORGE H. WILLIAMS and Mr. JOHN WILSON.

Tickets, admitting Gent. and Lady, $2; Single Ticket, $1.

Tickets to be had of the following Committee:

George F. Thompson, 4 Catherine Lane.
William E. Slater, 3 Catherine Lane.
William Butler, 1 Benson St.
Manuel Gilbert, 42 Baxter St.
Susan Williams, 105 Park St.
Henry Beverley, 76 Roosevelt St.
Albro Lyons, 20 Vandewater St.
Samuel Porter, 21 Batavia St.
Charles M. Fortes, 199 South St.
William Spriggs, 1 Mechanics' Alley.
Thomas Lewis, 49 Marion St.

Tickets may also be had at the following places:—Eldorado, 154 Church St., Messrs. Suel & Spencer; Geo. H. Williams, 189 Church St.; Francis & Rogers, 56 Leonard St.; R. D. Kinney, 178 Prince St.; Robt. Tappen, 42 Ridge St.; J. A. Trower, 279 S. 4th St., Williamsburgh; Phineas Spriggs, 37 N. Bowery.

WM. E. SLATER, Pres.
HENRY BEVERLEY, Treas.
G. F. THOMPSON, Sec'y.
WM. BUTLER, Cashier. 18 4t

GEORGE OTON'S

QUADRILLE BAND.

BALLS, PARTIES, &c., furnished with MUSIC, at the shortest notice.

MR. GEORGE OTON,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St, and with G. Oton. 18tf

MASONIC

DIRECTORY,

FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R.W.G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st, the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwick, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14, Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, New York City.

LECTURES.

THE UNDERSIGNED is prepared to fill engagements to deliver single Lectures, on the following subjects:

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY;

THE ADAPTATIONS OF THE EARTH, OR TERRESTRIAL ADAPTATIONS;

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ANCIENT HONORS OF THE BLACK AND COLORED RACES OF THE EARTH;

—Being a series of popular discourses recently delivered, founded on the following texts:

1. "Look not upon me because I am black." [Song of Sol.—1.6.
2. "Princes shall come out of Egypt." [Psalm 68—31.
3. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin." [Jer.—13.23.
4. "Cursed be Canaan.' —Gen.—9 25.
5. "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus." Philemon.

TERMS—The lecturer's passage both ways, and one-fourth of profits.

[From the Detroit Daily Advertiser, March 1, 1860.]

"Mr. BERRY'S lecture last night is stated to have displayed much thought, and to have been in every respect meritorious."

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delsart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,

(PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.)

Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

Rev. WM. J. ALSTON, Pastor. Residence—70 Sullivan St.

R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.

10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.

Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

Second Street, between Avenues B and C.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.

10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7 " . . . . P. M.

Rev. J. D. S. HALL, Pastor. Residence—223 Second St.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

DeKalb, corner of Hudson Avenue.

REV. ELI N. HALL, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:

10½ o'clock, ... A. M.
" . . . . P. M.
" . . . . P. M.

10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:

10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . P. M.

12–1y

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue

Hours of worship:—

3 o'clock, ... P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

Rev. CHAS. H. THOMPSON, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship: —

10½ . . . . A. M.
3 . . . . P. M.
7½ . . . . P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn. 13-1y.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sullivan St., near Houston.

Rev. JOHN T. RAYMOND, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.

10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . P. M.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.

Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.

Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

AGENT FOR WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Christmas Week Among the American Slaves.

READY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10TH,

Beadle's Christmas Story,

MAUM GUINEA

AND HER PLANTATION CHILDREN;

OR,

Christmas Week Among the American Slaves.

BY MRS. VICTOR,

Author of "Alice Wilde," etc.

Louisiana Plantation Life during the Holidays is seized upon by the author to weave around the barbecues, night-dancing, story-telling and love-making of the Slaves a romance embodying all the tragedy and pathos, the sorrow and enjoyment, the happiness and humor of Slave Life and its two-fold experiences. The negro and white characters introduced are all "representative"—each illustrative of some peculiar phase of a strange history.

220 Pages Complete, beautifully illustrated. Price Twenty Cents. For sale by all Booksellers, Newsdealers and Army Sutlers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. BEADLE & CO., Publishers, New York. 20tf

AGENTS WANTED.

SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand sewing; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal oil lamps; Egyptian Cement, for mending furniture, crockery, &c.; Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) P. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y. 19 13t

BOSTON HOUSE,

MRS. CHURCH, PROPRIETRESS,

105 *Park Street, near Mott.*

NEW YORK.

This is the oldest Colored Boarding-House in the city, having been

ESTABLISHED IN 1841.

It is centrally located, being within fifteen minutes' walk of the steamboat landings, and of all the principal colored Churches. 19 26t

MRS. SARAH A. TILMAN,

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In all its branches—such as

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At Mrs. SUSAN HARRIS', 58 Atlantic St., near South Ferry. $3 per week for gentlemen, and $2 50 for ladies. Lodgings 75 cts. per week. 15tf

TO LET.—THE ROOM ON THE SECOND floor of Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-street. Inquire at 66 East Houston-st., or of the Janitor 225 West 15th-st.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this or in any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,

BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG

Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS

of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.

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AND

UNION HOUSE,

541 BROOME STREET,

Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. RAMSEY.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

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IN THEIR VARIETY.

First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS. The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.

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VALUABLE TOWN LOTS!

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St., one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.

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BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist.
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READY-MADE AND MADE TO ORDER, BY

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610 Pine, above Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
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MRS. ANDERSON,

CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS

Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMODATE a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate. 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tt

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTES, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 199 SOUTH STREET, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5—4t

HENRY G. LEASK,

HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS AND FURS,

COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.

Shipping Furs Bought. 12-tf.

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MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) REspectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts.

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25 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK.

Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.

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BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies, . . $2,50
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Lodging per week, . . 75

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219 CENTRE STREET NEW YORK.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts, 2 tf.

POCKET WATER-FILTER

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Indispensable for Soldiers, Travelers, and Sportsmen. Weighs one ounce. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Send it to your friends. Agents wanted. Samples mailed on receipt of 50 cents, by addressing

DAY & CO.,
3-13t Box 464 P.O., Newark, N. J.

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and the public that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful for their patronage, at No. 60 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK. 4-1

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE LOWER POTOMAC, near Budd's Ferry, Md., Dec. 7, 1861.

DEAR ANGLO:—I perceive that the weather-cock Bennett has commenced *again* his heavy heading, and I expect will soon commence his grand and lofty tumbling. He is now trying the water, but I am afraid that he will find it a little too warm this time. He says any attempt to carry into operation the sentiments of Secretary Cameron, would be attended with disastrous consequences, and would lead to the resignation of McClellan and the disorganization of the army. A very good scare, but it wont do this time. The *fact* is plain that this McClellan has been at the head of our army now for some time, but nothing very heavy has yet been done. Were he to remain inactive during the whole winter, he will be cried down as heartily as he was applauded on his victory at Laurel Hill. McClellan, as a soldier, knows there are a great many slaves employed by the Confederates, and that their emancipation will of course weaken their points. Can we suppose *for a moment* that he would oppose it, when the policy is already laid down to arm the slaves in the seceded States? I say it knowingly, for I have it from the very best authority. If negro slavery is the cause of this rebellion, and we must believe it is, when we read such resolutions as were passed at the recent meeting of the Wheeling Convention, and published in your paper of to-day.

What more do we want? What more can any one ask of *the people of Virginia?* They confess that slavery is wrong, and and wish to be relieved of it wish to wash themselves of the sin: wish to serve God compactly. Yet we find croaking toady Bennett upholding the very cause of the trouble, aiding and abetting secession by trying to perpetuate that cause which even the rebels themselves wish to be freed from. In his issue of the 5th he says—"Precipitate action on the emancipation question." I do not think that any action can be too precipitate.

To-day I saw twenty-eight women and children—contrabands—on their way to Washington, to be set free. They were brought from Mathias Point by Col. Graham, of the New York 5th Regiment Sickles Brigade. The Colonel went over from Port Tobacco, where he was stationed, without any orders, and is now under arrest for so doing, but he has the consolation of knowing that he has made happy nearly one hundred souls. Indeed, I was moved to tears, but they were tears of gladness to see the joyous faces of those who but a short time since were bondmen, and now are breathing free air. God speed the day when all will be free!

There is no quiet now; every one is on the *qui vive*. The Southern army stands firm—the Federals quietly but steadily advancing; now the move of a Brigade or Division here and then there. Here on the Lower Potomac we are face to face—they on the Virginia, and we on the Maryland shore; it is like a game of chess between two great players, but, sir, the crash is coming.

I see the President in his message proposes to recognize the independence of Hayti and Liberia, probably with a view to colonizing the slave portion of the Southern population. It will be a grand scheme, but one that will, like all others, fail. The black man is here, and must remain here until the end of time.

Since writing the above, I have learned that all of the men that were brought from Virginia *by Col. Graham, are retained at* the Subsistence depot, at Liverpool Point, and paid by the government 8 dollars per month and found. When their services are no longer needed they will be at liberty to go where and when they please.

We were the recipients this week of a visit from Major Davis, Inspector General of McClellan's staff. He was accompanied by the Count de Paris, who is also a member of the staff, with the rank of Captain; also J. P. Stout, *member of Congress from Oregon*, who, and Major Davis, entered into a debate on the question so important now, viz.: What shall be done with the Slaves? They both were of the opinion its solution should not be permitted to occupy any of the now precious time of Congress, but should be "let alone" until the war is over, and then decided. The Major is a Massachusetts man, but I think more of a doughface than old Buck. He is one of the cringing kind, who are willing to do anything for the South. The Count is more republican than his companion, and thinks that slavery should be abolished immediately, and that it would be a death-blow to secession to emancipate all the slaves.

To-day the monotony of camp life was broken by the arrival at our headquarters of four colored men, who left the home of their childhood four weeks ago, and by travelling at night in the woods, they reached the Potomac on last Sunday, and within a mile of one of the rebel camps. They built themselves a scow, and crossed the river yesterday morning. They were brought before General Hooker. He expressed himself as glad to see them, and told them they could go to work for the government at Liverpool Point, or go where they pleased. As they had no means to carry them North, I advised them to go to work for the Quartermaster. They will be well treated, well fed, well clothed, and paid for their labor. They appeared very happy when told they were free. They formerly belonged to one Lewis Fielding, on the Rappahanock River, Virginia.

I think that our people at home should prepare an asylum for the females that get away now from the South. There are a great many of them that have babes, and of course cannot shift for themselves at present.

DUKE.

P. S.—One 64-pound shot from the Virginia shore has just buried itself within 20 feet of where I am sitting. Gay compliments, these shot.

A VISIT TO CANADA.

MR. EDITOR:—After an indifferent season at Niagara Falls, I left there, a few weeks ago, in company with my mother, for Canada, the land of the fugitive, of which class not less than one hundred crossed the Niagara River during last summer. Many are found at St. Catharines, and not a few at Toronto and the intermediate towns. Most of them are well cared for, but it cannot be denied that the people of Canada who have been receiving with kindness a constant stream of them for years, are now beginning to show signs of indifference, growing out, in a great measure, of their apprehension of trouble from our domestic difficulties. The press generally of Canada have but little sympathy with the North. I noticed in every town military organizations are being made, and in which the blacks are taking a prominent part. I will here say that the Haytian movement meets with much opposition, although its friends perhaps may hold their own.

I noticed in passing along that the farms were in a fine condition, and the wheat crop will probably be heavy. Passing Oshawa, Bowmansville, Port Hope, Coburg, Belleville, *Prescott, the meanest looking place in* Canada, we reached Ottowa, and were driven to the Union Hotel, one of the finest in the city, and of which Mr. Peter Armstrong is proprietor. It contains ninety finely furnished rooms. Mr. Armstrong kindly conducted us through his entire establishment, and took pains to make us as comfortable as possible while under his roof. We arrived just after a snow storm of forty hours' duration, and consequently had an opportunity of riding around the city in a cutter.

Ottawa is the future capital of Canada, and contains a population of 15,000, of which number there are, I learn, only six colored men and no colored females. Of the former one is a cook, one a hotel keeper, and two are barbers. Mr. Geo. W. Daly, formerly of Troy, keeps the Royal Shaving Saloon at the Hotel de Champaigne. I drove to the Parliament buildings, where I found the architects, Messrs. Fuller and James, who showed me through what will be, I think, the finest edifices on the American continent, for both durability and architectural design. They are in a forward state, the two wings being under roof. But for the weather the main building would have been completed to its last story. The buildings are all fire-proof, the beams being of iron, from England. One of the contractors told me there were over one thousand hands at work on them. Potsdam stone and granite are used in their construction, brought from New York State and Ohio. The buildings have a front of 480 feet, and are 360 feet in depth. There is a tower *260 feet high*. The library is in a rear circular building 90 feet in circumference.—These buildings are on a beautiful, elevated site on the banks of the Ottowa river, and cover four acres of ground. From their top a fine view of the surrounding country is had. The Chandiere Falls are in sight, presenting in miniature the great Niagara Falls; the only difference between them is, the latter are grand and awful, and the former wild and romantic. The "Devil's Hole" *is a gulf nearly round*, with water running into it from holes and crevices, without any visible outlet. Mr. Clarke, a gentleman who lives near by this place, told me he had used a chain 360 feet long in search of a bottom without a satisfactory result. It is said that more water finds its way over these falls than at Niagara, and more mills are driven by them.

Ottowa is a great lumber depot, and is well stocked at the present time, there being *no demand from the United States*. At this place there are three papers published—a weekly, semi-weekly, and tri-weekly. After leaving Ottowa we soon pass into the Lake of Two Mountains, on the North shore of which is an Indian village called Kanastoka. Here they have a Catholic chapel. The village looks clean and tidy, and in its rear are seven small chapels or stations, all visible from the boat, the principal one being on the top of a mountain *four miles off*. I was told that *the Indians* make a pilgrimage once a year to this place, and their road is planted with flowers and shrubbery. The lake is a pretty sheet of water, from three to twelve miles in width, and about ten miles in length. It abounds in white and other fish, of which large quantities are found in the small lakes on the summit of the mountain.

In my next I will speak of Montreal and her objects of interest.

JOHN W. WILLIAMS.

PRAYING FOR THE SLAVES.—A recent number of the "Washington Republican" states:

The Chaplain of the House yesterday prayed specially and distinctly "for the slave," which sounded rather strangely in such a place and in a slaveholding community.

LETTER FROM TORONTO.

TORONTO, Dec. 11th, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—Since my last communication I have been waiting with the hope that something of importance would turn up, whereby I might be enabled to lay before your numerous readers something that might repay them for their time and trouble.

It is necessary now-a-days to be careful of what one writes, to ensure a perusal of their thoughts and selections, as various are the subjects, and important are many of them, and too with such ability are they brought out, that one frequently feels abased at his own productions.

In brief, I must confess that after all my waiting, and searching, I have been unable to fall upon anything worthy of more than a passing notice.

I promised you in my last to inform you of the result of Mr. Watkins' lectures in the Haytian interest, when last here. Only six left this city for Hayti on the 25th ult., and I have not been able as yet to find a person that was acquainted with any one of the number that left here as aforesaid; therefore I fancy they were not inhabitants of Toronto, and providing they were, I am not certain of the fact that they were influenced by Mr. Watkins' lectures, as before he came here some twenty or more were spoken of as being ready to leave, at the aforesaid time. I know of one very BIG man, with a very big family, who has been leaving respectively with every batch that have left here, and singularly enough to state he is still in Toronto, and the supposition is, that the aforesaid BIG man has a slight and quiet notion of braving the many difficulties he and his big family have to encounter in Canada, the remainder of his life, so it is whispered around, and so it is I fancy *with a large portion of that twenty or* more spoken of.

The opening lecture, under the auspices of the "Association for the Education and Elevation of the Colored People of Canada," was delivered on the 4th inst., in the B. M. E. chapel (Rev. Mr. Turpin), by the Rev. Wellington Jeffers, editor of the "Christian Guardian" (organ of the Wesleyans of Canada); subject—"Conversation: its Object, Subject and Quality." It was dealt with in a truly eloquent and masterly style, showing its use in the obtaining of knowledge by comparative ideas, &c., &c., dwelling much upon the right subjects of conversation, he concluded by urging upon the audience as a right quality of conversation the maintainance of truth and sincerity. The lecture was listened to with marked attention. Mr. Hiram Montier, the acting chairman of the Board, presided on the occasion.

At an informal meeting held in the Queen street Baptist chapel last evening, a committee was appointed to arrange for a public meeting to take steps to assist the ex-slaves at Fortress Monroe, Va., and also to discourage emigration from the American continent, or from this portion of it.

G. W. C.

LETTER FROM NEWARK.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 16, 1861.

MR. EDITOR: The startling foreign news in this morning's New York papers may develope events in our country, bearing on our condition and relations, far beyond the most visionary anticipations of any of our keenest scented "leaders."

The roar of the British Lion may finally compel our government to not only strike the shackles from the "contrabands" of rebels, but to proclaim liberty and freedom to all in the land.

Our beloved ANGLO must now respond to the electrifying sentiment of our people, by having on hand weekly its biggest kind of "say!"

On last Wednesday evening—11th inst.—the Crystal Union Fountain Lodge of G. S. and D. of S., *in this city*, celebrated the first anniversary with much eclat. Addresses were delivered by Bro. Holshart, the original founder of this order, by Sister E. Bates, and J. W. B. Smith. The members, while in full regalia, were introduced to the audience. Ample refreshments were furnished by the ladies, good music, vocal, by the choir, under our Falstaffian friend, Prof. A. T. Cook, and instrumental, by Hinchcliff.

On Thursday the annual examination of the Plane street public Grammar school—Principal, W. G. Strong; Assistant, Miss Louise C. Waters—took place, but being unable to be present, and grieviously disappointed in not receiving a promised report, I cannot SAY more.

SKIMMER.

LETTER FROM REV. JAMES LYNCH.

MR. EDITOR:—Your faithful but not infallible correspondent from Washington, Mr. "Box," in a letter published in your issue of the 7th inst., has done a little injustice, which we believe was unintentional. I have no objection to "Box" acting as *my Censor, if he gives* me fair play. He remarks that the white churches observed the day "as a day of prayer and other religious exercises; but our colored congregations, with a very few exceptions, made it a day and night of frolic." This is a mistake no colored congregation in the District assembled that day for any purpose save religious worship. Now, for the night, he does not say how the white people observed the night; but he says "Mr. Lynch's *congregation observed* the night by giving a public supper." The intimation is that I paid no regard to the day. Well, the fact is, that the undersigned duly appointed religious service for the day, and thought that he violated no propriety in striving to raise money to pay a church debt—not being conscious of invading the administration—*invested sacredness of the day.*

JAMES LYNCH,
Georgetown, D. C.

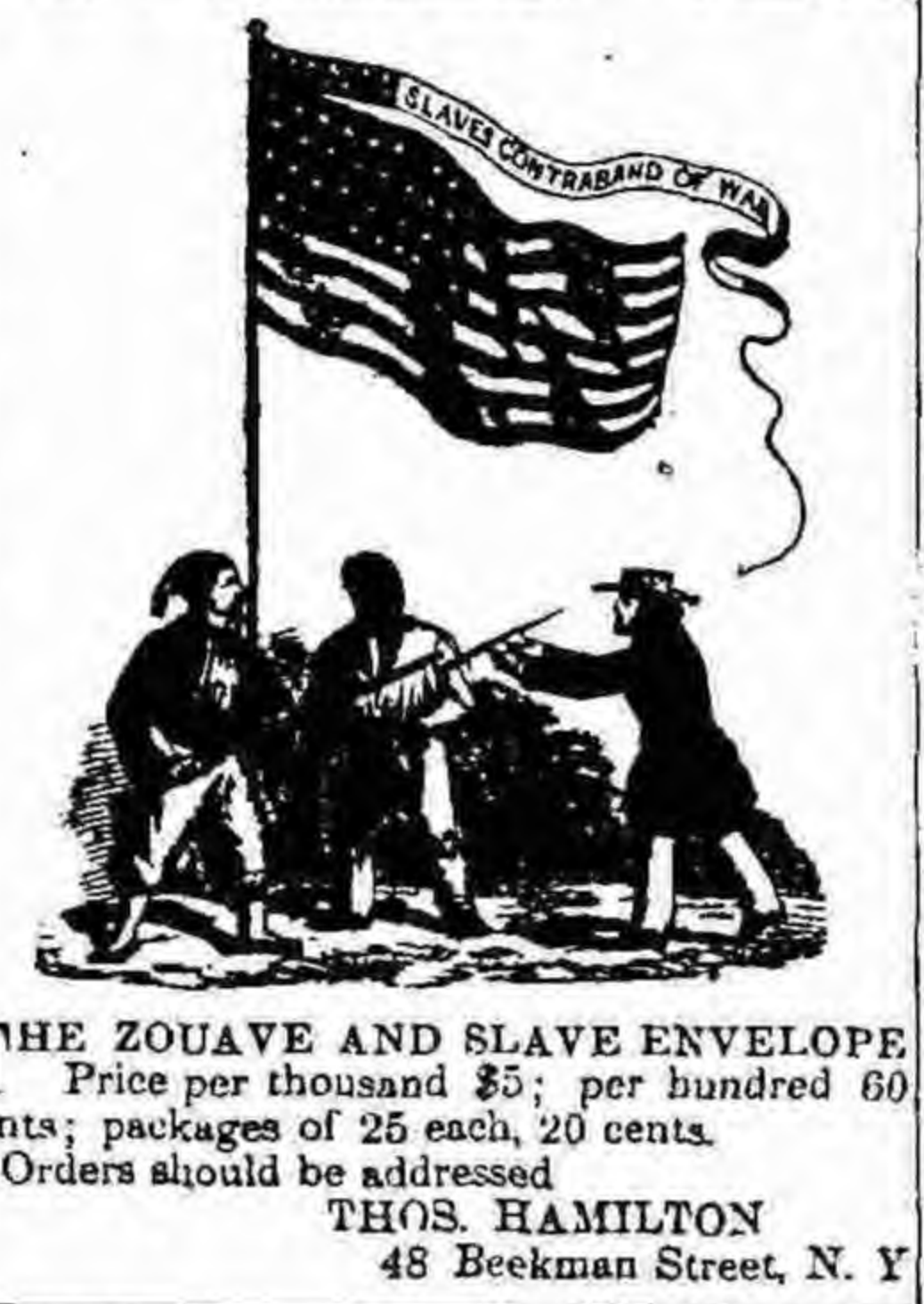
TAKING AN INVENTORY.—The Charleston Mercury of the 15th ult., says that one of General Drayton's negroes, from Hilton Head, reports that Commander Drayton, of the Federal Fleet, who is a *brother to the General*, visited the plantation of the latter some days ago and took a complete inventory of the negroes, crops, &c., now on the place.

The Richmond papers suggest possibly he considers it his share of the spoils of the expedition, and had a desire to know how much he was worth.

SAMPLES.—A good story is told of the late W. E. Burton, which we have never seen in print. While traveling on a steamboat down the Hudson, he seated himself at the table and called for some beefsteak. The waiter furnished him with a small strip of the article, such as travellers are usually put off with. Taking it upon his fork, and turning it over and examining it with one of his peculiar serious looks, the comedian coolly remarked, "Yes, that's it; bring me some."—*Hartford Press.*

MR. CHASE'S OPINION OF REBELS.—At a dinner given at the Union Club to the Hon. S. P. Chase, on the occasion of his last visit to New York city, he said in a speech made in reply to a toast: "The blackest negro in South Carolina, black as midnight, is, in my sight, whiter than the whitest rebel." Among the gentlemen present who vehemently cheered this sentiment was Wm. B. Astor.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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Price per thousand $5; per hundred 60 cents; packages of 25 each, 20 cents.
Orders should be addressed
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MEDICAL.

PAIN-KILLER.

We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, DIPTHERIA and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent liniament for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

Dr. Walton writes from Coschocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, DIPTHERIA, *or Sore Throat*, that is so alarmingly prevalent here; and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

Rev. H. L. Van Meter, writing from Burmah says: "The *Pain-Killer* has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

Rev. Jabez Swan says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy."

Rev. A. W. Curtis: "By its use I entirely cured a felon in a few days."

The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

The New York Examiner says, "We have used the Pain-Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the family medicine box."

The N. Y. Independent says, "We have used it, and it proves to be all it professes."

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors.
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TIME, MONEY, AND LABOR SAVED,
BY USING
B. T. BABBITT'S
SUPERIOR FRENCH
CHEMICAL ERASIVE SOAP,

Made and improved by the ORIGINAL INVENTOR of the German and Austrian Chemical Erasive or Detersive Soap, of which the *real* and *genuine article* has, since its first introduction to the American public, been most favorably known, as the *Best* and *Cheapest* Washing Soap in the market, and with the present improvement, which is not known to any other manufacturer, we CHALLENGE THE WORLD to produce a better article.

1. One pound of it will accomplish as much as three pounds of any other soap.
2. But one quarter the time and labor are *required to do the same amount of washing, as* with the best of family soap.
3. It does not injure the most delicate fabric; will tend to set the colors, and wash cleaner than any other soap in use.
4. Clothes need no boiling, and but little rubbing with the hands, thus avoiding their wear upon the wash-board.
5. Paints, Grease, Tar, and stains of every description vanish as by magic, before its wonderful, searching, erasive powers.
6. It is invaluable to Machinists, Printers, Painters, and all others using Inks, Oils, etc for washing hands; it does not chap them (like other soaps,) but will cleanse and soften the skin.
7. It may be used in hard or soft water, and is adapted for use in all climates.

Put up in one pound bars, sixty bars in each Box.

For sale by the bar or box by
THOS. HAMILTON,
48 Beekman Street.

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Corner of Frankfort & Gold Sts.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
A FRESH AND PURE ASSORTMENT
OF
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS
GENUINE
LUBIN'S EXTRACTS
AND OTHER PERFUMERY,
FANCY SOAPS, FINE HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES, FAMILY ARTICLES, HAVANA SEGARS, &C., &C.

All his articles are purchased with great care, and are warranted to be pure, fresh, and genuine.

MEDICINE CHESTS
carefully made up.

All orders promptly attended to, on receipt of the CASH.

Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared.

WHITE'S
VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH, AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely *Gray*.

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh and unpleasant in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial *Baldness or gray* hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea-voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full of dandruff, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this, and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

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BLAKE: OR THE HUTS OF AMERICA.

A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R. DELANY.

PART I.

By myself, the Lord of Ages,
I have sworn to right the wrong;
I have pledged my word unbroken,
For the weak against the strong.
[H. BEECHER STOWE

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FLYING CLOUD.

Safely in Mobile Henry landed without a question, having on the way purchased of a passenger who was deficient of means to bear expenses, a horse by which he made a daring entry into the place. Mounting the animal which was fully caparisoned, he boldly rode to the principal livery establishment, ordering for it the greatest care until his master's arrival.

Hastening into the country he readily found a friend and seclusion in the hut of Uncle Cesar, on the plantation of Gen. Audly. Making no delay, early next morning he returned to the city to effect a special object. Passing by the stable where the horse had been left, a voice loudly cried out;

'There's that negoo boy, now! Hallo, there, boy! didn't you leave a horse here!'

Heeding not the interrogation, but speedily turning the first corner, Henry hastened away and was soon lost among the inhabitants.

'How yeh do, me frien'?' saluted a black man whom he met in a by-street; 'ar' yeh strangeh!'

'Why!' inquired Henry.

'O, nothin'! on'y I hearn some wite men talkin' j's now, an' da say some strange nigga lef' a hoss dar, an'da blev 'e stole 'im, an' da gwine ketch an' put 'im in de jail.'

'If that's all, I live here. Good morning!' rejoined he who soon was making rapid strides in the direction of Georgia.

Every evening found him among the quarters of some plantations, safely secreted in the hut of some faithful, trustworthy slave, with attentive, anxious listeners, ready for an issue. So, on he went with flying haste, from plantation to plantation, till Alabama was left behind him.

In Georgia, though the laws were strict, the negroes were equally hopeful. Like the old stock of Maryland and Virginia blacks from whom they were descended, they manifested a high degree of intelligence for slaves. Receiving their messenger with open arms, the aim of his advent among them spread like fire in a stubble. Everywhere seclusions were held and organizations completed, till Georgia stands like a city at the base of a burning mountain, threatened with destruction by an overflow of the first outburst of lava from above. Clearing the State without an obstruction, he entered that which of all he most dreaded, the haughty South Carolina.

Here the most relentless hatred appears to exist against the negro, who seems to be regarded but as an animated thing of convenience or a domesticated anmial, reared for the service of his master. The studied policy of the whites evidently is to keep the blacks in subjection and their spirits below a sentiment of self-respect. To impress the negro with a sense of his own inferiority is a leading precept of their social system; to be white is the only evidence necessary to establish a claim to superiority. To be a 'master' in South Carolina is to hold a position of rank and title, and he who approaches this the nearest is hightend at least in his own estimation.

These feelings engendered by the whites have been extensively incorporated with the elements of society among the colored people, giving rise to the 'Brown Society' an organized association of mulattos, created by the influence of the whites, for the purpose of preventing pure blooded negroes from entering the social circle, or holding intercourse with them.

Here intelligence and virtue are discarded and ignored, when not in conformity with these regulations. A man with the prowess of Memnon, or a woman with the purity of the 'black doves' of Ethiopia and charms of the 'black virgin' of Solomon, avails them nothing, if the blood of the oppressor, engendered by wrong, predominates not in their veins.

Oppression is the author of all this, and upon the heads of the white masters let the terrible responsibility of this miserable stupidity and ignorance of their mulatto children rest; since to them was left the plan of their social salvation, let upon their consciences rest the penalties of their social damnation.

The transit of the runaway through this State was exceedingly difficult, as no fabrication of which he was capable could save him from the penalties of arrest. To assume freedom would be at once to consign himself to endless bondage, and to acknowledge himself a slave was at once to advertise for a master. His only course of safety was to sleep through the day and travel by night, always keeping the woods.

At a time just at the peep of day when making rapid strides the baying of hounds and soundings of horns were heard at a distance.

Understanding it to be the sport of the chase, Henry made a hasty retreat to the nearest hiding place which presented, in the hollow of a log. On attempting to creep in a snarl startled him, when out leaped the fox, having counterrun his track several times, and sheltered in a fallen sycamore. Using his remedy for distracting dogs, he succeeded the fox in the sycamore, resting in safety during the day without molestation, though the dogs bayed within thirty yards of him, taking a contrary course by the distraction of their scent.

For every night of sojourn in the State he had a gathering, not one of which was within a hut, so closely were the slaves watched by patrol, and sometimes by mulatto and black overseers. These gatherings were always held in the forest. Many of the confidants of the seclusions were the much dreaded runaways of the woods, a class of outlawed slaves, who continually seek the lives of their masters.

One day having again sought retreat in a hollow log where he lay sound asleep, the day being chilly, he was awakened by a cold application to his face and neck, which proved to have been made by a rattlesnake of the largest size, having sought the warmth of his bosom. Henry made a hasty retreat, ever after decling the hollow of a tree. With rapid movements and hasty action, he like a wind cloud, flew through the State of South Carolina, who like 'a thief in the night' came when least expected.

Henry now entered Charleston, the metropolis, and head of the 'Brown Society,' the bane and dread of the blacks in the State, an organization formed through the instrumentality of the whites to keep the blacks and mulattos at variance. To such an extent is the error carried, that the members of the association, rather than their freedom would prefer to see the blacks remain in bondage. But many most excellent mulattos and quadroons condemn with execration this auxiliary of oppression. The eye of the intelligent world is on this 'Brown Society;' and its members when and whenever seen are scanned with suspicion and distrust. May they not be forgiven for their ignorance when proving by repentance their conviction of wrong?

Lying by till late next morning, he entered the city in daylight, having determined boldly to pass through the street, as he might not be known from any common negro. Coming to an extensive wood-yard, he learned by an old black man who sat at the gate that the proprietors were two colored men, one of whom he pointed out, saying:

'Dat is my mausta.'

Approaching a respectable looking mulatto gentleman standing in conversation with a white, his foot resting on a log:

'Do you wish to hire help, sir?' inquired Henry respectfully touching his cap.

'Take off your hat, boy!' ordered the mulatto gentleman. Obeying the order, he repeated the question:

'Who do you belong to?' inquired the gentleman.

'I am free, sir! replied he.

'You a free boy! Are you not a strager here?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then you lie, sir!' replied the mulatto gentleman, 'as you know that no free negro is permitted to enter this State. You are a runaway, and I'll have you taken up!' at the same time walking through his office looking out at the front door as if for an officer.

Making a hasty retreat, in less than an hour he had left the city, having but a few minutes tarried in the hut of an old black family on the suburb, one of the remaining confidentials and adherents of the memorable South Carolina insurrection, when and to whom he imparted his fearful scheme.

'Ah!' said the old man, throwing his head in the lap of his old wife, with his hands around her neck, both of whom sat near the chimney with the tears coursing down their furrowed cheeks; 'dis many a day I been prayin' dat de Laud sen' a nudder Denmark 'mong us! De Laud now anseh my prar in dis young man! Go on, my son—go on—an' may God A'mighty bress yeh!'

North Carolina was traversed mainly in the night. When approaching the region of the Dismal Swamp, a number of the old confederates of the noted Nat Turner were met with, who hailed the daring young runaway as the harbinger of better days. Many of these are still long suffering, hard laboring slaves on the plantations; and some bold, courageous, and fearless adventurers, denizens of the mystical, antiquated, and almost fabulous Dismal Swamp, where for many years they have defied the approach of their pursuers.

Here Henry found himself surrounded by a different atmosphere, an entirely new element. Finding ample scope for undisturbed action, through the entire region of the Swamp, he continued to go scattering to the winds and sowing the seeds of a future crop, only to take root in the thick black waters which cover it, to be grown in devastation and reaped in a whirl-wind of ruin.

'I been lookin' fah yeh dis many years,' said old Gamby Gholar, a noted high conjurer and compeer of Nat Turner, who for more than thirty years has been secluded in the Swamp; 'an' been tellin' on 'em dat yeh 'ood come long, but da 'ooden' heah dat I tole 'em! Now da see! Dis many years I been seein' on yeh! Yes, 'ndeed, chile, dat I has!' and he took from a gourd of antiquated appearance which hung against the wall in his hut, many articles of a mysterious character, some resembling bits of woollen yarn, onionskins, oystershells, finger and toe nails, eggshells, and scales which he declared to be from very dangerous serpents, but which closely resembled, and were believed to be, those of innocent and harmless fish, with broken iron nails.

These he turned over and over again in his hands, closely inspecting them through a fragment of green bottle glass, which he claimed to be a mysterious and precious 'blue stone' got at a peculiar and unknown spot in the Swamp, whither by a special faith he was led—and ever after unable to find the same spot—putting them again into the gourd, the end of the neck being cut off so as to form a bottle, he rattled the 'goombah,' as he termed it, as if endeavoring to frighten his guest. This process ended, he whispered, then sighted into the neck, first with one eye, then with the other, then shook, and so alternately whispering, sighting and shaking, until apparently getting tired, again pouring them out, fumbling among them until finding a forked breast bone of a small bird, which, muttering to himself, he called the 'charm bone of a treefrog:'

'Ah,' exclaimed Gamby as he selected out the mystic symbol handing it to Henry: 'got yeh at las'. Take dis, meh son, an' so long as yeh keep it, da can' haum yeh, dat da cant. Dis woth money, meh son; da aint many sich like dat in de Swamp! Yeh never want for nothin' so long as yeh keep dat!'

In this fearful abode for years of some of Virginia and North Carolina's boldest black rebels, the names of Nat Turner, Denmark Veezie, and General Gabriel were held by them in sacred reverence; that of Gabriel as a talisman. With delight they recounted the many exploits of whom they conceived to be the greatest men who ever lived, the pretended deeds of whom were fabulous, some of the narrators claiming to have been patriots in the American Revolution.

'Yeh offen hearn on Maudy Ghamus,' said an old man stooped with age, having the appearance of a centenarian; 'dat am me—me heah!' continued he, touching himself on the breast; 'I's de frien' on Gamby Gholar; an' I an' Gennel Gabel fit in de Malution wah, an' da want no sich fightin' dare as dat in Gabel wah!'

'You were then a soldier in the Revolutionary war for American Independence, father?' inquired Henry.

'Gau bress yeh hunny. Yes 'ndeed, chile, long 'for yeh baun; dat I did many long day go! Yes, chile, yes!'

And General Gabriel, too, a soldier of the American Revolution?' replied Henry.

'Ah, chile, dat 'e did fit in de Molution wah, Gabel so, an' 'e fit like mad dog! Wen 'e sturt, chile, da cant stop 'im; da may as well let 'im go long, da cant do nuffin' wid 'im.'

Henry subscribed to his eminent qualifications as a warrior, assuring him that those were the kind of fighting men they then needed among the blacks. Maudy Ghamus to this assented, stating that the Swamp contained them in sufficient number to take the whole United States; the only difficulty in the way being that the slaves in the different States could not be convinced of their strength. He had himself for years been an emissary; also, Gamby Gholar, who had gone out among them with sufficient charms to accomplish all they desired, but could not induce the slaves to a general rising.

'Take plenty *goomba* an' *fongosa* 'long wid us, an' plant *masasa* all along, an' da got nuffin' fah do but come, an' da 'ooden come!' despairingly declared Maudy Ghamus.

Gamby Gholar, Maudy Ghamus, and others were High Conjurors, who are ambassadors from the Swamp, were regularly sent out to create new conjurers, lay charms, take off 'spells' that could not be reached by Low Conjurors, and renew the art of all conjurors of seven years existence, at the expiration of which period the virtue was supposed to run out; holding their official position by fourteen years appointments. Through this means the revenue is obtained for keeping up an organized existence in this much dreaded morass—the Dismal Swamp.

Before Henry left they insisted upon, and anointed him a priest of the order of High Conjurers, and amusing enough it was to him who consented to satisfy the aged devotees of a time honored superstition among them. Their supreme executive body called the 'Head' consists in number of seven aged men, noted for their superior experience and wisdom. Their place of official meeting must be entirely secluded, either in the forest, a gully, secluded hut, an underground room, or a cave.

The seven old men who, with heightened spirits, hailed his advent among them, led Henry to the door of an ample cave—their hollow—at the door of which they were met by a large sluggish, lazy moving serpent, but so entirely tame and petted that it wagged its tail with fondness toward Maudy as he led the party. The old men suddenly stopping at the approach of the reptile, stepping back a pace, looked at each other mysteriously shaking their heads;

'Go back!' exclaimed Maudy waving his hand; 'go back, my chile! 'e in terrible rage! 'e got seben long toof, any on 'em kill yeh like flash!' tapping it slightly on the head with a twig of a grape vine which he carried in his hand.

Looking at the ugly beast, Henry had determined did it approach to harm, to slay it; but instead, it quietly coiled up and lay at the door as if asleep, which reminded him of queer and unmeaning sounds as they approached, uttered by Gholar, which explained that the animal had been trained to approach when called as any other pet. The 'Head' once in session, they created him conjurer of the highest degree known to their art.* With this qualification he was licensed with unlimited power—a power never before given any one—to go forth and do wonders. The Head seemed, by the unlimited power given him, to place greater reliance in the efforts of Henry for their deliverance, than in their own seven heads together.

'Go, my son,' said they, 'an' may God A'mighty hole up yo' han's an' grant us speedy 'liverence!'

Being now well refreshed—having rested without the fear of detection—and in the estimation of Gholar, Ghamus and the rest of the 'Heads,' well qualified to prosecute his project; amidst the prayers, blessings, wishes, hopes, fears, pow-wows and promises of a never failing conjuration, and tears of the cloudy inhabitants of this great seclusion, among whom were the frosty headed, bowed down old men of the Cave, Henry left that region by his usual stealthy process, reaching Richmond, Virginia, in safety.

CHAPTER XXV.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

With his usual adroitness, early in the morning, Henry entered Richmond boldly walking through the streets. This place in its municipal regulations, the customs and usages of society, the tastes and assumptious pride of the inhabitants, much resemble Charleston, S. C., the latter being a modified model of the former.

The restrictions here concerning negroes and mulattos are less rigid, as they may be permitted to continue in social or religious gatherings after nine o'clock at night provided a white person be present to inspect their conduct; and may ride in a carriage, smoke a cigar in daylight, or walk with a staff at night.

According to an old existing custom said to have originated by law, a mulatto or quadroon who proved a white mother was themselves regarded as white: and many availing themselves of the fact, took advantage of it by leaving their connections with the blacks and turning entirely over to the whites. Their children take farther advantage of this by intermarrying with the whites, by which their identity becomes extinct, and they enter every position in society both social and political. Some of the proudest American statesmen in either House of the Capital, receive their poetic vigor of imagination from the current of negro blood flowing in their veins.

Like those of Charleston, some of the light mixed bloods of Richmond hold against the blacks and pure blooded negroes, the strongest prejudice and hatred, all engendered by the teachings of their negro-fearing master fathers. All of the terms and epithets of disparagement commonly used by the whites toward the blacks are as readily applied to them by this class of the mixed bloodr. Shy of the blacks and fearful of the whites, they go sneaking about with the countenance of a criminal of one conscious of having done wrong to his fellows. Spurned by the one and despised by the other, they are the least happy of all the classes. Of this class was Ms. Pierce whose daughter stood in the hall door, quite early enjoying the cool air this morning.

'Miss,' inquired Henry of the young quadroon lady, 'can you inform me where I'll find the house of Mr. Norton, a colored family in this city?' politely raising his cap as he approached her.

With a screech she retreated into the house, exclaiming, 'that a black negro at the door had given her impudence.' Startled at this alarm so unexpected to him—though somewhat prepared for such from his recent experience in Charleston—Henry made good a most hasty retreat before the father, with longered 'hide' in his hand, could reach the door. The man grimaced, declaring, could he have his way, every black in the country would be sold away to labor.

Finding the house of his friend, he was safely secluded until evening, when developing his scheme, the old material extinguished and left to mould and rot after the demonstration at Southampton, was immediately rekindled never again to be suppressed until the slaves stood up the equal of the masters. Southampton—the name of Southampton to them was like an electric shock.

'Ah, Laud!' replied uncle Medly, an old man of ninety-four years, when asked whether or not he would help his brethren in a critical time of need; 'dat I would. Ef I do noffin' else, I pick up dirt an' tro' in der eye!' meaning in that of their masters.

'Glory to God!' exclaimed his wife, an old woman of ninety years.

'Hallelujah!' responded her daughter, the wife of Norton the man of the house.

'Blessed be God's eternal name!' concluded the man himself. 'I've long been praying and looking, but God has answered ne at last.'

'None could answer it, but a payer hearing God!' replied the wife.

'None would answer it, but a prayer hearing God!' responded the husband.

'None did answer it, but a prayer hearing God!' exclaimed the woman; 'glory to God!' glory to God! 'tis none but He can deliver!'

They fell on their knees to pray, when fervent was their devotion; after which Henry left, but on account of a strict existing patrol regulation, was obliged for three days to lie in the wood, so closely watched was he. The fourth evening he effected most adroitly an escape from his biding place, passing through a strong guard of patrol all around him, entering the District of Columbia at early dawn, soon entering the City of Washington.

The slave prison of Williams and Brien conspicuously stood among the edifices; high in the breeze from the flagstaff floated defiantly the National Colors, Stars as the pride of the white man, and Stripes, as the emblem of power over the blacks. At this the fugitive gave a passing glance, but with hurried steps continued his course, not knowing whither he would tarry. He could only breathe in soliloquy:

'How long, O Lord of the oppressed, how long shall this thing continue!'

Passing quietly along, gazing in at every door, he came to a stop on the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Sixth street. On entering, looking into the establishment, his eye unexpectedly caught that of a person who proved to be a mulatto gentleman, slowly advancing toward the door.

His first impulse was to make a retreat, but fearing the effort would be fatal, bracing his nerves, he stood looking the person full in the face.

'Do you want any tihng, young man!' inquired the mulatto gentleman, who proved to be the proprietor.

'I am hungry, sir!' Henry quickly replied.

'You're a stranger, then, in the city!'

'I am, sir.'

'Never here before!'

'Never before, sir.'

'Have you no acqaintance in the place?'

'None at all, sir.'

'Then, sir, if you'll come in, I'll see if I can find as much as you can eat,'replied the good hearted man.

Setting him down to a comfortable breakfast, the wife and niece of the proprietor kindly attended upon him, filling his pouch afterwardswith sufficient for the day's travel.

Giving him a parting hand, Henry left with, 'God Almighty bless the family!' clearing the city in a short time.

'I understand it all!' replied the gentle man in response; 'and may the same God guide and protect you by the way!' justly regarding him as a fugitive.

The kindness received at the hands of this family* brought tears of gratitude to the eyes of the recipient, especially when remembering his treatment from the same class in Charleston and Richmond. About the same time that Henry left the city, the slave of a distinguished Southern statesman also left Washington and the comforts of home and kindness of his master forever.

From Washington taking a retrogade course purposely to avoid Maryland, where he learned they were already well advised and holding gatherings, the margin of Virginia was cut in this hasty passage, so as to reach more important points for communication. Stealing through the neighborhood and swimming the river, a place was reached called Mud Fort, some four miles distant from Harper's Ferry, situated on the Potomac.

Seeing a white man in a field near by, he passed on as if unconscious of his presence, when the person hailing him in broken English questioned his right to pass.

'I am going to Charleston, sir,' replied Henry

'Vat fahr?' inquired the Dutchman.

'On business,' replied he.

'You nagher, you! dat ish not anzer mine question! I does ax you vat fahr you go to Charleston, and you anzer me dat!'

'I told you, sir, that I am going on business.'

'You ish von zaucy nagher, andt I bleve you one runaway! Py ching, I vill take you pack!' said the man instantly climbing the fence to get into the road where the runaway stood.

'That will do,' exclaimed Henry; 'you are near enough—I can bring you down there!' at the same time presenting a wel charged six barrel weapon of death; when the affrighted Dutchman fell on the opposite side of the fence unharmed, and Henry put down his weapon without a fire.

Having lurked till evening in a thicket near by, Charlestown was entered near the depot, just at the time when the last train was leaving for Washington. Though small, this place was one of the most difficult in which to promote his object, as the slaves were but comparatively few, difficult to be seen, and those about the depot and house servants, trained to be suspicions and mistrustful of strange blacks, and true and faithful to their masters. Still he was not remiss in finding a friend, and a place for the seclusion.

This place was most admirably adapted for the gathering, being held up a run or little stream, in a bramble thicket on a marshy meadow of the old Brackenridge estate, but a few minutes walk from the town. This evening was that of a strict patrol watch, their head quarters for the night being in Worthington's old mills, from which ran the race, passing near which was the most convenient way to reach the place of gathering for the evening.

While stealthily moving along in the dark, hearing a cracking in the weeds and soft tramping of feet, Henry secreted himself in a thick high growth of Jamestown weeds along the fence, when he slightly discerned a small body of men as if reconnoitering the neighbornood. Sensible of the precariousness of his condition, the fugitive lie as still as death, lest by dint he might be discovered, as much fear and apprehension then pervaded the community.

Charlestown, at best, was a hard place for a negro, and under the circumstances, had he been discovered, no plea would have saved him. Breathlessly crouched beneath the foliage and thorns of the fetid weed, he was startled by a voice suddenly exclaiming—

'Hallo there! who's that?' which proved to be that of one of the patrol, the *posse* having just come down the bank of the race from the mill.

'Sahvant, mausta!' was the humble reply.

'Who are you?' farther inquired the voice.

'Zack Parker, sir.'

'Is that you, old Zack?'

'Yes, mausta—honner bright.'

'Come, Zack, you must go with us! Don't you know that negroes are not allowed to be out at night alone, these times? Come along!' said Davy Hunter.

'Honner bright! maus Davy—honner bright!' continued the old black slave of Colonel Davenport, quietly walking beside them along the mill race, the water of which being both swift and deep.' Maus Davy, I got some mighty good rum here in dis flas'—you gentmen hab some? mighty good! mine I tells you, maus Davy—mighty good!'

'Well, Zack, we don't care to take a little,' replied Bob Flagg; 'have you had your black mouth to this flask?'

'Honner bright, maus Bobby—honner bright!' replied the old man.

Hunter raised the flask to his mouth, the others gathering around, each to take a draught in turn, when instantly a plunge in the water was heard, and the next moment old Zack Parker was swinging his hat in triumph on the opposite bank of the channel, exclaiming—

'Honner bright, gentmen! honner bright! Happy Jack an' no trouble!'—the last part of the sentence being a cant phrase commonly in use in that part of the country, to indicate a feeling free from all cares.

In a rage the flask was thrown in the dark, and alighted near his feet upright in the tufts of grass, when he old man in turn seizing the vessel, exclaiming aloud—

'Yo' heath, gentmen! yo' good heath!' then turning it up to his mouth, the sound heard across the stream gave evidence of his enjoyment of the remainder of the contents. 'Thank 'e, gentmen—good night!' when away went Zack to the disappointment and even amusement of the party.

Taking advantage of this incident, Henry, under a guide, found a place of seclusion, and a small number of good willing spirits ready for the counsel.

'Mine, my chile!' admonished old Aunt Lucy; 'mine hunny, how yeh go long, case da all'as lookin' arter black folks.'

Taking the nearest course through Worthington's woods, he reached in good time that night the slave quarters of Captain Jack Briscoe and Major Brack Rutherford. The blacks here were united by the confidential leaders of Moore's people, and altogether they were rather a superior gathering of slaves to any yet met with in Virginia. His mission here soon being accomplished, he moved rapidly on to Slaughters, Crane's and Washington's old plantations, where he caused a glimmer of light, which until then had never been thought of, much less seen. by them.

The night rounds of the patrol of the immediate neighborhood, caused a hurried retreat from Washington's—the last place at which he stopped—and daybreak the next morning found him in near proximity to Winchester, when he sought and obtained abiding place in the woods of General Bell.

The people here he found ripe and ready for anything that favored their redemption. Taylor's, Logan's, Whiting's and Tidball's plantations all had crops ready for the harvest.

'An' is dis de young man,' asked uncle Talton, stooped with the age of eighty-nine years; 'dat we hearn so much ob, dat's gwine all tru de country 'mong de black folks? Tang God a'mighty for wat I lib to see!' and the old man straightened himself up to his greatest heighth, resting on his staff, and swinging himself around as if whirling on the heel as children sometimes do, exclaimed in the gladness of his heart and the bouyancy of his spirits at the prospect of freedom before him: 'I dont disagard none on 'em,'' referring to the whites.

'We have only 'regarded' them too long, father,' replied Henry with a sigh of sorrow, when he looked upon the poor old time and care-worn slave, whose only hope for freedom rested in his efforts.

'I neber 'spected to see dis! God bless yeh, my son! May God 'long yeh life!' continued the old man, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

'Amen!' sanctioned Uncle Ek.

'God grant it!' replied Uncle Duk.

'May God go wid yeh, my son, wheresomeber yeh go!' exclaimed the old slaves present; when Henry, rising from the block of wood upon which he sat, being moved to tears, reaching out his hand, said:

'Well brethren, mothers and fathers! my time with you is up, and I must leave you—farewell!' when this faithful messenger of his oppressed brethren, was soon in the woods, making rapid strides towards Western Virginia.

Wheeling, in the extreme Western part of Virginia, was reached by the fugitive, where the slaves, already restless and but few in number in consequence of their close proximity to a free State—Ohio being on the opposite side of the river, on the bank of which the town is situated—could never thereafter become contented.

The 'Buckeye State' steamer here passed along on a downward trip, when boarding her as a black passenger, Cincinnati in due season was reached, when the passengers were transferred to the 'Telegraph No. 2," destined for Louisville, Kentucky. Here crowding in with the passengers, he went directly to Shippenport, a small place but two miles below—the rapids or falls preventing the large class of steamers from going thence except at the time of high water—the 'Chrystal Palace,' a beautiful packet, was boarded, which swiftly took him to Smithland, at the confluence of the Cumberland and Ohio rivers.

From this point access up the Cumberland was a comparatively easy task, and his advent into Nashville, Tennessee, was as unexpected at this time to the slaves, as it was portentious and ominous to the masters.

There was no difficulty here in finding a seclusion, and the introduction of his subject was like the application of fire to a drouth seasoned stubble field. The harvest was ripe and ready for the scythe, long before the reaper and time for gathering came. In both town and country the disappointment was sad, when told by Henry that the time to strike had not yet come; that they for the present must

'Stand still and see the salvation!'

'How long, me son, how long we got wait dis way?' asked Daddy Luu, a good 'old man and member of a Christian church for upwards of forty years.

'I can't tell exactly, father, but I suppose in this, as in all all other good works, the Lord's own annointed time!' replied he.

'An' how long dat gwine be, honey? case I's mighty ti'ed waitin' dis way!' earnestly responded the old man.

'I can't tell you how long, father; God knows best.

'An' how we gwine know w'en 'E is ready?'

'When WE are ready, HE is ready, and not till then is His time.'

'God sen we was ready, now den!' concluded the old man, blinded with tears, and who, from the reverence they had for his age and former good counsel among them, this night was placed at the head of the Gathering.

Carrying with him the prayers and blessings of his people here, Henry made rapid strides throughout this State, sowing in every direction seeds of the crop of a future harvest.

From Tennessee Henry boldly strode into Kentucky, and though there seemed to be a universal desire for freedom, there were few who were willing to strike. To run away, with them, seemed to be the highest conceived idea of their right to liberty.—This they were doing, and would continue to do on every favorable opportunity, but their right to freedom by self-resistance, to them was forbidden by the Word of God. Their hopes were based on the long talked of promised emancipation in the State.

'What was your dependence?' inquired he of an old man verging on the icy surface of ninety winters' slippery pathways; 'before you had this promise of emancipation!'

'Wy, dar war Guvneh Metcalf, I sho 'e good to black folks,'' replied Uncle Winson.

'Well uncle, tell me, supposing he had not been so, what would you have then done?'

'Wy, chile, I sho 'e raise up dat time 'sides dem maus Henry and maus John.'

'But what good have they ever done you? I don't see that you are any better off than had they never lived.'

'Ah chile! da good to we black folks,' continued the old man, with a fixed belief that they were emancipationists, and the day of freedom to the slaves drew near.

Satisfied that self-reliance was the farthest from their thoughts, but impressing them with new ideas concerning their rights, the great hearted runaway bid them 'Good bye, and may God open your eyes to see your own condition!' when in a few minutes Lexington was relieved of an enemy, more potent than the hostile bands of Red Men who once defied the military powers of Kentucky.

In a few days this astonishing slave was again on the smooth waters of the beautiful Ohio, making speed as fast as the steamer 'Queen of the West' could carry him down stream towards Grand Gulf on the great river of the South-west.

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* The highest degree known to the art of conjuration in the Dismal Swamp, is Seven-finger High-glister.

* This gentleman died on the 15th of June, 1857, in a distant erritory, whither he had removed, where his excellent widow, niece and chilaren all reside, well provided for.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HEADQUARTERS OF HOOKER'S DIVISION,
Near Budd's Ferry, Md., Dec. 6, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—Thanksgiving day was observed strictly amongst the New England men, which may be attributed to their descent, more directly than the rest, from a Puritan ancestry. One of the noblest peculiarities of their forefathers is love for the worship of Almighty God. I thought to myself as I strolled amongst them, of the days of which history speaks, when the praying Roundhead and the jeering cavalier met in deadly array; when Cromwell and the commonwealth fought against King Charles the First and the kingdom, one for equal rights and the habeas corpus—that great charter of civil and religious liberty; the other for the prerogative, for titles, and for dignities. Here are Massachusett's liberty-loving sons ready to meet death amid the din and clash of arms, to preserve intact the institutions of their fathers. (I must admit that they battle for Liberty.) Beyond the Potomac stands the proud, haughty Southerner, fighting for [illegible]ing of real titles, dignities, and the annihilation of the vestiges of Liberty around him. Christianity and progressive civilization ar-the emblems that adorn the former; barbarism, ignorance, and moral imbecility disgrace the latter; in both instances, and the coincidences with one exception, is complete, we have no Cromwell!

The boys searched the country for miles around for turkeys, roasting pigs, geese, ducks, and everything else necessary to make up a holiday dinner, and as you pass their marquees, the olfactories are greeted by savory odors. What with the good dinners, the sermons, exemption from all duty, and the canteens of whisky smuggled into camps, they enjoyed themselves hugely. The review or inspection of the Division was concluded to-day. This important business was intrusted to the Count de Paris and Major ———, of Gen. McClellan's staff. These notables arrived on the 2d instant and of course were the guests of Gen. Hooker. The inspection was very rigid, and may be the precursor of an early movement of the Division. We may be said to be in Winter quarters, for log huts, wooden chimneys, and camp stoves, have *made our canvass walls comfortable*, and although you may say living out of doors, we are able to forget the fact, and talk of Christmas, for it comes apace, and before we can gather our senses, will be here.—Nowhere in the United States did the Christmas holidays pass so gaily as in the Old Dominion; master as well as man revelled in feasting and the whisky jug.—Among the slaves it was a season of happy re unions, and of rest from a year's incessant toil. Wives and husbands, parents and children, hired long distances apart, could then unite in the cordial greeting of Merry Christmas. But how like a dream: a few days and hours, and the same old heart-burnings and separations, the same old stripes and scars; perhaps by the next Christmas many familiar faces are missing. *Where is he or she who was with us last Christmas?* Sighing in some rice-field, or sorrowing upon some cotton or sugar plantation in the far South—and so the years rolled on—there seemed no help for the captive; but this Christmas finds Virginia a broad bloody battle field, and has become the arena in which the fate of the nation is to be decided. Will her slaves and slave-masters assemble in the feast, the song, and dance, this coming Christmas? or will the latter, amid the fresh graves scattered around them, forget the convivialities of the season? I know the former are watching the events of the hour, and while the walls of their prison-house are crumbling to pieces around them, hope lights up their hearts, bright and all-absorbing visions of liberty and freedom crowd upon their mind. *But how are matters at home! Thousands* and hundreds of thousands of homes are cheerless, the sparkling bumper will not be passed around so cheerily; the vacant seat will carry the mind away to the battle-field and to the exposed camp—the whispering winds tell of the bitter cold and probable suffering of father, husband, brother, friend. But, disfranchised American, you, who of right, feel but little more solicitude for the Northern soldier than for the illy-clothed Southerner, how is it with you? Will you drink and make merry while your brethren are hunted like beasts, and are the helpless victims of cruelty, outrage, and assassination? Rather make the coming Christmas a season of mourning and prayer, consultation and organization, and of determined action. The path which leads to liberty is bloody; prepare to tread its gory depths! Study the practice and manual of arms—drill, drill, drill, night and day. Black men are valorous, just give them the art of war, and they will make better troops than will be furnished of any other people in the Western Hemisphere, from the pale-faced Caucasian up to the nut-brown Montezuman.

"Roll on thou cheerful day,
When tyranny's proud sway,
Stern as the grave,
Shall to the ground be hurled.
And freedom's flag unfurled,
Shall wave throughout the world,
O'er every slave."

The news communicated in my last that we should probably be joined to some one of the Southern expeditions now fitting out, *turns out to be as I feared, an idle rumor.* We are most certainly joined to a Southern expedition, but landward, not seaward. All sorts of rumors are being whispered around. Some think the rebels about to cave in, others that they are meditating some terrible on-slaught upon the Unionists. It is generally supposed that they are equal, if not superior to us in numbers. The rumors, coupled with the conscious weakness and timidity of the Northerners, and which the present inaction indisputably displays, make the troops here impatient and dissatisfied. Complaint is universal — doubts, fears, and a general demoralization, are stealing with a fatal certainty o'er them.—An advance of the army of the Potomac must be made, even at the risk of adding to the list another disastrous defeat. Perhaps before this reaches the eyes *of your* readers, the Federal army will have marched upon the strongholds of Manassas victorious, and the first step made towards the establishment of the Union with slavery; or perhaps instead, the Federal army will be driven back terror-stricken and dismayed; the Confederates panting with hell-born rage in the hot pursuit. Then will come the cry for Liberty and Union: then will emancipation be proclaimed, if not from the National Capitol, from Fortress McHenry; if not from Fortress McHenry, from Independence Hall! It may be said that this is treason, but Christianity, humanity and civilization teaches that this is true patriotism. Perhaps another signal chastisement at the hands of the rebels, may prove by its effects a salvation of the country, and the regeneration of its slaves. Let the American people but say we are their brethren, and the millions of our race will flock to the national defence, and seal with blood their love for liberty, and devotion to the national cause—but call us men and brethren, and all the tears shed and wrongs suffered, all the scoffs, jeers and persecutions meted out to us ever since Crispus Attucks fell the first martyr to the revolution, shall be buried in the very deep of forgetfulness. But I fear, rather than call us brethren, the invidious wretches who control the nation would let the rebel chief cover the North even to the St. Lawrence with his unopposed legions; such is the rancor and persistency of their hatred for our race. Millions of treasure, rivers of blood would be saved if the North would fortify themselves on all sides with justice and reconstruct their government upon the foundations of equity and truth. Perhaps Providence is now reserving us for great and important works.—'Thy wisdom, O Lord, is wonderful, it is high, I cannot attain unto it.'

It becomes my painful duty to record the death of Mr. I. Newton, to whom I have before referred in one of my communications. The greater part of his life was spent in bondage. Not until he was 58 did he receive his freedom. And before his manumission by the will of his deceased master four of his children were sold into Virginia. Poor man! he stood before me one week before his death and told me with tears in his eyes of his dear children. Obdurate facts willed that he should never gather those dear children around him. You remember there were *some sixty or seventy slaves who escaped* from the Virginia shore on board the U. S. steamer Live Yankee; among this number were his three sons, Harry, Joseph and Thomas; the other child, a girl, Divinia, is at Richmond, Va. The tidings of their escape did not reach the family until several hours after his death. O that that news had reached them sooner, so that this fond father might have been soothed in the hour of his death with the consciousness that his children had escaped from their earthly hell!

A few days ago we had a visitor from the rebel camp on the opposite side of the river. It is said that his family is known to Gen. Hooker. He hails from New York. He tells the incredible story that he personally knows of two hundred persons who are ready to desert the rebel flag. He was well dressed, and has received no pay since spring.

The Indiana Regiment arrested two more, at the mouth of the Patuxet. One of them is a son of Dr. Stewart. In fact scores of these rebels are stealing home since an armed occupation of their state has become a fixed fact. Guards are posted at Mattawomah Creek and other inlets, to intercept these traitor rebels. It was discovered that the rebels had erected a battery opposite Deep Point, by which they could command the mouth of Mattawoman Creek, the point where the government land provisions. Five steamers and gun boats, among which were the Harriet Lane and Live Yankee, ran down on the 8th instant and shelled them out beautifully. It was most exhilarating to see the chivalry,

"Winged with fear,
Fleet as the wind',"

flying over their sacred hills. The federal gunners proved themselves far superior to theirs. Nearly every shell fell with fatal precision among their teams, while hot shot fired their storehouses and barns. So far as I can learn there were no casualties among the fleet. A little boy was arrested as a fugitive when the division first arrived here, and carried back to Bladenburg, our former camping ground; forty-eight miles is the reckoned distance. He could not get north and has retraced his steps, and is again with us. Does he not deserve his liberty?

G. E. S.

Rev. P. Hawkins in Washington.—A correspondent writing from Washington, under date of Dec. 12th, says: "I had the pleasure of listening to a discourse delivered by the Rev. P. Hawkins, of Troy, N. Y., in Asbury Church in this city, before a congregation of about five hundred white and colored persons, and the reverand gentleman, with the assistance of the Divine Spirit, handled his subject like a master workman. He held his hearers spellbound from the beginning to end."

Anoter Penitent.—Redpath, the plunderer, of the Great Northern Railway Company, who is at present undergoing a punishment at the convict settlement in Western Australia, has published a volume of poems, which in a letter to the chaplain, he says, "he trusts it will be found to express the sentiments of a penitent heart." He is said to be "most constant in his attendance at church, and in his general conduct and demeanor appears to be truly penitent."

The people of Liberia are making preparations for the due representation of the republic at the World's Fair of 1862 in London. The President has applied for space equal to five hundred square feet—proportioned twenty-five by twenty feet—for the display of articles calculated to illustrate the resources and wealth of the country.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

What Can We Do For Our Country?

In time of war, there are other duties for the patriotic citizen, besides the bearing of arms. Colored men have, in every free State, offered to bear arms in aiding the Government to put down the rebellion. But, excepting by Gen. Jim Lane, of Kansas, they have not yet been accepted as soldiers. If the Government and the several State Governors have refused our aid as soldiers, it does not follow that we can not, nor that we ought not, aid the Government as best we may and as best we ought, if we see other modes in which we can render needed assistance.

We may cultivate in our walks, in our conversation, in our hopes and prayers, an enlarged spirit of patriotism, urging by all the influences at our command—and the lowliest among us is not without influence—the success of those great principles of justice on which alone our side of the quarrel can be successful.

We can, also, in our conversation, express warm sympathy in the success of our arms: rejoice in each success, and mourn with each defeat; just as we ought to rejoice in the success of our neighbors and and friends. And in doing this, we must try and lift ourselves above the special private griefs, grievances and oppressions about which we could afford to be loud-mouthed in complaint in the piping times of peace. Let us raise ourselves above our personalities into the higher sphere of *believing and knowing* that we have a country worth the loving and worth the defending; that we are part and parcel of the living and momentous tide of humanity which compose the progressive portion of these United States; let us merge our race into the larger tide of our nationality Even those among us who can not look beyond self, should remember that this war is waged by the North to prevent ex-Senator Toombs from calling the roll of his slaves beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill monument.

There is another way in which we can give more practical aid to our country. In these December nights, when we seek the warm shelter of our comfortable dwellings, and warm stoves, and soft beds, and ample bed clothing, let us remember the poor soldier in his canvass tent, hard board bed, and scanty covering. Whatever they may think of us, they are our brethren in suffering and want, and doubly deserving our aid. An hour or two with knitting needles, or plain sewing, the parting with a blanket or coverlet we may easily spare, will give aid and comfort greatly needed by our friends and neighbors who have gone down to fight against our boastful haters and oppressors.

It was a beautiful and fitting tribute of gratitude for benefits conferred, of heartfelt sympathy and ardent young patriotism, when the young ladies of colored school No. 1, through their honored teacher, presented their mite in aid of soldiers' comforts; and it would be a most excellent thing, if our other schools, or sewing circles would go and do likewise. A dozen colored persons per week, calling with their humble gifts at the depot of the Soldiers' Aid Society, would be twice blessed, like mercy, in the giving and in the receiving.

Beside garments, there are certain other creature comforts in the making of which we are not unknown to fame, and which would be quite a serviceable, if not more so, to the soldiers who may be suffering from sickness or wounds. We believe that a hundred jars of currant or other jellies, labelled, 'from the colored women of New York and Brooklyn,' would do a mighty work in various ways in whatever regiment they might happen to reach. 'I was sick, and ye visited me,' would be uttered by many a parched lip and flash though many a fevered brain.

By thus mingling with the activities which carry on this war, by thus becoming part and parcel of the patriotism of the hour, we will not only do an act worthy and noble in itself, but one whose reflex influence will aid the influences which 'must happily solve the great problem which now puzzles the national mind.

The Government, Congress and the people have no difficulty as to what disposal to make of the loyal poor whites of the soon to be subjugated slave States. But they are in doubt as to what they will do with the poor loyal blacks of the South. And the main cause of this difficulty is that there has been too little living sympathy between the whites and blacks of the free States. It is idle to disguise the fact that, while Massachusetts and New England soldiers generally, having lived where there is at least political equality between whites and blacks, could readily accede to this in the new relations of black and white men at the South: the same may be true of troops going from Northern Ohio and Illinois, and from the interior of our own State. But there are the hosts from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, Southern Ohio and Illinois, from all Indiana and Michigan, who have been accustomed to both political and social inequality—they can not yet be prepared for justice and equality for the black man. To all such men, whether in the Army as soldiers, or or at home as soldiers, an exhibition of active sympathy on our part, of a disposition to do all we can to aid and comfort them, would go far, very far, towards breaking down caste hate, and towards causing them to believe that they and we, are, after all, bound up in one bundle of sympathetic humanity.

In times like the present, when the gloom, the uncertain event, and the dire calamities of war press upon it, the public heart, never so brave, is yet keenly sensitive to loving sympathies; it regards less the intrinsic character of what it is doing, than what the world thinks of its acts: hence we find a very gleaning of the European journals for crumbs or waifs of comfort and cheer: it is now "our opportunity" to smite that heart in its green state with with chords of sympathy and love which in the coming time will harden into fibree of sympathy and love and eternal brother hood—for, however badly, however haughtily, however meanly they may have treated us in the agonized past, they are men and brethren still.

Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15th, 1861.

MR. EDITOR—Our city has been for the past week unusually quiet as far as our people are concerned; but has been noted among our white neighbors for murders, rapes and broils. On Monday of this week two murders occurred, and also one on Tuesday evening. But the most diabolical affair took place on Monday evening, on the corner of 12th and C streets, in a small house which was occupied some months ago as a wood and coal office, by Galt & Brothers, but was at the time of the murder occupied as a residence and shoe shop, by an Irishman by the name of Donavan, who has been noted for the ill-manner in which he treated his wife. On Sunday last they had a quarrel and a slight fight; he being the most powerful she was compelled to beat a hasty retreat, but returned on Monday evening, when a fresh quarrel began, during which Donavan was heard to say that he would kill her, because he could marry another Irish woman, who possessed not only good looks, but four hundred dollars. As night came on the altercation ceased, and nothing more was heard of this unhappy couple until 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, about which time the neighbors began to suspicion that all was not right in the cabin, from not seeing any smoke coming through the stovepipe, nor his boot sign hanging out, when an investigation was proposed and made, which resulted in the finding of the dead body of Mrs. Donavan lying across the cot, bearing evidence of having been murdered. She had been choked until her neck and face were black and much swollen, apparently with a cord drawn with both hands around her neck. Her countenance indicated the agony she had been in. A coroner's inquest was held, and the verdict rendered that the unfortunate woman came to her death by strangulation by the hands of her husband. A search was made for Donavan, who was soon arrested and put in prison to be tried for murder in the first degree. The other two murders were in houses of ill-repute. One of the victims was a soldier, the other a teamster. Both were shot, and the guilty parties arrested and put in the county jail.

Our churches had been very quiet for some months past, until the beginning of the past week. A considerable revival of religion is progressing nightly at the Zion Wesley Church (Island), and many sinners present themselves to be prayed for. Our city never, to my recollection, presented so large a list of sick as now. The prevailing diseases are small-pox, typhoid and intermittent fevers and sore throats. The weather here has been truly beautiful. Heavy frost at night, with bright moonlight; clear and pleasant, with bright sunlight by day—the thermometer ranging in open air from 55 to 65 deg. Surely God has blessed us, for the unfeeling wood and coal dealers had advanced the price of fuel to an exorbitant price, they charging for oak $10 and for pine $7 50 per cord. Coal has been as high as $10 per ton of 2000 lbs.

BOX.

A Correction.

A FACT, AND A BATCH OF WONDERS.

The design of this letter is threefold; namely, to make a correction, to state a fact and to ask a few questions.

In a late number of the Anglo-African, reference is made to the Report of the Refugee's Home Society, as given by the Rev. C. C. Foote, their general agent.

Among items particularized are contributions by the Society towards the Mission School in this town, conducted by Mrs. A. F. Shadd and self, and called by you, and in Mr. Foote's Report Mrs. Cary's school. First, then, I wish to say that the Refugees Home Society had not, up to the publishing of that Report, ever contributed anything as a society; on the contrary, I had made formal application to the society for an appropriation, but received a reply from Mr. Foote, as their agent, in the negative. Three handsome individual donations—one from Mr. West, one from Rev. Mr. Grew, and a third from Mr. Foote, for himself, were given through Mr. Foote, not, however, as coming through the society, we understood. I can easily understand how the fact of his agency might have embarrassed Mr. Foote when making his Report; but we are quite clear as to the manner of the donations, as also to an emphatic refusal from the society, given by their agent. As General Agent for our Trustees, I made application to the R. H. Society, and also at a later period when at Montreal, but without effect at the time.

So much for the correction, and now for the fact.

On the sixth of the present month (December) I went to Detroit to call the attention of the gentlemen of the Refugees Home Society, including Mr. Foote to the injury to our enterprise resulting, at home, and likely to do so elsewhere from the pro-slavery scurrility of the "Pine and Palm" newspaper, growing out of that portion of their Report which so plainly conflicts with our experience, and with the facts of our case. I at the same time made a direct appeal to them, in their society capacity, for pecuniary aid towards supporting teachers—mark! not towards erecting buildings for the Primary and High School building we hope to get—in prosecuting the work the coming year, whereupon the foregoing statement was cordially concurred in by the members present, including Mr. Foote, and one hundred dollars for the coming year voted towards support of teachers in the Mission School at Chatham, to be paid in quarterly instalments, commencing 1st Jan., 1862, provided that the funds of the society would enable them so to do. It is now quite clear, you perceive, that up to the time of your notice, and of the vulgar personalities of the "Pine and Palm" thereafter, that we had not been aided by the R. H. Society; it is equally evident also that we hope to be for the coming year to the extent of one hundred dollars. That I am not an agent of Mr. C. C Foote, but a Grand General Agent, like the nabob of "Heigh-tie,"—the possible future minister of Geffrard at Washington—who had better look to his laurels; you now discover, and as Dr. Martin R. Delany, one of our Trustees now in your midst, will bear me witness. Thirdly, the wonders. The wonder here just now is, as to the kind of disease now raging in the Haytian Bureau, by reason of which, the General Agent seems to have changed in the twinkling of an eye"? Wonder No. 2 is, has the ghost of some dead emigrant to Hayti been haunting the drawers? Wonder No. 3 among Haytians here is, whether a man, whose views upon Insurrection and Republicanism are so easily repudiated, and whose mental idiosyncrasy seem *to work so peculiarly, so in*harmoniously, as that he must utterly repudiate a doctrine, be it what it may, without the hope of ever being able to progress, a man who assumed heretofore to teach doctrines which he now frankly admits he knew nothing about, is to be accepted, when he says—upon the Haytian scheme: "Has the Black accomplished his destiny in America? I think that in North America he has, &c. His future is—annihilation. * * * * To preserve the African race in America, emigration from it is the first condition, &c. &c., and that Hayti is the place for *en masse* emigration of these "Blacks."

The last wonder is, whether he will slip out quietly from this scheme, or, notwithstanding the "higher insight," will continue to send forth to the public canards about the number of departures; that all are well, when so many are sick or dead; and also work on in this Haytian business so long as Geffrard can pay?

MARY A. SHADD CARY.

Chatham, Dec. 18th, 1861.

Can the Colored Man Bise to Eminence in America.

A lecture was delivered by Mr. Edgar Ambleman, on Wednesday evening, 18th inst., at the Union church in 28th street, of which the following is a brief synopsis. The speaker said:

"You will undoubtedly consider this a strange question, and were it put to you singly, you would reply without hesitation—No, and you would point me to our present condition, and recall to my mind the fact that the avenues of learning are closed against us; that every incentive to ambition is taken away; that we are, as it were, outcasts; spit upon, degraded, and treated with contempt, everywhere. And you will inquire where is the use of our trying? what if we desire to practice medicine? though we were possessed of the skill of a Galen, yet of what avail—"he is nothing but a nigger."

Let us enter the army, though foremost in the charge and last in the retreat; though combining the skill of a Scott and a Wellington, though superior to all else in military tactics, what chance for advancement—"he is nothing but a nigger." Let us desire to practice law, and let us have the learning of a Coke, the eloquence of Domosthenes, where are we? Are we found on the forum, or on the bench, are clothed with the ermine, and is our advice sought far and near—"oh, he is nothing but a nigger."

I admit all this, and yet, strange as it may appear, I still affirm the colored man MAY arise. I am aware of our down-trodden and degraded condition, yet is my conviction the same. Do you ask why, then, do we not rise? I answer, as a class we lack three essential qualifications—viz.: Union, Intelligence and Self-respect.

Our condition, then, is the result of our own negligence and inactivity.

But very few show any desire to rise. We could do so if we would.

Where there is a will there is always a way. The way is always open to those who will enter upon it.

Let us then but resolve, and the result is in our own hands. "To patient toil the prize is sure."

Instead of spending our time in policy shops and drinking saloons, let us try and improve our minds; let us see that every opportunity for improvement and instruction is given our children, and we are no longer despised and down-trodden. Let us show that we respect ourselves, and thus force others to respect us. Let us show our determination to make our mark, and the whites will be compelled to make way for us.

Yes, I believe the day is coming when the black man shall be found on the bench upholding the purity of the laws; in the sacred desk, guiding the wanderer into the paths of righteousness and peace; in the halls of legislation, with burning eloquence proposing measures for the public weal—and the world forced to acknowledge that we care not what we have been represented to be."

The speaker here made a stirring appeal to the young men to take these thoughts into consideration, and to shun the gambling hells and drinking shops, and to seize the prize that lay before them.

Mr. Ambleman was followed by Mr. Chas. Ramsey, one of Redpath's Haytian emigration victims recently returned to this country, who in a very feeling manner related the sufferings of those who had been the victims of this money-making scheme.

We understand that it is Mr. Ramsey's purpose to deliver a lecture on this subject, in a larger hall, at some future day. We hope he will have a full house, for we think that every one should know the facts of the case.

REV. J. W. LOGUEN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

MR. EDITOR: Can you tell what is the matter with J. W. L., that he does not write oftener to you? If you can, I wish you would let me know. I see him every day, and he thinks much of the "Anglo-African," and often speaks about it, and I verily believe he wishes the paper well. He has been holding meetings (Anti-Slavery) in Pennsylvania ever since the 10th of this month, every night but one, and every Sunday; and I tell you he has had great times with the penny mites. He goes into many places where they never heard a colored man talk before, and they fill the houses to overflowing. In some of the places they tried to mob the fellow, but they could not make it out. He preached twice in Montrose yesterday. We have some fine fugitive families in Montrose, and one good school taught by Miss E. G. Highgate, of Syracuse, N. Y. I think Loguen will write to you some time before the war closes. Oh bless the Lord! is not the North getting all they can stand well? Let them work—the Slave will come up right yet. I think Loguen told you long ago that this was the Lord's war, and he yet thinks so; so let them work.

L.

Montrose, Pa., Dec. 23, 1861.

A New Proposition.—The Washington correspondent of the "N. Y. Tribune," in his letter of the 25th inst., states that the "prominent members of Congress are considering a new proposition for the solution of the Contraband question, in order to avoid the expense of supporting crowds of slaves in idleness, and to furnish the American mills with cotton. They take the ground that the Indian territory west of Louisiana and Arkansas was ceded to the United States by treaty, and on certain conditions. Without provocation they have violated the treaties, and 'levied war' on the United States, thus rendering the treaties null and void. The country thus reverting to the Government embraces the valleys of the Red, Arkansas, and other rivers, and contains about 20,000,000 of acres of cotton land of unsurpassed fertility, capable of producing about 15,000,000 bales of cotton per annum.

"It is proposed to apply the principle of Benton's 'Florida Armed Occupation Act,' and send all contrabands to this territory, and apprentice them to the settlers upon these cotton lands, leaving the question of their final disposition to be settled by Congress at the close of the war. All contrabands, as fast as they come into camp, to be promptly forwarded thither.

"The country is approached from St. Louis, through Springfield, a distance of 300 miles. The remainder of the railroad from Rolla, through Springfield to Fort Smith, can be completed in twelve months. It is said that the plantations of the Choctaws and Chickasaws alone could fully supply the American mills even the first year of the experiment.

Slavery in the District.—As the subject of abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia is now agitated, it may be of general interest to know that, according to the recent census, the number of slaves in Georgetown is 577; in Washington, 1,744, and in the remainder of the County 834, making a total of 3,155. Free blacks in the District 11,131, and the total population of Washington is 61,122.

WHAT THE ARMY THINKS.

Extract from the private letter of a Captain in the Sickles Brigade, dated

"CHARLES Co., Md., Dec. 15, 1861.

If you were here you would be astonished to see how rapidly the army is becoming what is commonly termed abolitionized.—The more our officers and soldiers see of the institution of slavery the more they detest it.

Five months ago, ninety out of every hundred of the Sickles Brigade would have been delighted to mob an abolitionist—now they want to abolish slavery, root and branch, which is so well known here that slaveholders are actually afraid to visit our camps for fear of personal injury and indignities at the hands of our men.

This war can never be prosecuted advantageously (on our side) until the march of our armies carries with it freedom to all our friends, of whatever color. Then the services the negroes to us would be invaluable. The information they could and then would give us, would increase our efficiency thirty per cent., to *say nothing of the value of* their labor, which would enable us to place in the ranks all of our soldiers, about ten per cent. of whom are now detailed to act as teamsters, cooks, hospital attendants, various sorts of police duty, such as cleaning the camp, and other matters.

The idea of a nation at war declining to receive the aid and services of four million friends, and that, too, in the enemy's country, is so absurd that we must be the laughing-stock of military men and statesmen in the salons of Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and throughout the whole of Europe. But events hasten, and ideas move rapidly in revolutions. Congress will ultimately pass an act abolishing slavery entirely. The People are for it; the Army is for it; the civilized world demands it; and the sooner it is done the better, in the opinion of

Yours truly, B. P."

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

MR. EDITOR:—The "ANGLO" is undoubtedly such a paper as our people have felt the need of for some time past, and as it must cost a great deal to sustain such a paper, I would suggest that our people all unite in contributing something for it. Let a list be taken around in every city, town and village where the paper is taken, and let those that are willing to give anything sign their names on this paper, annexing the sum opposite that they feel able to give. Let it matter not how large or small the sum may be; all, no doubt, will be thankfully received. Let these contributions be made up between now and the first of January, and let them be known as "New Year's contributions."

"WIDE AWAKE."

New London, Ct., Dec. 14, 1861.

LETTER FROM NEWARK.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec, 23, 1861.

MR. EDITOR: The recent capture of rebels in Missouri and elsewhere have produced much joy among the loyal citizens of this place.

The Fall term of Madam Rogers' school closed on Friday, 20th inst, with an exhibition that gave great credit to teacher and scholars. The exercises consisted of recitations, dialogues and music, the latter under the able direction of Prof. John H. O'Fake. At the close of the exercises refreshments were served to the children.

Dr. M. R. Delany gave his fourth lecture in this city on Wednesday evening, 18th inst., at the Park street Church. The audience was small, owing to the failure to give publicity to the engagement.

I. T.

Benevolence in New Haven.—The ladies of the A. M. E. Zion church in New Haven, held a social gathering on the evening of Thursday, 5th inst., in which a number of friends participated. The evening was spent very agreeably throughout by all present; after which, they presented their pastor, Rev. J. G. Smith, with the liberal sum of $10 78, for which he in return was mindful to return them his sincere thanks.

J. S. B.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. "Daily Times," writes: The owners of slave property in the District of Columbia are now in a bad way. The law abolishing the slave-trade in the District prevents a disposal of them here Legislation in favor o their emancipation is imminent. The Southern market is cut off, and they can only be disposed of in Maryland, where such property has become very "uncertain." In the meantime they are offered at low rates, with no buyers.

The English and Lagos.—The December number of the London "Anti-Slavery Reporter" states, "the report is contradicted most positively of its having been the design of the King of Lagos to send Captain Redingfield and Mr. McCoskry into the interior as prisoners, detaining the British merchants, and taking the lives of all European officers and residents, besides burning the factories."

Insurrection in Mississippi. — Despatches from the South state that there has been a great slave insurrection in Mississippi and an immense quantity of property destroyed—$150,000 worth on the Quitman estate alone. Further particulars are not furnished.

Statement of a Returned Colored Prisoner

Among the passengers by the gunboat Connecticut, which arrived at this port last Tuesday from Fort Pickens, was Levi Mann, an intelligent colored man. He left this city on the 12th of last March, as a waiter on the steamship Star of the West, for Brazos Santiago, which vessel was sent to the relief of the United States troops in escaping from that State. The Star of the West subsequently proceeded to Indianola, where she was seized by the rebels and all her crew made prisoners. Here the legitimate officers of the ship were superseded by rebels, and, with the crew of the ship, she sailed for New Orleans. The vessel as a prize and the crew as prisoners were turned over to the rebel quartermaster in that city. The statements of several of the officers, who were subsequently liberated, have already appeared in the columns of the "Herald." Hence there is no necessity of referring to them at this conjuncture. The statement of Mann, who has recently been liberated, and whose imprisonment has extended over a period of seven months is only given here. He says after his arrival in New Orleans he was kept in that city only a few hours, when he was sent by steamboat, via Lake Pontchartrain, to Mobile. Remaining in Mobile but a short time, he was sent on board the steamboat Southern Republic, to Montgomery, where he arrived on the 23d of April. Shortly after the arrival of the steamer a mob of several persons armed with bowie knives and pistols, come on board the boat and conveyed Mann up into the city of Montgomery, all the time using the grossest language possible. They subsequently liberated him, and told him to return to the steamer, which command he obeyed. Shortly after his return to the steamer a ruby-faced fellow, named B. P. Clark, who assumed the title of Marshal of Montgomery, assisted by a deputy named Gus. Mc Gibney and others, demanded the name of the person who was in charge of the prisoners. At this demand, Mr. Dean, the second officer of the original crew of the Star of the West, stepped forward and said he was the person. The words had scarcely dropped from his mouth when Clark struck him a severe blow in the face. He then seized Mann by the collar and told him that he must go along with him. Mann at first refused, when Clark drew a revolver out of his pocket, telling Mann if he refused to accompany him that he would blow his brains out or any person who attempted to interfere. Captain Mears, of the steamboat, who was during this affair a silent spectator could contain his feelings no longer, and told Clark he was carrying the thing too far by exhibiting such brutality to men who had no means of defence. Clark replied that he was sorry for what he had done, and begged pardon, but if Captain Mears took it up he would shoot him. Clark and his banditti, with Mann as a prisoner, then left the steamer and proceeded to Montgomery jail. Here the prisoner was incarcerated, robbed of his money and papers of the value of $600, stripped of his clothing, and received one hundred and fifty lashes from a leather strap, about four feet long and one-half inch thick, in the hands of one of his persecutors. The stripes were laid on with much force, each blow lacerating the skin, followed by streams of blood. This brutality caused the prisoner to sink from exhaustion, and until he was thought to be in a dying condition. Mann, being of a strong, athletic constitution, rallied from the effect of this brutality. The same night (the 24th of April) Clark came to the cell of the prisoner, ordering him to get up and go with him. The prisoner, although delirious from the beating he had received, had no alternative but to follow his fiendish keeper, and forthwith proceeded to the street, where Clark had a horse and buggy in waiting. Mann asked him (Clark) what he intended to do with him; Clark replied that was none of his business; it was only a matter of dollars and cents anyhow. The prisoner then made a strenuous appeal for his release, at the same time offering his custodian $500 for it. To this proposition Clark made a negative reply. The prisoner was driven around the streets of Montgomery for several hours, and then placed in the custody of a man named Green Mullins, who took him to Tuskega, Macon county, forty-five miles distant, where they arrived in the fore-noon, and the prisoner was placed at the service of George E. Collins, a groceryman and farmer, who owned about forty acres of land. Here Mann was put to work in company with several slaves, and there labored for six months, without pay or emolument of any kind, until a providential plan presented itself for his delivery from this imposed and involuntary servitude. By the good offices of a friend who sympathised with the prisoner, the latter was advised to make his escape to Wetumpka, and there claim the protection of one of the State courts then in session. Mann acted on this advice, though filled with fears and doubts as to the result; but his anxiety for his family in this city—means of communication with whom was entirely denied him—made up his mind to attempt his escape at whatever sacrifice or risk. He strated for Wetumpka, reached there in safety, and immediately presented his case before Judge Alexander, of the Probate Court, then in session. The Judge was apparently touched with Mann's story, and ordered a hearing of the case at three o'clock P. M. (October 23). At that hour Mann was again in court, and was put on the stand and minutely examined. On the strength of his statement the Judge told him he should be sent to General Bragg at Pensacola, with a request for his liberation at an early day. This favorable decision fell like a clap of thunder on the mind of Mann, who could hardly suppress his feelings at the thought of once more joining his family in New York. On the 25th of October, Mann was placed in custody of Marshal Thomas Jones, who had the order of the court for the deliveay of the prisoner to General Bragg at Pensacola. Arriving at Pensacola the next day, it was then ascertained that General Bragg was not there, he being in Mobile looking after rebel military matters in that city. General Bragg returned to Pensacola (Warrington Navy Yard) on the Sunday following, when Marshal Jones delivered the order of the court and the prisoner to him. The General read the order very intently, and subsequently assured the prisoner that he would send him to Fort Pickens, under a flag of truce, as soon as an opportunity presented itself. Meanwhile, Mann was sent to the guard-house at Warrington Navy Yard, there to await his final disposition. Here he remained four weeks. Mann was in the guard-house on the day Fort Pickens opened on the rebel batteries. He says that when Fort Pickens opened on the rebels in the Navy Yard a regiment of Mississippi troops were on morning parade. The first shell from Fort Pickens struck the water a short distance from the Navy Yard. The second shot was of similar range as the first. The attack was wholly unexpected by the rebel soldiers, and when the firing commenced they broke ranks, and, despite all the entreaties of their more brave officers, made a furtive retreat in double quick time, throwing away their rifles, blankets and equipments. After the rebels opened their batteries on Fort Pickens they became more collected, being inspired by the cool and determined manner of Gen. Bragg and other high rank officers, who moved from point to point as the bombardment progressed. In addition to the works at Forts McRae and Barrancas, the rebels have two batteries between Fort Barancas and the Navy Yard, and another battery between Fort Barrancas and the lighthouse; also one near Fort McRea. These batteries are armed with superior English rifled cannon and mortars. During the bombardment the Union shot and shell dismounted three guns in Fort McRea, and breached it inseveral places, so that the rebels found it untenable, and consequently evacuated it.

The buildings in the Navy Yard were all perforated with shot, and the village of Warrington entirely destroyed. Mr. Mann is of opinion that had the bombardment been followed by the landing of the Union troops on the enemy's soil, their efforts could not but have been attended with success, so thoroughly were the rebels demoralized. He srys that there are many Union men at Pensacola, who are per force in the rebel army, and only wait in the hope of a speedy deliverance by the landing of Union troops. He represents the rebel soldiery as in a very imperfect state of discipline, poorly armed, worse paid—receiving nothing but shinplasters for their services—and very meagrely subsisted. In order to keep the rebel soldiery together, the officers find it necessary to grant furloughs to the men. This has the effect to demoralize the troops, as they were going backwards and forwards to their homes almost ad libitum. The soldiers are clad in a sort of homespun jean of various hues. The rations dealt out to the troops consist of fresh beef of a very poor quality, bacon, beans, rice, corn meal and wheat—the latter in limited quantities. They have no coffee nor sugar. In lieu of the former they use burnt corn, and substitute molasses for sugar. They experience much inconvenience for want of salt to season their food. That article sells for eleven dollars a sack, and is so scarce as to be very difficult to get at that price. The soldiers are therefore obliged to use the debris that comes out of the barrels in which their salt beef is packed. Mr. Mann says that while he was in prison at Pensacola he was subjected to some indignities by the rebel soldiery, but received sympathy from the educated officers. Some of the latter expressed considerable interest in his behalf. Among them were General Slaughter and Captain Trowbridge, both late of the United States Army. On Saturday, November 23, while the bombardment was progressing, Mr. Mann and other prisoners were removed from the Navy Yard and sent to Pensacola under guard. At Pensacola he was confined in the Custom House, where he remained until the Friday following. At eleven o'clock on that day General Bragg sent a mounted officer from the Navy Yard to the city for him. He was taken to General Slaughter's quarters, when that officer told him to get ready to go over to Fort Pickens. Mann said he was ready then, as he had nothing to carry away with him except the clothes on his back. General Slaughter then bade him to follow him, when they proceeded to the beach, got into a small boat rowed by two men, and from thence proceeded under a flag of truce across Pensacola Bay to Fort Pickens.

They were confronted on entering the latter place by the officer of the guard, who conducted the rebel General to Colonel Brown's quarters, where he made known his errand, subsequently returning to the Warrington Navy Yard. While the boat was en route from the Navy Yard, General Slaughter conversed freely with Mr. Mann, and told him when he reached Fort Pickens to present his compliments to a captain of the Fifth artillery, who was a former classmate of his. He also said that he entertained no personal disrespect for them; he had cast his lot with the South, and should share its destiny, whatever that might be.

Mr. Mann estimates the number of rebel troops at Pensacola and vicinity at about 20,000. Two of the Mississippi regiments have no arms. In doing picket or guard duty they borrow the arms of other regiments. Every soldier, however, has a bowie knife; some of them are from one to two feet in length, and appear to be very formidable weapons. Some of the rebels express great confidence in their ability to whip the Yankees; but our informant states that he believes that nine out of every twelve of the rank and file of the rebels are for the Union.

The health of the rebel troops at Pensacola is pretty good. They have had however, periods during the summer when the fatality was quite large, the prevailing diseases being smallpox, measles, typhoid fever and fever and ague.

Mr. Mann states that when he left the interior of Alabama it was estimated that there were upwards of 8,000 runaway negroes in that State who had escaped and are now hiding in the woods. These slaves have vague ideas of the war, many of them having a vague idea that it is made with a view of their liberation from bondage. The masters exhibit the utmost brutality to their slaves. No two of the latter are allowed to converse together, under pain in the event of being detected, of receiving a hundred lashes.

Our informant says that during his temporary bondage he received many kindnesses from the white people with whom he came in contact; and although they withheld their political sentiments from him, yet their acts showed them to be first class Union people. It is to these kind friends he owes his release.

Mr. Mann returned to his home, number 42 Thomas street, in a penniless condition. When he entered his house the joy of himself and his family can be better imagined than described. He then learned that his family had suffered much, both from anxiety of mind and for the necessaries of life. But these would have been much worse had it not been for the kindness of his neighbors and the forbearance of his landlord. N. Y. Herald.

DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH LIBERIA AND HAYTI.

The Senate Committe on Foriegn Affairs has the question of establishing diplomatic relations with Liberia and Hayti under advisement, and will report favorably at an early day.

Stepping into the Shoes of Slaves.—A deserter from the rebel army makes the ominous statement that the slaves of Richmond in many instances are compelled to give up their shoes to the soldiers, and go barefoot.

ARRIVALS AT MRS. PLANT'S
BOARDING-HOUSE, BROOKLYN.

Joseph Thompson, of Suffolk, Va.
Geo. Duvent, of Fall River, Mass.
Mr. Coke, of Washington, D. C.
Mr. Hunter, do. do.
Garrison Mason, of Baltimore.
Robt. Morris, of Phila.
Mrs. Ann Fox, of Washington.
Thos. Williams, of Brooklyn.

Special Notices.

A FAIR

Will be held by the Ladies of ZION BAPTIST CHURCH, Sullivan St., New York, (Rev J. T. Raymond, Pastor,) for the benefit of said Church, commencing on Dec. 31, 1861.

The Ladies will offer for sale a variety of

ADULT'S and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING;
Also a lar e number of
FANCY GOODS, DOLLS, ETC.
The Fair will close with a
GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.

Tickets of Admission to the Fair, 6 cents; Entertainment, 25 cents.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Harley, Mrs. West,
" Dawley, " Leygins,
" Bailey, Miss Cary,
" Sanders, Mrs. Foster.
Miss S. Foster.

MASONIC.

At a Regular Communication of Boyer Lodge, No. 1, F. & A. M., held at the Lodge Room, cor. Broome and Forsyth streets, N. Y., on Monday evening, Dec. 16th, 1861, the following Officers were duly installed for the ensuing year:

J. Holland Townsend, W. M.
Pleasant Smith, S. W.
Wm. F. Randall, J. W.
Thomas J. Cunningham, Treasurer.
Wm. A. Marrs, Secretary.
John Peterson, Chaplain.
Geo. Riddles, S. D.
Wm. A. Elston, J. D.
Richard Redding, M. C.
Isaac Green, Tyler.

Take your children to Professor Green's Illustrated Lecture, on Friday evening next, at Zion Baptist Church.

See advertisement in another column.

Dedication.

The African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, Liberty St., Flushing, will be DEDICATED on SUNDAY, Jan. 5th, 1862. Superintendent Wm. H. Bishop will be present and perform the services.

JOHN WASHINGTON,
22 2 Preacher

FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST.

Stone Square Lodge, No. 6, will celebrate the Festival of St. John, the Evangelist, by a Public Installation of their officers for the ensuing year, by the M. W. United Grand Lodge, of the State of New York, and a Musical Entertainment, at their Hall, 309 Grand St, near 11th St., Williamsburgh, on Friday evening, Dec. 27, 1861, upon which occasion all the Lodges working under the above named jurisdiction will be present in full Masonic clothing.

Admission 25 Cents.

Refreshments will be abundantly supplied, as well as a splendid Band of music.

COMMITTEE.

P. W. RAY, M. PINE,
L. T. WHARTON, GEO. POOLE,
WM. B. CONNOR, L. TREADWELL.

Tickets may be obtained at the door.

SCIENCE, LITERATURE,
—AND—
AMUSEMENT.

Professor A. M. GREEN

Will give—without fail—ONE of his highly interesting Exhibitions of Descriptive

Geography,
Astronomy,
Natural Science
and History,

—AT THE—

Zion Baptist Church, Sullivan Street,
ABOVE PRINCE,
ON FRIDAY EVE'G, JAN. 3, 1862.

commencing at 7½ o'clock precisely. The programme will consist of a variety of beautiful Diagrams, brilliantly illustrated by the aid of the

ORIGINAL DRUMMOND LIGHT,

and not least in contributing to beautify the Exhibition is the masterly ability with which Mr. GREEN lectures, in explanation of his truly interesting Paintings.

PART FIRST.
CHEMICAL DIORAMA.

Scene 1.—The old Ptolmaic theory of the Solar System exhibited, and the defects in this theory explained and accounted for.

Scene 2.—The Copernicum theory, first introduced by Pythagoras, beautifully illustrated:—The Planets—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, Herschel and Leverier, all revolving at their respective distance from the Sun.

Scene 3.—Kepler's Laws of Motion beautifully presented—View of Mercury and Venus as seen from the earth in superior conjunction.

Scene 4.—The boundary of the Earth geographically described—Beautiful view of an approaching vessel seen in the distance on the smooth surface of the ocean.

Scene 5.—The eccentric revolution of a Comet around the Sun, showing the different appearance of its train at different points of its orbit.

Scene 6.—The great Comet of 24th of September, 1858, as seen through Professor O. M. Mitchell's great Refractor at the Cincinnati Observatory on the night of the 26th of September.

PART SECOND.

Scene 1.—Waterloo Bridge, London, with a distant view of the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Scene 2.—The Tower of London, built by William, the famous Norman Conqueror.

Scene 3.—Evening on the River Thames—Moonlight View of the famous Tower of London.

Scene 4.—Southwark Bridge, and full view of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Scene 5.—The Mosque of Omar—A Mahommedan Temple—The hour of morning prayer.

Scene 6.—Moonlight view of the celebrated Temple.

Scene 7.—The Mosque illuminated for the midnight service on Christmas Eve.

Scene 8.—View of Mefrose Abbey—Beautiful View of the Tombs of the Departed Saints.

PART THIRD.

Scene 1.—The Deluge—The Ark in the distance resting on the bosom of the waters. Those men of giant frame, who lived in that age of the world, are seen attempting to rescue their wives and children from the power of the devouring elements.

Scene 2.—Site of the ancient city of Jerusalem—the city now in ruins.

Scene 3.—The destruction of the Temple of Diana, at Baalbec, in Syria.

Scene 4.—Summer scene at the birth-place and residence of Robert Burns, the distinguished Scotch Poet.

Scene 5.—A winter morning at Burns' home—A tremendous snow storm.

Scene 6.—Splendid view of the Military Hospital at Paris, in France

DOORS OPEN AT 7 O'CLOCK.

Admission Reduced to 15 Cents.

Tickets, admitting a Lady and Gentleman, 25 Cents; Children under 12 years of age, 10 Cents; To be had at the door.

☞ No postponement on account of the weather.

A FAIR! A FAIR!!

The Ladies of the
THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH,
WILLIAMSBURGH,

will open a FAIR in the lower part of said church, commencing on TUESDAY, Dec. 24, and will

CONTINUE EIGHT DAYS,
closing with
A GRAND ENTERTAINMENT
On the 2d of JANUARY, 1862,

at which time the Committee pledge themselves to spare no pains to make the Entertainment agreeable to all who may favor them with their company.

Admission to the Fair, 6 cents.
Admission to the Entertainment, 25 cents.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. M. A. GALE, 1st Directress;
" M. GILES, 2d "
" JANE L. FISHER, Sec.

GEORGE OTON'S
QUADRILLE BAND

Balls, Parties, &c., furnished with music at the shortest notice.

MR. GEORGE OTON,
Professor of Music,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St, and with G. Oton. 18tf

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice is hereby given, that J. W. B. Smith, P. G. Chief of the "I. O. of G. S. and D. of S. (Second Branch), is suspended from all connection with the Order whatever, for the term of fifteen years. Also Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 6, of Newark, N. J., is indefinitely suspended.

JOHN R. PORTER, G. Sec.

MASONIC
DIRECTORY,
FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R.W.G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st, the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y. not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwick, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14, Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, New York City.

LECTURES.

The undersigned is prepared to fill engagements to deliver single Lectures, on the following subjects:

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY;
THE ADAPTATIONS OF THE EARTH, OR TERRESTRIAL ADAPTATIONS;
MENTAL PHILOSOPHY
THE ANCIENT HONORS OF THE BLACK AND COLORED RACES OF THE EARTH;

—Being a series of popular discourses recently delivered, founded on the following texts:

1. "Look not upon me because I am black." [Song of Sol.—1.6.
2. "Princes shall come out of Egypt." [Psalm 68—31.
3. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin." [Jer.—13.23.
4. "Cursed be Canaan." —Gen.—9 25.
5. "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus." Philemon.

Terms—The lecturer's passage both ways, and one-fourth of profits.

[From the Detroit Daily Advertiser, March 1, 1860.]

"Mr. Berry's lecture last night is stated to have displayed much thought, and to have been in every respect meritorious."

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Mrs. DOROTHA SMITH, formerly Miss Mingo, of Pictou, Nova Scotia. Any information in regard to her sent to Mrs. Thompson, 4 Catharine Lane, will be thankfully received. 21 2t

Washboards! Washboards!! Washboards!!!—of the celebrated "Hoagland Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delsart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,
(PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL)

Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

Rev. Wm. J. Alston, Pastor. Residence—70 Sullivan St.

B. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1 2 o'clock, A. M.
3 " P. M.

Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

Second Street, between Avenues B and C

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.
3 P. M.
7 " P. M.

Rev. J. D. S. Hall, Pastor. Residence—223 Second St.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

DeKalb, corner of Hudson Avenue.

Rev. Eli N. Hall, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:
10½ o'clock, A. M.
" P. M.
" P. M.

19 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:
10 1-2 o clock, A. M.
3 " P. M.
7 1 " P. M.

12-1y

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue

Hours of worship:—
3 o'clock, P. M.
7 1-2 " P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

Rev. Chas. H. Thompson, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship: —
10½ A. M.
3 P. M.
7½ P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn. 13-1y.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sullivan St., near Houston.

Rev. John T. Raymond, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.
3 " P. M.
7 1-2 " P. M.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.
Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.
Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

Agent for Washington.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

Troy Agency.—Mr. Henry Burke, 36 Fulton St., Troy, is the regular agent for that city and vicinity. Subscriptions and advertisements for the paper left with him, will be promptly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LODGINGS.

A FEW GENTLEMEN CAN BE ACCOMmodated with Lodgings, at No. 82 Wooster St., on moderate terms. 22 1

AGENTS WANTED.

SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand sewing; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal oil lamps; Egyptian Cement, for mending furniture, crockery, &c.; Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) P. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y. 19 13t

BOSTON HOUSE,

MRS. CHURCH, PROPRIETRESS,
105 *Park Street, near Mott,*
NEW YORK.

This is the oldest Colored Boarding-House in the city, having been

ESTABLISHED IN 1841.

It is centrally located, being within fifteen minutes' walk of the steamboat landings, and of all the principal colored Churches. 19 26t

MRS. SARAH A. TILMAN,
FANCY HAIR BRAIDER,

In all its branches—such as
BRACELETS, EAR-RINGS, WATCH
GUARDS, FINGER RINGS, CHARMS, ETC.,
Residence—120th St, between 3d and 4th Avenues, Harlem.
18 26t

PETER S. PORTER,
GENERAL AGENT FOR
HOUSE LETTING,
170 WEST 29TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Colored Families furnished with apartments in suits of Rooms or whole Houses, in different parts of the City. 17 13t

BOARDING AND LODGING.

MR. GEO. POOL can accommodate Ladies and Gentlemen with first class Board, on reasonable terms, at his residence, No. 13 Sheriff Street, a few doors north of Grand. 16 13t

MRS. M. E. EDY,
EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE.

Residence—134 Christie Street, N. Y.
26 26t

BOARDING AND LODGING
IN BROOKLYN,

At Mrs. SUSAN HARRIS', 58 Atlantic St., near South Ferry. $3 per week for gentlemen, and $2 50 for ladies. Lodgings 75 cts. per week. 15tf

TO LET.—THE ROOM ON THE SECOND floor of Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-street. Inquire at 66 East Houston st., or of the Janitor 235 West 15th-st.

[illegible]

Gentlemen, if you want a [illegible] well-fitted Garment at a much Lower [illegible] can be bought at any other establishment [illegible] in any other city, please call at the [illegible] Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,
BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG

Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS

of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.
Don't Forget,
168 EWEN ST.,
9 1y. Williamsburg.

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,
EMPIRE STATE HOTEL
AND
UNION HOUSE,
541 BROOME STREET,

Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. Ramsey.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Please call and see for yourselves.

HATS CAPS & FURS
IN THEIR VARIETY.

First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS.

The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
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VALUABLE TOWN LOTS!

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St., one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
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BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 182 Suffolk, Street. Terms very moderate. a10 1y.

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BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL SETS OF TEETH on gold or silver plate on the most improved style. All other Surgical operations, performed to entire satisfaction, on very moderate terms by G. H. GRICE, Surgeon Dentist,
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MRS. W. S. WILKINS & Co
610 PINE, ABOVE SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA 7 13t.

LADIES' FURNISHING STORE.
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING
Ready-Made and Made to Order, By
MRS. S. WILKINS & CO.,
610 Pine, above Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
7-13t.

MRS. ANDERSON,
CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS

Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMOdate a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tf

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. Fortes, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 199 South Street, N.Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5—4t

HENRY G. LEASK,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS
AND FURS,

COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.

Shipping Furs Bought. 12-tf.

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) REspectfily announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry [illegible] *es it a very desirable and convenient place.*

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts.

MRS. E. LEONARD,
FASHIONABLE
DRESS MAKER,

25 Sullivan Street, New York.

Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.
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By Mrs. Mary Johnson, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies, $2,50
" " Gentleman, 3,00
Lodging per week, 75

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
CARD AND JOB PRINTER
219 Centre Street New York.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts., 3 tf.

POCKET WATER-FILTER
AND
DRINKING TUBE.

Indispensable for Soldiers, Travelers, and Sportsmen. Weighs one ounce. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Send it to your friends. Agents wanted. Samples mailed on receipt of 40 cents, by addressing

DAY & CO.,
3-13t Box 464 P.O., Newark, N. J.

MRS. E. CLARKE, IS HAPPY TO ANnounce to her friends and [illegible] that she has opened her new BOARDING HOUSE, and will be very thankful [illegible], at No. 66 SULLIVAN STREET, [illegible] 4-1

THE POETRY OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BY SARA G. STANLEY.

The literature of a Republic, in which political and religious liberty is the basis of the govermental structure, and in which, by right of fundamental law, every man possesses an individual and distinctive sovereignty, appointing his own rulers and enacting laws for his own government, should be at once peculiar and characteristic. The spirit of freedom embodied in a constitution, and inherent in the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of a country, should form an elementary and essential part of the national literature, imparting to it that moral beauty and grandeur of which the free and unrestrained action of man's intellectual powers is the truest inspiration.

America yet awaits the advent of a poet born of the soil, and who shall be a true exponent of her nationality. A poet, who to high intellectual endowment shall add the rarer quality of love for truth and humanity, whose thoughts and aspirations will not only tend to grasping beautiful idealisms, or to soaring aloft into the far empyrean, whose cry will not evermore be, "Beauty is truth and truth beauty." but one who with heroic earnestness, will seize the sublime truths of human brotherhood, and throw them, startling and obnoxious though they be, all glowing with a divine illumination, into the strongholds of falsehood and error. The great need of American poetry is not passion, nor pathos, nor imagery; not classical elegance and purity, nor a more profound philosophy; not intense adoration of infinite beauty, but a higher, nobler, holier need—the adoration of Infinite Truth.

In the poetry of John G. Whittier we find the nearest approximation to that distinctness of moral purpose, that earnest maintainance of universal freedom and the inviolable ties of fraternal love, which would seem the spontaneous utterance of minds fostered under the genial culture of free institutions. More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since his clear, resonant notes rang out from among the various voices of American song, with a stern truthfulness, a bold and manly enthusiasm, a fiery indignation in the denunciation of wrong, and withal a sweet and tender compassion which gave a subdued beauty and grave impressiveness to his lessons of humanity and love. Firm in principle, full of philanthropy and moral courage, deeply impressed with the fact that Christian truth in literature was not less important and essential to the developement of true republicanism than Christian polity in state and church: he struck his lyre to an unwonted strain, which yet reverberates amid its chords with the same richness of melody, the same stirring force and volume. Among the writings of Whittier we would give the precedency to his earliest productions, the "Voices of Freedom," and those later poems which may properly be classed with them. Many of our poets have uttered denunciations of wrong in the abstract, replete with solemnity and ethical wisdom, or affectation of piety and magniloquence, as the case might be; but Whittier cried out with the deep energy of his mighty soul against a specific wrong, that of American slavery. His cry resounded through all the land, for it was the peal of a trumpet calling to battle: he rang no uncertain charge, but one of unmistakably warlike import. Casting aside the gaudy and familiar trappings of popular poetry, he stood steadfast and erect, in the strength of his intellect and the purity of his heart, with the unchangeable conviction that truth was invincible and God omnipotent.

Seeking an approbation higher and more enduring than the breath of the multitude, or the reluctant praise of critics, he refused to follow the smoothly trimmed paths of the flower-decked Parnassus, paths always flooded with sunshine and glowing with enchanting radiance; but turned aside, communing with his own brave heart, to traverse the rugged vales, the rocky dells where no violets grew, the arid and sandy plains never gladdened by the fragrant roses and honeysuckles of June. With a grace and beauty of style and subtile power of conception, imparted by high æsthetic culture, the poets around him sang of objects already interesting and ennobled—of sunny lands slumbering beneath Oriental skies, of hoary castles around which clustered the recollections of centuries, of ruined cities and palaces, of seas, and mountains, and rivers, rich in classic associations, of the ocean surge, the rocky cliff, the starry sky—but his was a different utterance, a higher mission. The vile sin of oppression, "the damning shade of slavery's curse," the awful power of God's wrath prepared for the oppressor, the rice swamp and cane-field, the slave coffle, the trader's loathesome cell, the marts for human flesh, the toiling slave and the manacles binding his limbs, the despised, and persecuted, and suffering! wherever wearing the insignia of God—these were his themes, these the objects of his love, and for which he claimed, in strains of impassioned eloquence, the love of all mankind. Others worshipped beauty in its visible manifestations, or as symbolized in the world without us, but Whittier knelt directly to God, in whose attributes his pure soul recognized the principle of all beauty.

His genius is sanctified by religion, and conscience is the centre around which all his thoughts and emotions revolve.

"Shall tongues be mute when deeds are wrought,
Which well might shame extremest hell?"

is the question he asks himself, and his fearless and faithful portraiture of the nation's sins, and "the slave in his fetters pining," is the response; and, too, the fierce clarion call which burst wrathfully from his lips:

"Up NOW for Freedom,
And smite to earth Oppression's rod."

"Down let the shrine of Molock sink,
And leave no traces where it stood;
Nor longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood;
But rear another altar there
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift and Freedom's prayer,
Shall call an answer down from Heaven"

The "Voices of Freedom" abound in passages of earnest thought and profound significance, passages evincing deep religious feeling, and so clear a foresight of the workings of Divine justice, that they seem almost a spirit of prophecy:

"Is not thy hand stretched forth,
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite?
Shall not the living God of all the earth,
And heaven above, do right?

Woe, then, to all who grind
Their brethren of a common Father down!
To all who plunder from the immortal mind
Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe to the priesthood! woe
To those whose hire is the price of blood—
Perverting, darkening, changing as they go,
The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might
Shall perish: and their very names shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a world's liberty."

His simple yet inflexible creed admits not a doubt of the goodness, and majesty, and omniscience of God, and a firm and unfaltering belief in the ultimate triumph of Right echoes along his vigorous lines like the full, sonorous notes of a cymbal. He hears the downward beat of angel's wings, and beholds afar, like a traveler upon the mountain summit, the dawning of that day when all shackles shall fall, and the glad evangel of peace and love shall rise, like incense from the altar to God, when

"Wrong shall cease, and Liberty, and Love,
And Truth, and Right throughout the earth be known,
As in their home above."

Among so much that elicits admiration in the volume before us, it would be vain to designate any pieces as more worthy of attention than others, yet those exquisitely sad and beautiful lines, the farewell of a Virginia slave mother to her daughters, thrill us with their strange melody and touching pathos:

"Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone.
Where the slave whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air,—

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone.
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them:
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them."

With what a mournful cadence does the refrain fall upon the ear, "Gone, gone—sold and gone." It is like the doleful *miserere* chanted by cowled monks in dim cloisters, by a flickering taper's light, or the chiming of midnight bells for a departed soul.

Of Whittier's other poems we need say but little: all that he has written equally reflects the spirit that is within him, every line bears the stamp of his own subjectivity, and a pure and tender love for humanity everywhere gives tone to the pleadings of this sympathetic genius, whose orisons are oftenest for those who have no voice to plead for themselves.

His verses are neither elaborate nor ornate, but are characterized by chaste simplicity; they are entirely free from offensive mannerism, and though fervid and solemn for the most part, are yet sweet and plaintive, and at times full of airy grace and quiet mirthfulness, as "The Barefoot Boy," and "The Demon of the Study." The easy flowing rymth, grave beauty and naturalness of "Maud Muller," we think unrivaled by any ballad in our literature, and "The last walk in Autumn," with its beautiful symbolisms and religious earnestness, impresses itself upon the imagination like the glowing pictures of Titian or Raphael.

Whittier has never been accorded so high a position in the ranks of American poets as his scholastic attainments and artistic skill entitle him to; nor has there been that universal recognition of his genius which has rewarded the efforts of contemporaneous writers. To his early identification with the opponents of slavery, and his ardent and persistent advocacy of human rights, we may safely attribute his having failed to receive a more just and comprehensive appreciation. Yet his works shall live long after those more honored and renowned have been forgotten, because they are intrinsically greater, possessing a broader catholicity, a truer humanity, because founded upon upon an imperishable principle—"the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

THE FREEDMEN AT FORTRESS MONROE.

Rev. Mr. Lockwood, the missionary of the American Missionary Association, under date Dec. 2, writes:

'Called on Gen. Wool; was kindly received. Spoke to him about wood and a hospital for the colored people, as suggested by Dr. Brown. He said he would like to have Capt. Burleigh make out in writing and submit a plan for wood, and Dr. Brown for a hospital. He said, if the people who work for themselves should cut wood for the families of those who work for the Government, they ought to be paid for it.

'Our yesterday's services were interesting, as usual. I attended Sabbath school at the Tyler House. A Captain and a Lieutenant of an Indian regiment addressed the school. Brothers Herbert and Davis spoke also.

The latter said:

'I hope that all of you, old and young, will learn to read as I did. When I was converted, I was anxious to learn to read, God's Book. I kneeled down by my book [he here kneeled by the table], and prayed that God would teach me to read it—if only a little I would be thankful. And I learned, and you can, if you will, for you have no one to hinder you as I had. We should all show we are worthy of freedom. Only educate us, and we will show ourselves capable of knowledge. Some say we have not the same faculties and feelings with white folks. . . . . All we want is cultivation. What would the best soil produce without cultivation? We want to get wisdom; that is all we need. Let us get that, and we are made for time and eternity.'

Mr. McGraw, of Camp E. Union Coast Guard, spoke on praying in faith. He said;

'I was once wrecked on the coast of Africa. I was in a small boat, with six others, including a little girl and the wife of the captain. This woman, the only praying person on board, scarcely closed her eyes for six days and nights, but was constantly praying. When they were about to cast lots to see who should die for the rest, she entreated them to wait till she had prayed once more. Before the prayer was ended a sail hove in sight, and they were saved, such in the power of faith.'

'A colored brother from Hatteras spoke, and said we must be like a chain of love, so that if one link is jarred, the whole chain will feel it. Let us be like sailors, who, when the storm comes on, lower sail and when the storm is over, hoist sail again, and make for port. Let us march shoulder to shoulder, like soldiers, and if we die, die with our armor on. Let us love and pray for souls. And with many other seasonable words did he exhort the people.

'Brother Fisk, of the Massachusetts Sixteenth, who kept a shoe store in Savannah, Ga., and who was tarred and feathered about the time of John Brown's martyrdom, told his experience amid tears of sympathy from this people. The meeting was one long to be remembered. May the Lord direct in reference to Beaufort. Pray for me and this dear people.'

In another letter to Mr. Jocelyn, Mr. Lockwood says:

'I am improved in health. Brother Sheldon rendered good service last Sabbath: the talents of the people, too, were well brought out. The colored people are building a redoubt on the sand-bar north of the fort. Your visit has done much good, and will be long and pleasantly remembered. I have visited the sick at Red Cottage. Brother and sister Prink's little one is dead and buried. The funeral yesterday was very affecting. The parents feel the stroke, but kiss the rod. The schools of Mrs. Peak and Mr. Herbert are going on with new impulse. I hope soon to have one re-established at the fort. Mrs. Bailey is now well enough to resume her school. Mrs. Peake's day and evening schools are increasing. She exhibits a great deal of shrewdness in discipline. Many of the boys hope to be preachers, and the girls to be teachers.'

In one of Mr. Lockwood's letters, he reports a portion of one of the colored brother Carey's prayers, though he says it is impossible for him to give its force and beauty, as follows:

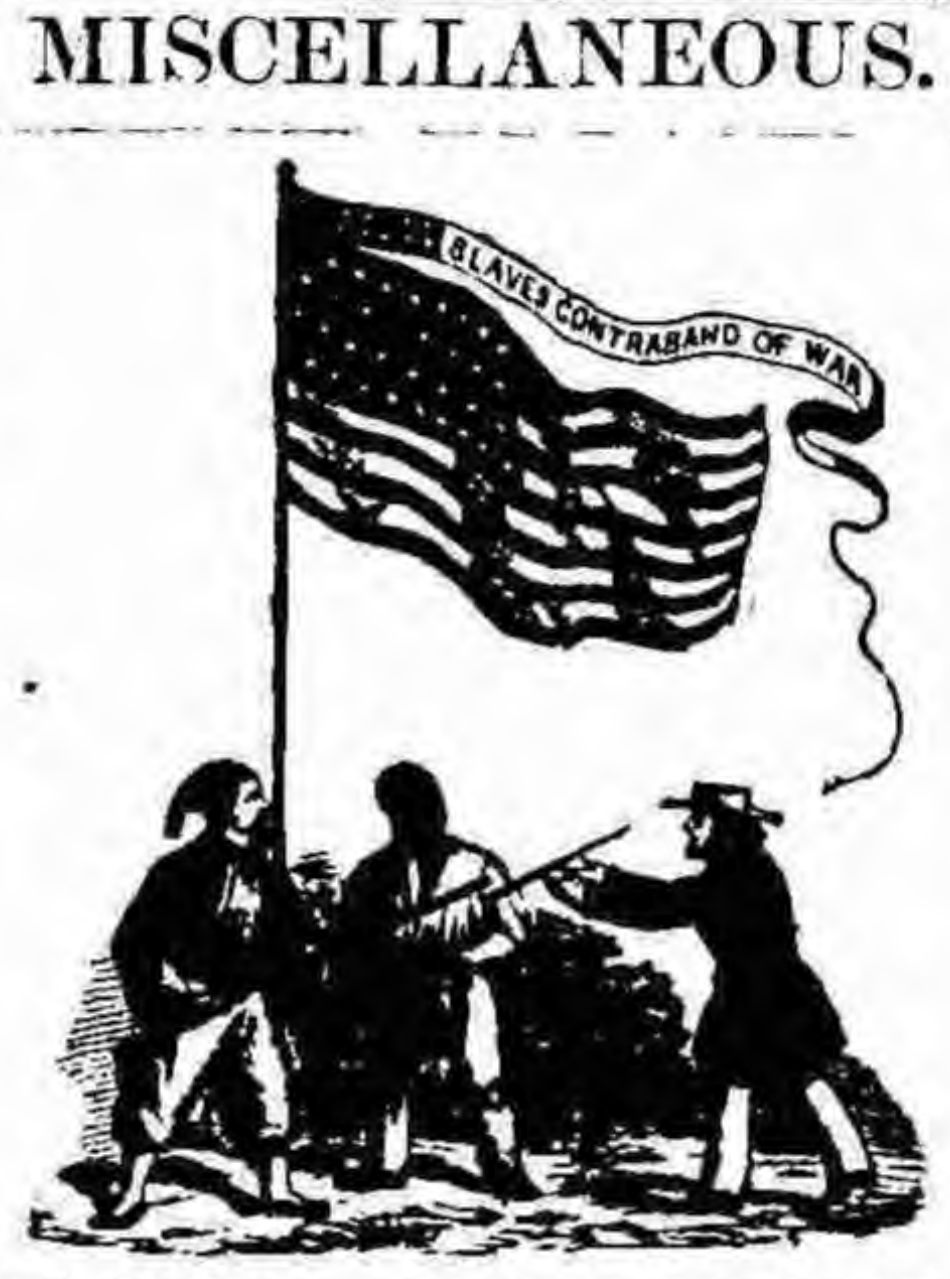
"O Lord, if you please, look down upon us this evening. I pray, and give us a closing blessing. We thank and praise thee for all that we have heard from the lips of our Northern brethren, who have come over the briny waters to preach to us the pure Gospel. O Lord, though I cannot read thy word, I thank thee that thou hast written it on the table of my heart, and given me an understanding mind, and kept it blazing before my eyes like the sun. Yet, O Lord, I confess that we have never been thankful enough for all thy blessings. We confess that we are like the children of Israel, ever ready to murmur and complain. But for murmurings, O Lord, you have given us blessings, and this makes us come for more. O Lord, we believe that you have come to deliver your people. O trample the secessionists under foot, bless the Union cause, and right every wrong. Bless the President, the Congress Hall and the Senate. Help them to make laws that shall be for the good of the Union, and the freedom of thy oppressed people, O Lord, I pray. Bless the army and the officers.—Make them wise as a serpent, and bold and persevering as a lion, till thy people are delivered. Look this evening upon our dear brethren and sisters and children far away in the home of bondage, especially those who have been carried away by the secessionists. Comfort their minds and interpose for their deliverance, and if they are not in Christ, bring them in, O Lord, I pray. Remember our dear brother (Jocelyn) who has been with us and is about to leave; preserve him on the mighty waters, and reward him for his labors of love. And remember our brother (Lockwood) who has come back to us. Strengthen him in the inner and outer man, and give him grace and strength for suffering time, that he may go in and out before us and do good. And when you have remembered all, remember me, and after you have done and suffered your holy will with me, please to receive me to yourself, O Lord, I pray through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Under date of Dec. 3d, Mr. Lockwood says:

"This morning the ground is covered with snow, and the wind blows fiercely. It makes the poor, thinly clad 'contrabands' shiver, and the tented soldiers cower.—We have scarcely begun to supply the people with clothing and bedding.—They are especially in want of shoes and boots. One of the women is now sick in the Stephen Allen house at the Fort, on account of having gone barefoot so long.—Though she was a hard-worked field hand, she says she never went barefoot so late in the season before. This is but a specimen of a very large destitution. What shall we do to hasten the supply? Why not make an Appeal to the Sewing Circles for WARM clothing for children and women?—May God put it into the hearts of the charitable to turn their benefactions in this direction. There is a demand for more multiplication cards. Several hundred, even a thousand, could be very usefully distributed. More primers are wanted, but perhaps it may be best to wait for that about to be published by the Boston Tract Society."

The Committee have sent a quantity of alphabet cards and books to Port Royal, S. C., by a chaplain of the army, who is to report the state of things preparatory to the sending of a missionary. President Lincoln has authorized General Wool to employ a surgeon to attend specially upon the "vagants," as General Wool calls the ex-slaves. He thus designates them, because he does not like the term "contrabands." The term "vagrant," in the sense it is employed by General Wool, is thus defined by Webster: "Wandering, unsettled, moving without any certain direction. How long shall it be so with this unoffending, loyal, industrious, and much wronged people? Some uninformed or ill-disposed persons endeavor to persuade Northern persons that clothing, &c., from the benevolent is not wanted, but we assure the public that the appeals made by our missionary can be relied upon. Will they respond to the urgent call?

MISCELLANEOUS.



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We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, DIPTHERIA and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent linament for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

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Rev. H. L. Van Meter, writing from Burmah, says: "The *Pain-Killer* has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

Rev. Jabez Swan says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy."

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B. T. BABBITT'S
SUPERIOR FRENCH
CHEMICAL ERASIVE SOAP,

Made and improved by the ORIGINAL INVENTOR of the German and Austrian Chemical Erasive or Detersive Soap, of which the *real* and *genuine article* has, since its first introduction to the American public, been most favorably known, as the *Best* and *Cheapest* Washing Soap in the market, and with the present improvement, which is not known to any other manufacturer, we CHALLENGE THE WORLD to produce a better article.

1. One pound of it will accomplish as much as three pounds of any other soap.

2. But one quarter the time and labor are required to do the same amount of washing, as with the best of family soap.

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6. It is invaluable to Machinists, Printers Painters, and all others using Inks, Oils, etc. or washing hands; it does not chap them (like other soaps) but will cleanse and soften the skin.

7. It may be used in hard or soft water, and is adapted for use in all climates.

Put up in one pound bars, sixty bars in each Box.

For sale by the bar or box by
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48 Beekman Street.

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GENERAL
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KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
A FRESH AND PURE ASSORTMENT
OF
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS
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AND OTHER PERFUMERY,
FANCY SOAPS, FINE HAIR AND TOOTH
BRUSHES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES,
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All orders promptly attended to, on receipt of the CASH.

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WHITE'S
VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH, AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely *Gray*.

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh and unpleasant in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full of dandruff, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this, and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hair brush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off, always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that cases of failure will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and perseveringly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

BADEAU'S
STRENGTHENING PLASTER.
AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR
LAME OR WEAK BACK, PAIN OR WEAKNESS IN THE SIDE, CHEST, STOMACH, OR LIMBS. A CERTAIN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, PLEURISY, LIVER OR KIDNEY COMPLAINT,
SPRAINS, BRUISES, &C., &C

Persons disposed will find this plaster particularly servicable

Dyspeptic persons will find a permanent relief from its use, as it keeps a continued heat, acting as a gentle counter irritant, removing the inflamation of the stomach without breaking the skin. Persons engaged in sedentary pursuits should use these Plasters constantly, as they give strength to parts weakened by constant sitting and stooping.

For STRAINS and SPRAINS they are infallible, affording relief immediately and without fail.

For RHEUMATISM there is no external application equal to them, promoting the general circulation, and

PREVENTING A RETURN
of the excruciating pain.

These plasters are prepared with great care, and of the best material, and to prevent fraud the name of the originator is placed on the back of each one. In purchasing ask for BADEAU'S PLASTER. See that the name BADEAU is written on the back, or you will be deceived.

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DR. CLARKE'S
VEGETABLE SHERRY-WINE BITTERS,

Are composed of Sarsaparilla, Dock-root, Rheubarb Thoroughwort, Dandelion, Prickly Ash, Bark, &c they should be taken not only in the Spring, but at all seasons of the year, as they operate directly on the liver, removing from it all coating of morbid matter, and restoring it to its normal action; also opening the bile ducts, causing the requisite flow of bile so essential to good health. Their influence upon the kidneys, also, is advantageously felt: at the same time they operate upon the blood, cleansing it from all impurity or taint of any kind. Humors of long standing are eradicated from the blood, thereby speedily curing jaundice, headache, weak stomachs sore eyes, nervousness, and other chronic disease, arising from impurity of the blood.

The palatableness of these bitters renders them agreeable to every one, and being composed entirely of vegetables, they may be used by all classes of people with safety.

Sold for the low price of 25 cents per pint bottle.

DR. CLARKE'S
SUGAR-COATED HERB PILLS.

These pills are made mostly from a valuable herb that grows on the proprietor's farm.

Warranted to cure Bilious Stomach, Bilious Bowels, Bilious Colic, Bilious Fever, and all diseases which arise from a bilious state of the system viz, Jaundice, Headache, Heartburn, Sour Stomach Liver Complaint, Weak Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, and a host, of diseases too numerous to mention, as their number is legion.

Warranted to cure diseases peculiar to the female sex

Warranted at all times safe and efficient.

Warranted for a gentle family physic not to have an equal in America, operating without pain.

Warranted not to contain calomel, aloes, gamboge colocynth, or other drastic poisonous drugs, which always do the system more hurt than good, and by their continued use are sure to cause a derangement of the liver, bring on costiveness, and its inevitable consequence, piles, and dyspepsia, and finally break down the constitution, and cause the victim to drag out a miserable existence. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wily poison. Your life is your own,—preserve it. Take a simple herb, sure in its effects, but safe and pleasant,—no wrenching pains, no ill effects, and made pleasant to take by a fine coat of sugar. Children love them, ladies admire them, fools and wise men cannot do without them, doctors prescribe them,—and every body takes them. Yes, every body; from the honest farmer and mechanic to the most learned philosopher. And why? Simply because they are good, excellently good; and will do you good.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

DR. CLARKE'S COUGH AND CROUP SYRUP.

It is the most wonderful, effective and extraordinary medicine for the lungs ever used by man. It is perfectly safe and pleasant to take, and gives relief immediately. Thousands have been cured by its use, and tens of thousands will be again. All who use it pronounce it to be the best lung remedy ever discovered. Common coughs and colds are dispelled by the use of only a few doses, and children can be cured of croup at once if taken in its first stage. Long-standing diseases require perseverance, but a cure will be guaranteed. No medicine before ever possessed such excellent healing and curative power for the lungs. It seems, with almost magic power, to dispel the most severe cases of cough and throat ail.

Vocalists and public speakers should not fail to keep a bottle on hand at all times. A small quantity taken occassionally renders the voice beautifully clear and the lungs extremely strong. Words cannot fully express the great benefit to be derived from the use of the world-renowned remedy. Delay not, but procure a bottle at once. Use it if needed, and if not, keep it till necessity requires its use, as all, sooner or later, are overtaken by some unpleasant affection of the lungs or throat.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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PART I.

By myself, the Lord of Ages,
I have sworn to right the wrong;
I have pledged my word unbroken,
For the weak against the strong.
[H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RETURN TO MISSISSIPPI.

The evening, for the season, was very fine; the sky beautiful; the stars shining unusually bright; while Henry alone on the hurricane deck of the 'Queen of the West,' stood in silence abaft the wheel-house, gazing intently at the golden orbs of Heaven. Now shoots a meteor, then seemingly shot a comet, again glistened a brilliant planet which almost startled the gazer; and while he yet stood motionless in wonder, looking into the heavens, a blazing star whose scintillations dazzled the sight, and for the moment bewildered the mind, was seen apparently to vibrate in a manner never before observed by him.

At these things Henry was filled with amazement, and disposed to attach more than ordinary importance to them, as having an especial bearing in his case; but the mystery finds interpretation in the fact that the emotions were located in his own brain, and not exhibited by the orbs of Heaven.

Through the water plowed the steamer, the passengers lively and mirthful—sometimes amusingly noisy, whilst the adventurous and heart-stricken fugitive, without a companion or friend with whom to share his grief and sorrows, and aid in untangling his then deranged mind, threw himself in tribulation upon the humble pallet assigned him, there to pour out his spirit in communion with the Comforter of souls on high.

The early rising of the passengers aroused him from apparently an abridged night of intermitting sleep, when creeping away into a by place, he spent the remainder of the day. Thus by sleeping through the day, and watching in the night—induced by the proximity to his old home—did the runaway spend the time during the first two days of his homeward journey.

Falling into a deep sleep early on the evening of the third day, he was suddenly aroused about eleven o'clock by the harsh singing of the black fireman on the steamer:

'Natchez under the Hill!
Natchez under the Hill!'

sung to an air with which they ever on the approach of a steamer, greet the place, as seemingly a sorrowful reminiscence of their ill-fated brethren continually sold there; when springing to his feet and hurrying upon deck, he found the vessel full upon the wharf boat stationed at the Natchez landing.

Taking advantage of the moment—passing from the wheel-house down the ladder to the lower deck—thought by many to have gone forever from the place—Henry effected, without detection, an easy transit to the wharf, and from thence up the Hill, where again he found himself amid the scenes of his saddest experience, and the origination and organization of the measures upon which were based his brightest hopes and expectations for the redemption of his race in the South.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A NIGHT OF ANXIETY.

On Saturday evening, about half past seven, was it that Henry dared again to approach the residence of Colonel Franks. The family had not yet retired, as the lights still burnt briliantly in the great house, when, secreted in the shrubbery contiguous to the hut of Mammy Judy and Daddy Joe, he lie patiently awaiting the withdrawal in the mansion.

'There's no use in talkin,' Andy, he's gittin' suspicious of us all,' said Charles; 'as he threatens us all with the traders; an' if Henry don't come soon, I'll have to leave anyhow! But the old people, Andy, I can't think of leavin' them!'

'Do you think da would go if da had a chance, Chaules?'

'Go? yes 'ndeed, Andy, they'd go this night if they could git off. Since the sellin' of Maggie, and Henry's talkin to 'em, and his goin' an' takin' little Joe, an' Ailsey, an' Cloe, an' Polly an' all clearin' out, they altered their notion about stayin' with ole Franks.'

'Wish we could know when Henry's comin' back! Wonder whar 'e is,' said Andy.

'Here!' was the reply in a voice so cautiously suppressed, and so familiarly distinct that they at at once recognized it to be that of their long absent and most anxiously looked for friend. Rushing upon him, they mutually embraced, with tears of joy and anxiety.

'How have you been, anyhow, Henry?' exclaimed Charles in a suppressed tone. 'I's so glad to see yeh, dat I aint agwine to speak to yeh, so I aint!' added Andy.

'Come, brethren, to the woods!' said Henry; when the three went directly to the forest, two and a half miles from the city.

'Well now, Henry, tell us all about yourself. What you been doin'?' inquired Charles.

'I know of nothing about myself worth telling,' replied he.

'Oh, pshaw! wot saut a way is dat, Henry; yeh wont tell abody nothin'. Pshaw, dats no way,' grumbled Andy.

'Yes, Andy, I've much to tell you; but not of myself; 'tis about our poor oppressed people everywhere I've been; but we have not now time for that.'

'Why, cant you tell us nothin'?'

'Well, Andy, since you must have something, I'll tell you this much: I've been in the Dismal Swamp among the high conjurors, and saw the heads, old Maudy Ghamus and Gamby Gholar.'

'Hoop! now 'e's a talkin'! ef 'e wasn't I wouldn't tell yeh so! An' wat da sa to yeh, Henry?'

'They welcomed me as the messenger of their deliverance; and as a test of their gratitude, made me a high conjuror after their own order'

'O pshaw, Henry! Da done what? Wy, ole feller, yeh is high sho 'nough!'

'What good does it do, Henry, to be a conjuror? inquired Charles.

'It makes the more ignorant slaves have greater confidence in, and more respect for their headmen and leaders.'

'Oh yes, I see now! Because I couldn't see why you would submit to become a conjuror if it done no good.'

'That's it, Charles! as you know, I'll do anything not morally wrong, to gain our freedom; and to effect this, we must take the slaves, not as we wish them to be, but as we really find them to be.'

'You say it gives power, Henry; is there any reality in the art of conjuration?'

'It only makes the slaves afraid of you if you are called a 'conjuror,' that's all!'

'Oh, I understand it well enough now!' concluded Charles.

'I undehstood well 'nough fuss, but I want to kmow all I could, dat's all! added Andy. 'Ole Maudy's a high feller, aint 'e, Henry?'

'Oh yes! he's the Head,' replied Charles

'No,' explained Henry; 'he's not now 'Head,' but Gamby Gholar, who has for several years held that important position among them. Their Council consists of Seven, called the 'Heads,' and their Chief is called 'the Head.' Everything among them, in religion, medicine, laws, or politics, of a public character, is carried before the 'Head' in Council to be settled and disposed of.'

'Now we understan',' said Andy; 'but tell us, Henry, how yeh get 'long 'mong de folks whar yeh bin all dis time?'

'Very well everywhere, except Kentucky, and there you cant move them toward a strike!'

'Kentucky!' rejoined Andy; 'I all'as thought dat de slaves in dat State was de bes' treated uv any, an' dat da bin all 'long spectin' to be free.'

'That's the very mischief of it, Andy! 'Tis this confounded 'good treatment' and expectation of getting freed by their oppressors, that has been the curse of the slave. All shrewd masters, to keep their slaves in check, promise them their freedom at their, the master's death, as though they were certain to die first. This contents the slave, and makes him obedient and willing to serve and toil on, looking forward to the promised redemption. This is just the case precisely now in Kentucky. It was my case. While Franks treated me well, and made promises of freedom to my wife'—and he gave a deep sigh—'I was satisfied, though a freeman, to remain with him and toil on hoping for the time of fulfilment of the promise. I would doubtless have been with him yet; but his bad treatment—his inhuman treatment of my wife—my poor, poor wife!—poor Mageie! was that which gave me courage, and made me determined to throw off the yoke, let it cost me what it would. Talk to me of a good master! A 'good master' is the very worst of masters. Were they all cruel and inhuman, or could the slaves be made to see their treatment aright, they would not endure their oppression for a single hour!'

'I sees it, I sees it!' replied Andy.

'An' so do I,' added Charles; 'who couldn't see that?'

'I tells yeh, Henry, it was mighty hand for me to make up my mine to leave ole Potteh; but ever sence you an' Chaules an' me made de vow togedder, I got mo' an' mo' to hate 'im. I could chop 'is head off sometime, I get so mad. I bleve I could chop off Miss Mary' head; an' I likes hur; she mighty good to we black folks.'

'Pshaw! yes 'ndeed; ole Frank's head would be nothin' for me to chop off; I could chop off mistess head, an' you know she's a good woman; but I mus' be mighty mad fus'! said Charles.

'That's it, you see. There is no danger that a 'good' master or mistress will ever be harmed by the slaves. There's neither of you, Andy, could muster up courage enough to injure a 'good master' or mistress. And even I now could not have the heart to injure Mrs. Franks,' said Henry.

'Nor me,' replied Charles.

'Yes, 'ndeed, dats a fac', case I knows I couldn' hurt Miss Mary Potteh. I bleve I'd almos' chop off anybody's head if I see 'em 'tempt to hurt 'e!' added Andy; when they heartily laughed at each other.

'Just so!' said Henry; 'a slave has no just conception of his own wrongs. Had I dealt with Franks as he deserved, for doing that for which he would have taken the life of any man had it been his case—tearing my wife from my bosom!—the most I could take courage directly to do, was to leave him, and take as many from him as I could induce to go. But maturer reflection drove me to the expedient of avenging the general wrongs of our people, by inducing the slave, in his might, to scatter red ruin throughout the region of the South. But still, I cannot find it in my heart to injure an individual, except in personal conflict.'

'An has yeh done it, Henry?' earnestly inquired Andy.

'Yes, Andy; yes, I have done it! and I thank God for it! I have taught the slave that mighty lesson: to strike for Liberty. 'Rather to die as freemen, than live as slaves!''

'Thang God!' exclaimed Charles.

'Amen!' responded Andy.

'Now, boys, to the most important event of your lives!' said Henry.

'Wat's dat?' asked Andy.

'Why, get ready immediately to leave your oppressors to-night!' replied he.

'Glory to God!' cried Andy.

'Hallelujah!' responded Charles.

'Quietly! softly! easy, boys, easy!' admonished Henry, when the party in breathless silence, on tip-toe moved off from the thicket in which they were then seated, toward the city.

It was now one o'clock in the night, and Natchez shrouded in darkness and quiet, when the daring and fearless runaway with his companions, entered the enclosure of the great house grounds, and approached the door of the hut of Daddy Joe and Mammy Judy.

'Who dat! who dat, I say? Ole man, don' yeh hear some un knockin' at de doh?' with fright said Mammy Judy in a smothered tone, hustling and nudging the old man, who was in a deep sleep, when Henry rapped softly at the door.

'Wat a mautta, ole 'umin?' after a while inquired the old man, rubbing his eyes.

'Some un at de doh!' she replied.

'Who dar?' inquired daddy Joe.

'A friend!' replied Henry with suppressed voice.

'Ole man, open de doh quick! I bleve in me soul dat Henry! Open de doh!' said mammy.

On the door being opened, the surprise and joy of the old woman, was only equalled by the emotion of her utterance.

'Dar! dar now, ole man! I tole 'em so, but da 'uden bleve me! I tole 'em 'e comin', but da 'uden lis'en to me! Did yeh git 'er, me son? Little Joe cum too? O Laud! whar's my po' chile! Whar's Margot?'

To evade further inquiry, Henry replied that they were all safe, and hoping to see her and the old man.

'How yeh bin my chile? I'se glad to see yeh, but mighty sorry yeh cum back; case de wite folks say, da once git der hands on yeh da neber let yeh go 'g'in! Potteh, Craig, Denny, and all on 'em, da tryin' to fine whar yeh is, hunny!'

'I am well mammy, and come now to see what is to be done with you old people," said Henry.

'We 'ont be hear long, chile; da gwine sell us all to de traders!' replied mammy with a deep sigh.

'Yes chile,' added Daddy Joe; 'we all gwine to de soul-driveh!'

'You'll go to no soul-drivers!' replied Henry, the flash of whose eyes startled mammy Judy.

'How yeh gwine help it, chile?' kindly asked daddy Joe.

'I'll show you. Come, come Mammy! You and daddy get ready, as I've come to take you away, and must be at the river before two o'clock,' said Henry, who with a single jerk of a board in the floor of the hut, had reached the hidden treasure of the old people.

'Who gwine wid us, chile?' inquired mammy Judy.

'Charles, Andy and his female friend, besides some we shall pick up by the way!' replied Henry.

'Now he's a talkin'!' jocosely said Charles, looking at Andy with a smile, at the mention of his female friend.

''E ain' doin' nothin' else!' replied Andy.

'Wat become o' po' little Tony! 'E sleep here to-night case he not berry well. Po' chile!' sighed the old woman.

'We'll take him too, of course; and I would that I could take every slave in Natchez!' replied Henry. 'It is now half-past one,' said he, looking at his watch; 'and against two we must be at the river. Go Andy, and get your friend, and meet us at the old burnt sycamore stump above the ferry. Come mammy and daddy, not a word for your lives!' admonished Henry; when taking their package on his back, and little Tony by the hand, they left forever the great house premises of Col. Stephen Franks in Natchez.

On approaching the river a group was seen, which proved to consist of Andy, Clara (to whom his integrity was plighted), and the faithful old stump, their guide-post for the evening. Greeting each other with tears of joy and fearful hearts, they passed down to the water's edge, but a few hundred feet below.

The ferry boat in this instance was a light built yawl, commanded by a white man; the ferry one of many such selected along the shore, expressly for such occasions.

'Have you a pass?' demanded the boatman as a *ruse*, lest he might be watched by a concealed party: 'let me see it!'

'Here sir,' said Henry, presenting to him by the light of a match which he held in his hand for the purpose, the face of a half eagle.

'Here is seven of you, an' I cant do it for that!' in an humble undertone supplicating manner, said the man; 'I axes that fer one!'

The weight of seven half eagles dropped into his hand, caused him eagerly to seize the oars, making the quickest possible time to the opposite side of the river.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

STUDYING HEAD WORK.

'Now Henry,' said Andy; after finding themselves in a safe place some distance from the landing; 'you promise' w'en we stauted to show us de Noth star—which is it?' On looking up the sky was too much obscured with clouds.

'I cant show it to you now, but when we stop to refresh, I'll then explain it to you,' replied he.

'It high time now, chil'en, we had a mou'-full to eat ef we got travel dis way!' suggested mammy Judy, breaking silence for the first time since they left the great house.

'Yes,' replied Andy; 'Clara and little Tony mus' wan' to eat, an' I knows wat dis chile wants!' touching himself on the breast.

The runaways stopped in the midst of an almost impenetrable thicket, kindled a fire to give them light, where to take their fare on cold meat, bread and butter, and cheese, of which the cellar and pantry of Franks, to which mammy Judy and Charles had access, afforded an ample supply.

Whilst the others were engaged in refreshing, Henry aside of a stump, was busily engaged with pencil and paper.

'Whar's Henry, dat 'e aint hear eatin?' inquired mammy Judy, looking about among the group.

'I sho ole 'umin, 'e's oveh dar by de stump,' replied daddy Joe.

'Wat dat boy doin' dar? Henry wat yeh doin'? Mus' be studyin' head-wuck, I reckon! Sho boy! betteh come 'long an' git a mou'full to eat. Yeh ain' hungry I reckon,' said the old woman.

'Henry, we dun eatin' now. You mos' ready to tell us 'bout de Noth star?' said Andy.

[PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—A beautiful diagram of Ursa Major, or the Great Bear, drawn by the author—called "Henry's Plan of the North Star, drawn on a stump in a forest of Louisiana"—should accompany this graphic sketch, to render it sufficiently effective. It will be presented if the story is published in book form.]

'Yes, I will show you,' said Henry, walking forward and seating himself in the centre of the group. 'You see these seven stars which I've drawn on this piece of paper—numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7! From the peculiarity of the shape of their relative position to each other, the group is called the 'Dipper,' because to look at them they look like a 'dipper' or a vessel with a long handle.

'I see it; dont you see dat, Chaules?' said Andy.

'Certainly, anybody could see that,' replied Charles.

'Ole umin,' said daddy Joe, 'don' yeh see it?'

'Sho' ole man! aint I lookin!' replied the old woman.

'You all see it then, do you?' inquired Henry.

Yes, yes!' was the response.

'Now then,' continued Henry; 'for an explanation by which you can tell the North star, when or from whatever place you may see it. The two stars of the Dipper, numbered 6 and 7, are called the *pointers*, because they point directly to the North Star, a very small, bright star, far off from the pointers, generally seeming by itself, especially when the other stars are not very bright.

The star numbered 8, above the pointer, a little to the left, is a dim, small star, which at first sight would seem to be in a direct line with it; but by drawing a line through 7 to 8, leaves a space as you see between the star 6 and lower part of the line; or forms an angle (as the 'book men' call it, Andy) of ten degrees. The star number 9 in the distance, and a little to the right, would also seem to be directly opposite the pointers; but by drawing a line through 7 to 9, there is still a space left between the lower end of the line and 6. Now trace the dotted line from 6 through the center of 7, and it leads directly to 10. This is the North star, the slave's great Guide to Freedom! Do you all now understand it?'

'See it!' replied Andy; 'anybody can't see dat, ain' got sense 'nuff to run away, an' no call to be free, dat's all! I knows all about it. I reckon I almos' know it betteh dan you, Henry!'

'Dar, dar, I tole yeh so! I tole yeh dat boy studyin' head wuck, an' yeh 'uden bleve me! 'E run about yendeh so much, an' kick up 'e heel dat 'e talk so much gramma an' wot not, dat body haudly undehstan'! I knows dat 'e bin 'splainin do. Ole man, yeh understan'im?' said Mammy Judy.

'Ah, ole 'umin, dat I does! an' I' been gone forty years 'go, I' know'd dis much 'bout it!' replied daddy Joe.

'Above number 2 the second star of the handle of the Dipper, close to it, you will see by steadily looking, a very small star, which I call the knob or thumb-holt of the handle. You may always tell the Dipper by the knob of the handle; and the North star by the Dipper. The Dipper, during the night you will remember, continues to change its position in relation to the earth, so that it sometimes seems quite upside down.'

'See here, Henry, does you know all'—

'Stop, Andy, I've not done yet!' interrupted he.

'Uh, heh!' said Andy.

'When the North star cannot be seen,' continued Henry; 'you must depend alone upon nature for your guide. Feel, in the dark, around the trunks or bodies of trees, especially oak, and whenever you feel moss on the bark, that side on which the moss grows is always to the north. One more explanation and then we'll go. Do you see this little round metalic box? This is called a'—

'Wat dat you call 'talic, Henry? Sho, boy! yeh head so full ob gramma an' sich like dat yeh don' know how to talk!' interrupted mammy Judy.

'That only means iron or brass, or some hard thing like that, mammy,' explained he. 'The little box of which I was speaking, has in it what is called a compass. It has a face almost like a clock or watch, with one straight hand which reaches entirely across the face, and turns or shakes whenever you move the box. This hand or finger is a piece of metal called, 'loadstone' or 'magnet,' and termed the Needle of the compass; and this end with the little cross on it, always points in one direction, and that is to the north. See: it makes no difference which way it is moved, this point of the needle turns back and points that way.'

'An mus' ye al'as go de way it pints, Henry?' inquired Andy.

'No; not except you are running away from the South to Canada, or the Free States; because both of these places are in the north. But when you know which way the north is, you can easily find any other direction you wish. Notice this, all of you. When your face is to the north, your back is to the south; your right hand to the east, and your left to the west. Can you remember this?'

'O yes, easy!' replied Andy.

'Then you will always know which way to go, by the compass showing you which is north,' explained Henry.

'What does dese letters roun' hear mean, Henry?' farther inquired Andy.

'Only what I have already explained; meaning North, East, West, and South, with their intermediate——

'Dar!' interrupted Mammy Judy,' 'e gone into big talk g'in! sho!'

'Intermediate, means between, mammy,' explained Henry.

'Den ef dat's it, I lis'en at yeh; case I want gwine bautheh my head wid yo' jography an' big talk like dat!' replied the old woman.

'What does a compass cost?' inquired Charles, who had been listening with intense interest and breathless silence at the information given by their much loved fellow bondman.

'One-half a dollar, or four bits, as we call it, so that every slave who will, may get one. Now, I've told you all that's necessary to guide you from a land of slavery and long suffering, to a land of liberty and future happiness. Are you now all satisfied with what you have learned?'

'Chauls, aint 'e high! See here, Henry, does yeh know all dat yeh tell us? Wy, ole feller, you is way up in de boobanahs! Wy you is conjure sho 'nuff. Ef I on'y know'd dis befo', ole Potteh neveh keep me a day. O, pshaw! I bin gone long 'go!'

'He'll do!' replied Charles.

'Well, well, well!' apostrophised Mammy Judy; 'dat beats all! Sence I was baun, I nebber hear de like! All along I been tellen on yeh, dat 'e got 'is head chuck cleanfull ob cumbustable, an' all dat, but yeh 'ud'n bleve me! Now yeh see!'

'Ole umin I 'fess dat's all head wuck! Dat beats Punton! dat boy's nigh up to Maudy Ghamus! Dat boy's gwine to be mighty!' with a deep sigh replied Daddy Joe.

'Come, now, let's go!' said Henry.

On rising from where they had all been sitting with fixed attention upon their leader and his instruction, the sky was observed through the only break in the thicket above their heads, when suddenly they simultaneously exclaimed:

'There's the Dipper! there's the North star!' all pointing directly to the God-like beacon of liberty to the American slave.

Leaving Mammy Judy and Daddy Joe, Clara and little Tony, who had quite recovered from his indisposition the early part of the night, in charge of a friend who designedly met them on the Louisiana side of the river, with heightened spirits and a new impulse, Henry, Charles and Andy, started on their journey in the direction of their newly described guide, the North star.

'Star of the North thou art not bigger,
Than the diamond in my ring;
Yet every black star-gazing nigger,
Looks up to thee as some great thing!'

was the apostrophe of an American writer to the sacred orb of Heaven, which in this case was fully verified.

During the remainder of the night and next day, being Sabbath, they continued their travel, only resting when overcome with fatigue. Continuing in Louisiana by night, and resting by day, Wednesday morning, before daybreak, brought them to the Arkansas river. At first they intended to ford, but like the rivers generally of the South, its depth and other contingencies made it necessary to seek some other means. After consultation in a canebreak, day beginning to dawn, walking boldly up to a man just loosening a skiff from its fastenings, they demanded a passage across the river. This the skiffman refused peremtorily on any pretext, rejecting the sight of a written pass.

'I want none of yer nigger passes!' angrily said he; 'they aint none uv 'em good 'or nothin', nohow! It's no use to show it to me, ye's cant git over!'

First looking meaningly and determinedly at Charles and Andy—biting his lips—then addressing himself to the man, Henry said:

'Then I have one that will pass us!' presenting the unmistaking evidence of a shining gold eagle, at the sight of which emblem of his country's liberty, the skiffman's patriotism was at once awakened, and their right to pass as American freemen indisputable.

A few energetic muscular exertions with the oars, and the sturdy boatman promptly landed his passengers on the other side of the river.

'Now gentlm'n, I done the clean thing, didn't I, by jingo! Show me but half a chance an' I'll ack the man clean out. I dont go in for this slaveholding o' people in these Newnited States uv the South, nohow, so I dont. Dog gone it, let every feller have a fair shake!'

Dropping into his hand the ten dollar gold piece, the man bowed earnestly, uttering—

'I hope ye's good luck, gent'men! Ye'll al'as fine me ready when ye's come 'long this way!'

[From the N. Y. Tribune.]

THE COAST CONTRABANDS.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., Dec. 12, 1861.

The condition of the people of color on the Atlantic coast, as brought within the sphere of our blockading squadron, fortresses, and military posts, is becoming more and more interesting every day. Beginning at the eastern shore of Virginia, from Fortress Monroe to Fort Pickens, we find at least fifty thousand persons whose peculiar relations to the Government and country demand the most serious inquiry. All along the sea-board are thousands of able-bodied men, who have been accustomed to enjoy many personal privileges, and whose employments render them valuable to the public service. The most of the maritime labor of the coast, in certain directions, is performed by colored hands. The coasters of the Virginia inlets, of the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays, of the more southern shore all the way down to the lowest key of Alabama and Florida are manned, and in many instances navigated, entirely by men of color. The vessels they manage are comparatively small, and the trade they carry on is comparatively humble. But, be that as it may, their position and commerce are those of much practical usefulness to all concerned.

When the smuggling process was at its hight on both the Eastern and Western shores of the Virginia and Maryland peninsula, the coutrabands and free colored laborers were compelled to carry it on. Goods, arms, powder, shot, uniforms, and other articles of great service to the Rebels were landed by coasters on one side, carried across the country to the nearest tide-water on the other, and then smuggled by little pungys into the Rebel army at Richmond and other places, all the way from Cape Charles to Tangiers Island and Baltimore. Secret dens of smugglers have been in active operation, at times, for tha past six months, and even before the breaking out of the Rebellion, from Cherrystone Lighthouse to Pokomoke River, and up to the line that separates Maryland from Delaware. In all this marauding on the lawful commerce of the coast—a marauding that has been playing constantly and powerfully into the hands of the deadly enemies of the Republic—the despised contrabands have been compelled to play a direct and constant part. The same is equally true along every inch of the Southern Rebel coast at this moment. It is here we shall find one of the secret sources of Rebel strength, the development of which has frequently surprised the lookers-on in Verona.

The managers of the rebellion have understood this whole matter perfectly. They have completely hood-winked those they were bound to circumvent. "Lie low and keep dark," has been the policy. All was comparatively fair on the surface, while within was constantly working the mystery of iniquity. Their motto was:

"We curse the sins we're not inclined to,
And cleave to those we have a mind to."

Hence, while professing the policy of quiet, the rebel leaders have employed their seeming masterly inactivity in the most cunningly devised plans of patient, secret, persevering action.

Not only the commerce of the Southern coast, but the defenses also, speak of the presence and controlling power of the contraband element. The fortifications at Yorktown, the masked batteries on the Eastern shore of Virginia, those on the York and James Rivers, scattered along from Hampton Roads up to Richmond, the immense works at Craney Island, the smaller but still powerful ones at Sewall's and Pig's Points, all attest how much can and has been done by the "power behind the throne greater than the throne itself."

All along the coast from Roanoke Inlet, Forts Hatteras and Clark, Ocracoke, Beaufort, N. C., Georgetown, S. C., Charleston, Port Royal, down to the lowest embankment of the enemy at Pensacola, near Key West and New Orleans, up to the works on the bayous and rivers, to Manassas and the shores of the Potomac, the servile labor of the South has been most actively and profitably employed. In the captnred Fort Hatteras were found attested accounts of moneys paid—Southern capital—in return for Southern slave labor. There is not a fortification, nor a storehouse of munitions of war, not a ship employed or being rebuilt and refitted, in all the Southern rebel country, but is directly indebted for progress and completion chiefly to the outlawed contrabands.

In view of these undisputed facts, there can be but one question before the united people of America. The immediate and universal confiscation of all such rebel instruments of power must be imperatively demanded and rigidly enforced. It is a perfectly clear case that if the rebels can employ contraband property to destroy the Union, the Government and people of the Union have a right to employ that property to preserve it.

The accumulation of negroes at Fortress Monroe, Fort Hatteras, Port Royal, and other strategic points, is by no means the evil to be dreaded which many seem to suppose. The aggregation of people, if rightly managed, may be made an element of great internal strength to the nation. The importance of teaching it, of inspiring it with hope, of elevating its moral purposes, of rewarding its industry, must be perceived at a glance by every patriot. When the whole question is well understood it can be conducted to a successful issue as safely as any other in the Republic.

The number of colored people at Fortress Monroe previous to the arrival of the Union troops and fleet, was quite small. A few old residents took care, chiefly, of the younger persons who came as servants to the officers of the army and navy and the casual visitors at Old Point Comfort. But the advent of the Union force has gradually swelled the number, until now Quartermaster Talmage, U S. A., serves out to them from seventeen hundred to two thousand rations daily. Capt. Taylor, also of the army (a nephew of the late President), in his official position, does what he can consistently do with regard to their comfort. The building the most of them occupy for quarters is a good one. It is situated near the large machine-shop of the Government, and presents an appearance in front similar to that of the Barracks in the Park at New York. In the centre and attic are large bunks for sleeping; at the sides are long tables; in the rear is a suitable cooking apartment. The occupants fare as well as any of our soldiers in barracks.

In one of the adjacent buildings, several families are provided for as well as the rooms will allow. Here the washing and cooking for certain outsiders are carried on. The women and children are mostly on these premises. They have plenty of food, fire, and water. The clothing department is rather straightened.

The principal work done by the contrabands, thus far, has been loading and unloading Government vessels, building new roads, including that really important public improvement, the railroad from the lighthouse on the point near the beach all the way around the interior of Fortress Monroe. The completion of this work alone by contraband labor will be a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the United States.

It should be borne in mind that no permanent arrangement has been contemplated for paying regular wages to the contrabands. Accounts have been kept on this account, but their earnings, as a general thing, have not been held to belong to them. Hence, while labor has been constantly required of them, they have none of the incentives to labor which are found in fair wages for a fair day's work. They have not been furnished with clothes, except by special provision. They have been told, in many instances, that all they earned would be paid over to their former owners. Under these circumstances, it may well be imagined that men would hardly have many inducements to prosecute their labors. Yet it is on record that, notwithstanding these discouragements, the contrabands are doing nearly all the hardest manual labor that is being done at Fortress Monroe; and this, too, at a time of war, when the garrison and its outpost, with the fleet, embrace the wants of at least 30,000 souls.

At Beaufort, South Carolina, a few nights ago, four contrabands came on board the transport Gemsbock, in a whaleboat. They proved to be a valuable accession to our blockading force. One of them is a first-rate carpenter, another is one of the best pilots on the coast, the other two are stevedores. It was pleasant to notice how cordially they were received. A naval officer proposed that the carpenter should be put on the list of applicants for a carpentership in the navy, thus showing how little prejudice there is against employing men of color in the naval working force. In fact, there is no such prejudice among seamen as a class. They mess with their colored shipmates, toil, suffer, rejoice, sing, and divide prizes together, without showing the least difference. In this respect, Commerce is king over Cotton.

Off Wilmington, N. C., another company escaped to the Amanda. Here, too, they met a favorable reception—giving not only valuable services, but trustworthy information as to the construction and location of certain rebel war steamers. If it could be known on shore how well such fugitives are received, others would follow, to the great advantage of the service. It is believed, on good authority, that if a judicious attack were made on Fort Macon, not only many of the contrabands would join the Union flag, but that there are thousands of white inhabitants in the vicinity who would discourage the firing of a gun from the Fort.

There are numerous important and interesting facts with regard to the whole question occurring at Port Royal, which I shall communicate to you in my next.

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 26, 1861.

DEAR ANGLO:—Doubtless you have long since classed our promise to write, among many others, which like the crust of our Christmas mince pie, was made to be broken; but want of time, and dearth of news, must plead our excuse. I will now, however, drop you a few hasty lines concerning the doings here of this week, so far as have come under my observation.

On Monday night we visited a concert given at the Sharp street M. E. church, for the benefit of the same. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Simpson, the leader of the Sharp street choir, and was highly creditable to all parties concerned in it. The concert was of vocal and instrumental music, and without wishing to give to any one more praise than to another, as they all deserved the applause given them, those who more particularly attracted our attention were, of the performers, Mr. H. H. Webb, pianist, and Mr. Fenton Mallory, flutist; and of the sweet voiced songstresses who ravished our ears, Miss Susie Braddicks, the bird of song, and Miss Kelly particularly delighted us. Much praise is due to the leader, Mr. Simpson, for the manner in which the concert was conducted, and a solo piece called "Gethsemane" which he sang, was encored unanimously.

We have our usual number of fairs, despite the "war times." On Christmas day they were opened at the Presbyterian church, Bethel, Sharp street, Orchard street, Waters Chapel, St. Thomas, Zion and others; so you may judge that we are well supplied with them. I have not as yet had time to visit any of them, except at the Presbyterian church, of which Mrs. Harvey is President; at Bethel church, Mrs. Kennard, President; and at Waters Chapel, Mrs. Keys, President. These ladies, assisted by a number of charitably disposed young ladies who always respond promptly and willingly to the call of duty and charity, have stocked their tables with numerous useful and ornamental articles, making an exceedingly attractive appearance. They seem, however, not so well patronized as they were last Christmas.

This afternoon the Sisters of Providence, a colored Catholic sisterhood keeping a day and boarding-school for females, gave an exhibition in the hall under St. Francis' church, which at an early hour was densely packed, and many were compelled to go away unable to gain admittance. Being of a persevering nature, and not of large stature, by squeezing into cracks and making good use of our elbows, having also a total disregard of corns and anathemas, after some fifteen minutes' hard struggling we succeeded in getting a foothold upon the back of a chair, said chair being already occupied by two others, from which elevated and airy position we first bestowed our most benignant smile upon the assembled audience, and then taking a firm hold with our toes, and an affectionate grip on the coat collar of another "specimen," just to steady ourself, we prepared to listen; and it certainly was well worthy of its patronage.—The children, small as well as large, recited admirably, and the young ladies performed and sang in a manner which elicited the greatest applause. Miss Lake, of Annapolis, one of the pupils, was particularly admired and applaused for her performance on the piano, and whilst all sang well, we were particularly charmed by the sweet voice of Miss Mary Jakes, who is quite young as yet, but bids fair to be one of the sweetest voiced of our songstresses.

So delighted were we with the performance, that in an evil moment we forgot the precarious nature of our foothold, and furnished a practical illustration, done to the life, that "he that exalteth himself shall be abased."

Yesterday was duly honored and observed in the churches and houses of our people, and fun was rampant: but save the opening of the various fairs, nothing of public interest came under our observation.

We must now bring our letter to a close, and as the New Year is fast approaching, I will take a step forward to meet it, and wish you and your subscribers, a Happy New Year. MAJOR.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of he news-dealers everywhere.*

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

We are said to be of a joyous race, gleaning joy and content, or at least mirthful laughter when other peoples could find reason for frowns or groans or strife. Yet no one accuses us of a want of heart. Our joy gushes forth from a full and loving heart. It recognizes and expresses the great truth underlying the mercy of God, that He has allotted more of happiness than misery to his human as well as to his brutish creatures. And this allotment is made independently of all that man can do to prevent, beleaguer, or destroy it.

In looking forward, even amidst the din, the gloom and probable trials of the present war, some things are visible in which we can exchange happy greetings for the coming twelve-month.

1. We are not likely, during the present year, to have a Northern Senator feloniously assaulted in the Capitol for uttering bold truths about Slavery.

2. We are not likely to have, in the present Congress, a majority of the Senate falling down to worship the Dagon of Slavery.

3. We are not likely to have our Northern cities converted into hunting grounds for fugitive slaves.

4. We are not likely to have our petitions to Congress for the Emancipation of all slaves, laid on the table in the technical question of reception.

5. Gangs of slaves, chained together, bound for a Southern market are not likely to pass through Washington this year.

6. We do hear glorious news, of the slaves of 1861 being taught to read by Northern soldiers at Fortress Monroe and Port Royal—and yet these soldiers are not arrested nor imprisoned for interference with the "domestic institution!"

7. We do hear, through the growlings of the "Sunday Times," that colored citizens are permitted, like other citizens, to hear the debates in Congress. This news must be very harrowing to Secesh North and South, yet we cannot but say Happy New Year, for it.

8. We see and hear that a great delusion is being swept away from the nation—the delusion that slavery was its corner stone and its natural born ruler. Even if the coming year be filled with strife and bloodshed, even if poverty and suffering shall lay their hard hand upon the land, these calamities will be cheaply cancelled by the awakening of a great nation, and its uprising from the deadliest and most horrible of delusions.

9. May we not say to our brethren a Happy New Year, since that we see in the coming need of men to fight the battles of the North, a growing necessity for calling out colored men as citizen soldiers? We have longed for the opportunity—may it soon arrive.

10. We have no doubt, that "away down South in Dixie," while we write, there are people, in millions, who in secret whisperings, silent shouts, rude grasping of hands, in hearts uplifted in prayer as earnest as ever smote at the footstool on high, in every form of possible utterance, breathe forth "HAPPY NEW YEAR! Shall our hearts stand still, or shall they shout the responsive HAPPY NEW YEAR!

[From the Sunday Times.]

The Negroes in Canada.

There is one point upon which the abolitionists have found themselves fatally mistaken in their calculations of the effects of the war, and that is, the effect it would have upon the conduct of the negroes. General insurrection all over the southern country was among the least of the results prophesied; but so far is this from having been the case that we did not hear of one, while the instances are by no means unfrequent of their taking up arms in defense of their masters. The most curious and flagrant specimen of ingratitude, however, is on the part of the negroes in Canada, who are holding meetings, forming companies, and warring against the very power here which has enabled them to obtain their freedom, and has steadily maintained and vindicated their rights. This sudden and violent attachment to the old enemy of this government, as soon as it begins to show its teeth, will not be likely to increase the number of negro sympathisers here, and will silence those who had looked upon them as sure and faithful allies.

Our amiable cotemporary is in a bad way. His negrophobia will be the death of him: it breaks out—now that he is a national—which no longer means Southern rights—man, worse than ever. Heretofore there has been some glimmering of reason or semi-quasi-logic in his anti-negro isms, but this time the poor man is clean mad: nay worse than demented, for madmen have some method between premises and conclusion. Now dear Sunday Times, if you have such a thing about you, try and get it through your wool, what is strictly true, that the negroes in Canada are fugitives from the United States; and so far from the United States being the power which helped them to obtain freedom, they have obtained freedom in spite of and against the power of the same United States. Who passed the Fugitive Slave Law? the United States. Who made the entire territory of the northern states a hunting ground for fugitive slaves? The United States. Whose generals in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri are to-day returning fugitive slaves to their self-styled loyal owners? The generals of the United States. Who hesitates to put an end to the rebellion lest they may enrage the slave owners in arms against the government? The Executive of the United States.

The fugitives in Canada had the same relation to the United States, that T. Francis Meagher and John Mitchell had to Great Britain. Would the Sunday Times have the brazen hardihood to say, if in case of threatened war with England, these men should take up arms against her, that they would show ingratitude to Great Britain?

THE WAR—ITS PROSECUTION.

We do not recollect of ever having read in history of any nation whose position can, in any manner be compared to that of this nation at the present time.

When the great party which now holds the reins of government sought power, it appealed to the pro-slavery portion of the community to sustain it, because it was the "white man's party" It did not seek to disturb the relations of Master, but it sought to prevent the extension of Slavery on the ground that it wanted only white men to inhabit certain portions of God's earth, claiming that they only had a right to it—while to the lovers of liberty it appealed for support, as the only party that would do the slave any good. But we are happy to say, for the credit of the country, that it was not by this means that it triumphed: its success was wholly owing to the honesty of the South.

The determination of the slaveholders to rule the country, and not to trust its affairs in the hands of their white slaves in the North, was the cause of the accidental possession of power by the Republican party, and its leaders understanding this, have been endeavoring to secure a lease of power by catering to the prejudice which it knows a great majority of this nation to be steeped in. Every thing that they do, indicates a disposition to save the country at the expense of the rights of man. The proofs are too innumerable in favor of this assertion to be mentioned in this article; nor is it necessary, so easily can they be recalled to mind by the intelligent reader; but lest anybody should say that we are harsh in judgment; that all these pro-slavery acts which emanated from Government, are but so many devices to preserve society, we ask by what moral right does the government act when it seeks to preserve society at the expense of all that makes society worth preserving—at the expense of all the blessings comprised in the one word *civilization*? No, gentle reader, we cannot agree with you. Evidence, grief-bringing evidence compels us to the belief that the leading spirits of the administration are trying to preserve the Union at the expense of Liberty, without which the Union ought never to exist.

The day after the late Presidential election we had a conversation with a German gentleman in relation thereto. He had just cast his first republican vote, and of course was somewhat elated; but said he, "Yes my friend, we get him (the party) in, but we soon get him out. De republican party is not de party wot fe want. De difference between dat party and de one wot fe want, is like de difference between William H. Seward and Charles Sumner: de one is for to day, and de oder FOR ALL TIME." Is the day of the Republican party already past? has its night time of treachery and disgrace so soon appeared?

The President of the United States congratulated himself in his last message that he had been able to guide the storm now raging in the country; but what will he do when our poor brethren who have so long listened for the blast of that trumpet which they supposed would have ere this "proclaimed liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof," shall rise in their might, and plow their way to liberty through blood and carnage. Does the President think that it is better that they should secure it in this way, rather than receiving it peacefully within the lines of the United States forces? Oh! that our government may receive wisdom and power from on high to do that which is right in the estimation of all good men, of angels and of God.

Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28th, 1861.

MR. EDITOR: Before this letter goes to press the old year will have passed away, and the new year will have begun; therefore, I wish you and all your readers and correspondents, together with the typographical fraternity, a happy New Year! "May all live to see and enjoy many more."

We have much news this week. Christmas passed off here very quietly indeed, with no entertainments of note among our people.

On Thursday evening last a great fire occurred at the large Government stables, when 260 horses out of 1500 were burned. Thousands of citizens and strangers visited the awful scene on Friday. The loss cannot fall short of 150,000 dollars. The stables, five in number, were new and were of frame. The fire was thought to have caught from a light in the hands of a careless driver.

We will have the Black Swan (Miss Greenfield) with us on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. On the evenings of these days she will give three concerts at the Union Bethel Church, on M street, near 15th, Rev. Mr. Moore's. We expect that she will be well patronised, as she is a great favorite with our concert going public. The engagement for her concerts was effected by our well known townsman, Mr. Edward M. Thomas.

We notice among the strangers in town Right Rev. Bishop D. A. Payne, of A. M. E. Church. This gentleman, it will be recollected, was a few weeks ago lying very dangerously ill in the city of Baltimore of typhoid fever; but we are happy to announce that on the occasion of our interview with the Bishop, we found him in excellent health, and indeed looks much better than we have seen him look for some years. We wish him good health, a long life, and may he make many more visits to the District of Columbia, where he will always find a host of warm friends of all denominations.

The E street chapel, Rev. Wm. H. Gillard, is getting up a course of lectures on literary and scientific subjects. Several prominent colored gentlemen have been engaged, and the folks in that section of the Island may expect a rich treat during the winter evenings.

Also, we noticed among the distinguished visitors Mr. Joseph Johnson, of Baltimore, a prominent and active member of the Galbreath Lyceum, and Mr. Wm. H. Johnson, of Conn. We learn, with great pleasure, that Mr. J. Johnson will spend several weeks among us.

Mr. Editor, it was my intention to have replied to Mr. Lynch's article; but I declined doing so, when I was told that if I would be a good boy on the occasion of the next supper, I should have some of the good things. BOX.

P. S.—I have just been informed that the Rev. Henry H. Butler is dying. This gentleman is a Baptist preacher, and has charge of 3d street church.

MESSRS. P. RICE & Co., whose advertisement may be found in another column, have a variety of useful articles for sale, which are wanted in every family. Those who are out of employment will do well to call on them, as their articles are selling very rapidly, and they offer rare inducements to agents.

Among these are the Coffee Strainer, the Indelible Pencil, the Egyptian Cement, the Magnetic Jack Hammer and others.

Give them a trial.

CHRISTMAS.

Merry, welcome Christmas—musical with youthful mirth, joyous with infant glee. Merry, laughing Christmas, with her clear, golden sunshine, and her skipping frosty winds, has come again, and gone. Yes! and too—

Through rolling years to come, with some, perhaps, now round the camp-fire, shall be kept her memory ever green.

The merry making of children with the little toys of their choice brings vividly to our mind, at this period, how truly, in miniature, the mind of the child represents that of the man. That which is most pleasing to him in its occupation is his toy—like divinity and "negro nationality" to Gaarrnitt, like pills and epulets to Smygth, or like rattans and rhetoric to Willsunn. They assimilate, too, in versatility. They soon tire of their toys when they cost too much (trouble) to keep—like our friend Glosse, with that neat, pretty little sheet published in Brooklyn, which, like Baalam's ass, spoke once, crying "Ho! for the Smith Lands," (as did likewise the author at the 'Pioneer,') and we, like the unfortunate Dutch grocer who trusts a man a shilling, saw this dear little customer, *nicht mier.*

Merry Christmas lingers upon every countenance. Men forget old feuds, under the influence of this sacred anniversary of the birth of "Peace and good will towards man." With our mind's eye, we see the pugnacious "civilizer" bowing his graceful compliments across the Atlantic, proclaiming the precious words quoted above, while "extra" (not Billy) Smygth pauses from the platform to acknowledge the greeting over the graceful bumper of nutricious egg-nog. Major Douningh, too, has suspended his destructive fire of hot shot into Africa, and turned his attention to shelling in another direction. But with all its merriment, the peculiar import of the day, together with the important events upon which it dawned, were not forgotten in the sacred desk.

St. Philip's Church was extensively and tastefully decorated with evergreens and appropriate scriptural quotations, whilst immediately under the pulpit was a cross richly decked with flowers of different colors, emblematic of the spotless purity of our blessed Lord and Saviour. The Christmas sermon was preached by the Rector, Rev. Wm. J. Alston, after which the congregation moved to the Lecture Room, where exercises of a highly interesting character were performed in connection with the distribution of presents to the Sabbath School children. Mr. Edward C. Lawrence delivered a fine address to the school, followed by Mr. Bodee, whose well selected anecdotes and pictures kept both young and old in roars of laughter, and, we hope, carried to the youthful mind the most salutary impressions. Mr. John Peterson next addressed the children in a fatherly manner, when the distribution of presents was made by Mr. Aaron Potter. Appropriate verses were sung during the ceremony, in which the audience, which was numerous to overflowing, heartily joined. The children were in ecstacies over their tree, which was well laden with useful and interesting stores.

Christmas has come and gone. Her advent, though marked with that uncertainty to some, which, like hope deferred, maketh the heart sick, will soon be succeeded by a New Year. Whatever Providence shall decree, let us not be unmindful of the hour. Thus, acting upon the faith that God helps the self-helping, we may pass from a merry Christmas to (what we wish you all), a happy New Year. TYPES.

OUR "SAY."

MR. EDITOR: If 'coming events cast their shadows before,' then the present generation will mark a new era in the history of that anciently honorable, but now despised and oppressed race, the African nation. This thought forced itself upon my mind while perusing that interesting article which appeared in the 'Anglo' of Dec. 14th, headed 'hints and queries.' The author is, evidently, a thinking man, and comprehends the true interests of the human brotherhood.

As no race, class or condition of men ever attain to eminence and distinction, until they take the work of improvement and self-elevation into their own hands; so also they must be united in a clear and well defined principle of action, that their intelligence, wisdom and discernment may be apparent to all. Then will their 'say' be heard and their rights respected—first, because they respect themselves, and in that they also respect others; second, because they give the most convincing proof that they are worthy of such respect. For there is an intuitive perception in most men which leads them to acknowledge and respect the rights of those who give proof of their ability to vindicate and maintain them.

My mind was forcibly impressed with the writer's sound logic, and the importance of his closing sentences, the last of which allow me to quote:

'The British Government also recognized this 'say' of ours, when it sealed up Abbeokuta by seizing upon Lagos. Some among us think it is about time that we should initiate this 'say,' by a combined expression of opinion emanating from our Northern States, in the form of a 'say' which shall find an echo in the West Indies and on the African coast. Dr. Delany is of this opinion, and it is worth thinking about—'say?''

Yes, it is worth 'thinking about.' Let the 'combined expression of opinion' come forth, accompanied with, and sustained by the convincing proof of sincerity and ability, viz, ACTION.

When I see such men as Dr. Delany, whom I consider has really done more for Africa than any other live man, as his 'report' and lectures show, with Dr. James McCune Smith, the Rev. H. H. Garnet, Rev. W. J. Alston, Rev. R. H. Cain, and a host of other intelligent and far-seeing men, working, 'shoulder to shoulder,' for the establishment of a great and fundamental principle of action, I entertain the strongest hope that their 'say' will be received with becoming defference. Nay, more, it will inscribe on the page of history a monument that will endure when the temples and monuments of art have fallen in dust. Unborn millions will celebrate the event in songs of joy, and bless the day of freedom's birth.

The finest continent possessed by man, rich in all the varied productions of earth, peopled by an ancient and noble race of two hundred millions and her exiled children, are to be redeemed, and neither the paw of the British Lion nor clutches of the American Eagle shall hold them as prey any more. This is the work of the people. Let them put their "hands to the plough," and not "look back" till it is accomplished.

JUSTICE.

Imposters.

The public is hereby cautioned against all persons pretending to collect money for the African movement—especially in my name—as no person has ever been authorised to do so, and all such pretensions are impositions, whether the parties are white or black: the Rev. Alfred A. Constantin (white), Cor. Secretary of the African Civilization Society, New York, being the only authorised agent known to the movement; and he acts solely in the name of and for the African Civilization Society. The persons who I learn have recently been holding meetings and obtaining money in Canada in my name, are imposters so far as any connection with me and my movement is concerned, and the public is hereby cautioned against them.

M. R. DELANY.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26, 1861.

P. S. I learn by letter recently from Canada, that a white man calling himself a Reverend, with a black colleague, have been collecting money in Toronto, St. Catherines, Montreal and different parts of Canada—all pretendingly for the African movement under my sanction, all of which I pronounce to be base impositions on the public.

M. R. D.

Salvage Awarded to Wm. Tillman.

In the U. S. District Court, before Judge Shipman, suits were brought by Wm. Tillman, Wm. Stedding and Donald McLeod, seamen, and Boyce Mackinnon, passenger, for salvage. After giving a brief statement of the facts of the case, his honor said:

"I have been thus particular in detailing the main facts of this transaction because the conduct of Tillman and Stedding has been very sharply criticised by counsel, and the merit of the rescue denied on the ground of its sanguinary character, and also on the ground that it placed the vessel under the sole control of uneducated and unskilful navigators. It is insisted that these two men, especially Tillman, in the violence he inflicted on the prize masters and his mates, exhibited ferocity instead of valor, and that this circumstance ought to incline the Court to altogether deny or greatly diminish the salvage compensation, if any would be otherwise due. It is conceded of course that no Court ought to sanction, or indirectly encourage, unnecessary and wanton violence, even to those who avow themselves the enemies of the nation. This is true. But in determining the character of the force used on such an occasion as this, all the circumstances must be taken into consideration. This schooner had sailed on a peaceable and careful voyage. She was overtaken on the high seas by an armed vessel, her officers and two of her crew were taken from her and made prisoners on board the capturing vessel, leaving but three of her crew and a passenger. McLeod refused to aid in the rescue. Mackinnon's views were unknown. Tillman and Stedding must alone encounter the three prize officers and the prize seamen—five in all. Their only arms were a small pocket pistol and knife, and a hatchet. The peril of the undertaking was imminent and desperate. Instant death to both Tillman and Stedding would probably have followed their failure. They had a right to recapture the vessel if they could. They took the hazard, and after having despatched the three men they had most to fear, they spared the other two, an equal number with themselves. It is suggested that they had ought to have spared the officers, or some of them, after they had wounded them. It is difficult to say what the precise condition of the officers was after the first blows; but I am inclined to think they were mortally wounded, and it is not easy to see how Tillman and Stedding could have extended toward them any humane attentions. Their peril was by no means at an end. They were near a hostile coast, four or five days' sail from a place of safety, without theoretical knowledge of navigation, and by no means free from the danger of recapture by another armed crusier. I think they are not to blame for devoting their energies at once to their escape from peril by navigating their vessel to a place of safety, instead of bestowing their attention upon their dying enemies. I agree with the first remark of the opening counsel for the claimants, that the mere sanguinary character of the rescue should not enhance the salvage compensation.

The true foundation of salvage reward is the danger, toil and skill of the salvors, and the peril from which they rescue the property, and not the mere tragic incidents of the rescue. The counsel who closed this case for the claimant insisted that the rescue did not relieve the vessel from, but rather increased her peril. The ground of this singular objection is that the sailors were ignorant of the theory of navigation, and therefore not fit persons to have charge of the vessel. I do not know as I fully comprehend the force of this objection, but I know of no principle of law that prescribes the degree of knowledge a man must possess as a condition precedent to his performing salvage service when no other human aid is within reach. Fidelity and success are of more account in the eye of the law than accomplishments. Dr. Lushington, in the case of the bark Dygden, cited in Marvin, on wreck and salvage (p. 113,) note says: 'Where persons offer their services to vessels in distress, and there are no other individuals on the spot capable of rendering more efficient assistance, this Court must look with considerable indulgence at their efforts, because, being the only aid that can be procured, and offered in a state of great exigency, every allowance must be made if they are not possessed of adequate knowledge to perform the duty they had under taken.' And in the Cape Packet (3 W. Rob. 122), the same high authority laid down the rule as to qualifications to be that 'when persons undertake to perform salvage service they are bound to exercise ordinary skill and prudence in the execution of the duty they take upon themselves to perform. I do not mean to say they must be finished navigators, but they must possess and exert such a degree of skill and prudence as persons in their condition ordinarily do possess and may be fairly expected to display.' These remarks of Dr. Lushington, it must be remembered, referred to cases where persons not connected with the imperilled vessels had undertaken to rescue them from some ordinary peril of the seas, and where the undertaking had partially or wholly miscarried. But it would be a most extraordinary doctrine to hold, that where a vessel is found on the high seas deprived of her officers and a part of her crew in the most certain and imminent peril of becoming lost to her owners, and she is by the faithful remnant of her crew rescued and brought safely into port, that her salvors, the only person who could possibly have performed the service, are to be deprived of their reward because they were ignorant of the theory of navigation. It is sufficient in this case that, by the familiarity of Tillman, the colored steward, with the coast from the place of rescue to New York; his accurate recollection and ready recognition of localities; his sleepless vigilance, and a courage and good sense that does him great credit, he was able, with the aid of his comrades, to bring the vessel with so much speed and safety into port.

Whether he was able to keep the log-book, or work out the dead reckoning cannot effect the value of the services rendered to the claimants. As the right to any salvage in this case has been contested and elaborately argued, I have re-examined the doctrine laid down by me in the case of the brig Cuba, recently decided in this court; and upon a careful review of the authorities in the light shed upon them in this discussion, I am clearly of the opinion that the services rendered by the salvors in that and the present case were equivalent to a rescue from belligerent captors. It has been suggested that this case does not come within that of the Cuba, inasmuch as the allegation in the libel is that the Warring was captured by pirates. But a case of this kind cannot turn upon a mere descriptive epithet. The facts in both cases, so far as the original captures are concerned, are substantially as follows:—The captors took the vessels in both cases avowedly as prizes; that without rescue or re-capture they were irrevocably lost to their owners (vessels and cargoes) there cannot be a shadow of doubt. In the case now before us, the vessel had been about ten days in the hands of her captors, and was within a day's sail of the hostile port. Her peril was greater, as her chance of recapture by another vessel was less, than that of the Cuba. But it is stated that, in the eye of the law, the Warring was not in a state of peril al all, because the United States is bound to restore the property of loyal citizens which has been taken by the insurgents, and the court ought to presume that this will be done. I think this a purely speculative suggestion, which I am not called upon to consider. It is not for me, in disposing of present rights, to rest my conclusions upon what the government will feel called upon to do when the present furious strife shall have terminated. Courts of Admiralty, in administering public law, act upon facts and rules of law, and not upon speculations as to the course nations may pursue. It is a well-settled rule that when a neutral vessel is captured by a belligerent, on recapture she is entitled to be discharged without payment of salvage, on the ground that the vessel was relieved from no peril, as the neutral would of course be discharged by the courts of the captors.

But it is always an exception to the rule that the courts of the captors are known to disregard the laws which protect neutrals. It would hardly be an answer to this exception on a libel for salvage in the courts of the neutral nation adjudicating the claim, to say that such nation was bound to indemnify its citizens for outrages committed upon their commerce by a nation with whom they were at peace. (The War Onskan I. C. Rob., 299; 3 Kent's Com., 333, 6th Ed.) It is urged that the fact that Tilman was animated by a desire to escape the doom of slavery, to which he feared, not without reason, that his captors intended to consign him, destroys or reduces the merit of his claim. But it is settled law that the motives of the salvor are not to be inquired into. (Talbot and Leaman, 1 Cranch. 1; The Harmony, 1 Pet. Ad. Dec., 82; The Le Tigree, 3 Wash. C. C. R., 567.[I therefore am of opinion that these rescuors are entitled to salvage. The rate in such cases is fixed by no arbitrary rule, but must rest in sound discretion, reference to all the circumstances being had. There are several features of the case which call for a liberal rate.—

1. The great peril of the undertaking.
2. The length of time the vessel had been in the hands of her captors—about ten days.
3. The extreme peril from which the vessel and cargo were delivered. The *spes recuperandi* if not entirely gone, was extremely nebulous and faint.
4. The perfect success of the salvage service.

As I have been requested by both parties to fix a specific instead of a proportionate sum, I have settled upon seventeen thousand dollars—the value of vessel and cargo having been estimated at about forty-five thousand dollars. I have carefully examined the various cases having some imilarity to this, and I am satisfied that his sum is not far out of the way. In this sum I think the libellants are all entitled to participate, though in very unequal proportions. Mackinnon, though a passenger, is clearly entitled to some amount. I regard his case as much more meritorious than McLeod, although his merit is much inferior to that of Tillman or Stedding. But the respective amounts will be fixed hereafter. The amouut of salvage must be borne by the vessel and cargo in proportion to their respective values, and unless these values are agreed upon by the parties, a reference must be made to a Commissioner to ascertain them. The taxable cost to be borne by vessel and cargo, exclusive of the salvage, and without dimunition of the latter.

LONGEVITY.

We think that our readers will be interested with a sketch of a note we made while on our Eastern tour. In visiting Bridgeport, Connecticut, we were invited out with Brother Shreeves among his members to breakfast and dine, and to tea. While sitting at the tea-table of one of the Trustees of the Church, by the name of John Feeley, he informed us that he was born in Albany, New York State, and is about 85 years of age, and his wife 64 years. They are both very healthy and hearty, do their own work, and Brother Feely is a butcher.

We don't know when we enjoyed ourselves so well as we did with those two old folks. He is said to be the oldest settler in Bridgeport, and, though he cannot read, he is both the history and record of Bridgeport.

It is said that when the citizens wish to know anything in relation to any event of Bridgeport, that Father Feeley is called upon, and especially in relation to the bodies deposited in the cemetaries, and that there is no funeral takes place but what he is present, and no man seems to stand higher in the estimation of the citizens than Father Feeley.

But now for the oldest person living in Bridgeport, and among the oldest living in this country, is a lady at whose house we dined. Her name is Ada Bell. Her age is one hundred and five years. She was born on the eastern shore of Virginia. She lives in the house with her daughter, Mrs. Scott, in Bridgeport, and when we were inuited to sit up to the table, she arose and walked as nimbly, apparently, as any one of us. We were of course anxious to know her age, and we took the liberty to ask. The answer was, as we have before stated, 'One hundred and five years!' 'Not one hundred and five years?' said we. 'Yes,' replied the old lady. And then, what is more curious than all, she uses no spectacles, but can see equally as well without as with them—in fact, as she informed us, her vision remains unimpaired, and as perfect as when but eighteen years of age.

The old lady can crack as many laughable jokes as many a person would at twenty. She also showed us the stockings that she was engaged in knitting for some of her white friends, and no better work did ever we see put together with knitting needles. It would reflect credit on exhibition at any of our County or State Fairs. There is nothing further of any general interest regarding this short visit that we could desire to mention. What we have said on this topic we earnestly hope will be well noted by our readers and all those who profess to love and encourage literature.—Christian Recorder.

The Montreal Gazette says:—"We are glad to see that the colored people are moving, and that it is likely that in a few days they will complete a strong military organization. The colored company in Halifax is very efficient, and one of the best there."

AMUSEMENTS.

FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST. Whoever was present at the public installation of Stone Square Lodge, No. 6, Friday evening, Dec. 27th, must have been forcibly impressed with the idea that had the patron saint himself been present, he would have been highly gratified, and proud of his "Sons." At an early hour the Brethren with their wives, daughters, sweethearts and friends, began to assemble, and it was evident from the expression of joy beaming upon each countenance, that a real "good time was coming." At about ten o'clock the officers and members of Stone Square Lodge made their appearance, and taking their positions received their sister Lodges, followed by the M. W. United Grand Lodge, of the State of New York, represented by Bro. Patrick H. Reason, M. W. G. Master, Bro. Jonas H. Townsend, M. W. D. G. M., Bro. Peter. W. Ray, S. G. W., Bro. John H. Thomas, J. G. W., Bro. John R. Porter, G. Sec., and others.

The M. W. G. M. after stating the object of the gathering, proceeded with the installation by reading the time honored Masonic ode,

> "When earth's foundation first was laid
> By the Almighty artist's hand,"

which was sung by the brethren in a spirit truly animating and fraternal, after which a prayer was offered to the throne of grace by the Grand Chaplain; then the following officers were installed for the ensuing year, according to the Masonic rite;

Bro. Abram R. Jarvis, W. Master, Bro. Wm. R. Connor, S. W., Bro. Moses Pine, J. W., Bro. John H. Davis, Sec., Bro. Samuel Manning, Treasurer, Bro Laban T. Wharton, S. D., Bro. Lewis H. Nelson, J. D., Bro. Stephen Philip Lee, M. of C., B. N. C. Worrick, Chaplain, John Matthews, Tyler.

The Worshipful Master Elect, Bro. Abram R. Jarvis, then received the usual masonic salutation, and upon taking the chair kindly thanked the Brethren of Stone Square Lodge for the honor conferred, and hoped they would be as willing to lend him their support in so conducting the affairs of the Lodge and the customs of the fraternity as to reflect honor upon the Lodge and the craft at large; he also complimented the officers and members of the Grand Lodge, thanking them for their services and hoping ever to find the same fraternal feelings existing between it and its subordinate, which he did not despair of so long as "Reason" sat upon the throne, and we were guided by a "Ray." The exercises then closed by a prayer from the Grand Chaplain, after which the lovers of Terpsichore repaired to the floor of the lower hall, to witness the Masonic Quadrille danced by the Brethren, "and a dear one," also to participate in the festivities under the sweet music of the harp and violin, as performed by Professors Oton and Douglass. The ladies were in full bloom and notwithstanding the coldness of the evening there were representatiees from New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Flushing, L. I., and New London, Ct. It was impossible to designate the "belle," but I should think from the attitudes of three young masonic Brethren, that the Grand Master's daughter, the lady from New London, and the lady from South 7th street shared their respective opinions. OMEGA.

More About the Freedmen of Port Royal.

The commencement of the school for the contrabands has been unavoidably delayed. An order for the blackboards at Beaufort was given by the Chief Quartermaster, and Mr. Lee went up to get them. Gen. Stevens promised they should be sent down, but they have not come, and without them it is not easy to make a beginning. It is intended to go on as soon as they are received, if the weather is not too severe. The school must be held for the present in the evening, as most of the scholars are at work during the day. The only school-room is the open air, and as that is sometimes extremely cold, and often too keen for such work, there can be no regular sessions until a room is furnished. Quarters for the contrabands are just commenced. Hitherto they have slept in a few poor tents on the bluff near the fort, an exposed situation, with little protection from the thin canvass of which the tents are made. Four buildings, each 250 feet long by thirty wide, will be finished in two or three weeks, and a part of one, perhaps 50 feet by 30, will be reserved as a school-room. Before that is ready some arrangement will have been made for the permanent establishment of the school, and at least one teacher is expected from the North, who will give his whole time to instruction. Before my next letter is sent, I hope to be able to write that the school has at least been opened. The contrabands have heard that they are to be taught to read and are eager to begin. No compulsion or persuasion will be necessary; not even the mild plan of the Rev. William T. Potter, a clergyman owning a large plantation on the mainland, and charged with the religious welfare of sixty spiritual neophytes, "forty prime hand, and twenty half hand," as they were classified by one of the forty who told the story. Mr. Potter preached every Sunday on his own plantation, and so keen was his sense of his responsibility for their regular attendance upon his ministrations, that whoever was absent from service, was flogged on Monday by the same hand which was raised on Sunday in the mockery of prayer. Thirty-nine lashes were regularly given.

There will be no want of pupils; the want will be at first of teachers and means of instruction. The army will furnish some teachers, whose services have already been offered. If the school increases with the number of contrabands certain to arrive during the next two months, it is not likely to be over supplied in any respect. Letter-cards and spelling-books have been accidentally received in sufficient number to begin with. Whether the negroes come into camp or not—and how generally they come depends on many things still uncertain—very large numbers will occupy the islands deserted by the rebels, and not included in our lines. They are rapidly leaving the mainland, though much retarded by the difficulty of bringing with them their wives and children. The Provost-Marshal, who has the best opportunities for information, since all the negroes are first sent to him, thinks there are from five to seven thousand more on the islands than when we first landed. They often came long distances, leaving families and homes, enduring fatigues and braving danger—for what? Four came yesterday from Florida in an open boat. To reach the coast they had travelled through many miles of swamp. Their polar instinct told them the North Star had swung round and poised itself over Port Royal. They came to be free. If they are not free yet, education shall make future slavery to them impossible.

COR. OF N. Y. TRIBUNE.

The Negroes—Cotton Gathering.

A letter from Hilton Head says:

The negroes everywhere, in two districts, are at work collecting baling and rolling cotton. Thousands of them have been seen at their task, for which they are paid at the rate of 1$ for every 100 pounds they deliver. They labor with alacrity under this unwonted stimulus; various assistants and clerks have been appointed to oversee their performances, and though they need to be constantly directed and skillfully managed, yet a good degree of work is really gotten out of them. This is proved by the fact that in less than three days over $50,000 was put aboard the steamboat which accompanied Col. Noble; all this cotton has been baled by the negroes themselves, and the bags made by them; it was then conveyed to the various landings, at no one of which there is a wharf. The supply of bags having been incomplete, some thousand bags were supplied them, and these had to be first placed in flat-boats, then rowed out to the steamer, and again removed to the decks, before the labors of the blacks were completed. The old drivers were generally retained, to find out the hands and bring them to the places where their labor was required. As it was Christmas time, and the negroes had always been used to a holiday at this season, their willingness to work needed to be increased by the payment of an installment of their dues. They laughed and sang as they rolled the bales or carried the sand bags on their skulls and broad shoulders, and jumped and danced and bowed and grinned, when Massa Nobles gave them a dime or a quarter of a dollar apiece.

The amount of cotton taken from each plantation is carefully ascertained; each bag is carefully markeb with the former owner's initials, and an account kept both with the estate and with the negroes, so that at any time Government will be able to compensate any of the owners who shall prove to have been loyal. The cotton found on these islands is, as is well known of a superior quality; it is worth 50 cents a pound on the island, and 75 cents at New York.

It is in ordinary times sent almost exclusively to France, where it is mixed with silk in the manufacture of silk and cotton goods; its texture is of the finest quality, and its culture requires the greatest and most constant care. There are immense quantitie of it stored in the cotton houses on these islands; more even has been discovered than was anticipated; at least $2,000,000 worth are believed to have been already secured. Since the negroes have discovered that they will be paid for their exertions, they have brought in some that was buried in the interior and manifested great care to preserve and obtain as much as possible. I have heard of some instances of their giving warning in advance, when their masters of the rebel soldiers contemplated any new burnings.

As for the ginning, most of it is to be done in New York; it is the opinion of those who have knowledge of the work, that it can be learned with ease in one day by any woman of ordinary capacity. Here, it will require engineers and engines, as well as gins, and necessitate a whole corps of assistant overseers, for the negroes are utterly incompetent to do anything without incessant supervision. They acknowledge this themselves, and hope the Yankees are "come to take care of we." The difficulty of establishing so large and important a plan of of manufacturing operations in the midst of a military campaign is apparent, while the scheme of preparing the cotton at the North is eminently feasible.

"LOVE, PURITY AND TRUTH" is the subject of a lecture by John Peterson Esq., before the Fountain Union Lodge, as will be seen by reference to our advertising columns. The simple announcement that the talented and much esteemed principal of school No. 1 will lecture, is of itself sufficient to draw out a large audience.

RELIGION IN LIBERIA.—The "London Missionary Advocate" gives the following item of religious intelligence:—Of this field we have said there are tokens of advancemnnt, which are glad to tell to the Church. The first we notice is their increasing desire for religious knowledge. This is apparent in the increasing number of religious periodicals which they are ordering from this country; and then they are in haste for such knowledge, and can no longer submit to the delay of the swift ships—they remit the price of papers and postage in advance, and so obviate all delay. The next item we notice is their apparent purpose to help themselves to a more universal knowledge of what with us is considered fundamental in the education of our children, and to this end they are multiplying their common schools and Sunday schools, and furnishing them with the best text-books, and this too at their own expense. Thirdly, as evidence confirmatory of the above, there is more character in the ministry, more in the membership, more stability; so that whatever progress is now made is more real, and gives promise of a more rapid and successful enlargement of our work in this interesting field at a very early day.

WHAT NEGROES CAN DO.—Mrs. Margaret Stanley, widow of the late Bias Stanley, died this week, leaving her property for benevolent purposes. Her husband died a few years ago, leaving two houses in College street and one in Dwight street, the income of the same, after the death of his widow, to be applied for the support of the Gospel, and for educational purposes among the colored people of New Haven. Henry White, John G. North, and Atwater Treat are the Trustees to manage and appropriate the same. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley were slaves until they were forty years of age, and upon obtaining their freedom began a life of industry and economy, which in the progress of their lives enabled them to obtain a good living and to amass a little fortune, exceeding $6,000. They both were members of the Temple street Congregational church, and died in the full hope of a blessed inheritance above.—New Haven Journal.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Jonathan:
Send over Slidell and Mason—or fight.
Yours, BULL."

"Bull:
Take Slidell and Mason—we are fighting—and owe you one.
JONATHAN.

"P. S.—What on airth do yer want with the old cusses?"

A colored servant of Colonel Jackson, who commanded one of the regiments at Drainesville, while in charge of the Colonel's horse, scouted on the outskirts of the field, captured two rebels and brought them into camp. His carbine though loaded had no cap on it; and the rebels' guns being dischared, they surrendered on seeing the negro's piece leveled at them.

MARRIED.

WILSON—MOORE.—In Williamsburgh, Thursday evening, Dec 26th, by Rev. M. Manning, at the residence of the bride's father, Edward James Wilson, of Baltimore, to Miss Ann Eliza W. Moore, of the former place.

DIED.

VALENTINE.—In Williamsburgh, Dec. 23d, after an illness of several months, Charles Underhill Valentine, aged 37 years and 2 months.—"Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Brother Valentine suffered long but patiently. A few days previous to his death he received the rite of baptism, and when I laid him down his mother placed her arms around him and wept over him, when he said—"Mother, don't weep for me, for death has no terror over me." On the Sabbath previous to his death he partook of the Lord's Supper, for the first and last time. He now sleeps in Christ—

> "Where all our toils are o'er;
> Our sufferings and our pain—
> Who meet on that eternal shore,
> Shall never part again."

To his bereaved widow I would suggest the following language: "I bow before thy sovereign arrangements, oh Lord. My Father, thou hast taken from me the associate of my days, my nearest and dearest earthly friend with whom I held sweet counsel. But I

> 'Beyond the bounds of time and space,
> Look forward to that heavenly place.'"

M. MANNING.

Special Notices.

MASONIC.

At a regular meeting of Mt. Calvary Lodge, No. 12, of Troy, N. Y., held at their Hall, Nov. 24th, the following officers were duly elected and installed:

Allen M. Bland, W. M.
Andrew Parker, S. W.
Dennis Conner, J. W.
Wm. E. Bishop, Sec.
James Hornbeck, Treasurer.
Richard Schoonmaker, J. D.
Wm. H. Pettiford, S. D.
John H. Bishop, M. of C.
John Stokely, Marshal.
M. Loyd, Chaplain.
Henry Sevoy, } Stewards.
Peter Connor, }
Wm. Connor, Tyler.

LOVE, PURITY AND TRUTH.

Good Samaritan Lectures.

The Fifth of the Course will be delivered by JOHN PETERSON, Esq., on Thursday evening next, the 9th inst., under the patronage of Fountain Union Lodge, No. 1, at their rooms, Masonic Hall, corner of Broome and Forsyth Sts. Subject—"Love, Purity and Truth." The public are cordially invited to attend.

N. B.—Admission free.

WILLIAM A. MARS, W. C.
JOHN D. BAGWELL, R. S.

UNION EXHIBITION!

Sabbath School No. 37
attached to the
ABYSSINIAN BAPTIST CHURCH,
(under the Pastoral charge of the Rev. Wm. Spelman,)
No. 166 West Waverly Place, near 6th Avenue,
WILL GIVE
A Grand Exhibition,
consisting of
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES & ADDRESSES,
— ON —
Monday Evening, January 6th, 1862,
FOR THE
BENEFIT OF THE SCHOOL.

Vocal Music under the direction of PROF. R. HAMILTON.
Pianist, . . . MR. WM. HAZARD.

OFFICERS OF THE SCHOOL:
Geo. S. Roberts, Superintendant;
Mrs. Eliza Porter, Ass't do
" P. J. Johnston, Ass't do
Alexander Sayers, Sec.;
Mrs. E. A. Porter, Treas.

THE A. M. E. ZION TRINITY CHURCH,

Located in Barrow street, between Newark and Railroad avenues, Jersey City, will be opened on the 12th of January for Divine Worship, on which occasion the Rev. WILLIAM H. BISHOP will be present. There will be a special collection taken up for the church.

A TEA

Will be given, on the evening of the 23d of January, by Ladies and Gentlemen of Jersey City, to assist the trustees of the A. M. E. Zion Church, Barrow street, in paying for the church.

A FAIR

Will be held by the Ladies of ZION BAPTIST CHURCH, Sullivan St., New York, (Rev J. T. RAYMOND, Pastor,) for the benefit of said Church, commencing on Dec. 31, 1861.

The Ladies will offer for sale a variety of
ADULT'S and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING;
Also a large number of
FANCY GOODS, DOLLS, ETC.
The Fair will close with a
GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.
Tickets of Admission to the Fair, 6 cents;
Entertainment, 25 cents.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Harley,	Mrs. West,
" Dawley,	" Leygins,
" Bailey,	Miss Cary,
" Sanders,	Mrs. Foster.

Miss S. Foster.

Dedication.

The AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL ZION CHURCH, Liberty St., Flushing, will be DEDICATED on SUNDAY, Jan. 5th, 1862. Superintendent WM. H. BISHOP will be present and perform the services.

JOHN WASHINGTON,
22 2 Preacher

GEORGE OTON'S
QUADRILLE BAND

BALLS, PARTIES, &c., furnished with MUSIC at the shortest notice.

MR. GEORGE OTON,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St., and with G. Oton.
1stf

WASHBOARDS! WASHBOARDS!! WASHBOARDS!!!—of the celebrated "Hoagland Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

MASONIC
DIRECTORY,
FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R.W.G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st, the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwich, Ct., meets every Monday afternoon.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14. Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL Grand Secretary, No. 64 East Houston Street, New York City.

LECTURES.

THE UNDERSIGNED is prepared to fill engagements to deliver single Lectures, on the following subjects:

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY;
THE ADAPTATIONS OF THE EARTH, OR TERRESTRIAL ADAPTATIONS;
MENTAL PHILOSOPHY
THE ANCIENT HONORS OF THE BLACK AND COLORED RACES OF THE EARTH;

—Being a series of popular discourses recently delivered, founded on the following texts:

1. "Look not upon me because I am black." [Song of Sol.—1.6.
2. "Princes shall come out of Egypt." [Psalm 68—31.
3. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin." [Jer.—13.23.
4. "Cursed be Canaan.' —Gen.—9 25.
5. "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus." Philemon.

TERMS—The lecturer's passage both ways, and one-fourth of profits.

[From the Detroit Daily Advertiser, March 1, 1860.]

"Mr. BERRY'S lecture last night is stated to have displayed much thought, and to have been in every respect meritorious."

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Mrs. DOROTHA SMITH, formerly Miss Mingo, of Pictou, Nova Scotia. Any information in regard to her sent to Mrs. THOMPSON, 4 Catharine Lane, will be thankfully received. 21 2t

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,

(PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL)

Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

Rev. WM. J. ALSTON, Pastor. Residence—70 Sullivan St.

R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1 2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.

Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—
10½ . . . . A. M.
3 . . . . P. M.
7½ . . . . P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn
13-1y.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

DeKalb. corner of Hudson Avenue.

REV ELI N. HALL, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:
10½ o'clock, ... A. M.
" . . . . P. M.
" . . . . P. M.
10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7 1 " . . . . P. M.
12-1y

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue

Hours of worship:—
3 o'clock, . . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

Rev. CHAS. H. THOMPSON, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

Second Street, between Avenues B and C

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7 " . . . . P. M.

Rev. J. D. S. HALL, Pastor. Residence—223 Second St.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sullivan St., near Houston.

Rev. JOHN T. RAYMOND, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . P. M.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.
Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.
Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

AGENT FOR WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

TROY AGENCY.—Mr. Henry Burke, 36 Fulton St., Troy, is the regular agent for that city and vicinity. Subscriptions and advertisements for the paper left with him, will be promptly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE
PEOPLE'S MILITARY ALMANAC.

The undersigned announce in preparation a
MILITARY ALMANAC,
SUITED TO THE
REQUIREMENTS OF THE TIMES.

It will contain about Fifty Pages of valuable statistical and reading matter, among which will be found a statement of the causes and antecedents of the war, with a succinct narrative of its progress and incidents, including the principal battles and skirmishes, by land and sea, to the present time; a list of the leading officers of the Government, political and military, with biographical notices, and the leading officers of the so-called Southern Confederacy; a sketch of the organization of the army, the insignia of officers; an abstract of the articles of war; tables of pay and and rations; national hymns, anecdotes, &c., &c., making a complete

Book of Reference for the Use of the People.

Price 12 cents for single copy—$4 per hundred, with a further reduction on larger quantities.

A limited space will be devoted to advertisements, at the following rates:

One Page,	$30	Quarter Page,	[illegible]
Three-fourth Page,	24	Eighth of Page,	5
Half Page,	16	Two Pages,	[illegible]

Payable on presentation of proof sheet of advertisement for correction, otherwise with an addition of fifty per cent.

It will also embrace a Mercantile Directory containing names of dealers, at a charge of fifty cents to each, payable at the time of subscribing.

To bring this Department more prominently before the general public, copies of the work will be gratuitously suspended for reference in the principal hotels of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other large cities. In addition, each advertiser of half a page or more may specify, at the time of subscribing, twelve hotels in any of the above cities, or such others as may be of convenient access to the publishers, where copies shall be gratuitously suspended.—A copy will also be hung up for public reference in the business place of each advertiser whose bill is promptly paid. Advertisements are to appear in all copies issued previous to December 1st, which the publishers guarantee shall not be less than 3,000 copies, if only for gratuitous distribution. No person authorized to collect without written authorization.

DEXTER & CO.,
Publishers and Printers,
17 Spruce street, New York.
86 Milk street, opposite Pearl St., Boston.
146 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.
23 tf

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HAIR!

For it is an ornament and protection; but how many suffer this crown of beauty to decay and fall off, when a sure remedy is at hand, perfectly safe and pleasant in its application.

We allude to

ANDERSON'S
RESTORATIVE & PRESERVATIVE;
—OR—
Great American Remedy for the Hair,
AND CURE FOR
NERVOUS HEADACHE,

Which has and is performing such wonders upon heads that have been, many of them, bald for years.

Wigs have been thrown aside, and handsome natural hair has taken their place.

Persons whose hair had not grown for years have, by using the Restorative, got it growing finely; and it will restore to the natural color all premature grey hair.

For cleaning the head from scurf and excess of dandruff, it is unsurpassed, and a sure cure for Nervous Headache, no matter of how long standing; and herein is the beauty of the Restorative—that it is perfectly safe for the infant or the oldest person, being free from all minerals, oils, high alcohol, sulphur, or anything injurious.

THE RESTORATIVE IS A PERFECTLY SCIENTIFIC BOTANICAL ARTICLE, approved and used by some of the best Chemists and Physicians in the world.

Hundreds of certificates can be shown, from different parts of the country, that have been sent to the proprietor by individuals that have been benefited by its use, including physicians, clergymen and other public men.

The few following certificates will show that it is a standard remedy, and will so remain long after experiments with high alcohol shall have been forgotten.

CERTIFICATES.

New York, March 28th, 1861.

Mr. William Anderson—Dear Sir: That wonderful Hair Restorative that you sold here a short time ago, has become a favorite with the people. I have repeated calls for it—and here let me say that Mr. R——, who has been entirely bald on the top of his head for some three or four years, has, by using one bottle of your Restorative, produced a fine growth of hair. Please forward me one dozen bottles.

Yours Respectfully,
THOS. R. CROCKER,
Fulton Fish Market.

New York, May 30th, 1851.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Sir: You may send me one dozen bottles of your Hair Restorative, which I will pay for on delivery. The two bottles I purchased from you have been of great service to Mrs. Ingersol.

D. W. INGERSOL,
(formerly in Pearl St.)

New York, May 12th, 1865.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Dear Sir: Having lost my hair, I was recommended to try your Restorative, and have done so with great and good results. I have now a fine head of hair, when four months ago I was quite bald. I would say to those in the same predicament, that they should try your remedy, feeling satisfied that they will reap a benefit from so doing. Yours, &c.,

JAMES EDWIN HALSEY,
193 Pearl St., N. Y.

I have used in my family "Anderson's Restorative for the Hair and cure for Nervous Headache," and found it valuable for the purposes specified, and recommend it to all who want a good and safe article.

ALBRO LYONS.
20 Vandewater St., New York, Dec. 24th, 1861.

The article may be found at Dr. Smith's, 55 West Broadway; Mrs. Staat's, 78 Thompson St.; Chas. H. Ring's, 155 Fulton St.; Robt. Hamilton's, 48 Beekman St., or of the Proprietor,

WM. ANDERSON, New London, Ct.

Retail price, 25 and 50 cents per bottle, or $2 and $4 per dozen.

BOSTON HOUSE,

MRS. CHURCH, PROPRIETRESS,
105 Park Street, near Mott,
NEW YORK.

This is the oldest Colored Boarding-House in the city, having been

ESTABLISHED IN 1841.

It is centrally located, being within fifteen minutes' walk of the steamboat landings, and of all the principal colored Churches. 19 26t

MRS. SARAH A. TILMAN,
FANCY HAIR BRAIDER,
In all its branches—such as
BRACELETS, EAR-RINGS, WATCH
GUARDS, FINGER RINGS, CHARMS, ETC.,
Residence—120th St., between 3d and 4th Avenues, Harlem.
18 26t

PETER S. PORTER,
GENERAL AGENT FOR
HOUSE LETTING,
170 WEST 29TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Colored Families furnished with apartments in suits of Rooms or whole Houses, in different parts of the City. 17 13t

TO LET.—THE ROOM ON THE SECOND floor of Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-street. Inquire at 66 East Houston st., or of the Janitor, 2?? West 15th st.

THE BEST DRESSING [illegible] during warm weather, is White's Vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 60 Grand Sts, 2 tt.

CLOTHING! [illegible]

Gentlemen if you want a [illegible] well-fitted Garment [illegible] can be bought at any other [illegible] in any other city, please call at the [illegible] Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,
BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG.
Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as
BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS
of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made
MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.
DON'T FORGET,
168 EWEN ST.,
Williamsburg.
9 1y.

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,
EMPIRE STATE HOTEL
AND
UNION HOUSE,
541 BROOME STREET.
Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.

On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. RAMSEY.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Please call and see for yourselves.

HATS CAPS & FURS
IN THEIR VARIETY.
First Premium for Misses and Children's
HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS.
The Clergy supplied at a discount.
KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

AGENTS WANTED!

SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand sewing; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal oil lamps; Egyptian Cement, for mending furniture, crockery, &c.; Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) P. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y. 19 13t

MRS. M. E. EDY,
EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE,
RESIDENCE—134 Christie Street, N. Y.
26 26t

BOARDING AND LODGING
IN BROOKLYN,
At Mrs. SUSAN HARRIS', 58 Atlantic St., near South Ferry. $3 per week for gentlemen, and $2 50 for ladies. Lodgings 75 cts. per week. 15tf

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS!
For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.
Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St.,
one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
10 5t

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 182 Suffolk, Street. Terms very moderate. a19 1y.

MRS. ANDERSON.
CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS
Has Removed from 105 Washington St. to 71 Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn.
10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMODATE a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate. 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tf

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTES, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 199 SOUTH STREET, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 6—4t

HENRY G. LEASK,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS
AND FURS,
COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.
Shipping Furs Bought. 12-tf

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) REspectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts.

MRS. E. LEONARD,
FASHIONABLE
DRESS MAKER,
25 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK.
Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.
3tf.

BOARDING AND LODGING
BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON, 1?? West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in very healthy and convenient part of the city.
Boarding for Ladies, $2,50
" " Gentleman, 3,00
Lodging per week, 75

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
CARD AND JOB PRINTER.
219 CENTRE STREET NEW YORK.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

MR. GEO. POOL can accommodate Ladies and Gentlemen with FIRST-CLASS BOARD, on reasonable terms, at his residence, No. 13 [illegible] Street, a few doors north of Grand. 16-13t

POCKET WATER-FILTER
AND
DRINKING TUBE.
Indispensable for Soldiers, Travelers, and Sportsmen. Weight one ounce. [illegible] Agents wanted. [illegible]
DAY & CO.
Box 464 P.O. [illegible], N. J.
3-13t

Poetry.

WHAT OF THE DAY?

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A sound of tumult troubles all the air,
Like the low thunders of a sultry sky
Far-rolling ere the downright lightenings glare:
The hills blaze red with warnings: foes draw nigh,
Treading the dark with challenge and reply.
Behold the burden of the prophet's vision—
The gathering hosts—the Valley of Decision,
Dusk with the wings of eagles wheeling o'er.
Day of the Lord, of darkness and not light!
It breaks in thunder and the whirlwinds roar!
Even so, Father! Let thy will be done—
Turn and o'erturn, end what thou hast begun
In judgment or in mercy: as for me,
If but the least and frailest, let me be
Evermore numbered with the truly free
Who find thy service perfect liberty!
I fain would thank Thee that my mortal life
Has reached the hour, (albeit through care and pain)
When Good and Evil, as for final strife,
Close dim and vast on Armageddon's plain;
And Michael and his angels once again
Drive howling back the Spirits of the Night.
Oh! for the faith to read the signs aright,
And, from the angels of thy perfect sight
See Truth's white banner floating on before;
And, the Good Cause, despite of venal friends,
And base expedients, move to noble ends:
See Peace with Freedom make to Time amends,
And, through its cloud of dust, the threshing-floor,
Flailed by thy thunder, heaped with chaffless grain!

LETTER FROM REV. W. P. NEWMAN.

MY DEAR ANGLO-AFRICAN:—We are sad, because we have not seen thy face since we left New York. Can't you get a "passport" to a foreign country? Will the steamers not take you as a passenger—or have you stayed in your quarters at 48 Beekman street?

Some friends of our Island home wanted to see you, and I am sorry I had not the pleasure o introducing you to them. It is due to us that you pay us a visit, by the next steamer. We are having quite an interesting time of it just now. The rainy season seems over, and we have it pleasant above, beneath, and all around us. Oh! we wish you could see our sublime mountains and rich valleys. You would bless the gods, if you had some of our luscious fruits, and could see our fine crops, but the Africans of the North know nothing of our nice luxuries.

Rev. Thomas Run-rise, the Indian, is here, and is the Spurgeon of Jamaica just now. His congregation numbers thousands—no place can be got hardly to hold his audience. I felt the other day like a sheep among the lions, when I was taking dinner with him at the American Consul's, in Kingston—notwithstanding the chief seat was granted us. There is some difference in Jamaica and the American States.

There is much interest being felt here on the subject of emigration to this Island of our people, from the North. His Excellency the Governor, sent for me to converse on the subject. I had a long and pleasant interview with him the other day in regard to it. I was accompanied to the "King's House," by the Hon. Richard Hill—colored—Member of the Privy Council—the most learned man in the Island, Rev. Mr. Phillipps, the oldest white Baptist minister in Jamaica, and the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the American Congregational Mission. His Excellency is a most courteous gentlemen, and after the usual formalities of cards, sentinels and aid-de-camps, etc., we were most kindly received by His Excellency, being introduced by the Hon. Mr. Hill.

His Excellency spoke in high terms of the Northern colored people, and he is very anxious that they should emigrate to Jamaica. He will do anything he can to have them come. He offered to give gratuitously some of the estates to good persons for three years, and exempt them from taxes on lands. He favors the voluntary system of emigration. A Joint Stock Emigration Company will be formed, by virtue of a bill before the Legislature, now in session, and will pass. It will raise a large fund, and invest it in thrown up estates, and divide them to suit emigrants, etc.—They will also lend money to them to build houses, get tools, etc. The emigrants will have ten years to pay up, and will be especially protected by law. They may become citizens as soon as they arrive, and take the oath, etc. They will also be exempted from certain obligations. I predicted in my last to you that we would have a warm time of it when the Legislature met, and that Sir Edward Jordon would triumph—and so it has been. He has been elected Speaker of the House finally, without opposition, after a tie vote for several days.

His Excellency in his address to the Legislature shows the exports for the last year are greater than for ten years past.—The imports are greater, too, than in the days of slavery. What say the enemies to that? With all our disadvantages, our money income will meet the expenditure for the ensuing year.

Jamaica is coming! His Excellency speaks in high terms of the colored people of this country. He told me of persons who had been slaves, who now planted hundreds of acres of coffee and cane, etc.

The stock of our new railroad is being taken up quite fast. It will run from Kingston to the interior.

I have been invited to address the members of the Legislature on the emigration of our people. I declined. Whoever is disposed to emigrate here, I think, may better his condition. I hope you will have no more fighting in the Union. Why fight for nothing?

W. P. NEWMAN.

Annotto Bay, Nov. 30, 1861.

LETER FROM BETHLEHEM.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Dec. 18th, 1861.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps you would wish to hear something about the Lehigh Valley; what lovely and attractive pictures it presents to the eye. Turn your eyes to the north, you have a view of the Blue Mountain, with the gaps plainly visible; at the south you have the Lehigh Mountain, dotted with cosey little cottages all along the hill, and the beautiful and romantic River Lehigh vending its way to the east.

Turn to the east and the west, the scenes are still more beautiful to behold. The valley is one of the richest in this or any other State in minerals, and the land in the highest state of cultivation, with fields well filled with flocks and herds.

It is a delicious and enchanting country, with a balmy atmosphere, and salubrious climate, inducing travelers on their way to the coal regions to tarry for a night, and see our beautiful and romantic little town of Bethlehem, where can be heard the tinkling of the old iron bell, which has been ringing more than a century, and whose sound can be heard for miles around.

The mulberry tree, with its lofty branches and broad spreading leaves, everywhere abounds. Here are found the palm, the olive, the cedar, the oak, the fir, sycamore, chestnut, willow, and a great variety of other trees, which not only gracefully ornament the landscape, but offer the most refreshing shelter from the direct and injurious rays of the sun, and contribute essentially to the comfort and even sustenance of the inhabitants, by their abundant fruit, while their juices furnish cooling and medicinal draughts. Many of the trees flower twice in a season, and bear fruit all the year round in hot houses. Flowers also grow in the valley in great profusion, and of many varieties. The meadows are adorned by the blossoms of the different species of anemone, ranunculus, crocus, tulip, narcissus, hyacinth, lilly and violet; these, together with the iris, the almond-tree, the cassia, the wild grape, the myrtle, the spikenard, and the innumerable daffodils, crowfoot and jessamines, form a beautiful carpet, and perfume the air with the most delightful odors. Replete with everything that can gratify the eye, or charm the immagination, is this valley, and travelers cannot help being struck with the beautiful valley, and the splendid scenery that surrounds the good old town of Bethlehem.

S. EMORY.

PRAYER MEETINGS OF THE FREEDMEN AT PORT ROYAL.

[From the Correspondence N. Y. Tribune.]

Prayer-meetings are held by the contrabands in camp almost every night. The building in which they gather is often surrounded by a crowd of soldiers, listening to the quaint fervor of the devotions with silent and interested attention. From these soldiers you will hear no word of ridicule—nothing like mockery or contempt for the unlettered simplicity which fears not to ask ignorantly while it asks trustfully and truly. The men whose daily lives leave no hour unstained with oaths, and with the coarse brutality of speech which is worse than profanity, pass with clean lips and silently-wondering if not reverted thoughts from the religious assemblies of the negro, whom they have been taught to regard as cursed of God, despised of men, and destitute of social and political rights. Accepting the Pro-Slavery dogmas of commercial pulpits, and adopting the atheistic politics of an unprincipled party, what room was left them for religious faith or belief in humanity? Yet they cannot resist the feeling which this prayerful earnestness inspires, nor repel the conviction it brings that they have been taught a lie.

Does any friend of Southside theology reply that only by means of Slavery nave these negroes been instructed in religious truth? Let him listen to that old man who is thanking God out of the depths of his soul that at last they can meet together for worship without fear or restraint—thanking God and us that he is permitted now to pray aloud! I beg the most hasty or unreflecting reader to consider for one moment all that an expression of gratitude implies. That a slave was forbidden to read the Bible or anything else—at least to be taught to read—I had heard; but I confess it was with a wholly new emotion that I learned that the Southern answer to an audible prayer was the overseer's lash. Mr. Lee, whose humane benevolence makes him the best possible man for his difficult place, will tell you how often at first he has been timidly approached by some newly arrived negro, with the hesitating petition, "Please, Massa, may I pray?" With their childlike piety, also, mingles the broadest charity. Prayers for wives and children left behind, and for the soldiers who have come to fight for their freedom, are followed by prayers for the rebel masters from whom they have fled. In conversation nothing like an affectionate remembrance of their masters can be discovered—nor, on the other hand, is their spirit often vindictive. Only the religious element of character inspires such a petition, and the negro possesses both religious and affectional elements very largely developed.

THE FREEDMEN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The number of contrabands is rapidly increasing. Including those at Beaufort and Otter Island, there cannot be less than a thousand good and true Union men who have responded to Gen. Sherman's proclamation and claimed the protection of the flag. Was there anything in the terms of that proclamation which excluded from its appeal any complexion or color of fidelity? I have no copy and cannot say, but if there were, then so much the more credit to the negroes who came without being asked, and are faithfully serving the Government which never particularly served them. But the proclamation was addressed to citizens of a rebellious State. Who ever questioned the loyalty of the negroes, or their readiness to fight and work under the Stars and Stripes? Yet are not the negroes a majority of the citizens of this rebellious State, and why is a State permitted to be rebellious when four hundred thousand of its citizens are loyal and only three hundred thousand at most are traitors? Or, to put the question a little closer: Why are a minority of traitors still aided and encouraged by the Federal Government to control, imprison and shoot the only men loyal to their Government, which professes to be striving to reduce traitors to submission, and protect loyal citizens? Perhaps some reflection might not be wasted in the honest endeavor to answer that question, instead of giving hard names to those who honestly ask it.

A thousand men whose fate seems to depend in a measure on the will of one, are, for the present, emancipated from the immediate operation of the laws of South Carolina. As these laws, however, are deemed to exist for some purpose even on conquered soil, possessing perhaps a suspended vitality, it must be considered in violation of their sovereignty that an effort is made to do what can be done meanwhile for the negroes in camp. A school is to be immediately established, and a part of the three hundred who are in charge of the Superintendent at this point will begin their education as soon as any materials for the work can be procured. There are no books, and not even the simplest means of instruction for teaching the alphabet—a process with which few of the blacks of any age can dispense at the outset. The number who can read a little is very small—a fact not to be wondered at when the severe penalties of Carolina laws against teaching negroes to read are remembered. In default of other resources it has been recollected that in the schoolhouse at Beaufort—there known as a college—two or three blackboards are still remaining.

On these the alphabet can be chalked out, and with the help of reading and talking a rude beginning made. There is no room yet to be had for the school. When the new hospital is finished perhaps the barracks now used for that purpose can be had, or some other accommodation may be sooner furnished. Gen. Sherman has given his consent to the plan. Capt. Saxon, whose position as Chief Quartermaster, makes his co-operation especially important, gives his sincere interest and best efforts in its behalf, and Mr. Lee, the Superintendent, is actively engaged in the work. There will be no obstruction here, therefore, in the way of success. Beginning in the open air, without books and without regular teachers, with no other immediate object than the elementary instruction in letters and morals of the few negroes who can be reached at first, I yet cannot help thinking that this attempt may be the basis of wider efforts, and I hope of some general plan of education for the slaves whom this war MUST free—some, if not all. Something has been tried, I have heard, at Fortress Monroe, but I know nothing of the results, or the present condition of the school, if there be one. Whatever it be, the position can hardly be as important as this. Monroe has never passed from under Union control. Carolina, about a year ago, asserted her independence, and it is less than two months since her territory was reoccupied by Union power. She is the peculiar representative and champion of slavery, and the fountain of rebellion.

The district of Beaufort contained 32,000 slaves and 5,000 whites, a larger proportion of the former than any other county in the State. It is to Carolina what the State is to the South. This citadel of Slavery is the spot selected, with singular felicity, for the first landing of what is called the invading force. An army large enough to hold, and soon to be large enough to extend its conquests, is established on this central point of the Slavery-cursed soil. As it was the heart of the system, no blow can be struck here that is not felt at the extremities. The questions of emancipation, relation of the Government to the institution, military necessities as affecting the slave, are here most forcibly presented, and require immediate answer of some sort. Furthermore, they are questions which will not wait the leisure of vacillating Generals and ambitious politicians, but will presently, in default of other response, answer themselves in sufficiently decided terms. Meanwhile, if the influence of educational efforts upon the negroes in the camp-lines is great, their influence on those who are not yet freed, and also upon the general future policy involved by the progress of the war, will not be less. Let us accept our responsibilities, not evade them; and when the slave rallies under our flag, let us say to the world that we dare not only free, but educate him—that, into this heathen State, Christian civilization shall accompany our arms with equal steps.

Teachers and books are wanted. No means exist to pay or support the one or supply the other. The means for the present may perhaps be expected from private liberality. The only teachers at first will be volunteers who have other regular duty. With the school fairly started, the help of those who come here for the purpose will be wanted, since the number of pupils and the corresponding increase of labor will require all the time of many persons. I have already heard of men anxious to come out. My hope is, however, that the obligation of the Government to the slave will be recognized and discharged; that if no funds exist that can be drawn from, they may be immediately supplied; enough at first for temporary purposes. When the limits of the effort enlarge, let the means be increased by a general appropriation for this specific purpose; and that will be the best evidence of the desire of Government to manage and sustain the schools.—Cor. of N. Y. Tribune.

The members of a society in Maine, by dint of long exertion, had erected a small church. One of the number was dispatched to a large town, to request a noted divine to take part in its dedication. Not getting his errand exactly, he simply applied to the minister to come and "dedicate our new church."

"What part do you wish me to take?" said the clergyman.

"Why, we want you to dedicate the church," was the reply.

"But do you wish me to deliver the sermon, or make the opening prayer, or only make some remarks?

"Why!" exclaimed the brother, piqued at the obtuseness of the parson, "we simply want you to dedicate the church, the *whole* on't; it's only seventy-five feet by fifty; want you to dedicate it.

A cynical individual on reading a pathetic story in one of the papers, noted in his memorandum book as follows:

Somebody whistled. Teacher calls up big boy on suspicion.

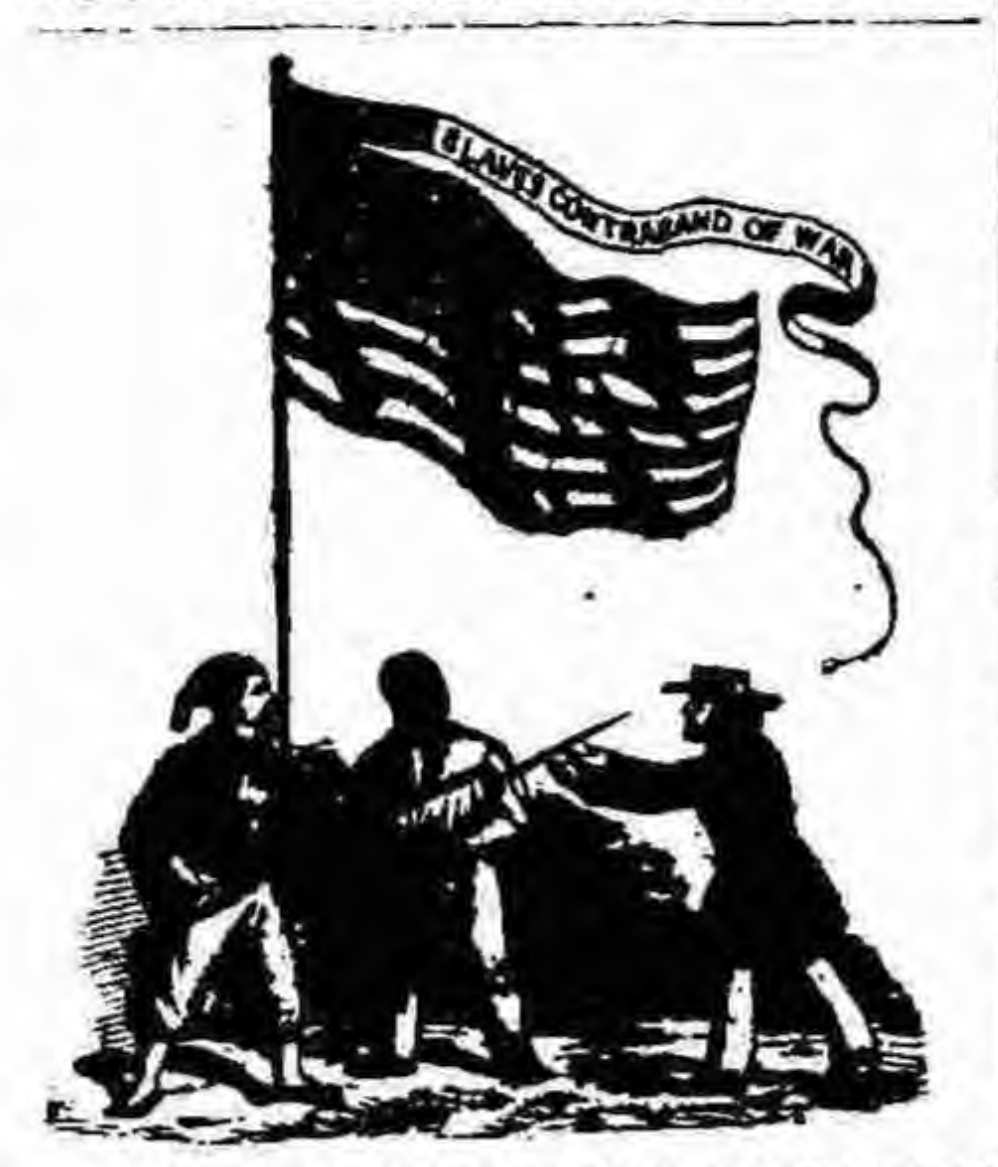
Big boy comes up and holds out his hands, sullen and savage.

Noble little boy comes manfully forward and says: 'I am the boy that whistled, sir,' at the same time extendieg his hand.

Teacher simmers down, and lets 'em both off.

(Mem.—Noble little boy thought teacher would not lick him if he told the truth, but knew big boy would lick him if he didn't.)

MISCELLANEOUS.



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Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

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Rev. A. W. Curtis: "By its use I entirely cured a felon in a few days."

The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

The New York Examiner says, "We have used the Pain-Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the family medicine box."

The N. Y. Independent says, "We have used it, and it proves to be all it professes."

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FOR THE PRESERVATION, BEAUTY, GROWTH, AND RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

After many years of study and experiment the undersigned now presents it to the public. This valuable preparation excites the scalp to a new and healthy action, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling off or becoming prematurely *Gray*.

The question often arises, why the hair turns gray, rusty, and coarse, harsh and unpleasant in appearance, and finally falls off?

Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness; etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

The EXTRACT will produce this cure, and for the toilet it will be found an admirable article as it gives luxuriant brilliancy to the hair.

Persons taking sea voyages will find this a most valuable assistant for preserving the health of the hair, which at those times is so apt to fall.

Many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, find their hair apt to become dirty and greasy and full of dandruff, so as to soil dresses, caps, bonnets, coats, etc. The use of the EXTRACT as directed will correct all this, and make the hair all that most refined taste could require.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.

Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hairbrush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off, always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that cases of failure will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and perseveringly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

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Dyspeptic persons will find a permanent relief from its use, as it keeps a continued heat, acting as a gentle counter irritant, removing the inflamation of the stomach without breaking the skin. Persons engaged in sedentary pursuits should use these Plasters constantly, as they give strength to parts weakened by constant sitting and stooping.

For STRAINS and SPRAINS they are infallible, affording relief immediately and without fail.

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These plasters are prepared with great care, and of the best material, and to prevent fraud the name of the originator is placed on the back of each one. In purchasing ask for BADEAU'S PLASTER. See that the name BADEAU is written on the back, or you will be deceived.

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The palatableness of these bitters renders them agreeable to every one, and being composed entirely of vegetables, they may be used by all classes or people with safety.

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Warranted not to contain calomel, aloes, gamboge colocynth, or other drastic poisonous drugs, which always do the system more hurt than good, and by their continued use are sure to cause a derangement of the liver, bring on costiveness, and its inevitable consequence, piles, and dyspepsia, and finally break down the constitution, and cause the victim to drag out a miserable existence. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wily poison. Your life is your own,—preserve it. Take a simple herb, sure in its effects, but safe and pleasant,—no wrenching pains, no ill effects, and made pleasant to take by a fine coat of sugar. Children love them, ladies admire them, fools and wise men cannot do without them, doctors prescribe them,—and every body takes them. Yes, every body; from the honest farmer and mechanic to the most learned philosopher. And why? Simply because they are good, excellently good; and will do you good.

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Vocalists and public speakers should not fail to keep a bottle on hand at all times. A small quantity taken occasionally renders the voice beautifully clear and the lungs extremely strong. Words cannot fully express the great benefit to be derived from the use of the world-renowned remedy. Delay not, but procure a bottle at once. Use it if needed and if not, keep it till necessity requires its use, as all, sooner or later, are overtaken by some unpleasant affection of the lungs or throat.

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BLAKE: OR THE HUTS OF AMERICA.

A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R. DELANY.

PART I.

> By myself, the Lord of Ages,
> I have sworn to right the wrong;
> I have pledged my word unbroken,
> For the weak against the strong.
> [H. BEECHER STOWE

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FUGITIVES.

With much apprehension, Henry and comrades passed hastily through the State of Arkansas, he having previously traversed it partly, and learned sufficient to put him on his guard.

Travelling in the night to avoid the day, the progress was not equal to the emergency. Though he carried a pocket compass, they kept in sight of the Mississippi river, to take their chance of the first steamer passing by.

The third night out being Monday, at day-break in the morning, their rest for the day was made at a convenient point within the verge of a forest. Suddenly Charles gave vent to hearty laughter, at a time when all were supposep to be serious, having the evening past been beset by a train of three negro-dogs, which, having first been charmed, they slew at the instant; the dogs probably not having been sent on trail of them, but, after the custom of the state, baying on a general round to intimidate the slaves from clandestinely venturing out, and to attack such runaways as might by chance be found in their track.

'Wat's de matteh, Chauls?' inquired Andy.

'I was just thinking,' replied he; 'of the sight of three high conjurers, who if Ghamus and Gholar be true, can do anything they please, having to escape by night, and travel in the wild woods, to evade the pursuit of white men who do not pretend to know anything about such things.'

'Dat,s a fack,' added Andy; 'an' little, scronny, triflin', weak wite men at dat—any uv us hear ought to wip two or three uv 'em at once. Dare's Hughs, a little bit a feller, I could take 'im in one han' an' throw 'im oveh my head, an' ole Potteh' for his paut, he so ole an' good for nothin,' I could wip wid one han' half a dozen like 'im.'

'Now you see, boys,' said Henry; 'how much conjuration and such foolishness and nonsense is worth to the slaves in the South. All that it does is to put money into the pockets of the pretended conjurer, give him power over others by making them afraid of him; and even old Gamby Gholar and Maudy Ghamus and the rest of the 'Seven Heads,' with all the high conjurers in the Dismal Swamp, are depending more upon me to deliver them from their confinement as prisoners in the Swamp and runaway slaves, than all their combined efforts together. I made it a special part of my mission wherever I went, to enlighten them on this subject.'

'I wondeh you didn' 'fend 'em,' replied Andy.

'No danger of that, since having so long, to no purpose, depended upon such persons and nonsense, they are sick at heart of them, and waiting willingly and ready for anything which may present for their aid, even to the destruction of their long cherished, silly nonsense of conjuration.'

'Thang God for dat!, concluded Andy.

Charles having fallen asleep, Andy became the sentinel of the party, as it was the arrangement for each one alternately, every two hours during rest, to watch while the other two slept. Henry having next fallen into a doze, Andy heard a cracking among the bushes, when on looking around, two men approached them. Being fatigued, drowsy and giddy, he became much alarmed, arousing his companions, all springing to their feet. The men advanced, who, to their gratification proved to be Eli and Ambrose, two Arkansas slaves, who having promised to meet Henry on his return, had effected their escape immediately after first meeting him, lurking in the forest in the direction he had laid out to take.

Eli was so fair as to be taken, when first seen to be a white man. Throwing their arms about Henry, they bestowed upon him their blessings and thanks, for his advent into the State, as the means of their escape.

While thus exchanging gratulations, the approach up stream of a steamer was heard, and at once Henry devised the expedient, and determined boldly to hail her and demand a passage. Putting Eli forward as the master, Ambrose carrying the *porte manteau* which belonged to the two, and the others with bundles in their hands, all rushed to the bank of the river on the verge of the thicket; Eli holding up a handkerchief as a signal. The bell tolled, and the yawl immediately lowered, made for the shore. It was agreed that Eli should be known as 'Major Ely' of Arkansas.

Seeing that blacks were of the company, when the yawl approached, the mate stood upon her forecastle.

'What's the faction here?' cried out the sturdy mate.

'Where are you bound?' inquired Eli.

'For St. Louis.'

'Can I get a passage *for myself and four negroes*?'

'What's the name, sir?'

'Major Ely of Arkansas,' was the reply.

'Aye, aye, sir, come aboard,' said the mate; when, pulling away, the steamer was soon reached, the slaves going on deck, and the master to the cabin.

On application for a state room, the clerk on learning the name, desired to know his destination.

'The State of Missouri, sir,' said Eli; 'between the points of the mouth of the Ohio and St. Genevieve.'

'Ely,' repeated the clerk; 'I've heard that name before—its a Missouri name—any relation to Dr. Ely, Major?'

'Yes, a brother's son,' was the prompt reply.

'Yes, yes, I thought I knew the name,' replied the clerk; "but the old fellow wasn't quite of your way of thinking, concerning negroes, I believe?'

'No, he is one man, and I'm another, and he may go his way, and I'll go mine,' replied Eli.

'That's the right feeling, Major,' replied the clerk; 'and we would have a much healthier state of politics in the country, if men generally would only agree to act on that principle.'

'It has ever been my course,' said Eli.

'Peopling a new farm I reckon, Major?'

'Yes sir.,

The master, keeping a close watch upon the slaves, was frequently upon deck among them, and requested that they be supplied with more than common fare for slaves, he sparing no expense to make them comfortable. The slaves, on their part, appeared to be particularly attached to him, always smiling when he approached, apparently regretting when he left for the cabin.

Meanwhile the steamer gracefully plowing up the current, making great headway, reached the point desired, when the master and slaves were safely transferred from the steamer to the shore of Missouri.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PURSUIT.

The absence of mammy Judy, daddy Joe, Charles and little Tony, on the return early Monday morning of Colonel Franks and lady from the country, unmistakably proved the escape of their slaves, and the farther proof of the exit of of 'squire Potter's Andy and Beckwith's Clara, with the remembrance of the stampede a few months previously, required no farther confirmation of the fact, when the neighborhood again was excited to a ferment. The advisory committee was called into immediate council, and ways and means devised for the arrest of the recreant slaves recently left, and to prevent among them the recurrence of such things; a pursuit at once commenced, which for the three succeeding days was carried in the wrong direction—towards Jackson—whither, it was supposed in the neighborhood, Henry had been lurking previous to the last sally upon their premises, as he had certainly been seen on Saturday evening, coming from the landing.

No traces being found in that direction, the course was changed, the swiftest steamer boarded in pursuit for the Ohio river.—This point being reached but a few hours subsequent to that of the fugitives, when learning of their course, the pursuers proceeded toward the place of their destination, on the Mississippi river.

This point being the southern part of Missouri but a short distance above the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, the last named river had of necessity, to be passed, being to the fugitives only practicable by means of a ferry. The ferryman in this instance commanded a horse-boat, he residing on the opposite side of the river. Stepping up to him—a tall, raw-boned, athletic, rough looking, beardy fellow—Eli saluted:

'We want to cross the river, sir!'

'Am yera free?' inquired the ferryman.

'Am *I* free? are *you* free?' rejoined Eli.

'Yes, I be's a *white* man!' replied the boatman.

'And so am I!' retorted Eli; 'and you dare not tell me I'm not.'

'I'll swong, stranger, yer mus' 'scuse me, as I didn' take no notice on yez! but I like to know if them air black folks ye got wey yer am free, case if they arn't, I be 'sponsible for 'em 'cording to the new law, called I 'bleve the Nebrasky Complimize Fugintive Slave Act, made down at Californy, last year,' apologized and explained the somewhat confused ferryman.

'Yes,' replied Henry; 'we are free, and if we were not, I don't think it any part of your business to know. I thought you were here to carry people across the river.'

'But frien',' rejoined the man; 'yer don't understan' it. This are a law made by the Newnited States of Amerike, an' I be 'bliged to fulfill it by ketchin' every fugintive that goes to cross this way, or I mus' pay a thousand dollars, and go to jail till the black folks is got, if that be's never. Yer see yez can't blame me, as I mus' 'bey the laws o' Congress. I'll swong, it's hardly a fair shake nuther, but I be 'bleged to 'bey the laws, yer know.'

'Well sir,' replied Henry; 'we want to cross the river.'

'Let me see yer papers frien'!' asked the ferryman.

'My friend,' said Henry; 'are you willing to make yourself a watch-dog for slaveholders, and do for them that which they would not do for themselves, catch runaway slaves? Don't you know that this is just the work which they boast on having the poor white men of the North do for them? Have you not yet learned to attend to your own interests instead of theirs?—Here are our free papers,' holding out his open hand, in which lay five half-eagle pieces.

'Jump aboard!' cried the ferryman. 'Quick, quick!' shouted he, as the swift *feet of four horses* were heard dashing up the road.

Scarcely had the boat moved from her fastenings, till they had arrived; the riders dismounted, who presenting revolvers, declared upon the boatman's life, instantly, if he did not change the direction of his boat and come back to the Missouri shore. Seizing a well-charged rifle belonging to the boatman, his comrades each with a well aimed six-barreled weapon:

'Shoot if you dare!' exclaimed Henry, the slaveholders declining their arms,—when, turning to the awe stricken ferryman, handing him the twenty-five dollars, said: 'your cause is a just one, and your reward is sure; take this money, proceed and you are safe—refuse, and you instantly die!'

'Then I be's to do right,' declared the boatman; 'if I die by it,' when applying the whip to the horses, in a few moments landed them on the Illinois shore.

This being the only ferry in the neighborhood, and fearing a bribe or coercion by the people on the Illinois side, or the temptation of a higher reward from the slave catchers, Henry determined on eluding, if possible, every means of farther pursuit.

'What are your horses worth?' inquired he.

'They can't be no use to you frien', case they be's both on 'em bline, an' couldn' travel twenty mile a day, on a stretch!'

'Have you any other horses?'

'They be all the hosses I got; I ginerly feed a spell this side; I lives over here—this are my feedin' trip,' drawled the boatman.

'What will you take for them?'

'Well frien', they arn't wuth much to buy, nohow, but wuth a good lock to me for drawin' the boat over, yer see.'

'What did they cost you in buying them?'

'Well, I o'ny gin six-seven dollars apiece, or sich a matter, for 'em, when I got 'em, an' they cos' me some two-three dollars, or sich a matter, more to git 'em in pullin' order, yer see.'

'Will you sell them to me?'

'I hadn't ort to part with 'em frien', as I do good lock o' biniss hereabouts wey them air nags, bline as they be.'

'Here are thirty dollars for your horses!' said Henry, putting into his hand the money in gold pieces, when, unhitching them from their station, leading them out to the side of the boat, he shot them, pushing them over into the river.

'Farewell my friend!' saluted Henry, he and comrades leaving the astonished ferryman gazing after them, whilst the slaveholders on the other shore stood gnashing their teeth, grimacing their faces, shaking their fists, with various gesticulations of threat, none of which were either heard, heeded or cared for by the fleeing party, or determined ferryman.

Taking a northeasterly course for Indiana, Andy being an accustomed singer, commenced in lively glee and cheerful strains, singing to the expressive words:

> 'We are like a band of pilgrims,
> In a strange and foreign land,
> With our knapsacks on our shoulders,
> And our cudgels in our hands,
> And have many miles before us,
> But it lessens not our joys,
> We will sing a merry chorus,
> For we are the tramping boys.'

Then joined in chorus the whole party—

> 'We are all jogging,
> Jog, jog, jogging,
> And we're all jogging,
> We are going to the North!'

The Wabash river becoming the next point of obstruction, a ferry, as in the last case, had also to be crossed, the boatman residing on the Indiana side.

'Are you free?' inquired the boatman, as the party of blacks approached.

'We are,' was the reply of Henry.

'Where are you from?' continued he.

'We are from home, sir,' replied Charles; 'and the sooner you take us across the river, just so much sooner we will reach it.'

Still doubting their right to pass, he asked for their papers, but having by this time become so conversant with the patriotism and fidelity of these men to their country, Charles handed the Indianian a five dollar piece, who on seeing the out-stretched wings of the eagle, desired no farther evidence of their right to pass, conveying them into the State, contrary to the statutes of the Commonwealth.

On went the happy travelers without hinderance or molestation, until the middle of the week next ensuing.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ATTACK, RESISTANCE, ARREST.

The travel for the last ten days had been pleasant, save the necessity in the more southern part of the State, of lying by through the day, and traveling at night—the fugitives cheerful and full of hope, nothing transpiring to mar their happiness, until approaching a village in the centre of northern Indiana.

Supposing their proximity to the British Provinces made them safe, with an imprudence not before committed by the discreet runaways, when nearing a blacksmith's shop a mile and a half from the village, Andy in his usual manner, with stentorian voice, commenced the following song:

> 'I'm on my way to Canada,
> That cold and dreary land;
> The dire effects of slavery,
> I can no longer stand.
> My soul is vexed within me so,
> To think that I'm a slave,
> I've now resolved to strike the blow,
> For Freedom or the grave.'

All uniting in the chorus,

> 'O, righteous Father
> Wilt Thou not pity me,
> And aid me on to Canada,
> Where fugitives are free?
>
> I heard old England plainly say,
> If we would all forsake
> Our native land of Slavery,
> And come across the lakes!'

'There, Ad'line! I golly, dont you hear that!' said Dave Starkweather, the blacksmith, to his wife, both of whom on hearing the unusual noise of singing thrust their heads out of the door of a little log hut, and stood patiently listening to the song, every word of which they distinctly caught; 'them's fugertive slaves, an' I'll have 'em tuck up; they might a' passed but for their singin' praise, to that darn' Queen! I cant stan' that no how!'

'No,' replied Adaline; 'I'm sure I don't see what they sing to her for; she's no 'Merican. We ain't under her now, am we, Dave?'

'No, we ain't, Ad'line, not sence the battle o' Waterloo, an' I golly, we wouldn't be ef we was. The 'Mericans could whip her a darn' sight easier now than what they done when they fit her at Waterloo.'

'Lah me, Dave, you could wip 'er yourself! she ai'nt bigger nor tother wimin am she?' said Mrs. Starkweather.

'No she arn't, not a darn' bit!' replied he.

'Dave, ask 'em in the shop to rest,' suggested the wife in a hurried whisper, elbowing her husband as the party advanced, having ceased singing so soon as they saw the faces of white persons.

'Travlin', I reckon?' interrogated the blacksmith; 'little kind 'o tired, I spose?'

'Yes, sir, a little so,' replied Henry.

'Didn't come fur, I 'spect?' continued he.

'Not very,' carelessly replied Henry.

'Take seat there, an' rest ye little,' pointing to a smootly-worn log, used by the visitors of the shop.

'Thank you,' said Henry; 'we will,' all seating themselves in a row.

'Take little somethin'?' asked he; stepping back to a corner, taking out of a caddy in the wall, a rather corpulent green bottle, turning it up to his mouth, drenching himself almost to strangulation.

'We don't drink, sir,' replied the fugitives.

'Temperance, I reckon?' enquired the smith.

'Rather so,' replied Henry.

'Kind o' think we'll have a spell o' weather?'

'Yes,' said Andy;' dat's certain; we 'll have a spell a weatheh!'

On entering the shop, the person at the bellows, a tall, able-bodied young man, was observed to pass out at the back door, a number of persons of both sexes to come frequently; look in, and depart, succeeded by others; no import being attached to this, supposing themselves to be an attraction, partly from their singing, and mainly from their color being a novelty in the neighborhood.

During conversation with the blacksmith, he after eying very closely the five strangers, was observed to walk behind the door, stand for some minutes looking as if reading, then resume his place at the anvil, after which he went out at the back door. Curiosity now with some anxiety, induced Henry to look for the cause of it, when with no little alarm, he discovered a handbill fully descriptive of himself and comrades, having been issued in the *town of* St. Genevieve, offering a heavy reward, particularising the scene at the Mississippi ferry and the killing of the horses as an aggravated offence, because depriving a poor man of his only means of livelihood, being designed to strengthen inducements to apprehend them, the bill being signed 'John Harris.'

Evening now ensuing, Henry and comrades, the more easily to pass through the village without attraction, had remained until this hour, resting in the blacksmith shop. Enquiring for some black family in the neighborhood, they were cited to one consisting of an old man and woman, Devan by name, residing on the other side a short distance from the village.

'Ye'll fine ole Bill of the right stripe,' said the blacksmith knowingly; 'ye needn' be feared o' him. Ye'll fine him and ole Sally jist what they say they is; I'll go bail for that. The first log hut ye come to after ye leave the village is them; jist knock at the door, an' ye'll fine ole Bill an' Sally all right, blamed if ye don't. Jis name me; tell 'em Dave Starkweather sent ye there, an' blamed if ye dont fine things at high water mark: I'm tellin' ye so, blamed if I ain't!' was the *recommendation* of the blacksmith.

'Thank you for your kindness,' replied Henry, politely bowing as they rose from the log; 'good bye, sir!'

'Devlish decent lookin' black fellers,' said the man of the anvil, complimenting, designedly for them to hear; 'blamed ef they ain't as free as we is—I golly they is!'

Without, as they thought, attracting attention, passing through the village half a mile or more, they came to a log hut on the right side of the way.

'How yeh do, frien! How yeh come on?' saluted a short, rather corpulent wheezing old black man; 'come in. Hi! da's good many on yeh; ole 'omin come, hear' some friens!' calling his wife Sally, an old woman, shorter in stature, but not less corpulent than he, sitting by a comfortable dry-stump fire.

'How is yeh, friens? How yeh do? come to de fieh, mighty cole!' said the old woman.

'Quite cool,' replied Andy, rubbing his hands, spreading them out, protecting his face from the heat.

'Yeh is travelin, I reckon, dare's good many go 'long hear; we no call t' ask 'em whar da gwine, we knows who da is, case we come fom dar. I an' ole man once slave in Faginny; mighty good country fer black folks.'

Sally set immediately about preparing something to give her guests a good meal. Henry admonished them against extra trouble, but they insisted on giving them a good supper.

Deeming it more prudent, the hut being on the highway, Henry requested to retire until summoned to supper, being shown to the loft attained by a ladder and simple hatchway, the door of which was shut down, and fastened on the lower side.

The floor consisting of rough, unjointed boards, containing great cracks through which the light and heat from below passed up, all could be both seen and heard, which transpired down stairs.

Seeing the old man so frequently open and look out at the door, and being suspicious from the movements of the blacksmith and others, Henry affecting to be sleepy, requested Billy and his wife when ready to awaken them, when after a few minutes, all were snoring as if fast asleep, Henry lying in such a position as through a knot-hole in the floor, to see every movement in all parts of the room. Directly above him in the rafter within his reach, hung a mowing sythe.

'Now yeh time, ole man; da all fas' asleep! da snorin' good!' said old Sally, urging Billy to hasten, who immediately left the hut.

The hearts of the fugitives were at once 'in their mouths,' and with difficuly it was by silently reaching over and heavily pressing upon each of them, that Henry succeeded in admonishing each to entire quietness and submission.

Presently entered a white man, who whispering with Sally left the room. Immediately in came old Bill, at which instant Henry found his right hand above him, involuntarily grasped firmly on the snath of the scythe.

'Whar's da?' inquired old Bill, on entering the hut.

'Sho da whar yeh lef 'em!' replied the old woman.

,Spose I kin bring em in now?' continued old Bill.

'Bring who in?'

'Da wite folks; who else I gwine fetch in yeh spose?'

'Betteh let 'em 'tay whar da *is*, and let de po' men lone, git sumpen t' eat, an' go long whar da gwine!' replied Sally.

'How cum yeh talk dat way? Sho yeh tole me go!' replied Billy.

'Didn' reckon yeh gwine bring 'em on da po' cretehs dis way, fo' da git moufful t' eat an' git way so.'

'How I gwine let 'em go now de wite folks all out dar, say Sally? Dis jis wat make I tell yeh so!'

'Betteh let wite folks 'lone, Willum! dat jis wat I been tellin on yeh! Keep foolin' long wid wite folks, byme by da show yeh! I no trus' wite man, no how. Sho! da no fren' o' black folks. But spose body 'blige keep de right side on em' long so.'

'Ole 'omin,' said Bill, 'yeh knows we make our livin' by de wite folks, an' mus' do wat da tell us, so whar's de use talkin' long so. Spose da come in now?'

'Sho, I tole yeh de man sleep! gwine bring wite folks on 'em so? give po' cretehs no chance? Go long, do wat yeh gwine do; yeh fine out one dese days.' concluded Sally.

Having stealthily risen to their feet, standing in a favorable position, Henry in whispers declared to his comrades that with that sythe he intended mowing his way into Canada.

Impatient for their entrance, throwing wide open the door of the hut, which being the signal, in rushed eleven white men, headed by Jud Shirly, constable, Dave Starkweather the blacksmith, and Tom Overton as deputies; George Grove, a respectable, well dressed villager, stood giving general orders.

With light and pistol in hand, Shirly mounting the stairway commanded a surrender. Eli, standing behind the hatchway, struck the candle from his hand, when with a swing of the sythe, there was a screech, fall, and groan heard, then with a shout and leap—Henry in the lead—they cleared the stairs to the lower floor, the white men flying in consternation before them, making their way to the village, alarming the inhabitants.

The fugitives fled in great haste, continuing their flight for several miles, when becoming worn down with fatigue, retired under cover of a thicket a mile from a stage tavern kept by old Isaac Slusher of German descent.

The villagers following in quick pursuit—every horse which could be readily obtained being put on the chase—the slaves were overtaken, fired upon—a ball lodging in Charles' thigh—overpowered, and arrested. Deeming it, from the number of idlers about the place and the condition of the stables, much the safest imprisonment, the captives were taken to the tavern of Slusher, to quarter for the night.

On arriving at this place, a shout of triumph rent the air, and a general cry 'take them into the bar room for inspection! hang them! burn them!' and much more.

Here the captives were derided, scoffed at and ridiculed, turned around, limbs examined, shoved about from side to side, then ordered to sit down on the floor, a non-compliance with which; having arranged themselves for the purpose at a given signal, a single trip by an equal number of whites, brought the four poor prisoners suddenly to the floor on the broad of their backs, their heads striking with great force. At this abuse of helpless men, the shouts of laughter became deafening. It caused them to shun the risk of standing, and keep seated on the floor.

Charles having been wounded, affected inability to stand, but the injury being a flesh wound, was not serious.

'We'll show ye yer places, ye black devils ye!' said Ned Bradley, a rowdy, drawing back his foot to kick Henry in the face, as he sat upon the floor against the wall, giving him a slight kick in the side as he passed by him.

'Don't do that again, sir!' sternly said Henry, with an expression full of meaning, looking him in the face.

Several feet in an instant were drawn back to kick, when Slusher interfering, said:

'Shendlemans! tem plack mans ish prishners! you tuz pring tem into mine houish, andt you shandt puse tem dare!' when the rowdies ceased abusing them.

'Well, gentlemen,' said Tom Overton, a burly, bullying bar room person, 'we'd best git these blacks out of the way, if they's any fun up to night.'

'I cot plendy peds, shendlemans, I ondtly vants to know who ish to pay me,' replied Slusher.

'I golly,' retorted Starkweather, 'you needn't give yourself no uneasiness about that, Slusher. *I think me and Shirly and* Grove is good for a night's lodging for five niggers, any how!'

'I'm in that snap, too!' hallooed out Overton.

'Golly! yes, Tom, there's you we like to forgot, blamed if we didn't!' responded Starkweather.

'Dat ish all righdt nough zo far as te plack man's ish gonzern, put ten dare ish te housh vull o' peoples, vot vare musht I gheep tem?'

'We four,' replied Grove, 'will see you paid, who else? Slusher, we want it understood, that we four stand responsible for all expenses incurred this night, in the taking of these negroes;' evidently expecting to receive as they claimed, the reward offered in the advertisement.

'Dat vill too ten,' replied Slusher. 'Vell, I ish ready to lit tese plack mans to ped.'

'No, Slusher,' interrupted Grove, 'that's not the understanding; we don't pay for beds for niggers to sleep in!'

'No, by Molly!' replied Overton; 'dogged if that aint goin' a leetle too far! Slusher, you can't choke that down, no how you can fix in. If you do as you please with your own *house*, these *niggers* is in our custody, and we'll do as we please with them. We want you to know that we are white men, as well as you are, and cant pay for niggers to sleep in the same house with ourselves.'

'Gents, said Ned Bradley, 'do you hear that?'

'What?' enquired several voices.

'Why, old Slusher wants to give the niggers a room up stairs with us!'

'With who?' shouted they.

'With us white men.'

'No, blamed if he does!' replied Starkweather.

'We won't stand that!' exclaimed several voices.

'Where's Slusher?' enquired Ben West, a discharged stage driver, who hung about the premises, and now figured prominently.

'Here ish me, shendlemans!' answered Slusher, coming from the back part of the house; 'andt you may do as you blese midt tem plack mans, pud iv you dempt puse me, I vill pudt you all out mine housh!'

'The stable, the stable!' they all cried out; 'put the niggers in the stable, and we'll be satisfied!'

'*Dare ish mine staple—you may pud tem vare you blese*,' replied the old man; 'budt you shandt puse me!'

Securely binding them with cords, they were placed in a strongly built log stable closely weather-boarded, having but a door and window below, the latter being closely secured, and the door locked on the outside with a staple and padlock. The upper windows being well secured, the blacks thus locked in, were left to their fate, whilst their captors comfortably housed, were rioting in triumph through the night, over their misfortune, and blasted prospects for liberty.

PETITION

TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES, IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

We the undersigned, confidently trusting in the wisdom, justice, and magnanimity of your honorable bodies, beg leave to ask respectfully that you grant all that portion of country, designated by the name and title of the State of Florida, originally purchased from Spain by the United States of America, and annexed to the United States by an act of Congress as one of the sovereign states of the Union.

Your Petitioners request that said act by which she became a state, be repealed, and that said state be restored to its original condition of a territory, and that said territory be granted for the use, benefit, and occupation of the free colored population of the United States, their descendants and all others who may hereafter become free by confiscation, emancipation, or otherwise.

Your petitioners further pray that grants of land be given to each family and adult respectively, of the aforesaid class, as an inducement and encouragement to emigration, and that said territory be under the protection of the government of the United States until such time as the people of said territory shall show themselves capable of making their own laws and administering their own government.

Your petitioners further pray that nothing herein contained may be so construed as to require any compulsory emigration on the part of the said people of color of the United States to the aforesaid territory.

Your petitioners ask this for the following reasons, and others which may address themselves to your minds;

1. Florida has by a deliberate act of her own, seceded from the United States, by which act she has forfeited all claim, right and title to all lands within said state.

2. The free colored population of the United States, their ancestors and brethren who are in bonds, have helped to make the government what it is in wealth and power. This surely will not be denied.

3. The free colored population of the United States own a vast amount of property, which property is taxed annually, and a vast amount of revenue obtained to help support and defray the expense of government.

4. In every state in the *Union* the free colored people are proscribed to a greater or less extent; their presence is obnoxious to the masses of the whites; they, the whites, will not submit to living with them on terms of equality under the same government. Surely, then, this little spot of six thousand square miles, (her resources yet undeveloped,) is the place for them, (and this is all that is appropriated o one sixth of the whole population of the Union—including slaves.)

5. In the colored people of the United States the love of home is inherent, they know no other—no other they want—this place would be congenial to their feelings, sentiments and pursuits, hence they would migrate there, and soon show their capacity for self-government, and become respectable and respected.

6. There are many slaves, and the probability is, there will be many more slaves who will be confiscated and set free by the acts of Congress; (this territory, then, will be an asylum for that class which would be unacceptable to the free states.

7. The general government has never yet granted to this class a homestead, or permitted them to settle on the public lands; nor have they been allowed the same privileges in common with others which tend to their elevation in the scale of being. Besides this portion of the country, with its climate and other advantages, would alike meet the wishes of both black and white, and in the judgment of your petitioners be a wise and just measure.

These, with many other reasons which might be assigned, your petitioners conceive would justify and secure the passage of such an act, for which your petitioners will ever pray.

Dated Trenton, N. J., Dec. 1861.

The above petition, prepared by Rev. Wm. E. Walker, was received by us two or three weeks ago, but having been mislaid, its publication was consequently deferred until the present time.

A COLONY OF EX-SLAVES IN SOUTH CAROLINA. On Betany Bay Island is the negro settlement, located by us for the benefit of contrabands; and Lieutenant Budd, of the Penguin, who guards it, has now the care of between seven and nine hundred of men, women and children, who seem to be happy enough in their colony.

No commissioners from the so called Southern Confederacy are admitted or recognised by this youthful community, and they don't propose, as yet, to hold diplomatic intercourse with any nation save the United States. The Seneca brought down to-day three prisoners from the Penguin, who were captured by the negroes on Edisto Island a week or two since. The fellows, whites, came from the mainland to get furniture, and about fifty negroes surrounded them and made them prisoners. The negroes are loyal, they say, and of course delivered their prisoners to Commander Budd, who took care of them and sent them here. The South Carolina negroes are so true, you know, and would fight for their masters so quickly, as we have all heard; and to prove it, I adduce the above instance. Certainly they are rapidly learning; and if the war lasts until next June the rebels will be apt to realise the fact in a terrible manner. If the insurrectionary torch is not kindled by that time the negroes must [illegible] knowledge; and how is it to be prevented?—Cor. N. Y. Herald.

You will not be agreeable to company if you strive to bring in or keep up a subject unsuitable to their capacities or humor.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of he news-dealers everywhere.*

AN "OCCUPATION GONE."

Society inflicts punishments other than those laid down in Statute law, or in the remorseless edicts of public opinion. Even those movements which are attended with the greatest good to the greatest number, have sharp and painful angles towards the minorities caught between the nether mill-stone of conservatism. The invention of the power-loom left hand weavers a grievance which has become hereditary. The sewing machine pinches with a keener poverty the class sanctified to want through the "Song of the Shirt." The hardy whalemen are driven from their occupation by the oil gurgling from the bowels of the earth in Pennsylvania, and their ships famed in many a story, settle down to keep guard forever on the entrance to rebel ports on the Southern coast.

There is a curious case of this penalty of progress growing out of our present rebellion, which so far has escaped the attention of "the reporters." A branch of industry has been cut off, sealed up, dried up, demolished. The operatives have been turned out in the cold to freeze, to starve, to beg (in vain) and bemoan their hard fate, without even a scribe or priest or levite to cast a single glance of compassion towards them. This is perhaps the severest, because the unkindest blow, under which they have succumbed; for, a few short months ago, and this branch of industry was approved of in all the churches; underlaid the decisions of the courts of law, and blazoned on the platform and in the Legislative Halls: its workers were dressed in fine linen, had a good time generally, named their price, whether in gold, in office under government, at home or abroad—and they were paid at once. Our own sense of fairness is so shocked at this unceremonious "crushing out" of a class of our fellow mortals, that we proposed to become their "good Samaritan," to point them out to their abolition friends, bind up their wounds and give them a lift to the best of our rough ability.

The branch of industry to which we allude, is "Negrophobia:" the operatives were Judge Taney, the Cabinet of James Buchanan, one half and more of the American Senate, a majority of the House of Representatives, the entire pulpit South, two thirds of the pulpit North, four-fifths of the merchants North and South, a vast majority of the lawyers and legislators of the entire land, most of these operatives worked, partly by job, and partly for pure love of the occupation; it was not their sole dependence, but they thought it soon would be and therefore bowed down and worshipped it, said their prayers to it: it gave edge to points of law, gave odor to legislative enactments, and lent grace and fervor to pulpit utterances: but there was another class of operatives with whom this calling was their sole dependence; the VanEvries, the Notts, the Hortons, the Hallocks, the New York Herald's negro, the Shepherds, the Cartwrights, the DeBows, and the last in point of time, perhaps first in point of subtlety and wit—the Reverend Doctor Samuel Seabury, the divine author of "The baby contract as a foundation for perpetual slavery." This class meets with our profound commiseration. Their "occupation's gone," and they are fit for no other.

And this is one of the exigencies of our civil war. War of this kind is a sort of politician's death-bed—it detects the heart; it uncovers the national heart and shows that negro-hate had not any real existence in the great heart of the American people; it was only a polit cal sham, brushed away with the first stern realities. There is no longer negro hate at the South, the black man is loved there as he was neve[illegible]ed before, respected there, relied on there, enlisted in the army there—in short he is the very reliance and back-bone of the rebellion. Of course the "occupation" of those who lived by maligning, abusing and writing down the negro, "is gone"—gone we hope, forever: the plumed troop and the big wars have buried them and their hell-born lies in the lowest deep of utter forgetfulness. At the North also, there is a state of things which crush out negro-hating-operatives. The North relies more upon the blacks of the South than she is willing to confess; more is hoped from negro-rebellion than from the arms of our troops, or from the skill of McClellan. Wellington, at Waterloo, did not pray more earnestly for Blucher, than the free North looks past the Potomac for some Denmark Vesey or Nat Turner. Hence in the heart of the North, the negro is looked up to for heroism, daring, and a bold dash for those rights of which the master has helped deprive him for nearly a century; and with people in such a state of mind, the occupation of a negro-hating-operative, be he priest, politician or editor—is gone!"

And so, eight months of civil war has raised the negro up to be regarded and talked about as a man: eight months more of like war, and she will be regarded as a brother; and when the fiery furnace through which the union in passing shall have done its service; when the pure gold of patriotism and nationality and union shall well out from the alembic, then away down among the dross and slug and scoriae, covered in the ash heap, hardly fit for fertilising any known field, will be found the remains of negro hate and negro haters.

A CURIOUS RUMOR—IS IT TRUE?

It is said that some months ago, when the rebels were in force on Munson's Hill, McClellan laid a plan to surround and capture them. This plan was only known to McClellan, General Scott, and Col Scott, (a relation of the General's by marriage.) As the troops started out at night for their assault, a signal rocket went up from Washington. On their arrival at Munson's Hill, the bird had flown. McClellan being informed of this, immediately called on Gen. Scott, finding there Col. Scott. He immediately said to the General 'the enemy have been warned of our movement by a rocket. They must have been so warned by one of us. Which is the traitor?'' No answer was given. McClellan then called on the President, stated the above facts; stated his conviction that Col Scott was the delinquent, and insisted on his immediate imprisonment, or his banishment, or his own resignation. Then followed General Scott's resignation; then his journey to Paris, and the self-banishment of Col. Scott.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

To Dr. James McCune Smith—My Dear Sir and Friend: I lay aside the form of conventional etiquet and 'statesman' courtesy, and prefer addressing you in a plain, familiar, and friendly manner in such times as these, on a subject of such grave importance.

The present state of the political affairs of the world more than at any period since the establishment of international policies among Christian governments—which policies comprehend and imply all nations and peoples, whether civilised or heathen—call for and imperatively demand our attention as descendants of Africa in whole or part.

I fully concur with and endorse the idea suggested in the 'Anglo-African' of the 14th of December and 4th instant, that there should be held at the earliest possible period, in America, a great Council of the leading men among us; and let me not be misunderstood when I say, that such men must be composed of the highest intelligence, otherwise such an effort must be nugatory, and consequently prove an entire failure. As such a Council can only originate and be held by mutual consent, it is not only the right but duty of those who originate it, to say of whom it may be composed. The point to be considered is not whether we are emigrationists or anti-emigrationists; in favor of or opposed to emigration: but whether we cannot agree upon and endorse a general policy which shall favor both; a policy which whilst it admits my right to go when and where I may think best; admits yours to stay wherever you may think best; and at the same time, secures and defends a reciprocal interest in each others welfare. Such a policy as this, sir, firmly established and fixed by us, will give a status such as never has been known to our race since the days of Africa's primitive national prowess. One of the most prominent features in the present conflicts, struggles, and political movements among the nations of the world seems to be: which can reduce us to a condition the best adapted to promote their luxury, wealth, and aggrandizement, to which we as a race, for centuries have contributed more than any other race. Our race throughout the world (the major part of which is in Africa and the western continent) numbers nearly three hundred millions (300,000,000), some thirty millions (30,000,000), more or less, of which is mixed blood. In God's name, must we ever be subordinate to those of another race, both in as well as out of Africa? Is subordination our normal condition? Must we either be abject slaves, the property personal of the Caucasian, or the submissive drudges of their social industrial element, ever ministering as domestics to their pride and arrogance? Is it true that we are not to be permitted anywhere to govern ourselves, but must have white rulers? Have we no other destiny—no other social and political relations in prospect as an inheritance for our children? It is for us to determine whether or not this shall be so; therefore, I suggest to you, sir, to join with me in calling upon our educated men, to assemble at some convenient time and in Council, and determine on a settled policy as a rule of action, by which we shall be guided.

With the light of the age in which we live—with our advantages of educational attainments—with the Divine Promise that 'Princes' (Power) 'shall come out of Egypt' (from among the African race), 'and Ethiopia stretch forth' (from all parts of the world) 'her hands unto God'—did we now remain passive, the world should justly condemn us, and posterity curse our names.

Sir, this is no time for quibbling by the men of qualification and mature intelligence among us; and as duty and obligations call me to Africa, I cannot hope to be long on this continent; but can I but be so happy as to meet such a Council before I depart I shall be willing to entrust the cause in the hands of those men among us of sterling worth, who have ever been found able, true, sincere and faithful to the cause of their brethren, race, and humanity, through years of difficult trial. A policy established on principle as a general basis of action, must be our object and aim.

I am, dear sir, for God and humanity, the Redemption of our race, and Regeneration of Africa,

Your friend and Brother,

M. R. Delany.

97 High street, Brooklyn, L. I.

Arrival of the Rev. H. H. Garnet.—Our many readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Garnet arrived home from his trip to England on the 31st ult., greatly benefited in health by the journey. He preached in Shiloh church last Sabbath evening, to a very large audience. We are gratified to know that the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Gloucester, during Mr. Garnet's absence, have been highly acceptable to the church, and his short stay among them has been very agreeable to himself.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

The following is from a recent number of the Richmond Despatch:

A few days ago Dick, a venerable darkey in uniform, was arrested for carrying a huge bowie-knife. He was on his return home to Danville from a campaign against the Yankees, and the Mayor discharged him after confiscating the knife.

"The person referred to has occupied the position of chief drummer for the 18th Virginia Regiment for the last eight months, and is highly esteemed by the regiment, not only as a musician, but as a brave and gallant old man. He is a hero of two wars, and in several instances has rendered good service to the country. When the war with Mexico broke out, he inlisted as musician for a South Carolina regiment and followed it through the war, and was present when the glorious Gen. Butler fell. The war being successfully terminated, he returned home to his usual avocations Upon the breaking out of our present war, though old and gray, he was among the first to respond to Virginia's call for volunteers, and was regularly mustered into service with the 18th Regiment. Since that time he has not only carried his drum, but also the bowie-knife referred to above, and a musket.

In the memorable battle of the 21st of July, he deserted his drum, and, with musket in hand, followed the regiment throughout the battle. Several days after the battle, while strolling through the woods, he discovered the hiding-place of what he thought a Yankee, and, on reporting it, went down with several of the regiment and captured three of the creatures—one of them Col. Wood of the 14th Brooklyn. In every scene of danger or difficulty, old Dick has accompanied the regiment with bowie-knife by his side, and musket in hand. When on picket duty at Mason's Hill, in sight of the enemy, he would go beyond the picket lines to get a fair crack at the Yankee pickets. In fine, old Dick, we believe, is a gentleman, and true patriot, and we feel sorry that his knife, around which clung so many proud associations to him, should have been taken from him. He valued it above all things except his musket. It is true the law may have required its confiscation, as setting a bad example to darkeys in civil life; but, under the circumstances, it does seem hard to have subjected the old man not only to the loss of his bowie-knife, but the mortification attendant, or a suspicion of evil designs. We hope old Dick may live to prove his character still further by bagging his Yankee."

A notice to Free Negroes of the city of Richmond.—By a law passed by the Convention and sanctioned by a Court of Justices, I John Hagan, having the power, through the Chief Engineer and the Court of Magistrates, do hereby give notice that on the 2d of January, 1862, that you shall all be prepared and appear at the City Hall, in the City of Richmond, to execute your part in the service of the Southern Confederacy. In failure whereof, you shall be dealt with as the law directs.

John Hagan.

The Norfolk correspondent of the Richmond Despatch writes, Dec., 27th:

The 'colored firemen' of the city had a parade, yesterday, and attracted considerable attention. The engines, which they drew along with them, were in fine order, and being dressed in neat uniforms, presented an orderly appearance. The sable firemen seemed to enjoy their holiday parade vastly. They had music, too, and marched along in evident consciousness of the importance and usefulness of their position.

Slaves very frequently escape from the Rebels at Pensacola in boats. Appearances indicate that in a short time the number of contrabands who fly in this way from their masters will be very great. During a single day, while the Baltic lay off Fort Pickens, no less than seventeen negroes came to the Fort, and some of them boarded the steamer. One bright fellow said that the rebels had not always provisions enough for their own use, and that very often the negroes were on half rations. The desire to escape was very common among hem, and those who could get away would do so.

HOW JOHN BROWN SAVED THE CAPITAL.

The Washington correspondent of The Boston Journal tells the following singular story of the way in which John Brown's lawless raid upon Virginia became the remote cause of the salvation of the Federal capital: when the marines dashed up to the door of the engine-house where Virginia Chivalry quailed, they seized not only John Brown, but a quantity of powder within the building which he had brought from Pennsylvania. After Brown and his party were secured, the powder was placed in one of the brick buildings, where it remained until April last. When the United States troops found that the Virginia forces were preparing to make a descent upon the ferry, for the purpose of capturing the arms, they looked about for ammunition. They did not dare to visit the magazine, for there were sharp eyes which watched every movement, and an attempt to take powder from there would precipitate an attack. Then it was that John Brown's powder was valuable.

It was in small packages, and where it could be taken and distributed unknown to any outsiders. It was placed in the different buildings, the trains were laid, and just as the Virginians thought the prize was theirs, they found that the flames were ahead of them. It was designed that the several thousand stand of arms there stored, should be distributed in Baltimore, where the outbreak immediately occurred, and that thence a descent should be made upon Washington. So John Brown's powder saved the capital. All of this will appear, I am informed, with satisfactory evidence, in the report of the committee appointed to investigate the Harper's Ferry affair.

'John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on.'

An Incident of the battle at Dranesville.—A correspondent of the Religious Telescope furnishes the following:

One of the best incidents of the battle was the capture of two rebels by a colored man. He was on horseback, armed with a carbine, which was unloaded at the time but seeing two men trying to escape he gave chase, passed them, went through with the semblance of loading then wheeled about and called out, 'Stop dar, or I shute you right froo." They begged him for God's sake not to shoot, so he marched them back. The next day he was given a pass to Washington, with the statement in it that it was for meritorious conduct in battle. I wish that he might drop into one of the Cabinet counsels. Perhaps the Administration might profit by the incident.

A Meeting Among Ex-Slaves.

Rev. C. W. Denison, writing from Hilton Head, S. C., under date Dec. 25th, to the 'American Baptist,' furnishes the following interesting account of a meeting of the freedmen of that place, of whom Mr. D. says:—

'There are some hundreds of them at Hilton Head, and as many more at Beaufort. If it had not been for the wrong impressions made on their minds by the retreating South Carolinians, the number would be much larger among us than it is. But they were universally told that the moment 'the Yankees' landed, they would be caught up by armed bands of robbers, whipped, chained, scourged, starved, and sold off into perpetual slavery in Cuba. This delusion is now gradually wearing away but hundreds and thousands of fugitives in the swamps and woods of Beaufort district will forever bear witness to the sufferings they have endured on this account.

'The arrangements made for those who are here are rude, but the best that can be carried out at present. They are placed in spare tents, on a bluff near the beach, at Fort Cameron, having their cooking and washing done out of doors. Not much sickness has appeared among them. The army rations are furnished them, in a certain degree. The army regulations are applied to them, as to others; so they are kept within the lines, and, as much as possible, to their own quarters. The men work in gangs, under such officers as may be designated for the purpose. This designation is a delicate one, and requires considerable care, especially as the number shall materially increase. The women and children remain behind in the tents and adjacent grounds, attending to the cooking, for the present. At night the army discipline prevails, securing the quiet and order of an established camp.

'Toward evening, just as the sun was setting behind the palmetto groves, and his parting rays fell on the waters of the ocean before us, we gathered for a meeting with the contrabands. It was a most singular and picturesque scene. The ships of war and commerce lay along the shore, where the surf rolled in its foam, with the perpetual murmur of the ever sounding sea. On the low bluff were ranged the lowly tents of Jacob. Before them, landward, ranged the small fires, where the evening meal was being prepared on the ground. Beside one of these, a few boards rested on boxes and tubs. On a small chest, by a stake, I took my stand, and a pine table served for the pulpit. Mr. Lee, the attentive and faithful superintendent, passed quickly around, and in a few moments all the escaped children of bondage were clustered before me. What a group! All sat, with uncovered heads, in rapt attention. The old men on the right, their white locks contrasting strangely with their sable brows; the younger men in the centre, clad in a great variety of plantation garbs; the children immediately in front, clustered at the feet of the preacher; the women on the left, the old and young mingled together, the mothers with their little babies sleeping or resting in their arms; in the rear, a file of United States soldiers, the sentries, with their guns and bayonets on their shoulders, pacing to and fro; while a few outsiders mostly from the shipping, clustered quietly around. All listened in silence while the prayer was offered, and a few introductory remarks prepared the way for the worship of Jehovah. At the preacher's request, the contrabands sang as the choir of the service. An old man stood up at the end of the smouldering fire, and lined the following words, that were sung to a long metre tune, consisting of a singular yet melodious mingling of Windham and Arlington:

"Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive,
Let de repentin' rebel live.
Ar' not dy mercy large an' free?
May not de sinner trust in dee?

"My lips wid' shame my sin confess,
A-past dy law, a-past dy grace;
Lord, shoul' dy judgmen' grow severe,
I am condem,' but dou art clear."

'The preacher followed with a short address. He urged them to show by their good conduct that they were worthy of the blessings which the Gospel had come to confer upon them; that they must remember that they were now in the lines of an army, and must strictly conform to the rules. He encouraged them with the hope that their rights would be respected; that in due time arrangements would be made for their comfort and compensation; that they must consider themselves at liberty to continue all their religious meetings in the retirement of their little tents, as they had opportunity; that their children would all be educated as fast as possible, and that such of the older persons among them as desired it might learn their letters, and enjoy the blessed privilege of reading God's holy word.

The Gospel of Christ was shown to be their chief consolation in life, and their only support in death. They were encouraged to cling to its precious promises, and to pray for divine grace to walk by its precepts, and all would be well.

'At the close of the discourse, the old singing leader gently added:

'De Lor' bress you, massa minister! You tell us de truf. Dat's it, massa, every word, just what we need; do right, keep quiet, lub de Lord, all through.

The doxology was sung in long metre, Old Hundred; the blessing pronounced; and all quickly and happily retired.

It was delightful to witness the anxiety of all present to get books. The prospect of learning to read seemed to carry the children completely away with enthusiasm. They looked up in the preacher's face, their bright eyes sparkling with happiness, and their little hands clasped joyously together.

'Is not the hand of God in all this?'"

ANCESTRY OF THE LATE REV. E. P. ROGERS.

The following letter from Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, Mass., in reply to one from Mrs. Rogers, soliciting information in regard to the ancestry of her much lamented husband, will, no doubt, be read with deep interest by our readers:

Pittsfield, Mass., Sept. 4, 1861.

Mrs. Rogers:

I found your note requesting information respecting the ancestors of your husband on my table at my return from a journey; and I should have answered it sooner, but I really know so little, that I fear it will be of no use.

My great uncle, the Rev. Jonathan Todd, was the pastor of the only church in East Guilford, now Madison, Conn., for nearly sixty years, and one of the leading clergymen of the State. At one time the plague raged in his flock, nearly desolating the town. In the troubles and sorrows incident, he mingled with his people, and shared all their griefs. I believe it was in the midst of these afflictions that a vessel containing slaves fresh from Africa, was shipwrecked near him, and most of the crew and cargo were drowned. The few who survived were scattered, and my uncle, from motives of pure humanity, bought all that he could pay for. Though in the eye of law they were, perhaps, his slaves, yet never for a moment did he look upon them in that light. Having no children, they were his pets. He tried to teach them to read, but the first generation were rather intractable, and never went farther than to count. One, to whom he gave the name of 'Lush,' was a cunning fellow, and a great favorite with all the boys in the place Most of them died before they were sold. Only one, 'Old Tamar,' lived till my boyhood. I remember her well. She lived to a great age. To her and her descendants my uncle gave most of his property, [illegible] was by a quasi entailment, but [illegible] only to carry [illegible] well through life. Her son Cæsar—and he first took the name of Rogers—was my beau-ideal of a [illegible], in my boyhood. He was large, fleshy, supremely good-natured, and everywhere a great favorite with the young. I never saw him in a passion but once. He was a farmer, and worked in our family nearly to the end of his life. He was the grandfather of your husband. The next generation was Abel, your husband's father. He was an honest, faithful, hard-working man of great physical strength and endurance. We boys, were brought up with Cæsar and Abel, sharing with them heir meals, their beds, their schools, their labors, and their sports. Among them all your husband was the only one who evinced any desire for books. He was unusually bright for his infancy, and his mother, Chlœ, was bright before him. In looks, and features, and natural traits of character, he resembled his father. Let me do my uncle the justice to say, that he treated them all as children, and gave his property to them rather than to his own relations. What they were, or from what tribe they came in their own country, I never knew. You will see that they came here children of nature, adult in years, not understanding our language, or the customs and ways o civilized life. The first generation were very superstitious as to ghosts, &c., and the traditions concerning them are more than amusing—they are droll.

I think it a great fact that the fourth generation could exhibit a specimen of manhood, of Christian and ministerial character, as respectable and as useful as your late husband.

The family were always distinguished for honesty, integrity and fidelity. They were very much attached to our family, and I am sure we were to them. I well recalled how it felt cold to my heart when, just after I had entered the ministry, my hand and feet leaped at seeing Abel, and all my boyish feelings returned, and I rushed to him, to find him treating me—not as the John who used to work and play with him—but as Mr. Todd, with whom he could no longer be familiar.

These are small gleanings of the memory, you will think; but if I should make them more, I should have to draw from fancy. The ancients used to say 'Call no man happy till he is dead,' implying, I suppose, that we don't know what a man may be left to do, or to suffer, till he has finished his life. Let me congratulate you, that your good husband, as far as I know, has finished his course without a blemish on his character or a spot on his name. Like Simon of Cyrene, he meekly bore the cross after Jesus, and sought no higher honor.

In sympathy with your loss, yours very truly,

John Todd.

A Visit to St. Louis.

Mr. Editor.— I presume that a word from Dixie's land would not be uninteresting to you and the numerous readers of the Anglo African.

I have been in this city about three weeks, making a pastoral visit to our church. I have spent the time much more pleasantly during my sojourn than I anticipated anterior to my arrival.

St. Louis is a large and very handsome city, and quite a businesss place. It reminds one of Philadelphia and New York, and other commercial cities north. The city is at present under martial law, which brings the whte and colored folks on an equality, for both parties have to get a pass from the Provost Marshall when leaving the city.

LYNCH'S SLAVE PEN.

This dismal looking building is situated on the corner of Myrtle and Fifth streets. and is the property of —— Lynch, a notorious trader, who has made himself rich trafficking in human flesh. Since the war commenced this pen has been taken by the government and is now used as a military prison. It is laughable to stand in front of this cage for rebels and see peeping through the iron bars, white faces instead of black ones. Yea, within those gloomy walls where colored men, women and children have been sold to the highest bidder, and where loved ones have been separated far from each other, never more to look upon each other's faces again in the land of the living, there can now be seen white men 'rebels and traitors,' who have conspired against, and, as a loyalist would say, are trying to break up the best government the sun ever shone upon. By the way, J. C. Brownley, ex-chief of police, who distinguished himself in acts of cruelty to the free colored people, by setting his subordinates upon them like so many blood-hounds, hunting them by day and night, taking them out of their beds and putting them in the calaboose; making them pay enormous fines for being in the city without license, has been found to be a 'Secesh,' and was consequently deposed from his chiefship, and had the satisfaction, or dissatisfaction of being made an occupant of this same calaboose, which was too much for his poor heart to bear, for after being confined a few days, he died broken-hearted. How true is the word of God, 'For with whatsoever measure ye mete shall be measured to you again.

ARRIVAL OF TWELVE HUNDRED REBEL PRISONERS.

I went to the Pacific Railroad depot, on the [illegible] of the 24th, and witnessed the arrival of these prisoners. There were some thirty-four cars, drawn by five locomotives. Quite a large crowd of men, boys, and some women, had assembled, all anxious to see the distinguished visitors. The prisoners were a motly crew of varied colors, ages and sizes. I tell you they were a hard-looking set. Among them were a number of "contrabands." While Secesh was frowning with disappointment, and looking daggers at the Yankees, contraband was grinning with delight.

THE COLORED PEOPLE.

The condition of the colored people is much better than it was prior to the war. They appear to be enjoying themselves very much. They have their church and school privileges, and social gatherings, &c

OCCUPATIONS.

There are several mechanics, such as carpenters, blacksmiths, brick layers, &c. Quite a number are doing business in the wood and coal trade. Mr. Wm. Brooks is doing business in this line on an extensive scale. He has a steam-sawing and splitting machine, which saws and splits at the same time. It is quite a curiosity. There are a number of barbers, whose saloons are handsomely fitted up. Mr. Robert Smith keeps a first class restaurant, and is doing a splendid business. There are several day laborers. Several run on the river as steward's waiters, cooks, stewardesses and porters.

AMOUNT OF WEALTH.

I cannot give you the aggragate amount of wealth among the colored people, having failed to obtain it. However, I will give you the names of some of the wealthiest families, with the amount they are said to be worth; Mrs. S. Brown, $60,000; Mr. Lapader, $12,000; Mr. L. Jones, $10,000; Madam Ruges, $60,000; J. R. Taylor, $15,000; Rev. J. R. Anderson, $6,000; Mr. E. Johnson, $4,000; Mrs. H. Taylor, $15$10,000; Mr. Travier, ,000; Mrs A. Mechuem $12,000; Mr. Maglocklin, $10,000; Mr. E. Furguson, 6,000; Mr. E. Jefferson, $5,000; Mr. R. Cole, $3,000; Mrs. H. Day, $30,000; Mr. Alfred White $12,000; Mr. P. Gibbs, $20,000; H. Thompson, 7,000; Mr. B Jackson, $4,000; Mr. Louis Harris, $3,000; Mr. G. Brawder, 6.000; Mr. John Turner, 15,000; Willis Brent, 6,000; Mr. J. Sicks, $6,000; Mr. Isaac Paine, $2,000; J. Isam, $2,000; Mr. T. Cole, $1500.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

There are five colored churches here—three Methodists, and two Baptist. The A. M. E. Zion is the largest colored church in the city. It is situated on 7th street, between Offalon street and Cass avenue. Membership, 150. Rev. D. B. Mathews, Pastor; Rev. James Farran a local Elder. In this church was organised the first colored society in this city, out of which all the rest of the colored churches originated. The Wesley M. E. Church is a small brick building, situated on 7th street, between Washington and Morgan street. Membership, 78. Rev. M. Wallace, Pastor. The St. Paul's A. M. E. Church is a medium sized brick building, on 10th street. Membership, 150. Rev. John E. Turner, Pastor. The First African Baptist Church is a good sized building, on Almond street. Membership, 815. Without a Pastor. Second Baptist Church is quite a large brick building, on the corner of Green and Eighth street. Membership, 500. Rev. J. R. Anderson, Pastor.

SCHOOLS.

There are no free colored schools in this city, which seems rather strange, in view of the amount of school taxes paid by the colored people. There are, however, four pay schools. One is taught at Zion Church, by Rev. D. B. Mathews. Number of scholars, 40. Mr. Moses Dickson is the teacher of quite a large and flourishing school at St. Paul's A. M. E. Church. Number of scholars, 64. This school gave an exhibition on the 23d and 24th inst. The exercises were of truly interesting character. The school at the First Baptist Church is at present without a teacher. Number of scholars, 60. Miss G. L. Buckner teaches the school at the Second Baptist Church. Number of scholars, 40. At each of these schools the elementary branches of an English education are

SECRET ASSOCIATIONS.

There are two Secret Societies here, viz: the Order of Brothers and Sisters of Love and Charity, and Prince Hall Lodge of A. Y. Masons. The latter celebrated the Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, at the Washington Hall, on the 27th inst.

CANE PRESENTATION.

There was a beautifully carved silver headed cane presented to the Superintendent of the Third District of Zion Connexion, at the A. M. E. Zion Church, on the 29th inst., by Mrs. James Harris. It was received by the Superintendent with many thanks, &c.

J. J. Clinton.

St. Louis, Jan. 1st, 1862.

P. S.—I will leave here on the 2d of January for Cincinnati, Ohio. J. J. C.

A meeting of the African Civilization Society, at which Messrs Garnett, Crumwell and Delany will speak, will be held at Shiloh Church, Wednesday evening, Jan. 15.

The Love of Freedom.

In connection with the accounts of the universal eagerness with which the "happy and contented slaves" in the vicinity of Port Royal clutch at the opportunity to become free, read the following:

Judge St. George Tucker, of Virginia, professor of law in the University of William and Mary, published a letter to a member of the Virginia Legislature in 1801. In the course of it he says:

"The love of freedom, sir, is an inborn sentiment. At the first favorable moment it springs forth, and defies all check. Whenever we are involved in war, if our enemies hold but the lure of freedom, they will have in every negro a decided friend."

In a debate in the Virginia Legislature, in the Winter of 1831–2, Mr. Moore said:

"I lay it down as a maxim not to be disputed, that our slaves are now, and ever will be, actuated by a desire for liberty. They will always be disposed to avail themselves of a favorable opportunity for asserting their rights. It may safely be assumed that wherever the slaves are as numerous as the whites, it will require one-half of the effective force of the whites to keep them quiet."

On the same occasion, Mr. McDowell, (since Governor,) of Virginia, said:

"Sir, you may place the slave where you please, you may oppress him as you please, you may dry up to the uttermost the fountains of his feeling and the springs of his thought; but the idea that he was born free will survive it all. It is allied to his hope of immortality; it is the ethereal part of his nature, which oppression cannot reach."

In the same debate, Mr. Preston said:

"My old friend (Mr. Bruce) has told us that the Virginia slave was happy and contented. Mr. Speaker, that is impossible. Happiness is incompatible with slavery. The love of liberty is the ruling passion in man, and he cannot be happy if deprived of it."

In the same debate, Mr. Gholson, of Virginia, said:

"The love of freedom, and the prospect of obtaining it would inflame their hearts and inspire revolution."

Mr. 'McCall, in his history of Georgia, alluding to the slaves, says:

"This class of people, who cannot be supposed to be contented in slavery, would grasp with avidity at the most desperate attempts that promised freedom."

The Rev. J. D. Paxton, of Virginia, who was reared in the midst of slavery, and had himself been a slaveholder, published a volume of Letters on Slavery, in which he thus states the result of his observation:

"The slaves—man, woman and child—are longing for freedom."

William T. Allen, son of a Presbyterian clergyman in Huntsville, Alabama, published a statement in 1839, in which he says:

"It is slavery itself, and not cruelties merely, that makes slaves unhappy. Even those that are the most kindly treated are generally far from happy. The slaves in my father's family are almost as kindly treated as slaves can be, but they pant for liberty." Washington Republican.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN BEAUFORT, S. C.

The Beaufort Baptist Church is the largest church in America, and the largest Baptist church in the world. During the year 1860 it reported a total membership of 3710 persons, of whom more than three thousand perhaps as many as thirty five hundred, are the unfortunate "descendants of Ham." The slaves on the cotton plantations, so numerous and so extensive about Beaufort comprise the bulk of the church. They are a somewhat volatile, noisy body, but one often can discover evidences of much rich spiritual experience in the grotesque and sometimes tumultuous prayers and exhortations of the negro professors.—There is indeed, about the African character a singular susceptibility to spiritual influences. You will be surprised, frequently, at the clear conceptions of the truth of the Bible, to him a sealed book, except as read to him by another, which some gray-haired bended slave will evince.

The Beaufort church is over half a century old, having been established in 1804. Rev. Richard Fuller, D. D., now of Baltimore, was for many years its pastor.

There is another, though smaller, Baptist society in Beaufort. It is called the St. Helena church. It has a membership very respectable in numbers—831. Negroes comprise nearly the whole of the church. Indeed in all churches of the extensive Savannah River Association, of which the churches of Beaufort District form a part, more than two-thirds of the members are colored.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

Dupont's victory of November 7 opened to the great army of General Sherman the entire coast between Charleston and Savannah, and it is now established, beyond controversy, that four-fifths of the inhabitants are our warm friends. Wherever our forces go, the people join them. What General Sherman has been about, under these circumstances, is to contrive how not to conquer the enemy, and it has really been a difficult task. He has, however, done his best. Publishing a silly proclamation to the whites, who are against him to a man, he repels the blacks, who would all be with him if he would only allow it. He says the time has not arrived. The time never does arrive with some people. But nobody can doubt that a competent general, with one-third of the actual number of Gen. Sherman's army, would long ago have been master of both Charleston and Savannah.

The difficulty is, that Gen. Shermen has been less solicitous to re-establish the national authority in South Carolina, than to avoid disturbing the institution of slavery. That is where the shoe pinches. And so our generals go on spending fabulous millions of money, but taking care all the while *"not to do it."* How much longer will the people of this country permit themselves to be trifled with in this way?

Thirty thousand men, led by generals who prefer the *Union* to *slavery*, would capture every city on the Southern coast from Wilmington to Galveston. Every body knows this can be done, and every body knows why *it is not done*.—Washington Republican.

AMUSEMENTS.

The 'Victoria Club,' composed of the following thirteen ladies: Mesdames M. E. W——s, of Minetta Lane, President; G——tt, of King street; E. D——n, C. J——s, E. C——ll, S. W——n, R. C——s, of York street; Mrs. D——d, and Miss M. P——n, of 17th street; Mrs. C——ll and Miss B——n, of Jersey City; and Mrs. N——m, of Williamsburgh, gave a grand holiday entertainment to their numerous friends on the evening of Friday, Jan. 3d., 1862, at the Hall, 178 Prince street. Having received a *billet doux*, we repaired thither at the hour of ten, and was received at the door by our sturdy friend J. L. H——n, to whom we presented our passport, duly signed by the pretty and esteemed lady President, and after putting aside our overcoat and chapeaux, with one of the fair sex upon our arm, we entered the reception hall, which was beautifu'ly decorated with bunting and the emblems of the season. We found two hundred guests already assembled, and they continued to arrive up to the hour of twelve, at which time they numbered about two hundred and fifty. A fine band of music, under the leadership of Professor Hardy, occupied the orchestra. The sexes were about equal in numbers, and made a splendid appearance; the gentlemen being uniformly dressed in fashionable suits of black, and the ladies, God bless them! were the most beautiful collection of forms and faces that eyes ever beheld. They were dressed without pretension to gaudiness, but wisely in neat, pretty, comfortable dresses, suited to the season. We had some difficulty in discovering the belle of the evening, so numerous were the brilliant stars that floated around us, for wherever we turned our optics a living image of Venus floated by, but we finally awarded the palm to Mrs. Wm. S——y. She was dressed in a dove-colored silk, semi-low-necked, short sleeves, bertha of white Parisian lace, with a boquet of white roses resting upon her bosom and a coronet of the same upon her head, and her form a—(take care, sir!)

The ladies of the Club were neatly and uniformly dressed in black silk skirts and white spenceer, high-necked, which added to their pretty faces, and they were certainly belles No. 2. At 10 o'clock and 15 minutes dancing was going on merrily, with Prof. T. B. V——s as floor manager, attended by his ever smiling consort, and we actually found our sober self 'tripping away on the light fantastic toe,' with one of the most beautiful creatures present. At 1 o'clock, conducted by the ladies of the Club, while the band performed a grand march, we entered the banquet room where we found a most magnificent supper prepared under the supervision of Mr. M. D——n. The table was beautifully decorated. In the centre was one of Prof. H. Maillard's superb pyramids, composed of various fruits and nugua in imitation of an Oriental *Jet de Eau*, surmounted by a sea nymph surrounded by a shower of silver spray. The ladies certainly spared neither pains or expense in providing for their guests, for the table fairly groaned under the weight of the good things thereon. During the repast our ears were continually assailed by the discharge of green seal artillery and Sherry and Madeira musketry.

By the particular attention paid us by the president and the pretty little Miss P——n, we found our vest getting quite small, and ourself feeling as though we were monarch of all we surveyed.

At the close of the banquet, Mr. A. Powers made a neat and brief address, thanking the ladies, in behalf of the guests, for their generous entertainment, and hoping that the 'Victoria Club' might live forever. Amen! said we. After which the guests repaired to the reception hall, where dancing went merrily until, as we learn, the clock told the hour of 5 a.m., when all departed in peace and harmony, pleased with themselves and all the world. Your humble servant withdrew an hour earlier, with the pleasure of conveying one of the fair sex to her home. May the 'Victoria Club' live forever, and may their hospitality never be forgotten.

CARLOS HERMONOS.

BETHEL SABBATH SCHOOL EXHIBITION.—We are pleased to hear that this affair, which came off on the 26th, was a very fine affair. The church was densly packed by a highly intelligent audience, who manifested their approval by peals of applause. We have the promise of a full account for our next paper.

Madame Gilbert's Concerts at New Brunswick on the evenings of the 1st and 2d inst. were very successful, the church being crowded on both nights by a highly delighted auditory. These concerts were given for the benefit of the church, which the people there are making commendable efforts to finish.

A very good house, considering the storm, greeted the children of Abyssinian Church Sabbath School on Monday evening last at the church. The children showed considerable capability in their exercises, but great want of sufficient rehearsal; notwithstanding, the audience manifested every disposition to be pleased. The solo singers executed the pieces *exceedingly* well, Misses A. Spelman L. Smith and P. Green being honored with an encore; such was also the case with some of the speakers. Mr. Jas. Spelman delivered a short address on the advantages of emigration to Hayti, which was well received. He also sang a song called "Where Liberty Dwells there is my Country." We are pleased to announce that the Superintendent, in order that the children may have another opportunity to show their capacity, has determined to give a concert for the benefit of the church.

The Washington Republican says:

The poor blacks of South Carolina, instead of trying to cheat the Government by high prices for army supplies, come forward with free gifts. 'They come,' says a South Carolina correspondent of the New York Express, 'to the ships sides, with offers of fowls, eggs, and potatoes. They were at first unwilling to receive payment, but the officers insisted on receiving 'payment.' Some white people might learn a lesson from these simple-minded Africans.

It is stated at Louisville that there are 1,500 or 2,000 contrabands employed as servants and laborers in the Union army in Kentucky. This corresponds with another statement, that the number so employed averages about fifteen to a regiment. General Buell, it is said, delivers them up, when claimed by owners, even if rebels, but he does not drive them out of his lines.

A Massachusetts firm, engaged in the manufacture of shoes, is now filling an order for three thousand pairs of brogans, to be forwarded to Fortress Monroe for the use of the contrabands at that station.

"ALL IS QUIET ON THE POTOMAC."—That is to say, the great Quaker meeting around Washington is quite a success.

The Chatham (C. W.) 'Weekly Planet,' of Dec. 19, 1861, says:

George Williams, a colored man, is to be executed on the 3d of January, for the murder of his wife, last August, in Colchester Township, County of Essex.

THE COLORED PEOPLE OF CANADA ARMING.—The Chatham (C. W.) Planet of the 2nd inst says:

We are glad to see that the colored people at Montreal are moving, and that it is likely that in a few days they will complete a strong military organization. The colored company in Halifax is very efficient, and one of the best there. We understand that Mr. Macdonald of Toronto is *considering* the question of forming a colored company there.

A SAD CASUALTY.—The body of Mr. Samuel Woodlin, who resided in Thirty-ninth street, and was employed as waiter on the steamer Isaac Newton, was found in the ice near Castleton on the 26th ult. It is supposed that he was walking on the railroad, and the night being dark and stormy, he fell through an opening on said road, and thus met his terrible fate. He was a native of Philadelphia, where, we understand, he has relatives living. A wife and two small children are left to mourn his loss.

☞ Christian Recorder please copy.

MARRIED.

CARAWAY—HUTCHINS.—At No. 26 Chapel st. Brooklyn, L. I. Jan. 7th, by the Rev. Wm. J. Alston, Mr. John Caraway, to Mrs. Elizabeth Hutchins, both of the above named city.

PARNELL—SHERMAN.—In St. Philip's Church, on New Year's day, by the Rev. Wm. Johnston Alston—Mr. John R. Parnell of Williamsburgh, L. I. and Miss Abbie J. Sherman of N. Y. City.

SICKLES—HODGE.—In this city, Dec. 31st, by the Rev. J. D. S. Hall, Mr. George Sickles of Singsing, to Miss Martha D. Hodge, of Maryland.

DIED.

GALE.—In Weeksville Long Island, Dec. 16th, after an illness of three days, William Gale, aged 45 years.

RIVERS.—In Washington city, on the 1st instant, Mrs. Anna Rivers in the 86th year of her age, after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude.

Special Notices.

AN EXHIBITION

Of the AFRICAN UNION CHURCH SABBATH SCHOOL will be held on THURSDAY EVENING, Jan. 15th, at the CONTINENTAL HALL corner of 34th street and 8th Avenue.

P. S. Porter, Superintendant.

LECTURE IN UNION CHURCH.

Mr. L. M. Kellogg, will lecture in the African Union Church, 28th st., between 7th and 8th Avenues, on Thursday evening, Jan. 16th, subject:

THE FUTURE DESTINY OF THE COLORED RACE.

Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock. Admission free. A collection will be taken up for the benefit of the church.

JOHN FRISBY, Pastor.

A. ROBERTS, 120 Clinton Court, 8th st., New York, agent for the Weekly Anglo-African. Copies may be had of him at an early hour after its publication. 24tf

THE A. M. E. ZION TRINITY CHURCH,

Located in Barrow street, between Newark and Railroad avenues, Jersey City, will be opened on the 12th of January for Divine Worship, on which occasion the Rev. WILLIAM H. BISHOP will be present. There will be a special collection taken up for the church.

A TEA

Will be given, on the evening of the 23d of January, by Ladies and Gentlemen of Jersey City, to assist the trustees of the A. M. E. Zion Church, Barrow street, in paying for the church.

GEORGE OTON'S

QUADRILLE BAND

BALLS, PARTIES, &c., furnished with MUSIC at the shortest notice.

MR. GEORGE OTON,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St., and with G. Oton. 18tf

WASHBOARDS! WASHBOARDS!! WASHBOARDS!!!—of the celebrated "Hoagland Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

MASONIC DIRECTORY, FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R.W.G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No. 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwick, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at *231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.*

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14, Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, New York City.

LECTURES.

THE UNDERSIGNED is prepared to fill engagements to deliver single Lectures, on the following subjects:

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY;
THE ADAPTATIONS OF THE EARTH, OR TERRESTRIAL ADAPTATIONS;
MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.
THE ANCIENT HONORS OF THE BLACK AND COLORED RACES OF THE EARTH;

—Being a series of popular discourses recently delivered, founded on the following texts:

1. "Look not upon me because I am black." [Song of Sol.—1.6.
2. "Princes shall come out of Egypt." [Psalm 68—31.
3. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin." [Jer.—13.23.
4. "Cursed be Canaan.' —Gen.—9.25.
5. "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus." Philemon.

TERMS—The lecturer's passage both ways, and one-fourth of profits.

[From the Detroit Daily Advertiser, March 1, 1860.]

"Mr. BERRY's lecture last night is stated to have displayed much thought, and to have been in every respect meritorious."

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Mrs. DOROTHA SMITH, formerly Miss Mingo, of Pictou, Nova Scotia. Any information in regard to her sent to Mrs. THOMPSON, 4 Catharine Lane, will be thankfully received. 21 2t

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

SHILOH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

New York—corner of Prince and Marion street near Broadway.

Hours of Worship:—
Prayer-meeting, 10½ A. M.
3 P. M.
7½ P. M.

Prayer-meeting Tuesday Evenings 7½ o'clock,
Lecture Friday Evenings, 7½ o'clock.
Minister's Residence 174 W. 30th st. near the 8th Avenue.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,

(PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.)

Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

Rev. WM. J. ALSTON, Pastor. Residence—70 Sullivan St.

R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1 2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . . P. M.

Lect ure every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—
10½ . . . . . . A. M.
3 . . . . . . P. M.
7½ . . . . . . P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn. 13-1y.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

DeKalb, corner of Hudson Avenue.

REV. ELI N. HALL, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:
10½ o'clock, ... A. M.
" . . . . . . P. M.
" . . . . . . P. M.

10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:
10 1-2 o clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7 1. " . . . . P. M.

12–1y

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue

Hours of worship:—
3 o'clock, ... P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

Rev. CHAS. H. THOMPSON, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

Second Street, between Avenues B and C

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7 " . . . . P. M.

Rev. J. D. S. HALL, Pastor. Residence—223 Second St.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sullivan St., near Houston.

Rev. JOHN T. RAYMOND, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . P. M.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.
Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.
Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

AGENT FOR WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

TROY AGENCY.—Mr. Henry Barke, 36 Fulton St., Troy, is the regular agent for that city and vicinity. Subscriptions and advertisements for the paper left with him, will be promptly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW MUSIC.—"The Lord doth now to this Nation Speak," "O, Let my People Go," Parody on "Song of the Contrabands," words by Moses, music by Baker. Price 35 cts. including "Contrabands' Song," or 4 pieces for $1, mailed free. Just published by

HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway.

24 6t.

THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS,
MELODEONS, ALEXANDRE ORGANS,
and
T. Gilbert & Co's. Celebrated Æolian Pianos,

are the finest instruments for Parlors and Churches now in use. A large assortment can be seen at the new Warerooms 481 Broadway, between Grand and Broome streets, which will be sold at extremely low prices. Pianos and Melodeons from sundry makers, new and second hand, to let, and rent allowed if purchased, as per agreement. Monthly payments received for the same. Also, second-hand pianos at great bargains, prices from $25 to $100. Sheet Music, Music Books, and all kinds of Music merchandise at war prices. A Pianist in attendance will try new music.

HORACE WATERS, AGENT.

THE
PEOPLE'S MILITARY ALMANAC.

The undersigned announce in preparation a

MILITARY ALMANAC,
SUITED TO THE
REQUIREMENTS OF THE TIMES.

It will contain about Fifty Pages of valuable statistical and reading matter, among which will be found a statement of the causes and antecedents of the war, with a succinct narrative of its progress and incidents, including the principal battles and skirmishes, by land and sea, to the present time; *a list of the leading officers of the Government*, political and military, with biographical notices, and the leading officers of the so-called Southern Confederacy; a sketch of the organization of the army, the insignia of officers; an abstract of the articles of war; tables of pay and and rations; national hymns, anecdotes, &c., &c., making a complete

Book of Reference for the Use of the People.

Price 12 cents for single copy—$8 per hundred, with a further reduction on larger quantities.

A limited space will be devoted to advertisements, at the following rates:

One Page,	$30	Quarter Page,	[illegible]
Three-fourth Page,	24	Eighth of Page,	[illegible]
Half Page,	16	Two Pages,	[illegible]

Payable on presentation of proof sheet of advertisement for correction, otherwise with an addition of fifty per cent.

It will also embrace a Mercantile Directory containing names of dealers, at a charge of fifty cents to each, payable at the time of subscribing.

To bring this Department more prominently before the *general public, copies of the work* will be gratuitously suspended for reference in the principal hotels of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other large cities. In addition, each advertiser of half a page or more may specify, at the time of subscribing, twelve hotels in any of the above cities, or such others as may be of convenient access to the publishers, where copies shall be gratuitously suspended.—A copy will also be hung up for public reference in the business place of each advertiser whose bill is promptly paid. Advertisements are to appear in all copies issued previous to December 1st, which the publishers guarantee shall not be less than 3,000 copies, if only for gratuitous distribution. No person authorized to collect without written authorization.

DEXTER & CO.,
Publishers and Printers,
17 Spruce street, New York.
86 Milk street, opposite Pearl St., Boston.
146 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.
23 tf

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HAIR!

For it is an ornament and protection; but how many suffer this crown of beauty to decay and fall off, when a sure remedy is at hand, perfectly safe and pleasant in its application.

We allude to

ANDERSON'S
RESTORATIVE & PRESERVATIVE;
—OR—
Great American Remedy for the Hair,
AND CURE FOR
NERVOUS HEADACHE,

Which has and is performing such wonders upon heads that have been, many of them, bald for years.

Wigs have been thrown aside, and handsome natural hair has taken their place.

Persons whose hair had not grown for years have, by using the Restorative, got it growing finely; and it will restore to the natural color all premature grey hair.

For cleaning the head from scurf and excess of dandruff, it is unsurpassed, and a sure cure for Nervous Headache, no matter of how long standing; and herein is the beauty of the Restorative—that it is perfectly safe for the infant or the oldest person, being free from all minerals, oils, high alcohol, sulphur, or anything injurious.

THE RESTORATIVE IS A PERFECTLY SCIENTIFIC BOTANICAL ARTICLE, approved and used by some of the best Chemists and Physicians in the world.

Hundreds of certificates can be shown, from different parts of the country, that have been sent to the proprietor by individuals that have been benefited by its use, including physicians, clergymen and other public men.

The few following certificates will show that it is a standard remedy, and will so remain long after experiments with high alcohol shall have been forgotten.

CERTIFICATES.

New York, March 28th, 1861.

Mr. William Anderson—Dear Sir: That wonderful Hair Restorative that you sold here a short time ago, has become a favorite with the people. I have repeated calls for it—and here let me say that Mr. R——, who has been entirely bald on the top of his head for some three or four years, has, by using one bottle of your Restorative, produced a fine growth of hair. Please forward me one dozen bottles.

Yours Respectfully,
THOS. R. CROCKER,
Fulton Fish Market.

New York, May 30th, 1851.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Sir: You may send me one dozen bottles of your Hair Restorative, which I will pay for on delivery. The two bottles I purchased from you have been of great service to Mrs. Ingersol.

D. W. INGERSOL,
(formerly in Pearl St.)

New York, May 12th, 1855.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Dear Sir: Having lost my hair, I was recommended to try your Restorative, and have done so with great and good results. I have now a fine head of hair, when four months ago I was quite bald. I would say to those in the same predicament, that they should try your remedy, feeling satisfied that they will reap a benefit from so doing. Yours, &c.,

JAMES EDWIN HALSEY.
193 Pearl St., N. Y.

I have used in my family "Anderson's Restorative for the Hair and cure for Nervous Headache," and found it valuable for the purposes specified, and recommend it to all who want a good and safe article.

ALBRO LYONS.
20 Vandewater St., New York, Dec. 24th, 1861.

The article may be found at Dr. Smith's, 55 West Broadway; Mrs. Staat's, 78 Thompson St.; Chas. H. Ring's, 155 Fulton St; Robt. Hamilton's, 48 Beekman St., or of the Proprietor,

WM. ANDERSON, New London, Ct.

Retail price, 25 and 50 cents per bottle, or $2 and $4 per dozen.

BOSTON HOUSE,
MRS. CHURCH, PROPRIETRESS,
105 Park Street, near Mott,
NEW YORK.

This is the oldest Colored Boarding-House in the city, having been

ESTABLISHED IN 1841.

It is centrally located, being within fifteen minutes' walk of the steamboat landings, and of all the principal colored Churches. 19 26t

MRS. SARAH A. TILMAN,
FANCY HAIR BRAIDER,
In all its branches—such as
BRACELETS, EAR-RINGS, WATCH
GUARDS, FINGER RINGS, CHARMS, ETC.,
Residence—120th St., between 3d and 4th Avenues, Harlem.
18 26t

PETER S. PORTER,
GENERAL AGENT FOR
HOUSE LETTING,
170 WEST 29TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Colored Families furnished with apartments in suits of Rooms or whole Houses, in different parts of the City. 17 13t

TO LET.—THE ROOM ON THE SECOND floor of Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-street. Inquire at 66 East Houston-st., or of the Janitor, 225 West 15th-st.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts. 2 tt.

[illegible]

Gentlemen if you want a [illegible] well-fitted Garment at a [illegible] can be bought at [illegible] in any other city, please call at the [illegible] Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,
[illegible] STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURGH,
Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as
BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS
of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made
MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING.
DON'T FORGET
168 EWEN ST.,
Williamsburg.
9 1y.

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,
EMPIRE STATE HOTEL
AND
UNION HOUSE,
541 BROOME STREET.
Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.

On an improved plan, by widow T. L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. RAMSEY.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Please call and see for yourselves.

HATS CAPS & FURS
IN THEIR VARIETY.

First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS. The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

AGENTS WANTED.

SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand sewing; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal oil lamps; Egyptian Cement, for mending furniture, crockery, &c.; Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) P. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y. 19 13t

MRS. M. E. EDY,
EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE.
RESIDENCE—134 Christie Street, N. Y.
26 26t

BOARDING AND LODGING
IN BROOKLYN,

At Mrs. SUSAN HARRIS', 68 Atlantic St., near South Ferry. $3 per week for gentlemen, and $2 50 for ladies. Lodgings 75 cts. per week. 15tf

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS!

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co N.Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St.,
one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
10 5t

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 182 Suffolk, Street. Terms very moderate. a10 1y.

MRS. ANDERSON,
CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS

Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMODATE a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tt

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTEN, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 199 SOUTH STREET, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5—4t

HENRY G. LEASK,
HATS. CAPS, STRAW GOODS
AND FURS.
COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.
Shipping Furs Bought. 12-tf

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) REspectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts.

MRS. E. LEONARD,
FASHIONABLE
DRESS MAKER,
25 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK.
Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON, 120 West 30th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies, $2.50
" Gentleman, 3.00
Lodging per week, 75

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
CARD AND JOB PRINTER
219 CENTRE STREET NEW YORK.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

MR. GEO. POOL can accommodate LADIES and GENTLEMEN with FIRST CLASS BOARD on reasonable terms, at his residence, No. [illegible] Sheriff Street, a few doors north of Grand. [illegible]

POCKET WATER FILTER
AND
DRINKING TUBE.

Indispensable for Soldiers, Travelers, and Sportsmen. [illegible] vest pocket. [illegible] wanted. [illegible] by addressing

A. DAY & CO.
3-13t Box 464 P.O., Newark, N. J.

Poetry.

[From the N. Y Tribune.]

"MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY."

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Under the oaks of Sempach
  The Switzers knelt in prayer,
And swore upon their sword-hilts,
  The oath their fathers sware.
Under the oaks of Sempach,
  Their fathers swords they bared,
And dared the powers of Slavery
  Their valliant fathers dared.

Duke Leopold's knights in armor,
  Duke Leopold's spearmen tall,
With shields o'erlapped and lace-points,
  Stood up, like a castle wall;
And when the Swissmen smote them,
  Their angry armor rang,
Like anvils under hammers,
  With hoarse and sullen clang!

And when the Switzers charged them,
  So well they bore the shock,
The mountain-men fell backward,
  Like billows from a rock—
Fell back with dead and dying,
  Fell back with doubts and fears,
That none might pass the shield-wall,
  Or break the hedge of spears!

Behold! the fateful moment—
  The hour of Freedom's stress,
Then stood forth Arnold Winkelried
  From all the dubious press,
He looked upon the Switzers,
  And saw their fear and doubt—
"I'll make a path for LIBERTY!"
  Bold Winkelried cried out.

He turned upon the Austrians,
  And flung his arms apart:
He clasped a score of lance-points,
  And joined them at his heart.
As bride embraces bridegroom,
  He hugged the lovely death:
"I make a path for LIBERTY!"
  He said, with dying breath.

And after him the Switzers
  No more knew doubts or fears;
They passed the broken shield-wall,
  They passed the hedge of spears;
And where he fell they mounted,
  O'er shattered helm and shield,
And drove the Austrian spoilers,
  From Sempach's gory field!

Five hundred years have mouldered
  O'er Winkelried the Swiss;
No slave hath breathed in Switzerland
  From that brave day to this.
And as the LORD yet liveth,
  I cannot help but pray
Some Winkelried may lift his voice
  In mine own land to-day!

Some stern and loyal leader,
  To shame our doubts and fears,
And cleave for us the shield-wall,
  And break the hedge of spears!
Some hero-man, o'ermastering
  A slavish time like this—
To make a path for LIBERTY—
  Like Winkelried the Swiss!

New York, Jan. 1, 1862.

REDPATH REPUDIATES REASON —HE ANNOUNCES A NEW REVELATION: "THE HIGHER INSIGHT"—WHAT IS IT?

MR. EDITOR: Another leaf, I see by your paper, has been added to the "record." No longer content with cracking the lash over the heads of free colored men, Mr. Redpath, in his "Preparatory Word," consistently enough, denies the slave the self-evident, God given right to resist the tyrant, or labor practically for his redemption from bondage.

"War doctrines," he tells us, are "dangerous," not to the slave, not to liberty, but to James Redpath's "higher insight." If honest, he might have added, dangerous to slavery, dangerous to the traffickers in human flesh and blood, dangerous to tyrants the world over.

In common language we frequently meet the phrase "deep insight," etc.; but a "higher insight" is something new, in the name at least. It is natural. therefore, to inquire. What is it?

Certain it is that Moses, when he brained a slaveholder, and buried him in the sand, had not a "higher insight."

Dumacos and Sparticus, when they sought to break the fetters of slavery in Greece and Rome, had not a "higher insight."

L'Ouverture and Dessaline, the deliverer of Hayti, and the avengers of their people's wrongs, had not a "higher insight."

Patrick Henry, when in the Virginia House of Delegates exclaimed "Give me me Liberty, or give me death," had not a "higher insight."

Nor had John Brown, and the noble, heroic men who were butchered with him on the accursed, dark, treacherous and bloody soil of Virginia—a "higher insight."

But James Redpath possesses it. Every slave driver at the South possesses it; every doughface at the North possesses it, and every tyrant; every real, practical friend of slavery, the world over, possesses it.

More anon. A. P. SMITH.

Saddle River, N. J.

LETTER FROM PATERSON.

PATERSON, N. J., Dec. 30th, 1861.

MR. EDITOR: How we spent part of the holidays, it is hoped will be as interesting to your readers as to ourselves. Christmas Eve there was a ball, which *per se* is not a bad thing. Several skirmishes occurred during the evening. In the first a coat was torn, but a retreat effected in pretty good order. In the second, one of the privates was wounded in the forehead, whilst several others were sadly worsted in a gallant assault upon a battery, charged with heavy "Jersey lightning," which had been planted in a corner. All the fighting was done under the stars and stripes. If the like occurs again, look out for the names. It is a poor excuse for us to say that other classes do the same on similar occasions.—We should set them a better example.

The same eveuing a Sunday School entertainment was given in the church, by Mr. Scudder and some of the teachers, etc. It was a very fine and praiseworthy affair, and stands out in striking contrast to the ball mentioned.

On Christmas day and night, Mr. W. W. Brown, under the auspices of the W. T. B. Society, lectured in Continental Hall, with splendid success.

In my last I informed you of the formation of a Haytian Emigration club: now I have the pleasure of recording its utter disbandment.

The common sense of the people here arrays them against the scheme heartily and universally, and if Mr. Redpath or his mercenaries want to speculate on colored people, they will have to go elsewhere.

OCCASIONAL.

THE CLINTON LYCEUM OF BALTIMORE.

MR. EDITOR: The above named society which bids fair to become one of the brightest stars in our literary galaxy, made a grand demonstration on Wednesday evening, Dec. 18th, at the South Howard St. Chapel, which was well filled by the lovers of literature. The celebrated choir of the church furnished on this occasion some of their choicest music, under the direction of their venerable leader, Mr. James T. Butler. After the house was called to order by the master of ceremonies, he introduced to the audience Mrs. William H. Butler, President of the Lyceum, who was received with much applause.

Mrs. Butler then addressed the assembly as follows:

"Fellow members of the Clinton Lyceum and friends of Literature: Permit me to thank you for the honor conferred in being invited to address you this evening. Although suffering from a very severe cold, I cannot resist the promptings of duty, and will say a few words to you, knowing that the harvest is great aad the laborers few. The time has come when we, the descendants of Africa, should arouse to a sense of duty; for we are fast approaching the period when the dark cloud of ignorance will be dispelled, and our people will be enabled to reach a high point of elevation. Let us continue being obedient to the laws, diligent in the diecharge of all our duties, persevering in our studies, and a brighter day will dawn on us. Let us, like the brave solders now filling the Monumental City for the purpose of sustaining our country's flag, rally around the standard raised by the friends of literature, and not suffer it to be lowered and trodden under foot. In conclusion let me ask you, fellow members, to be united in heart and hand, and live in lovely union together until the sun shall set to rise no more. H.

Baltimore, Jan. 1, 1862.

DIDN'T HURT THE BOOTS.—Rather racy is the following incident of life on the cars, as related by a clever letter writer:

Near at hand was a gentleman of a nervous temperament and excitable disposition, who was guilty of the egregious folly of endeavoring to transport safely a new aud glossy silk tile, more commonly denominated a "plug" hat, and which, through fear its shining surface might be ruffled, he had carried in his hand a considerable number of miles. The hat was carefully wrapped in paper and deposited in what was deemed a safe place, where none would be apt to steal or molest it. The gentleman retired. Morning came, and his hat was nowhere discernible. After searching long and anxiously, it was at last discovered in tne rear of the car, with a brakeman standing upon it, gazing intently out of the window at the beauties of the scenery as the glorious rays of the morning sun darted up from the Eastern horizon.

The gentleman was angry—not to say mad. With a frantic rush at the offending employee, which nearly upset that individual's equilibrium, he seized the once shining but now dilapidated hat, and holding it aloft exclaimed: "How dare you, how dare you, sir, I say, stand with your boots on my hat?" The employee glanced first at the gentleman whose property he had injured, next at the hat, which looked like a tin kettle after having passed through a *charavari*, and lastly at the boots which had done the deed, then slowly drawled out: "give yourself no uneasiness, sir; the boots are old ones and I don't think it has hurt 'em any!" "Crushed again," groaned the injured one, as he settled down in his seat with a look of agony which would have made the fortune of any play actor who could successfully have imitated it.

In some parts of Scotland the nearest relatives of the dead lower the coffin into the grave. The cords used are sacred to this solemn service, and are called "mourning cords." The coffin having been let down, they who hold the cords remove their hats, and immediately the whole company uncover. There is no prayer made, no service read, no hymn sung; but there they stand, with bared heads, and all silently looking down into the ready grave for about ten minutes. This solemn pause must be inconceivably impressive. This awful silence, we fancy, is more affecting than the utterance of the most appropriate words in the most becoming manner.

A DOCTOR BADLY SOLD.

A celebrated physician in Albany relates the following as an item of his experience: One stormy night he was awakened from a first nap after a laborious day's work, by the ringing of his office bell. He put his head out of the window and made the usual inquiry—

"What's wanted?"

"Och, Docthor dear! Docthor dear! be quick! Me ould woman, Biddy, is faring bad," answered a voice below with an mistakable brogue.

"Who are you?" said the Doctor.

"Sure I'm Dinney Sullivan, your honor, and I live in the Bowery: an' ye must be quick, Docthor!"

The place indicated being at a distance from the Doctor's residence, and it being stormy, the Doctor demurred. Dinney urged, and finally, as an inducement, said:

"Docthor dear, if you come, I'll give ye tin dollars, kill or cure."

Being tempted somewhat by the fee offered, the Doctor assented, and after a long and disagreeable walk found Biddy beyond human aid. After prescribing for her as well as he could under the circumstances, he left, and the next morning, as he had expected, he heard of her death. After a reasonable interval the Doctor sent his bill to Dinney, who repudiated it. Dinney being perfectly responsible, was sued immediately for the ten dollars, in a Justice's Court.—The Doctor had assigned his account, and was a witness himself. He stated the contract, and claimed the ten dollars. Dinney, who managed tne case himself, repudiating the offers of assistance from the attendant lawyers, very quietly asked the witness if he had 'cured the old woman?' He answered in the negative. Then, in a loud, boisterous tone, he asked, 'Now, Docthor, upon the vartue of your oath, did you kill her?' The Doctor was thunderstruck. He stammered, and finally, upon the question being repeated, answered again in the negative. 'Thin, your honor,' said Dinney, 'the Docthor didn't kape his contract—he nather killed nor cured Biddy and he can't have the tin dollars.' The Court non-suited the plaintiff amidst the laughter of the audience, and the Doctor acknowledged himself badly sold.

CREMONA VIOLINS.—Dr. Lee, who was lecturer in St. Thomas Hospital, London, and an accomplished amateur performer on the violin, entertained a great passion for the instruments themselves, and made hundreds of experiments to find out the cause of the superiority of tone in the Cremona. He had a fine Cremona taken to pieces, and a number of new instruments made in every part exactly like it, yet none of them equaled it in tone. He thus found out that it was not a particular form which gave these instruments a superiority over all others. He then experimented with various kinds of wood, and also treated the same sort of wood in various ways, in order to discover if this was the cause. For example he steeped some in alcohol, others in oil, then dried them, and had them made of the genuine Cremona shape. All these efforts, however, were in vain; the old Cremona sung sweetly over them all. At last it struck him that there might be something in the varnish connected with the subject, and he discovered that amber varnish was the coating of the old Cremona. To work at varnishes he then went, (for he was a determined experimenter and a good chemist,) and at last he made a grand hit. By making amber varnish in the same manner that copal varnish is made, namely, by heating the amber, then pouring hot oil upon it, he obtained a varnish, which, when applied to his violins, improve their tones in a wonderful manner. The varnish takes a long time to dry. The violins to which it is applied have to be hung up in the open air for months before they close their sticky character, but when perfectly dry, it is the grand solvent of the Cremona's superiority. Severia, the famous violinist, and pupil of Paganini, was presented with one of Dr. Lee's violins, and he declared it was equal to a Cremona; of twenty violins in his possession, it was excelled by only one, while it was superior to all the others.

WHAT HE WOULD LIKE.—As Deacon Adams, on an extremely cold morning in the old times, was riding by the house of neighbor Potter, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with—

"Don't be in a hurry, deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of old Jamaica this morning?"

"Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon—"I don't care if I do."

"Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, deacon," said the neighbor; "I merely asked for information. We haven't a drop in the house."

The deacon sighed, mounted his horse, and rode off.

A GOOD PRAYER.—A little African was one day heard to pray thus:

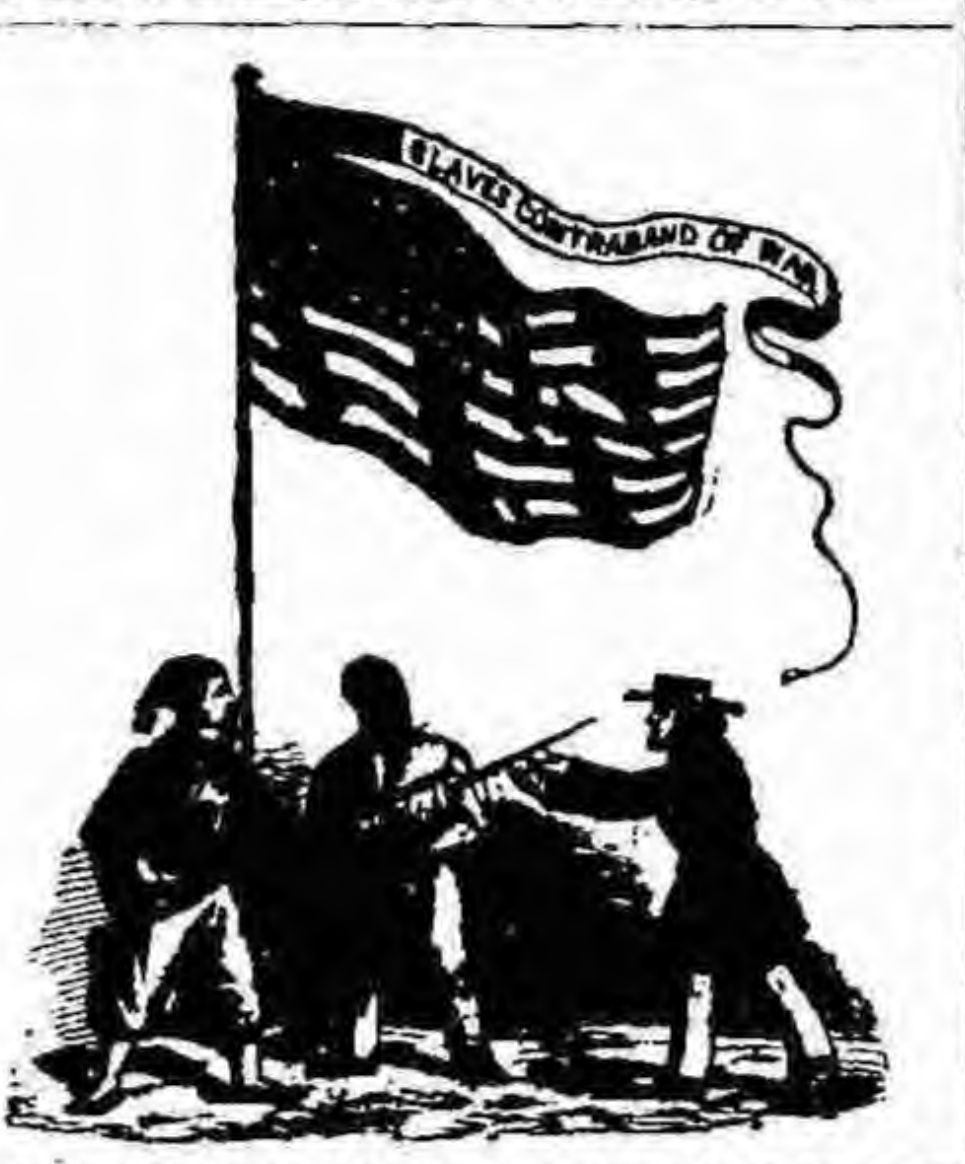
"Lord Jesus, my heart bad too much. Me want to love you, me want to serve you, but my bad heart will not let me. O Lord Jesus, me can't make me good. Take away this bad heart. O Lord Jesus, give me new heart? O Lord Jesus, me sin every day. Pardon my sin! O Lord Jesus, let me sin no more!"

The Montreal Commercial Advertiser says, a few days ago two men enlisted in the One-hundredth regiment at Toronto, and having made drawings of the fortifications there concluded to desert, and left for Rochester in a sail boat which they stole from the island. They were immediately followed by a negro who had been watching them with another man, in a row boat, and after an exciting chase of seven miles, owing to a change in the wind, they were overhauled. Refusing to surrender, the colored man fired on them with a gun loaded with duck shot, wounding them both after which they were captured, conveyed to Toronto, and delivered np.

The freest possible scope should be given to all the opinions, discussions, and investigations of the learned; if frail they will fail, if right they will remain; like steam they are only dangerous when pent up, restricted and confined.

These discordances in the moral world, like the apparent war of the elements in the natural, are the very means by which wisdom and truth are ultimately established in the one, and peace and harmony in the other.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

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Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hair-brush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off, always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that cases of failure will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and perseveringly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

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The Weekly Anglo-African.

"MAN MUST BE FREE!—IF NOT THROUGH LAW, WHY THEN ABOVE THE LAW."

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BLAKE: OR THE HUTS OF AMERICA.

A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R. DELANY.

By myself, the Lord of Ages,
I have sworn to right the wrong;
I have pledged my word unbroken,
For the weak against the strong.
H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ESCAPE.

This night the inmates of the tavern revelled with intoxication; all within the building, save the exemplary family of the stern old German, Slusher, who peremptorily refused from first to last, to take any part whatever with them, doubtless, being for the evening the victims of excessive indulgence in the beverage of ardent spirits. Now and again one and another of the numerous crowd gathered from the surrounding neighborhood, increasing as the intelligence spread, went alone to the stable to examine the door, reconnoiter the premises, and ascertain that the prisoners were secure. The company getting in such high glee that, fearing a neglect of duty, it became advisable to appoint for the evening a corps of sentinels whose special duty, according to their own arrangements, should be to watch and guard the captives. This special commission being one of pecuniary consideration, Jim Franey the township constable, the rowdy Ned Bradly, and Ben West the discharged stage-driver, who being about the premises, readily accepted the office, entering immediately on the line of duty.

The guard each alternately every fifteen minutes went out to examine the premises, when one and a-half of the clock again brought around the period of Ben West's duty. Familiar with the premises and the arrangements of the stables, taking a lantern, West designed closely to inspect their pinions, that no lack of duty on his part might forfeit his claim to the promised compensation.

When placing them in the stable, lights then being in requisition, Henry discovered in a crevice between the wall and the end of the feed-trough, a common butcher knife used for the purpose of repairing harness. So soon as the parties left the stable, the captives lying with their heads resting on their bundles; Henry arising, took the knife, cutting loose himself and companions, but leaving the pinions still about their limbs as though fastened, resumed his position upon the bundle of straw. The sythe had been carelessly hung on a section of the worm fence adjoining the barn, near the door of the prison department, their weapons having been taken from them.

'Well, boys,' enquired West, holding up the lantern; 'you're all here, I see: do you want anything? Take some whiskey!' holding in his hand a quart bottle.

'The rope's too tight around my ankle!' complained Charles; 'its took all the feeling out of my leg.'

Dropping upon his knees to loosen the cord, at this moment, Henry standing erect brandishing the keen glistening blade of the knife before him—his companions having sprung to their feet—'Don't you breathe!' exclaimed the intrepid unfettered slave; 'or I'll bury the blade deep in your bosom! One hour I'll give you for silence, a breach of which will cost your life.' Taking a tin cup which West brought into the stable, pouring it full to the brim; 'Drink this!' said Henry, compelling the man who was already partially intoxicated, to drink as much as possible, which soon rendered him entirely insensible.

'Come, boys!' exclaimed he, locking the stable, putting the key into his pocket, leaving the intoxicated sentinel prostrated upon the bed of straw intended for them, and leaving the tavern house of the old German Slusher forever behind them.

The next period of watch, West being missed, Ned Bradly, on going to the stable, finding the door locked, reported favorably, supposing it to be still secure. Overton in turn did the same. When drawing near daylight—West still being missed—Franey advised that a search be made for him. The bedrooms, and such places into which he might most probably have retired, were repeatedly searched in vain, as calling at the stable elicited no answer, either from him nor the captives.

The sun was now more than two hours high, and word was received from the village to hasten the criminals in for examination before the magistrate. Determining to break open the door, which being done, Ben West was found outstretched upon the bed of straw, who, with difficulty, was aroused from his stupor. The surprise of the searchers on discovering his condition, was heightened on finding the escape of the fugitives. Disappointment and chagrin now succeeded high hopes and merriment, when a general reaction ran throughout the neighborhood; for the sensation at the escape even became greater than on the instance of the deed of resistance and success of the capture.

Of, all the disappointments connected with this affair, there was none to be regretted save that of the old German tavern keeper, Isaac Slusher, who, being the only pecuniary sufferer, the entire crowd revelling at his expense.

'Gonvound dish bishnesh!' exclaimed Slusher with vexation; 'id alwayah oosht more dan de ding ish wordt. Mine Got! afder dish I'll mindt mine own bishnesh. Iv tem Soudt Amerigans vilbgheep niggersh de musht gedch dem demzelve. Mine ligger ish ghon, I losht mine reaht, te niggersh rhun avay, un' I nod magk von zent!'

Immediate pursuit was sent out in search of the runaways but without success; for, dashing on, sythe in hand, with daring though peaceable strides through the remainder of the state and that of Michigan, the fugitives reached Detroit without further molestation or question from any source on the right of transit, the inhabitants mistaking them for resident blacks out from their homes in search of employment.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HAPPY GREETING.

After their fortunate escape from the stables of Isaac Slusher in Indiana, Henry and comrads safely landed across the river in Windsor, Essex Co., Canada West, being accompanied by a mulatto gentleman, resident of Detroit, who from the abundance of his generous heart, with others there, ever stands ready and has proven himself an uncompromising, true and tried friend of his race, and every weary traveler on a fugitive slave pilgrimage, passing that way.

'Is dis Canada! is dis de good ole British soil we hear so much 'bout way down in Missierppi?' exclaimed Andy; 'Is dis free groun'? de lan' whar black folks is free! Thang God a mighty for dis privilege!' When he fell upon his hands and knees and kissed the earth.

Poor fellow! he little knew the unnatural feelings and course pursued toward his race by many Canadians, those too pretending to be Englishmen by birth, with some of whom the blacks had fought side by side in the memorable crusade made upon that fairest portion of Her Majesty's Colonial Possessions, by Americans in disguise, calling themselves 'Patriots.' He little knew that while according to fundamental British Law and constitutional rights, all persons are equal in the realm; yet by a systematic course of policy and artifice, his race with few exceptions in some parts, excepting the Eastern Province, is excluded from the enjoyment and practical exercise of every right, except mere suffrage-voting—even to those of sitting on a jury as its own peer, and the exercise of military duty. He little knew the facts, and as little expected to find such a state of things in the long talked of and much loved Canada by the slaves. He knew not that some of high intelligence and educational attainments of his race residing in many parts of the Provinces, were really excluded from and practically denied their rights, and that there was no authority known to the colony, to give redress and make restitution on the petition or application of those representative men of his race, which had frequently been done with the reply from the Canadian functionaries that they had no power to reach their case. It had never entered the mind of poor Andy, that in going to Canada in search of freedom, he was then in a country where privileges were denied him which are common to the slave in every Southern State—the right of going into the gallery of a public building—that a few of the most respectable colored ladies of a town in Kent County, desirous through reverence and respect, to see a British Lord Chief Justice on the Bench of Queen's Court, taking seats in the gallery of the court house assigned to females and other visitors, were ruthlessly taken hold of and shown down the stairway by a man and *officer* of the Court of Queen's Bench for that place. Sad would be to him the fact when he heard, that the construction given by authority to these grievances, when requested to remedy or remove them, was, that they were 'local contingencies to be reached alone by those who inflicted the injuries.' An emotion of unutterable indignation would swell the heart of the determined slave, and almost compel him to curse the country of his adoption. But Andy was *free—being on British soil*—from the bribes of slave-holding influences; where the unhallowed foot of the slave-catcher dare not tread; where no decrees of an American Congress sanctioned by a President, born and bred in a free state and himself once a poor apprentice boy in a village, could reach.

Thus far, Andy was happy; happy in the success of their escape, the enlarged hopes of future prospects in the industrial pursuits of life; and happy in the contemplation of meeting and seeing Clara.

There were other joys than those of Andy, and other hopes and anticipations to be realised. Charles, Ambrose, and Eli, who, though with hearts overflowing with gratitude, were silent in holy praise to heaven, claimed to have emotions equal to his, and conjugal expectations quite as sacred if not yet as binding.

'The first thing now to be done is to find our people!' said Henry with emotion, after the excess of Andy had ceased.

'Where are they?' inquired the mulatto gentleman; 'and what are their names?'

'Their names at home were Frank's Ailcey, Craig's Polly, and Little Joe, who left several months ago; and an old man and woman called Daddy Joe and Mammy Judy; a young woman called Clara Beckwith, and a little boy named Tony, who came on but a few days before us.'

'Come with me, and I'll lead you directly to him!' replied the mulatto gentlemen; when taking a vehicle, he drove them to the country a few miles from Windsor, where the parties under feelings such as never had been experienced by them before, fell into the embrace of each other.

'Dar now, dar! wat I tell you? Bless de laud, ef dar ain' Chaules an' Henry!' exclaimed Mammy Judy clapping her hands, giving vent to tears which stole in drops from the eyes of all. 'My po' chile! My po' Margot!' continued she in pitious tones as the bold and manly leader, pressed closely to his bosom his boy, who now was the image of his mother; 'My son did'n yeh hear nothing bout er? did'n yeh not bring my po' Margot?'

'No, mammy, no! I have not seen and did not bring her! No, mammy, no! But!' When Henry became choked with grief which found an audible response from the heart of every child of sorrow present.

Clara commenced, seconded by Andy and followed by all except him the pierce to whose manly heart had caused it, in tones the most affecting:

'Oh, when shall my sorrow subside!
And when shall my troubles be ended;
And when to the bosom of Christ be conveyed,
To the mansions of joy and bliss!
To the mansions of joy and bliss!

Falling upon their knees, Andy uttered a most fervent prayer, invoking Heaven's blessings and aid.

'Amen!' responded Charles.

'Hallelujah!' cried Clara clapping her hands.

'Glory, glory, glory!' shouted Ailcey.

'Oh laud! w'en shall I get home!' mourned mammy Judy.

''Tis good to be here chilen! 'tis good to be here!' said daddy Joe, rubbing his hands quite wet with tears—when all rising to their feet met each other in the mutual embraces of christian affection, with heaving hearts of sadness.

'We have reason sir,' said Henry addressing himself to the mulatto gentleman who stood a tearful eye witness to the scenes; 'We have reason to thank God from the recesses of our hearts for the providential escape we've made from slavery!' which expression was answered only by trickles down the gentleman's cheeks.

The first care of Henry was to invest a portion of the old people's money, by the purchase of fifty acres of land with improvements suitable, and provide for the schooling of the children until he should otherwise order. Charles by appointment in which Henry took part, was chosen leader of the runaway party, Andy being the second, Ambrose and Eli respectively the keepers of their money and accounts, Eli being a good penman.

'Now,' said Henry, after two days rest; 'the time has come and I must leave you! Polly, as you came as the mistress, you must now become the mother and nurse of my poor boy! Take good care of him—Mammy will attend to you. Charles, as you have all secured land close to, I want you to stand by the old people; Andy, you, Ambrose, and Eli, stand by Charles and the girls, and you must succeed, as nothing can separate you; your strength depending upon your remaining together.'

'Henry is yeh guine sho' nuff?' earnestly enquired Andy.

'Yes, I must go!'

'Wait little!' replied Andy, when after speaking aside with Eli and Ambrose, calling the girls they all whispered for sometime together; occasional evidence of seriousness, anxiety, and joy marking their expressions of countenance.

The Provincial regulations requiring a license, or three weeks report to a public congregation, and that many sabbaths from the altar of a place of worship to legalise a *marriage*, and there being now no time for either of these, the mulatto gentleman who was still with them, being a clergyman, declared, that in this case no such restrictions were binding; being originally intended for the whites and the free, and not for the panting runaway slave.

'Thank God, for that! That's good talk!' said Charles.

'Ef it aint dat, 'taint nothin! Dat's wat I calls good '*black* talk!' replied Andy, causing the clergyman and all to look at each other with a smile.

The party gathered standing in a semicircle, the clergyman in the centre; a hymn being sung and prayer offered—rising to their feet, and an exhortation of comfort and encouragement being given, with the fatherly advice and instructions of their domestic guidance in after life by the aged man of God; the sacred and impressively novel words: 'I join you together in the bonds of matrimony!' gave Henry the pleasure before leaving of seeing upon the floor together, Charles and Polly, Andy and Clara, Eli and Ailcey, 'as man and wife forever.'

'Praise God!' exclaimed poor old mammy, whose heart was most tenderly touched by the scene before her, contrasting it by reflection, with the sad reminiscence of her own sorrowful and hopeless union with Daddy Joe, with whom she had lived fifty years as happy as was possible for slaves to do.

'Bless de laud!' responded the old man.

The young wives all gave vent to sobs of sympathy and joy, when the parson as a solace sung in touching sentiments:

'Daughters of Zion! awake from thy sadness!
Awake for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.
Bright o'er the hills shines the day star of gladness
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er;
Daughters of Zion, awake from thy sadness!
Awake for thy foes shall oppress thee no more!

'O glory!' exclaimed Mammy Judy, when the scene becoming most affecting; hugging his boy closely to his bosom, upon whose little cheeks and lips he impressed kisses long and affectionate, when laying him in the old woman's cap and kissing little Tony, turning to his friends with a voice the tone of which sent through them a thrill, he said:

'By the instincts of a husband, I'll have her if living! If dead, by the impulses of a Heaven inspired soul, I'll avenge her loss unto death! Farwell, farwell!' the tears streaming as he turned from his child and its grand parents; when but a few minutes found the runaway leader, seated in a car at the Windsor depot, from whence he reached the Suspension Bridge at Niagara *en route* for the Atlantic.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A NOVEL ADVENTURE.

From the Suspension Bridge through the great New York Central Railway to Albany, and thence by the Hudson River, Henry reached the city on the steamer "Hendrick Hudson," in the middle of an afternoon. First securing a boarding house—a new thing to him—he proceeded by direction to an intelligence office, which he found kept by a mulatto gentleman. Here inquiring for a situation as page, or valet on a voyage to Cuba, he deposited the required sum, leaving his address as 'Gilbert Hopewell, 168 Church St."—changing the name to prevent all traces of himself out of Canada, whither he was known to have gone, to the Free States of America, and especially to Cuba whence he was going, the theatre of his future actions.

In the evening Henry took a stroll through the great thoroughfare, everything being to him so very novel, that eleven o' clock brought him directly in front of doubtless the handsomest saloon of the kind in the world, situated on the corner of Broadway and Franklin street. Gazing in at the luxurious and fashionable throng and gaieties displayed among the many in groups at the tables, there was one which more than all others attracted his attention, though unconscious at the time of it's doing so.

The party consisted of four; a handsome and attractive young lady, accompanied by three gentlemen, all fine looking, attractive persons, wearing the undress uniforms of United States Naval officers. The elder of these was a robust, commanding person in appearance, black hair, well mixed with white, seemingly some sixty years of age. One of the young gentlemen was tall, handsome, with raven black hair, moustache, and eyes; the other medium height, fair complexion, hair, moustache and whiskers, with blue eyes; while the young lady ranked of medium proportions in height and size, drab hair, fair complexion, plump cheeks and hazel eyes, and neatly dressed in a maroon silk habit, broadly faced in front and cuffed with orange satin, the collar being the same, neatly bound with crimson.

While thus musing over the throng continually passing in and out, unconsciously Henry had his attention so fixed on this group, who were passing out and up Broadway, involuntarily leaving the window through which he had been gazing, he found himself following them in the crowd which throng the street closely, foot to foot.

Detecting himself and about to turn aside, he overheard the elderly gentleman in reply to a question by the lady concerning the great metropolis, say, that in Cuba where in a few days they would be, recreation and pleasure were quite equal to that of New York. Now drawing more closely he learned that the company were destined for *Havana, to sail in a few days.* *His heart* beat with joy, when turning and making his way back, he found his boarding house without difficulty.

Henry once more spent a sleepless night, noted by restless anxiety; and the approach of morning seemed to be regulated by the extent of the city. If thoughts could have done it, the great Metropolis would have been reduced to a single "block' of houses, reducing in like manner the night to a few fleeting moments.

Early in the morning he had risen, and impatiently pacing the floor, imagined that the people of that city were behind the age *in rising.* *Presently the summons came for* breakfast, and ere he was seated a note was handed him reading thus:

Intelligence Office—Leonard St.,
New York, March 5th, 1853.

Gilbert Hopewell: There is now an opportunity offered to go to Cuba, to attend on a party of four—a lady and three gentlemen—who sail for Havana direct (see Tribune of this morning). Be at my office at half past ten o'clock, and you will learn particulars, which, by that time I will have obtained.

Respectfully,
B. A. P.

Though the delay was but an hour, Henry was restless, and when the time came was punctually in his place. The gentleman who called to meet *him at the Intelligence* office, Henry recognized as one of the party seen the previous evening at the great saloon in Broadway. Arrangements having been completed concerning his attendance and going with them; "Meet me in an hour at the St. Nicholas, and commence your duties immediately," said the gentleman, when politely bowing, Henry turned away with a heart of joy, and ful of hope.

Promptly to the time he was at the hotel, arranging for a start; when he found that his duties consisted in attendance particularly on the young lady and one of the *young gentlemen,* and the other two as occasion might require. The company was composed of Capt. Richard Paul, the elderly gentleman; Lieutenant Augustus Seeley, the black haired; passed Midshipman Lawrence Spencer, the light haired gentleman and Miss Cornelia Woodward.

Miss Woodward was modest and retiring, though affable, conversant and easy in manners. In her countenance were pictured an expression of definite anxiety and decisive purpose, which commanded for her the regard and *esteem of all whom she* approached. Proud without vanity, and graceful without affectation, she gained the esteem of every one; a lady making the remark that she was one of the most perfect of American young ladies.

After breakfast the next morning, they embarked on the steam packet "Isabella," to sail that day at eleven o'clock.

Of the gentlemen, Augustus Seeley gave to Miss Woodward the most attention, though nothing in her manner betrayed attachment, except an occasional sigh.

Henry, for the time, appeared to be her main dependence; as shortly after sailing she manifested a disposition to keep in retirement as much as possible. Though a girl of tender affections, delicate sentiments, and elevated Christian graces, Cornelia was evidently inexperienced and unprepared for the deceptions impositions practiced in society. Hence, with the highest hopes and expectations, innocently unaware of the contingencies in life's dangerous pathway; hazarding her destiny on the simple promise of an irresponsible young man, but little more than passed midshipman, she reached the quay at Moro Castle in less than six days from the Port of New York.

PART II.

Hear the word!—who fight for freedom!
Shout it in the battle van!
Hope! for bleeding human nature!
Christ the God, is Christ the Man!
H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER I.

CORNELIA WOODWARD.

'What next?' inquired Seeley of Captain Paul, immediately after refreshing at the 'American Hotel,' whither they had gone from the vessel.

'I shall take you out directly to see Captain Garcia, one of the finest fellows in the world.'

'Is this Emanuel Garcia, the expert fellow *so long engaged in the trade,* and *so* hard to catch?'

'The same. He married a sister of Peter Albertis, of New Orleans, formerly a planter on the Louisiana coast.'

'Ah hah! all right then!' replied Seeley.

These expressions Cornelia heard, but without the remotest idea of their real import, regarding them merely as common place conversation.

A black driver being summoned with a diligence to the door, in less than five hours the party were enjoying the balmy odors amidst the beautiful shrubbery at the *hacienda of Captain Emanuel and Madame* Adelaide Garcia.

The greetings between Paul and Garcia were very familiar, having the appearance of old acquaintance and a mature understanding.

In the family on a visit, was a French lady, Madame Celia Bonselle, who for a time had resided in Louisiana, a relative of the Albertises.

The conduct of Madame Garcia was painful to Cornelia, causing her much embarrassment, there being much close conversation between the gentlemen, in which Adelaide took an active part, for which she *received the disapprobation of Madame* Bonselle.

'To-morrow,' said Paul, after one of these private conferences; 'we repair to Matansas to examine the craft preparatory to sailing.'

'When do you sail, Captain Paul?' earnestly enquired Cornelia.

'I can't just say; it may be in a day or two, and it may be longer.'

'Then I'm sure I cannot understand my position, if you are to go off in a day or two!'

'She's not yet acquainted with our nautical customs, but will learn better by-and-by,' replied Seeley.

'I hope I may learn nothing worse than that which I already know, I'm afraid to my sorrow!'

'What nonsense, Madame, can't you trust your husband?' impatiently admonished the Spaniard.

'You're mistaken, sir: he's not my husband!' exclaimed Cornelia with resentment.

'If not, then I'm wrongly informed; but I still believe that I'm right!' replied Garcia.

'And so do I,' sanctioned Adelaide; 'for Lieutenant Seeley is incapable of falsehood.'

'Do you solemnly tell me that you are not the wife of Lieutenant Seeley?' enquired Garcia.

'Indeed, sir, upon my oath I am not!' replied *Cornelia, whose eyes were suffused* to blindness with tears.

'Upon my oath, you are then!' maliciously retorted Paul, to the great discomfiture of the almost distracted girl.

'I believe it! I believe it!' sanctioned Adelaide; 'and nothing can remove my impression!'

'In Heaven's name where am I, and what is to become of me!' exclaimed the poor girl in anguish. 'You wrong me! you do me a murderous wrong! I'm incapable of the implied charge upon my reputation; my only sin has been a misplaced affection! Let me tell you my *story.* I pray you, I beg *you,* to *permit* a poor wretch that's soon to become an outcast, to tell her tale of wretchedness and sorrow! Oh, I beg of you to hear me, ladies of position and happiness! My home is Pennsylvania in America; I had just finished my education in Delaware; went to New York expecting to meet my mother, to take me home; met the young man, who under solemn promise of marriage, decoyed me away; I, eluding my dear mother, escaped with him on the vessel. *Oh! this is the truth!*—this is the truth! and will you, for God's sake believe me, if not for my own!'

'She's crazy!' angrily replied Seeley; 'and utterly irresponsible for what she says!' he and Spencer taking their hats and immediately leaving the room.

'C ssy!' indignantly retorted the intelligent girl; 'call me what you will—mock my destruction—sport with my misfortune—trample upon my feelings, and deride my anguish if you will—but by the purity of unsullied womanhood, you never shall carry out the base designs I'm now satisfied were intended toward me! Oh, Heaven, I know,' said the heart wrecked girl, falling upon her knees with hands clasped and face upturned in supplication to God: 'will protect me! and—'

'So will I!' interrupted Celia Bonselle, choked with feelings of sympathy, at the instant when Seeley and Spencer re-entered the room, leaving their hats in the piazza.

'Lieutenant Seeley—I desire a word with you, solicited Madam Bonselle, walking in the direction of the door of the drawing-room, the house being a cottage.

'Madam!' exclaimed Seeley, giving vent to an irritable temper now excited to a rage; 'are you the arbiter of my choice and conjugal destiny?'

'I assumed it not, sir! but since I am summoned to do so without my own desire or consent—if I am compelled to sit in judgment on virtue and vice—to decide between innocence and infamy according to justice—then are you, sir, by the righteous decrees of offended morality and insulted womanhood, condemned to obscurity and disgrace!' Then with a spurn and a haughty toss of the head, such as a French lady only can give, she turned away leaving Seeley as motionless as a statue, standing before the gaze of Spencer and now indignant frown of Madam Garcia.

Paul, who immediately after his attack upon Cornelia, had left the room with Garcia to pace the lawn, now entered, and though himself having induced the two young naval officers to desert their post and go with him into the slave trade, being perfectly conversant with the designs, it having been arranged to decoy the young Miss with them as a victim; such was the sympathy manifested by the ladies and Spencer for the soul-tormented girl, that they also became deeply interested in her behalf.

At the instant when the two gentlemen entered, Cornelia left the room, walking through the shrubbery where to sooth her *sorrows amidst the eloquent though silent* sympathy of the flowers.

Seeley being left without a rallying point, with a seriousness of countenance to him unusual, without a word of reply to what had been said after the current turned against him, slowly retreated from the room. Taking up his hat as he passed through the piazza, raising it to his head as he passed out the door, a billet fell at his feet. Snatching it up and hastening to a secluded spot in the grove, on opening it gave the following lines of touching and chaste appeal to his manhood:

'How sweet at close of silent eve
The harp's responsive sound;
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
And deeds by virtue crowned!
How sweet to sit beneath a tree
In some delightful grove;
But oh! more soft, more sweet to me,
The voice of him I love!
'UNHAPPY CORNELIA.
Castilian Haciendes, Isle of Cuba,
March 14, 1853.'

This formidable charge discomfited him; it proved the blow which sent the spear to his heart, arousing the languid sensibility of his manhood to honor; when, regardless of paths, forcing his way in the direction from which, but a few moments before, the sound of sobs and bitter wailing had reached his ear, there finding her alone *in the densest of the grove, he cast himself* at her feet, with tears, upon his knees begging forgiveness for the past, with pledges of honor for the future. The scene was indescribably touching, their sympathy mutual, and the next day before the rays of the sun had ceased their genial influence over the hacienda, Cornelia Woodward and Augustus Seeley were pronounced with holy benediction, to be "man and wife forever!'

CHAPTER II.

HENRY AT THE HACIENDA.

On arriving at the hacienda, Henry was impressed at the first sight of the mistress, Madam Garcia. In her arms the maid held one child, by the hand another. Besides these there were *two others,* Ferdinand and Miguel, six and eight years of age—also a little black boy to wait upon and play with the young masters, with whom he then gamboled near by among the flowers.

'What is your name, young woman?' inquired Henry.

'Lotty,' was the reply; 'what is yours?'

'Gilbert they call me. These are handsome children.'

'Yes, sir,' she indifferently replied with a deep sigh.

'You seem to speak carelessly; don't you like children?'

'I like *some* children.'

'Do you not like these?'

'I might like them, but—'

'What?' interrupted he.

'I'm treated so bad, I don't care anything about them, so I don't.'

'Who treats you bad, your mistress?'

'Yes, sir, she beats me like any dog, so she does! and makes master beat me for spite!'

'Have they many slaves besides you?'

'Yes, sir, they have over three hundred on two places; this one here, and the other at Matanzas.'

'How are the slaves used here in Cuba? I understand they are well treated.'

'Taint so, sir—these people treat them like brutes!'

'What is the name of the little slave there, who plays with his young master?'

'Pomp. They beat and pull him about all the time; and if he don't let them do as they please with him, they go crying to their ma, who whips him severely.'

'What are the names of those children, Lotty?'

'The biggest one there is Miguel, the next Ferdinand, the girl Gracinda, and the baby in my arms is Justinia.'

'What are their ages?'

'One boy is eight, and the other six; one girl four, and the other not two.'

'What is the age of little Pomp, who waits on them, as he seems to be between the two?'

'He is seven years old.'

'Lotty, what is your age? you look like a young woman, but you're quite gray and careworn.'

'I used to know my age, but since I had so much trouble and came here, they beat me so much over the head, till I can't remember hardly anything. I can't tell how old I am!'

'Do the little girls love you as children generally do their nurses?'

'No, sir, they're cross, sassy little brats They'll pull my hair, scratch my face, and bite me; they go crying to her; then she falls on me and beats me to please them.'

Four o'clock, the dinner hour having arrived, the maid was summoned to duty, and anxious to witness the new order of things, Henry went to await the return of the nurse.

Madame Bonsell was an excellent lady, and loved by all the slaves on the hacienda Being French, she was an inherent votary of the late revolution and reform, and a believer in the principles espoused by the government of Lamartine, Ladru Rollin and Louis Blanc, and even wore a gold *broache* on which the *motto* was inscribed: *Liberte,* Equilite, Fraternite! the memorable rallying cry of the Liberaliists.

After dinner, being seated on the piazza, Lotty on passing with the child in her arms playfully whispered in Madame Bonsell's ear, which the mistress by chance observed.

'A fine girl!' said she smiling as the maid left her.

'She's a forward strap! Madame Bonsell, and I'll break her of it!' replied Madame Garcia.

'I'm sure, Adelaide, she means no harm at all, as you certainly must know!'

'She's entirely spoilt, Celia, since you've *been here, with your crazy notions of French* equality!'

'We are not accustomed to look upon these poor, unfortunate people with the charity we should, forgetting that naturally they're the same as ourselves.'

'Absurd! Celia Bonsell—it's all imagination, as I'm sure the negroes were made to serve the whites!'

'On this you and I cannot see alike, as I never will sanction such nonsense! God be merciful!' she sighed in conclusion, rising and walking down the lawn, the maid entering the piazza as she left.

'Lot, you strap! how dare you whisper *in Madame Bonsell's ear, and that—*

'I'm sure, mistress, I meant no harm! and I did'nt know that you saw me, else I would'nt have done it, indeed I would'nt! I won't do so any more, if you only spare me this time, and don't whip me before that strange man that came with the Americans! Oh, mistress!' she exclaimed, dropping to her knees, as Madame Garcia sunk the thumb nail deep into her ear, nearly cutting it through, saying:

'Now, take that, you impudent black jade! and begone out of my presence. The next time I'll cut you to pieces.'

The poor thing hastened away sorrowing, silently praying that God would remove her from her sufferings. Sitting some time after this with the children under the shade of orange trees, Henry approaching, observing the ear, side of the face and neck much swollen, inquired the cause, she evasively answering that a wasp had stung her.

'Twan no wasp sting dat! missus done it so she did!' explained little Pomp, which was heard by the young masters.

'How dare you say that about ma!' said the child Miguel, grasping the little black boy, who was sitting on the grass at the time, by the hair, jerked him upon his face to the ground saying, 'now you black [illegible]'

Hastening into the house, the child in a whisper, acquainted his mother with what had transpired between the man and maid servant, Pomp and himself. No notice whatever was taken of it at the time

Little Pomp was the son of the slave cook of the family, Abigail; the name of her mistress being a terror to her, as well as to all of the slaves. Night had now somewhat advanced, the guests [illegible] and the news of the [illegible] of the mistress toward Lotty and Pomp [illegible] through the place, many of the [illegible] come from their huts concealing [illegible] in the shrubbery around the [illegible] watch, well knowing that [illegible] would be the consequence. Lotty [illegible] in anguish that she dreaded the approach of night, which indeed Henry, [illegible] well understood her condition, [illegible] until the last, [illegible] that he could, [illegible]

He had come in search of his poor lost wife, and was anxiously desirous of having some idea of her true condition, before reaching her, which he was determined on doing, did she live at all on earth. All was now silent, the slaves awe-stricken in their hiding places, the nurse, her personal attendant maid servant, and Henry, sat in quiet waiting on the back piazza, there seeming at the time not a ripple of air, nor quiver of a leaf to interrupt the monotonous harmony. But the occupants of the piazza were suddenly startled by a voice accustomed on such occasions to command, and but too familiar:

'Diley, go bring me the cowhide!'* the girl soon returning with the dreadful thing of punishment. 'Now call Abigail, and tell her to bring that nigger of hers with her;' the servant executing as soon as possible the mistress' order, when the slave-mother and child stood trembling before her. 'You are here my lady, are you!' continued Madame Garcia, addressing herself to Lotty; 'stand aside there!' then turning to the mother of the child, she said, 'take off his clothes!'

'Oh, missus!' exclaimed the poor cook, as she laid on the stripes, regardless of the screams of agony uttered by the little one 'dohn beat my po' chile no mo! here's my back, gib it to me!' A severe cut with the hide across the face instantly silenced the petitions of Abigail, when handing her the whip, she compelled her to scourge her own child till he fell motionless and bleeding at her feet.

'Oh, laud'! exclaimed the more than tormented slave-mother; 'wot's to come o' we po' black people! I wish in God, I nebeh been baun.'

'Not a word of reflection there you black ape, or I'll have you given ten times as much! Take him out of this!' When as she lugged away her boy, insensible and bloody, the mother gave way to choking sobs of inexpressible grief. To her maid the mistress said:

'Poor old black thing! It was natural I suppose for her to feel for the little negro! He'll soon get over it! Now my lady, you may go!' she said, speaking to Lotty; 'and the next time I have occasion to use that,' (pointing to the bloody whip,) 'it shall be your time!' Lotty humbly curtesying left her presence.

To all this, Henry was a serious spectator, having twice detected himself in an involuntary determination to rush forward and snatch the infernal thing of torture, from the hand of the heart crushed mother. He retired that night with a mind nearer distraction than sanity.

Early next morning he asked, and kindly received, consent to leave for a fortnight, the services of Mrs. Seeley, for the purpose as he stated of visiting some relation in the colony; the Seeley's supposing, as he spoke Castilian well when employed by them, that he was a resident of Cuba.

*Cowhide—the name given to a raw-skin whip in America.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 18, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of he news-dealers everywhere.*

WANTED—A PRESS.

One of the exigencies of the war, not generally recognised as such, is a free and out-spoken press. President Lincoln has not only abolished the *habeas corpus act*, he has also muzzled the press quite as effectually, although with less parade than his fellow autocrat who limps through the *Bois de Boulogne*, and rules the people of France if not of all Europe. Until the end of this war there can be no such thing as a free press in the country, and a press without freedom is worse than no press whatever.

There were some remains of a press when Fremont was dismissed for daring to think differently from the President—that is to say Kentucky—that is to say the slave power. There was some righteous indignation uttered in sound Saxon phrase. But now that Secretary Cameron is forced to walk the plank—for daring to think and speak differently from the President—that is to say Kentucky—that is to say the slave power—we find the press so effectually muzzled that there is no word of murmur, of complaint or dissent, much less any utterance of the stern and bitter indignation which this new bowing down to Dagon should have called forth.

'The Evening Post' and 'Tribune' who live and thrive on their odor of Anti-Slavery, persistently tell their readers that the removal of Cameron is a resignation: they actually, in a doleful sort of a way, grow jolly under the tyranical pressure which squeezes them with a lying silence. The 'Tribune' seems pressed the hardest, for, in the midst of the gloom which this high-handed act of the President has thrown over the land, Mr. Greeley 'sees a great light.' It can only be such a phosphoresence as the boys allude to when they talk of 'knocking the day-lights out of you!' For surely the 'Tribune' cannot be in earnest in seeing a speedy end to the war, when the President has just eliminated the Anti-Slavery element from its conduct. The 'Tribune' held, until recently, that Emancipation was the only means of bringing the war to a quick and just termination. How then can it see an early and desirable end to this conflict, at the very moment when the executive of the government 'has put his foot down upon' the only means to accomplish it?

As to the 'Evening Post,' its elaborate attempt to show that Secretary Cameron's removal is not in consequence of his Anti-Slavery sentiments, is so pitiful that we pity the man who wrote it. There is a parallelism in the removal of Freemont and Cameron which shows the reverberation of the same chord, the doing of the same hand for the same cause. Fremont wrote a proclamation, so did Cameron write a Report—the President required Anti-Slavery to be struck out from both: both reluctantly submitting, throwing the onus where it belonged. Lincoln quietly waited until each man was about to grasp the laurels which they had earned by their energy, genius and patient labor—and at that moment deposed both.

If the Senate and the country confirm these wicked and suicidal acts, then the fault will lie with the Press or nation, in the fact that in the hour of its direst peril the Republic WANTED—A PRESS.

It is quite as ridiculous to suppose that Mr. Cameron voluntarily resigned on the eve of battle, as it was to suppose that Fremont would have resigned with Price in his grasp. As to the story of wasteful expenditure of public money by contracts, &c &c., why the fact is that the first best recommendation of a man to fill or hold office with the present executive is: is he soundly pro-slavery? The second is, is he a remorseless thief?

The War and Our Rulers.

Perhaps the most interesting study to the future student of history will be the manner of conducting the war in reference to the colored people of the country. The action of our legislators in Congress is certainly incomprehensible to us.

The hesitancy on the part of government to take advantage of the sympathy of the only real Unionists in the South, might be explained on the ground that it has no desire to excite the spirit of revenge that must naturally be found in the breast of every southern slave; but why the government should desire to send these invaluable people—these faithful Unionists—these men who will yet make the South to blossom as the rose, out of the country, is past our conception. We are far from believing that the projected emigration of these people will do them no good; but on the contrary, we feel assured it would be every way beneficial to them. But why the rulers should think of sending so much wealth and so many of its best friends out of the country, perhaps they alone can tell. The friends of the measure say that after an apprenticeship of five years to responsible persons, they paying to government the amount each person may earn, the government will be prepared to settle these persons in their new homes very comfortably.

They propose that the government shall appoint commissioners to locate this settlement. If this plan is to be carried out in good faith, we trust that one of these commissioners at least, shall be a colored man. This will be absolutely necessary—that is if it is to be a voluntary system of emigration. We must confess, however, that we have very little faith in the carrying out of the scheme, and think we hazard but little in predicting its utter failure, from the simple fact that we believe that in five years the change in public sentiment will be so great, that the people of the country will positively refuse to let them go.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HEADQUARTERS OF HOOKER'S DIVISION,
Near Budd's Ferry, Md., Jan. 4th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—The Christmas Holidays in camp have been the fruitful themes of both pen and pencil. Editors, letter-writers, and artists, have burdened the popular fancy with truthful portraitures of the many ways the soldier passed his time. The sentinel on his post, the grotesque group, the blazing camp fire, the merry song, the boisterous dance, and the inevitable game of bluff, are as well conceived by the popular mind as though every man in the country was a soldier, and every town a camp; nothing then should be given, unless it be extraordinary, would we have it interesting.

Typhoid seems to be on the increase; I cannot learn the extent of the mortality, this is kept secret. One thing is certain, there is some disease or other now ravaging our ranks. But by far the most important thing to be commented on, and the greatest evil to be abated is intemperance. Next to slavery in enormity of evil stands intemperance. They are two great sins of the nation which threaten its very existence, the upper and nether millstones which threaten to grind into atoms all its elements of goodness and greatness. One of the first acts of Gen. McClellan when he assumed the chief command of the army was, to suppress the sale of liquors in camp, but no sooner was the order issued than unprincipled men in and out of the army began their successful smuggling and sale of the intoxicating beverages. Hundreds of boxes of liquor find their way down here labelled, 'Hair Tonic,' 'Pickles,' 'Schniedam Snapps,' ect. I know of one instance where two casks of 'Red Eye' were buried in the ground, and the man who sold it had it so arranged that when he pumped the rum out, one would suppose that it came up from the bowels of the earth, and thus he dispensed in copious draughts, disease and death to hundreds and thousands. But do not think, my dear sir, that intemperance is confined to the poor private, this is not the case. Men high in authority are the victims of the rum bottle. Some of the camps here are at times more like that of bachanals, than enlisted soldery. Brawls, riots, and midnight orgies, proclaim he supremacy of the drunken god.

On New Years day an officer upon the division staff, was ordered back to his regiment for drunkness and riot. He is talented and educated, but has suffered rum to steal away his senses and bring disgrace. He must resign or be dishonored. On Christmas night a man by the name of Samuel Rodgers, of Co. D., 26th Reg., Pa. Vol., died from intemperance. Just think of it, a man to die from excessive drinking in the U. S. Army, under the eye of military authority! I really believe that with ten thousand sober men, I could subdue the whole army of the Potomac, just let me have as much whisky as I shall choose. It is a very common thing for men to get drunk on post and the officers to do the same on duty. A man, Cap. ——, in one of the regiments here, is always drunk: it is his natural state. Water would astonish his stomach, just as whisky would that of a *bona fide* teetotaler. The officers have what are called 'Dial Clubs.' The duty of the members is to keep all liquor out of sight by Dan May's process: i. e., throwing the skin of their bellies outside of it. They visit each other often, tatoo, and imbibe until one by one they are overcome by drunkness; and this practice is not a local one, it reflects the universal practice here.

A word about the "contrabands" which Col. Graham brought off with him from his expedition over in Virginia: A large number of the men are at work unloading the government boats at Liverpool Point; they are well fed and clothed, and paid by the government. Their huts are comfortable and warm, being dug down into the ground about three feet, logged up, thatched with brush, and then daubed with mud. The interiors are neat and clean, and are far more tastefully fitted up than those of the poor whites and slaves any where about here. They are generally quite pleased with their new situations, but have very little confidence in those around them. They all prefer to be farther removed from the vicinity of their recent sorrows and trials.

Night before last a great light was to be seen over towards Acquia Creek. I have a suspicion that the rebels are burning their store-houses, and perhaps are retreating along the whole line of the Occuquan. Mark! when a movement is made it will be a sudden and startling one.

We have had weather cold enough indeed, but not until last night did hoary winter clothe himself in an icy garb, sparkling with chilling transparent gems. About 7 o'clock we had quite a snow storm, with a slight mixture of hail. This morning is beautifully clear; there is "not a cloud to dim the azure of the sky;' the cold is extremely painful. The sensation reminds me of that painful chilliness one feels when sailing to the leeward of an iceberg. It shocks every nerve, penetrates every pore of the skin.

I have learned this moment that the suttler of the 26th Pennsylvania Volunteers has been ordered to close his business instantly. He was detected with a large amount of whisky labelled "Wigwam Tonic." A man belonging to the Excelsior Brigade—I could not find out his name or the company to which he belonged—of Col. Dwight's Regiment drank of this "tonic," and, in a fit of insanity which it occasioned, blew out his brains. The miscreant! the murderer! he should not only be stopped from selling his goods, but should be incarcerated in Sing Sing for life as a felon and a dangerous man to society.

G. E. S.

Headquarters of Hooker's Division,
near Budd's Ferry, Md.,
Jan. 10th, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—Our bitter cold has been succeeded by a season of mildness and sunshine, and any quantity of mud and water is spread out around us, that we may perform laborious feats of pedestrianism. Oh, omnipresent mud! soft, fathomless mud! grey, red, saffron colored. The swine are in extacies, and the negro drivers are joyous; but the soldiers are cheerless. One takes a step, down goes the inevitable left deeper, deeper. One then begins to think, to what muddy depths will the foot descend before it finds bottom; then we move step by step, sounding for bottom with one foot as we walk, like the leadsman on shipboard, we to avoid deep bottom, he the shallow.

The talk of war with England absorbs all other topics of conversation; the enemy in our face is forgotten; the belching cannon are unheeded. The voluminous details of miniature battles remain unrehearsed, all the usual amount of bragadocio, American white men indulge in, burden the ear. To hear them talk, they can whip the whole civilized world, and the barbarous too, including the Southern Confederacy. Of course this is all nonsense, and comes with a bad grace from men who have borne insult upon insult to their national flag; who have been kicked and cuffed by Southern gentlemen (!), whose ephemeral military fame has waned, whose love for liberty has grown cold, and who stand gazing with terror and dread on the entrenchments of an insurgent foe whom they dare not face. But a war with England is, I think the most improbable thing imaginable. It is the old hue and cry to kindle into a flame the scattered embers of Unionism. I have no doubt but that the Administration will magnify all differences between the two governments, perhaps step to the very verge of hostilities to all appearances: but to engage in actual war, never! But a war with England, to the eye of emancipationists is no very calamitous contingency; for the four millions of newly made freemen of the country alone, could defend the United States against any and all forces the other could array against them. I know that the temporizers are tremulous—they know that a war with Great Britain is an ediot for emancipation, or, if not, it is defeat, bankruptcy and a dismembered Union. All of these suggestions show one thing: that is, the negro is a power, and I confess to one thing; namely, I cannot imagine which would be the best for us, Union with emancipation, or disunion without. Where are our black leaders? Why don't they give some light on this subject? Query. Will the Southern Confederacy very soon be recnized as an independent power by the United States authorities?

I learned to-day that the firing heard towards Aquia Creek, mentioned in my last, proceeded from the guns of some of the Federal gun-boats. It is said they attacked the rebel depot at the mouth of the Creek and laid it in ruins, destroying a large quantity of stores and provisions, and peppering the batteries most profusely. These fellows cannot stand the gunnery of negroes, for very many of the boats are manned by them.

The contraband goods trade is still kept up by the rebels down the river. The General received notice of the fact and sent scouts out to arrest any person found engaged in the unlawful practice. They came upon a party of men who attempted to make their escape, when they came upon the goods already piled up on the beach; blankets, shoes, medical stores and flannel. Everything necessary to the comfort of the slaveholder's army were found nicely packed away in boxes. Three army wagon loads were brought over to the Commissary department here on last Monday.

One of the most cruel and atrocious deeds of the barbarous slave-master was perpetrated by one Samuel Cox, living five miles below Port Tobacco, who is said to be an ex-state representative, a returned rebel, the captain of a Cavalry company organized for the rebel army, but disbanded by the Federal troops, and a contraband trader When Col. Dwight, of the Excelsior Brigade scoured that portion of the country with his regiment, Jack Scroggins, a slave, reported to the Colonel that Cox and his confederates had secreted quite a large amount of ammunition and arms, and true enough, these arms and ammunition were found in Cox's house and in an adjoining marsh. The regiment moved down to its present encampment above Hilltop. Jack joined them, and this was about eleven miles from his home. Cox dared to lay claim to his slave, and under the promise that he would not harm the slave he was surrendered up to him, but not without difficulty, for the men protested and forcibly rescued him, when an officer rode up and declared he would shoot the first man that again interfered with the master, and thus was this man returned to bondage by an officer of the United States army. Such was the reward of disinterested loyalty. Cox, the cursed fiend, tied the man to his horse and rode at a rapid rate, the poor slave running to keep up behind him. When he left the regiment he had on a pair of good shoes, but when he reached his master's house his shoes were gone, and his bleeding feet were found to be bursting open from coming in contact with pebbles and stones. He had been dragged eleven miles behind his master's horse! They arrived home in the evening about 11 o'clock on a Friday. He tied him to a tree and called his overseer, Franklin Roby and a man by the name of John Robinson. They commenced whipping him about twelve o'clock and whipped him until three o'clock, three hours, taking turns with the whip, when one was tired and breathless another would apply the lash. The only words he uttered up to two o'clock were, "I shall not live after this." "Oh, no you rascal I intend to kill you!" said Cox. "Mr. Cox," said Robinson "he is dying." "No he is not. He is stout-hearted and able-bodied. He can stand as much more. However, give me the whip, let his blood be upon my head," replied Cox. The lash was then applied until abut two hours before day. Say the narrators about 3 o'clock he was cut down and sank to the earth insensible. He had on a new cotton shirt when they began to whip him, and when they were done there was nothing left of it but the collar-band and wristbands. Then commenced the rubbing down to bring back sensibility, but all of no avail. Their unfortunate victim breathed his last before sun-down on Saturday evening. Thus perished a loyal negro at the hands of a traitor. Oh, what a terrible reward for patriotism; death in its worst, and hideous form, by torture! Yet the villian who did this is at liberty! This is the way United States officers treat traitors. They would plunge all of the country's wealth, learning and prosperity in a vortex of ruin; yes even hurl it from amongst the family of nations. But my dear sir, when I dwell on the diabolism of the deed my hand trembles, my nerves lose their steadiness, my mind its self-possession.

Another of these southern hounds a Dr Smoot, crossed the Potomac last May and returned in the latter part of November He lives in the same neighborhood with Cox. He has a 'safeguard' he says and crosses the river in a professional capacity; plausible is it not? Well he had been home a short time when he felt it necessary to whip one of the children of his slave named Nace Dorsey. The boy managed to get away when Smoot ordered the father to catch him and bring him back. This the father refused to do, when Smoot called for his gun and said he would shoot him The poor man tried to get away, when Smoot levelled his piece and killed him in his tracks! The murderer was arrested but released on his patrol of honor!

A short time before Smoot killed Nace Dorsey he attempted to kill a man by the name of Henry Young. He ordered Young to his barn to get flogged, when the latter told him he would not allow him to flog him. Smoot had a double barrelled gun in his hand, and Young kept close to him, that he might not level it at him, and followed him to the barn. When they reached it Smoot stept back and levelled his piece, when Young with the agility of a cat sprang upon him, wrenched it from him and shivered the breach to pieces over his head. Carrying the stockless barrels with him he fled across the river and was arrested by the Virginians as a runaway slave and locked up in the Rappahanock gaol. He remained there four days with four others beside himself, broke goal, released his comrads, and found his way to the banks of the Potomac, signalled a passing steamer, was taken on board and carried to Washington, and I heard that he had returned to his home within a week or so. He is a brave man, and one of more than ordinary intelligence. There are many of the same sort about here.

I learned to-day that a captain in one of the regiments here is *particeps criminis* of kidnapping a free colored boy who joined the regiment when at Bladensburg and whose mother lives in Washington city. Should this meet the eye of any friend of the cause in that city perhaps he may be able to forward to the office of the Anglo her address. I know the boy well. He can be found no where. He was spirited away during my temporary absence from camp. We are determined to have him and to bring to justice the guilty parties if there is any justice for them to be brought to.

G. E. S.

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

Baltimore Jan. 9th, 1862.

DEAR ANGLO,—I again sit down to drop you a hasty line before mail closes, trusting it may be in time for your paper of this week. Our Fairs have nearly all closed at this time; those which still hang on will not outlast this week. They all seem of the opinion that considering the war times they have done very well. Quite an excitement was created in Bethel fair on Thursday evening by the sudden entrance of a masquerading party of four persons richly dressed, their faces being masked. We, for one, could not see who they were, though some others professed to recognise them. We learn that they afterwards visited the fair at Waters Chapel.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Payne is now in this city. His health has been very poor. It is announced that he will preach in Bethel Church next Sabbath, if his health will permit, which we trust it will. Rev. H. R. Revels, the talented and beloved pastor of the Madison st. Presbyterian Church, has been called to your city, we believe by the illness of a dear sister. We trust that he may find her improved in health. On Tuesday evening last we had the pleasure of listening to a powerful discourse from the Rev. Dr. Kay, of London, delivered in Bethel Church. On Tuesday evening last the installation of officers took place in the rooms of the King Solomon Lyceum. The principal officers for this term are Robt. M. Deaver, President, Jas. T. Bradford, Vice Prest., and Henry Bowser, Sec. Suitable addresses were delivered by the gentlemen on occupying their seats.

We Baltimoreans have this week had such a treat as but seldom falls to our lot, and we have drunken so deep that our heads are not yet clear. The Black Swan and her companions, sweet Madame Brown, Miss Sedgwick and the renowned Signor Mario, gave two concerts at Bethel Church on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week, leading us willing captives by the ears to the power of music, and affording us a greater conception than we ever before possessed of how much meaning is embodied in the word music. But—'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel', and as pens far abler than ours have felt their incapacity to do them justice, so that even when lavishing their highest encomiums t seems to those that have heard them sing as though they were 'damning them with faint praise'—we will not attempt to praise them, but we were perfectly enraptured and greeted them with deafening applause. As for ourself when, while listening to one piece, our next friend incautiously addressed to us some remark in commendation, thus rudely disturbing the Elysian trance in which the sweet voice of the Swan had lapped us, a vigorous dig in the ribs from our dexter elbow, bent to its sharpest angle, pointedly admonished him not to disturb our sweet dream. We applauded, until our hands looked more like pieces of raw beef or boiled lobster claws, than like the hands of a marriageable young man of our age, and our arms felt as though they would drop from their sockets. Well, we might as well bring this letter to a close, for we are so full of 'Concert' that we can think of nothing else at present, so for the present, Adieu.

MAJOR.

It is said that General Lane has already a company of colored men under drill, and in his progress southward will not hesitate to turn against the rebels whatever enginery he finds most effective.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington, Jan. 13th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR,—The Hutchinson family gave a Concert at the 15th st. Presbyterian church, on Thursday evening, Jan. 9th, to a very large audience, although the evening was dark and foggy and the streets overflowing with mud. By the request of the trustees of the church, it will be repeated next Thursday evening.

During the past week we have had two shocking casualties; one of which, as far as I can learn, occurred in this way:

On Tuesday evening last two colored men who were neighbors on the Island, one named Becket and the other Tolbert, had had a friendly boxing match, when getting tired of using the fist they commenced kicking, when Becket being the tallest kicked Tolbert in the abdomen, so injuring him that he died in four hours afterwards. Previous to his death he fully exonerated Becket from all blame. This was a sad occurrence, as both men had always been on friendly terms and were heads of large families. Mr. Tolbert was an excellent mechanic. Although a carpenter, he was capable of performing almost any kind of mechanism. By his industry he had purchased his freedom. His death is much lamented.

The facts in regard to the other casualty are as follows:

On Saturday morning a small covered country wagon containing two females was passing along Pennsylvania Avenue, and when near 1st street, at the foot of Capitol Hill, a government wagon, drawn by four horses, came in contact with it from the horses becoming unmanageable, and the women were thrown out, one of them, by the name of Sweeny, being so badly hurt that she died almost immediately The other woman was but slightly injured. No blame was attached to the teamster.

I regret to say that the smallpox is raging in this city, particularly among the colored people. My opinion is that it it owing to their frequent assembling in crowded places. A few evenings ago, at one of our churches, a number of ladies had assembled around the stove previous to the commencement of services, when the conversation turned upon the prevalence of the smallpox. One of the ladies remarked that the loathsome disease was in the row in which she lived. Immediately a stampede took place from the stove. On the following evening it was reported that the disease had been in said lady's house several days, and she was down with it; also a young man who had stood along side of her at the stove.

Mrs. Adele Wood, the youngest daughter of Mr. Chas. H. Brown, whose marriage was chronicled in the Anglo-African a short time ago, died on the 11th inst., after a short illness. Mrs. Wood was an excellent lady, and was the soul of a large circle of young people. She leaves behind her a sorrowing husband and parents.

Rev. J. P. Hamer on the 9th inst. had the pleasure of uniting in matrimony the following couples: Mr. James Black and Miss Sydney Ann Brown; and Mr. Edward Williams and Miss Mary E. Myers. All parties belonged on the Island. A gay time is expected, as they had a large circle of acquaintances.

BOX.

THE COLORED PUBLIC SCHOOLS, &c., IN CINCINNATI, OHIO.

MR. EDITOR,—I took occasion on Thursday last, in company with an old schoolmate of mine, Mr. William West, formerly of Philadelphia, to visit the Colored Public Schools in this city and I can assure you that the visit was pleasant and agreeable. There are two schools, one in the eastern district, the other in the western. The buildings are large and commodious, each having four departments, large, well ventilated and easy of access. Mr. John Mitchell is principal of the Eastern District School. In the 1st Primary Department the average attendance is 55. Miss Anderson the teacher, is a graduate of the Ursuline Convent, at Cleveland. Ohio. She is the daughter of Mr. Elijah Anderson, who died a few years ago, a martyr to the cause of the oppressed, in the Penitentiary at Frankfort, Kentucky. Miss Anderson is a young lady of fine literary attainments and pleasing address. She is a good disciplinarian as well as teacher. The children in her charge are orderly and well behaved, which is more than I can say of many other schools that I have visited. In the Second Primary Department the average attendance is 45. Teacher, Miss Amelia Williams.

Second Department Higher Branches—Average attendance 20; teacher, Miss Anna E. Ryall.

First Department Higher Branches—Average attendance 18; teacher, Mr. John Mitchel, graduate of Oberlin College.

Western District School—Mr. P. H. Clark, Principal.

First Primary Department—Average attendance 84; teacher, Mr. Wm. H. Parham.

Second Primary Department—Average attendance 50; teacher, Miss Lucy A. Blackburn.

Second Department Higher Branches—Average attendance 34; teacher, Miss Arabella Carter.

First Department Higher Branches—Average attendance 37; teacher, Mr. P. H. Clark.

The school library, located in the building of the eastern district, contains 575 volumes the portion of books given to the colored public schools of Cincinnati, and 127 volumes which constituted the library of the Young Men's Library Association, and makes the whole number of volumes 682.

COLORED UNION LYCEUM OF CINCINNATI.

This association is composed of some of the best talent in the city, and gives evidence of great literary ability; Mr. Marshall Jones is the President. The following subject was discussed on Tuesday evening: Which is the most powerful, Wind or Water. Affirmative—Messrs. Roxborough and Conrod. Negative—Messrs. Groce and Knox. The subject was ably discussed on each side, the speakers occupying fifteen minutes. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. There is an Editor and Editress connected with the Lyceum, who alternate in reading their papers at each meeting. Essays are also read, and declamations by the members are delivered. Your correspondent was by an unanimous vote made an honorary member, and invited to address the Lyceum. The organization of Literary Associations among our people is a movement in the right direction.

THE DAGUERREIAN ROOMS OF MESSRS. J. P. AND E. G. BALL, AND THOMAS BALL AND ALEX. THOMAS.

For me to attempt to give you a description of these handsomely furnished and beautifully ornamented galleries would certainly be a failure on my part; but permit me to say they are the finest in the city, and are doing the largest business.

COAL YARDS OF MR. ROBERT GORDON.

It is certainly a pleasure for one to visit the extensive coal yards of this gentleman. Mr. Gordon was a slave in Virginia for 33 years, when he bought himself, paying the enormous price of seventeen hundred dollars. He done business a while in Virginia in the coal trade, and subsequently moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, and commenced on a small scale in 1849. His business has increased yearly. He has three yards, and is doing as large, if not the largest, business in this line in the city. But few of our people patronise him; this is natural, and nothing strange. The colored people, as a general thing, will not help each other; they would rather take their money and spend it with their oppressors, and make them rich, than patronise their own people. O shame! where is thy blush?

J. J. CLINTON.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 11th, 1862.

P. S.—I will leave here for Pittsburg, Pa., on the 14th.

LETTER FROM TROY.

TROY, N. Y., Jan. 11th, 1862.

DEAR ANGLO: We have had a glorious time in Troy for this last week and a half We have had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Mr. Chase, of Baltimore. He delivered a very eloquent discourse to the people of Troy, and which will not be forgotten for a long time, on the 'descendants of Ham.' He handled his subject with masterly effect. He has left us now, but I hope only for a short time, as the people think of getting him as minister of the Liberty Street Church. We have had a fair for the benefit of the church at Harmony Hall, which came off very well. I noticed in the hall a few strangers from Philadelphia, among whom was a young colored gentleman by the name of Mr. Malachi Dunmore, a gentleman well known in New York and Philadelphia as an actor of great ability, and a splendid vocalist. He is also the author of a five act play entitled 'The Malicious Tomahawk, or the Disappointed Scalping Knife.' I had the pleasure of being one of the coterie of gentlemen to listen to some of his Readings; and he is pronounced by some of the best critics to far surpass some of the leading white actors in the United States. He won two prizes when put against two white students to recite Edgar Poe's master poem of 'the Raven,' and for his fine acting in the scene in Macbeth where he is about to enter the chamber of Duncan to murder him, when he says—'Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell that summons thee to heaven, or to hell,' which rendition brought down the house. His elocution should be studied by young colored men wishing to excel in that art. I had the pleasure of hearing him sing the beautiful song of 'Take me Home to Die,' which he sang with thrilling effect. This song delighted the ladies so much that he was forced to repeat it three times I hear that he is going to sail for Scotland on the first of March, where I hope he will win laurels. As he intends being in New York shortly, I hope you will have the pleasure of hearing him. He gives parlor entertainments for the amusement of the ladies free. He expects to stop at Mrs. Plant's Brooklyn.

I learn that he is about to dramatise 'Blake, or the huts of America.' I know it will, as a drama from the pen of Mr. Dunmore, far surpass 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

SUBSCRIBER.

THAT'S THE TALK.—A negro-hunter came ihto the camp of General Smith, near Paducah, Ky., in search of his "servant," and called upon the General for aid. The old General straightened up his portly form, and with a withering look that caused the slave-hunter to quail, said: "Sir, if you can find your negro, take him, but my men shall not hunt him for you. I have been in the service of my country now thirty-five years, and have never yet been a negro-catcher, and I will not now disgrace myself by it in my old age.,

LET US HAVE A COUNCIL.

MR. EDITOR: I was much gratified in reading a letter in your issue of the 11th inst. from Dr. Delany to Dr. Jas. M'Cune Smith suggesting the calling of a Council. The letter fully expresses my views, as I believe the condition of our people in this country calls for immediate action, and I do not believe there is any way in which our main object can be reached better than through a council composed of good men; and I believe such a council would do our people more good than all the State Legislatures can do for them at this time. One year ago I proposed the same plan to Mr. Frederick Douglass, and he then thought well of it. I also talked, last winter, with the Rev. Jas. N. Gloucester, and he was so well pleased with the idea that he proposed a public meeting to take the matter into consideration. The Reverends Messrs. Miller and Patterson, of Albany, promised to be with us, but circumstances prevented their attendance. I also conversed with the Rev. Mr. Beman and Messrs. W. W. Brown and W. J. Watkins. They all approved of the measure at that time, and then things did not look as dark as they do now.

We are a large body of people, and we might say that we are a nation within a nation, for our people now number near three millions more than all the inhabitants of the United States at the time of the Declaration of Independence.

I believe this Republic is about broken up, or at all events there must be a great change in the Government; and whether it is to be well or ill for our people, there can be no harm in being prepared to meet our fate, whatever it may be; and I know of no better way of preperation than through a council of good and wise men.

I hope such council will be held without delay, for now is the time when the whole nation is in commotion.

ONE OF THE OLD GUARD.

Troy, N. Y., Jan. 13, 1862.

LETTER FROM NEWARK.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 6, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to wish you a happy New Year, and to say that the holidays passed off finely here. Many ladies and gentlemen spent most of the season on the ice, giving evidences of their proficiency in the art of skating. We have many skaters among the colored ladies who are acknowledged by all hands to be superior to any of the other class, among whom I would name Miss T——n and Mrs. J——s.

Santa Claus made many calls here, one of which was to a colored coachman with whom he must have been on very intimate terms, for he left for him two pairs of gloves, two pairs of stockings, one of boots, a new coat, two pockethandkerchiefs, two cravats, a feather bed, and numerous articles for his vrow.

The Plane Street Presbyterian Church held their Annual Fair and Festival, commencing on Christmas and ending on the evening of the 2d inst. It was conducted mostly by the young ladies of the church who have been engaged during the long autumn and winter evenings preparing for the affair. The Trustees should tender to them at least a vote of thanks for their praiseworthy efforts. The fair was well managed, and the best of order prevailed. Two beautiful quilts, valued at ten dollars each, were drawn for at twenty-five cents a chance. They fell to the lot of Miss Delia How and Mr. James Hazleton. The amount realised from the fair was one hundred and thirty dollars.

The Bethel Church also held a fair and festival on the 1st inst. in the Union Hall, but I regret to say that the arrangement fell far short of those of previous years.

There were other doings in the city, accounts of which will probably be furnished by other correspondents.

ISAAC TEMBROOK.

COLORED CHILDREN AT FORTRESS MONROE.

Rev. A. B. Fuller, a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, and the able and devoted chaplain of one of the Massachusetts regiments at Fortress Monroe, sends to "The Boston Traveller" a highly interesting narrative of a Sunday-school exhibition of the colored children there on Christmas evening:

'It was indeed different from any exhibition I ever attended before, and I confess it interested me more also. It was touching to see two hundred children, just rescued from slavery, coming before their white friends, the soldiers, whom they regard as deliverers, and exhibiting what they have been able to learn of reading, and of God's Word, and of singing during the last four months. Each child seemed to look pleadingly at the soldierly group present, as if asking, 'Am I not worthy to be free?'

'And it was astonishing how much they had learned in so short a time; their dialect was peculiar and their singing more earnest than cultured, but I know what they were when they came here, and I was struck with wonder. A beautiful little girl, Hattie Peak, four years of age, sang 'I want to be an angel' very sweetly and correctly. She has blue eyes, Saxon curls, and a very fair complexion. I never should have suspected she had a particle of African blood in her veins, yet, four months ago, she was a slave, with oh, what a future before her! She is a great favorite here, and the soldiers call her 'Daisy.' Her father and mother, almost white, are the indefatigable teachers who have done so much to elevate those of their despised lineage here by teaching school. Mrs. Peak is a woman really accomplished, and just one of those characters who are pronounced unreal when described in anti slavery novels.

'One thing let me here record. To my great grief, I saw several soldiers and sailors intoxicated yesterday, though much fewer than I should have seen with the same class of men at home, but I did not see and have never yet seen a single intoxicated colored man or woman.'

THE LECTURE OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, at the Cooper Institute, on Wednesday, was every thing that our people could wish. The hall was about half full, the audience appearing to be composed of our most intelligent people. There were very few colored persons present, owing to the fact that they have little or no confidence in city abolitionists from their lack of interest in the material advancement of our people.

The speech was such a one as the great and faithful pioneer of the anti-slavery cause always delivers, but it had the additional advantage of faithlul rebuke to the government, for its miserable pro-slavery course toward the slaves of the south.

All honor to William Lloyd Garrison, our ever true and devoted friend.

NORWICH MATTERS.—A private letter from the lady of Capt. John Johnson, of Albany, dated 'Norwich, Ct., Jan. 13th,' contains the following items of intelligence: 'I think there is a fine society of our people here; but, as elsewhere, they are not sufficiently united. They have one church, but I am sorry to say it is not well attended. I understand that our people get work at their trades. There is one blacksmith here, one stonecutter, one confectioner, two bootmakers, and several engaged in stores. There is at present a much afflicted family here—a Mr. Raymond and mother both lying very ill. The river Thames is frozen over, and fine skating is being had, which is enjoyed much by the colored ladies and gentlemen, in common with others. Mr. Cape Anderson, of New London, a colored gentleman, is said by competent judges to be the best skater here; but I am inclined to award the palm to a young man on our vessel. The white people of this place treat our people very respectfully; I know this has been my husband's experience while here, in transacting business with them.'

COL. JENNISON AND THE EX-SLAVES.—A letter in the N. Y. "Tribune," dated Osawatomie, Kansas, Dec. 29th, states that Col. Jennison is doing a great deal for the fugitive slaves. They have a school at Lawrence of 130 scholars. The Colonel gave them $25, and told those who have charge of the school that if that was not enough to draw on him for $25 per month. He told the elder that he would give him $25 a quarter if he would start a school for the colored people. There will be a school opened next week I think free to all.

SHILOH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, N. Y.

A church meeting of this large and growing congregation was held on last Thursday night, called by gentlemen in authority, for the purpose of reducing the salary of their pastor, the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, from $625 per annum to $420. The meeting was one of the largest and most influential ever assembled, and by an almost unanimous vote they refused to make the reduction, and thus gave their decided expression in favor of their united determination to sustain their pastor. It can be truly said, to the honor of the church, that it has uniformly treated its ministers with kindness and affection. This renewed evidence of united attachment between pastor and people is both gratifying, no doubt, to Mr. Garnet, and highly creditable to his numerous and intelligent flock.

OLD SHILOH.

THE EX-SLAVES AT PORT ROYAL.

Many facts about the negroes in camp, which I hoped to put in this letter, must be postponed; but I wish to call attention to one subject of immediate interest, and indeed necessary to their comfort. There is no supply of clothing adequate to their wants. Quartermaster-Gen. Meigs, to whom Capt. Saxon urgently represented their necessities, has recently sent 600 suits of clothing to for the men and a small supply of shoes. Before these were received, nothing but second-hand garments left behind by the rebels, and very few of those, had been issued by them. Underclothing for the men, and every description of clothing for women and children are immediately needed, and cannot be had unless private charity will furnish them. The supply of men's suits furnished by Gen. Meigs, will be very soon exhausted by the negroes here and at Beaufort. No kind of second-hand clothing, therefore, will come amiss, and whatever can be sent at once will relieve a great deal of destitution. I am sure the large benevolence of the North will not disregard an appeal made with the sanction of the chief Quartermaster of the fort, and of the Superintendent. They will be glad to recieve every description of clothing, of every quality, for men, women, and children. Nothing is so poor or worn out that it may not be of service. Contributions should be packed in boxes, and addressed to Mr. B. K. Lee, Jr., Superintendent, care of Capt. R. Saxton, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster, E. C., Port Royal, S. C. They will be forwarded at once by the Quartermaster's Department in New York, of which Col. Tompkins is in charge. If the necessity for this appeal seems strange, it should be remembered that Government has yet adopted no definite policy toward the negro, and has made no general provision for those whom it receives and whose services it uses. A blanket or two, an old coat, food, and five dollars a month, are the rewards it offers for the encouragement of loyalty. Those who come in are generally obliged to leave behind them everything they possess, and arriving often after long marches, exposure by night, hiding in swamps and swimming rivers, are almost completely destitute on reaching the camp. No generosity will be waisted that is bestowed upon them.

It is plain that the arming of the slaves will now become general, on one side or the other. In addition to the accounts heretofore received from different parts of the South, here is a statement of a negro who came into camp on New Year's day; He knows that at a point not far distant from Port Royal, not less than 300 slaves are under arms, organised and officered mainly by whites, and forming a part of the regular force under command of the General of that department. They are treated very much like whites—that is, like the common white soldiers—for whom South Carolina aristocracy has a little more respect than for the blacks. Other companies were forming, in which the proportion of black officers was considerably larger. This negro was asked to take command of a company already raised—the recruiting being probably about as near the volunteer system as elsewhere in the South. When he declined, he was ordered to take it; and threatened with punishment if he refused. Indisposed to fight for the perpetuation of the tyranny that sought to compel him, he fled to our camp, where there seems small chance of his being either compelled or permitted to fight for the flag that protects him. His statements are confirmed by another slave from the same district, who neither knew the other before, nor has seen him since.

The name of this negro and of his former owner, and the plantation from which he came, are all known to me, but there is a reason for not publishing them. He has brought information of great value concerning the rebel force and preparations for defense in a certain quarter, partly confirming and partly extending the knowledge already in possession of Gen. Sherman. I cannot praise too highly his intelligence and honesty, and he gives no mean evidence of millitary capacity in the suggestions which he made for the attack of the rebel defenses. He went down to the wharf, scanned the vessels of war at anchor, and gave a clear opinion as to how many might approach the place, to which he offers to pilot them. When I first talked with him he drew on the sand with the point of his stick a plan of the district from which he came, indicating with perfect distinctness the location of forces, giving their names and strength, and marking the points of approach. Afterward he brought me a piece of board on which he had sketched the same, and its main features corresponded so accurately with the chart that it was impossible to doubt he was right in details. He came to our camp because he was determined he would not fight for slavery, and believed that here he might fight for freedom. Why should he not? How long before we shall believe that a negro can fight as well as work for the flag—that he has courage, capacity, and will for war? Gen. Sherman is expressly authorized by his instructions to arm the slaves if he choose. He will learn sooner or later that the side which first summons the negro to its aid will conquer; that the South will emancipate and disarm her slaves sooner than submit to defeat; that the abolition of slavery is no longer a queston. The only question to be answered is, whether they or we shall abolish it—on which the four millions of blacks shall fight—whether they or we shall inscribe on our banner, "Justice to the negro," and under it advance to success.

[Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

THE ZION CHURCH SABBATH SCHOOL EXHIBITION.—This entertainment came off on the evening of the 9th, in fine style. The house was well filled considering the storm, and those who ventured out seemed to be well paid for their trouble, that is if we judge by the applause bestowed.

The children, both in singing and speaking, gave much satisfaction, and showed that their instructor, Mr. Henry Latham, had put forth his best exertions to prepare them for the occasion. Miss Victoria Price presided at the piano, and afforded much satisfaction by her superior playing.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

The undersigned begs leave to return his sincere thanks to the ladies and gentlemen of Shiloh Church for their unexpected visit at his residence, 290 Bridge street, Brooklyn, in the past week—when they loaded his table with the good things of this life—and more than that—evinced in strong and loving words their sincere gratitude for his brief labors among them, saying that this oken of their kindness was only a beginning of what they still had in reserve for him. Now what I add is, may their strong Christian good will to me,—as it ever has been in the history of that church—never grow less. May each of us so live as ever to deserve and to mutually cherish it.

J. N. GLOUCESTER.

There will be
A TEA
given for the benefit of the
A. M. E. ZION CHURCH,
In Devoe street, Williamsburgh, Rev. M. Manning, Minister, in charge,
On THURSDAY Evening, Jan. 23, 1862,
In the Basement of the Church.

As our object is to assist the Trustees to discharge their indebtedness to their minister and landlord it is hoped that we will receive the liberal patronage of a generous public.

The Committee will use their best endeavors to please all who may favor us with their company on the above named evening.

There will be singing by a company of elderly ladies and gentlemen, commencing at 8 o'clock.

Tickets 25 cents, including Tea, to be had of the following Committee of Arrangements:—

Mrs. J. Brown, South 3d st.
Miss M. Hymers, 49 South 9th st.
Mr. A. Stanley, 129 5th st.
Miss S. C. Wood, c. Marshal and Lorimer st.
Mr. S. Manning, 25 Varet st.

DIED.

RANDOLPH.—In this city, Dec. 19t old age Margarette Randolph, the last of the Cox family of Bedminster, N. J., aged 71 years.

She was long a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Elizabethtown, N. J., and also of the Rev. H. M. Wilson's church, of this city.

MARRIED.

BRADFORD, EDMONDSON.—In this city, Jan. 9th, by the Rev. David Stevens, Mr. William T. Bradford of Poukeepsie, to Miss Elizabeth C. Edmondson of this city.

TIBNER, SNYDER.—In Williamsburg, Jan. 6th, by Rev. M. Manning, David C., Tibner, of Antigue, West Indies, to Miss Anna E. Snyder, of Kingston, N. Y.

ANTHONY, HAYES.—In Jamaica, Jan. 1st. by Rev. Mr. Oakey, Joseph Anthony, Jr. of said place, to Miss Julia Ann Hayes, of New York.

BUTLER, MASON.—At No. 70 Sullivan street, New York City, January 14th, by the Rev. Wm. Johnston Alston, Mr. John J Butler, of this city, and Miss Mary E. Mason, of Philadelphia, Pa.

A. ROBERTS,
120 Clinton Court, 8th st., New York, agent for the Weekly Anglo-African. Copies may be had of him at an early hour after its publication.

GEORGE OTON'S
QUADRILLE BAND
BALLS, PARTIES, &c., furnished with MUSIC at the shortest notice.
MR. GEORGE OTON,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St, and with G. Oton.
18tf

WASHBOARDS! WASHBOARDS!! WASHBOARDS!!!—of the celebrated "Hoagland Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

MASONIC
DIRECTORY,
FOR THE YEAR 1861.
Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R.W.G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.
ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No. 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st, the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwich, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14. Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, New York City.

LECTURES.

THE UNDERSIGNED is prepared to fill engagements to deliver single Lectures, on the following subjects:

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY;
THE ADAPTATIONS OF THE EARTH, OR TERRESTRIAL ADAPTATIONS;
MENTAL PHILOSOPHY
THE ANCIENT HONORS OF THE BLACK AND COLORED RACES OF THE EARTH;

—Being a series of popular discourses recently delivered, founded on the following texts:

1. "Look not upon me because I am black." [Song of Sol.—1.6.
2. "Princes shall come out of Egypt." [Psalm 68—31.
3. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin." [Jer.—13.23.
4. "Cursed be Canaan.' —Gen.—9.25.
5. "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus." Philemon.

TERMS—The lecturer's passage both ways, and one-fourth of profits.

[From the Detroit Daily Advertiser, March 1, 1860.]

"Mr. BERRY's lecture last night is stated to have displayed much thought, and to have been in every respect meritorious."

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Mrs. DOROTHA SMITH, formerly Miss Mingo, of Picton, Nova Scotia. Any information in regard to her sent to Mrs. THOMPSON, 4 Catharine Lane, will be thankfully received. 21 2t

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Del art, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

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New York—corner of Prince and Marion street, near Broadway.
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Prayer-meeting Tuesday Evenings 7½ o'clock,
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10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . . P. M.
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3 . . . . . . P. M.
7½ . . . . . . P. M.
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Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn.
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DeKalb, corner of Hudson Avenue.
REV. ELI N. HALL, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.
Hours of worship:
10½ o'clock, ... A. M.
" . . . . . . P. M.
" . . . . . . P. M.
10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,
28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.
HOURS OF WORSHIP:
10 1-2 o clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . P. M.
12-1y

SILOAM CHURCH,
Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue
Hours of worship:—
3 o'clock, ... P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . P. M.
Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.
LECTURE every Wednesday evening.
Rev. CHAS. H. THOMPSON, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
Second Street, between Avenues B and C
HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . P. M.
7 " . . . . . P. M.
Rev. J. D. S. HALL, Pastor. Residence—223 Second St.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.
Sullivan St., near Houston.
Rev. JOHN T. RAYMOND, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.
HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . . P. M.
Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.
Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.
Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

AGENT FOR WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

TROY AGENCY.—Mr. Henry Burke, 36 Fulton St., Troy, is the regular agent for that city and vicinity. Subscriptions and advertisements for the paper left with him, will be promptly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW MUSIC.—"The Lord doth now to this Nation Speak," "O, Let my People Go," Parody on "Song of the Contrabands," words by Moses, music by Baker. Price 35 cts. including "Contrabands' Song," or 4 pieces for $1, mailed free. Just published by

HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway.
24 6t.

THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS,
MELODEONS, ALEXANDRE ORGANS,
and
T. Gilbert & Co's. Celebrated Æolian Pianos,

are the finest instruments for Parlors and Churches now in use. A large assortment can be seen at the new Warerooms 481 Broadway, between Grand and Broome streets, which will be sold at extremely low prices. Pianos and Melodeons from sundry makers, new and second hand, to let, and rent allowed if purchased, as per agreement. Monthly payments received for the same. Also, second-hand pianos at great bargains, prices from $25 to $100. Sheet Music, Music Books, and all kinds of Music merchandise at war prices. A Pianist in attendance will try new music.

HORACE WATERS, AGENT.

THE
PEOPLE'S MILITARY ALMANAC.

The undersigned announce in preparation a
MILITARY ALMANAC,
SUITED TO THE
REQUIREMENTS OF THE TIMES.

It will contain about Fifty Pages of valuable statistical and reading matter, among which will be found a statement of the causes and antecedents of the war, with a succinct narrative of its progress and incidents, including the principal battles and skirmishes, by land and sea, to the present time; a list of the leading officers of the Government, political and military, with biographical notices, and the leading officers of the so-called Southern Confederacy; a sketch of the organization of the army, the isignia of officers; an abstract of the articles of war; tables of pay and and rations; national hymns, anecdotes, &c., &c., making a complete

Book of Reference for the Use of the People.

Price 12 cents for single copy—$8 per hundred, with a further reduction on larger quantities.

A limited space will be devoted to advertisements, at the following rates:

One Page,	$30	Quarter Page,	[illegible]
Three-fourth Page,	24	Eighth of Page,	5
Half Page,	[illegible]	Two Pages,	55

Payable on presentation of proof sheet of advertisement for correction, otherwise with an addition of fifty per cent.

It will also embrace a Mercantile Directory containing names of dealers, at a charge of fifty cents to each, payable at the time of subscribing.

To bring this Department more prominently before the general public, copies of the work will be gratuitously suspended for reference in the principal hotels of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other large cities. In addition, each advertiser of half a page or more may specify, at the time of subscribing, twelve hotels in any of the above cities, or such others as may be of convenient access to the publishers, where copies shall be gratuitously suspended.—A copy will also be hung up for public reference in the business place of each advertiser whose bill is promptly paid. Advertisements are to appear in all copies issued previous to December 1st, which the publishers guarantee shall not be less than 3,000 copies, if only for gratuitous distribution. No person authorized to collect without written authorization.

DEXTER & CO.,
Publishers and Printers,
17 Spruce street, New York.
86 Milk street, opposite Pearl St., Boston.
146 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.
23 tf

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HAIR!

For it is an ornament and protection; but how many suffer this crown of beauty to decay and fall off, when a sure remedy is at hand, perfectly safe and pleasant in its application.

We allude to

ANDERSON'S
RESTORATIVE & PRESERVATIVE;
—OR—
Great American Remedy for the Hair,
AND CURE FOR
NERVOUS HEADACHE,

Which has and is performing such wonders upon heads that have been, many of them, bald for years.

Wigs have been thrown aside, and handsome natural hair has taken their place.

Persons whose hair had not grown for years have, by using the Restorative, got it growing finely; and it will restore to the natural color all premature grey hair.

For cleaning the head from scurf and excess of dandruff, it is unsurpassed, and a sure cure for Nervous Headache, no matter of how long standing; and herein is the beauty of the Restorative—that it is perfectly safe for the infant or the oldest person, being free from all minerals, oils, high alcohol, sulphur, or anything injurious.

THE RESTORATIVE IS A PERFECTLY SCIENTIFIC BOTANICAL ARTICLE, approved and used by some of the best Chemists and Physicians in the world.

Hundreds of certificates can be shown, from different parts of the country, that have been sent to the proprietor by individnals that have been benefited by its use, including physicians, clergymen and other public men.

The few following certificates will show that it is a standard remedy, and will so remain long after experiments with high alcohol shall have been forgotten.

CERTIFICATES.

New York, March 28th, 1861.

Mr. William Anderson—Dear Sir: That wonderful Hair Restorative that you sold here a short time ago, has become a favorite with the people. I have repeated calls for it—and here let me say that Mr. E——, who has been entirely bald on the top of his head for some three or four years, has, by using one bottle of your Restorative, produced a fine growth of hair. Please forward me one dozen bottles.

Yours Respectfully,
THOS. R. CROCKER,
Fulton Fish Market.

New York, May 30th, 1851.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Sir: You may send me one dozen bottles of your Hair Restorative, which I will pay for on delivery. The two bottles I purchased from you have been of great service to Mrs. Ingersol.

D. W. INGERSOL,
(formerly in Pearl St.)

New York, May 12th, 1855.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Dear Sir: Having lost my hair, I was recommended to try your Restorative, and have done so with great and good results. I have now a fine head of hair, when four months ago I was quite bald. I would say to those in the same predicament, that they should try your remedy, feeling satisfied that they will reap a benefit from so doing. Yours, &c.,

JAMES EDWIN HALSEY.
193 Pearl St., N. Y.

I have used in my family "Anderson's Restorative for the Hair and cure for Nervous Headache," and found it valuable for the purposes specified, and recommend it to all who want a good and safe article.

ALBRO LYONS.
20 Vandewater St., New York, Dec. 24th, 1861.

The article may be found at Dr. Smith's, 55 West Broadway; Mrs. Staat's, 78 Thompson St.; Chas. H. Ring's, 156 Fulton St.; Robt. Hamilton's, 48 Beekman St., or of the Proprietor,

WM. ANDERSON, New London, Ct.

Retail price, 25 and 50 cents per bottle, or $2 and $4 per dozen.

BOSTON HOUSE,
MRS. CHURCH, PROPRIETRESS,
105 Park Street, near Mott.
NEW YORK.

This is the oldest Colored Boarding-House in the city, having been

ESTABLISHED IN 1841.

It is centrally located, being within fifteen minutes' walk of the steamboat landings, and of all the principal colored Churches. 19 26t

MRS. SARAH A. TILMAN,
FANCY HAIR BRAIDER,
In all its branches—such as
BRACELETS, EAR-RINGS, WATCH
GUARDS, FINGER RINGS, CHARMS, ETC.,
Residence—120th St., between 3d and 4th Avenues, Harlem.
18 26t

PETER S. PORTER,
GENERAL AGENT FOR
HOUSE LETTING,
170 WEST 29TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Colored Families furnished with apartments in suits of Rooms or whole Houses, in different parts of the City. 17 13t

TO LET.—THE ROOM ON THE SECOND floor of Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-street. Inquire at 66 East Houston st., or of the Janitor 225 West 15th-st.

THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR during warm weather, is White's vegetable extract. For Sale at 19 Sullivan and 40 Grand Sts, 2 tf.

CLOTHING! [illegible]

Gentlemen if you want a [illegible] well-fitted Garment at a much [illegible] can be bought at any other [illegible] in any other city, please call at [illegible] Tailor Establishment,
168 EWEN STREET,
BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURGH,
Where you will find a [illegible] of seasonable goods, as
BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
AND VESTINGS
of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made
MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.
DON'T FORGET,
168 EWEN ST.,
9 1y. Williamsburg.

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,
EMPIRE STATE HOTEL
AND
UNION HOUSE,
541 BROOME STREET.
Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.

On an improved plan, by widow T. L. JENNINGS successor to Mrs. RAMSEY.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Please call and see for yourselves.

HATS CAPS & FURS
IN THEIR VARIETY.
First Premium for Misses and Children's
HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS.
The Clergy supplied at a discount.
KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

AGENTS WANTED.

SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand sewing; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal oil lamps; Egyptian Cement, for mending furniture, crockery, &c.; Patent Match-Safe, for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) P. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y. 19 13t

MRS. M. E. EDY,
EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE.
RESIDENCE—134 Christie Street, N. Y.
26 26t

BOARDING AND LODGING
IN BROOKLYN,
At Mrs. SUSAN HARRIS', 58 Atlantic St., near South Ferry. $3 per week for gentlemen, and $2 50 for ladies. Lodgings 75 cts. per week. 15tf

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS!
For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.
Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St., one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
10 5t

BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. Mrs. Gant, can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, at her residence 182 Suffolk Street. Terms very moderate. a19 1y.

MRS. ANDERSON,
CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS
Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMODATE a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate. 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 6 tf

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTES, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 199 SOUTH STREET, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5—4t

HENRY G. LEASK,
HATS. CAPS, STRAW GOODS
AND FURS,
COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.
Shipping Furs Bought. 12-tf

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) respectflly announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

WARRANTED TO CURE A HEADACHE in 10 minutes, White's Vegetable extract. For sale at 55 West Broadway, and cor. Gold and Frankfort Sts.

MRS. E. LEONARD,
FASHIONABLE
DRESS-MAKER,
25 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK.
Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.

BOARDING AND LODGING
BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON, 120 [illegible] Street, New York. This house is very [illegible] situated in very healthy and convenient part of the city.
Boarding for Ladies, . . . [illegible]
" " Ge . . . [illegible]
Lodging per week, . . . [illegible]

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
CARD AND JOB PRINTER
219 CENTRE STREET NEW YORK.

BOARDING AND LODGING.
MR. GEO. POOL can accommodate [illegible] and GENTLEMEN with FIRST CLASS [illegible] on reasonable terms, at his residence, No. [illegible] iff Street, a few doors north of Grand. [illegible]

POCKET WATER-FILTERS
AND
DRINKING TUBE.
Indispensable for Soldiers, Travelers, [illegible] men. Weighs one ounce. [illegible] vest pocket. Send it to your [illegible] wanted. Samples mailed on [illegible] by addressing
DAY & CO.
3-13t Box 464 P.O., Newark, N.J.

Poetry.

LET MY PEOPLE GO.

A Song of the "Contrabands."

When Israel was in Egypt's land,
O, let my people go !
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
O, let my people go !

CHORUS—O go down, Moses,
Away down to Egypt's land.
And tell king Pharaoh
To let my people go !

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
O let my people go !
If not I'll smite your first-born dead !
O let my people go !

No more shall they in bondage toil,
O let my people go !
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
O let my people go !

Then Israel out of Egypt came,
O let my people go !
And left the proud oppressor's land,
O let my people go !

O, 'twas a dark and dismal night,
O let my people go !
When Moses led the Israelites,
O let my people go !

'Twas good old Moses and Aaron too,
O let my people go !
'Twas they that led the armies through,
O let my people go !

The Lord told Moses what to do,
O let my people go !
To lead the children of Israel through,
O let my people go !

O come along, Moses, you'll not get lost,
O let my people go !
Stretch out your rod and come across,
O let my people go !

As Israel stood by the water's side,
O let my people go !
At the command of God it did divide,
O let my people go !

When they had reached the other shore,
O let my people go !
They sang a song of triumph o'er,
O let my people go !

Pharaoh said he would go across,
O let my people go !
But Pharaoh and his host were lost,
Oh let my people go !

O Moses the cloud shall lead the way,
O let my people go !
A fire by night, a shade by day
O let my people go !

You'll not get lost in the wilderness,
O let my people go,
With a lighted candle in your breast—
O let my people go !

Jordan shall stand up like a wall,
O let my people go !
And the walls of Jericho shall fall—
O let my people go !

Your foe shall not before you stand,
O let my people go :
And you'll possess fair Canaan's land—
O let my people go !

'Twas just about in harvest time,
O let my people go !
When Joshua led his host sublime,
O let my people go !

O let us all from bondage flee,
O let my people go !
And let us all in Christ be free
O let my people go !

We need not always weep and mourn
O let my people go !
And wear these Slavery chains forlorn—
O let my people go !

This world's a wilderness of woe—
O let my people go !
O let us on to Canaan go—
O let my people go !

What a beautiful morning that will be,
O let my people go !
When time breaks up in eternity—
O let my people go !

Loyalty of the Slaves.

Wendell Phillips, in his late speech at the Cooper Institute, said :

Looking in another direction, you see the government announcing a policy in South Carolina. What is it ? Well, Mr. Secretary Cameron says to the General in command there, "You are to welcome into your camp all comers ; you are to organize them into squads and companies ; use them in any way you please, but there is to be no general arming." That is a very significant exception. You recollect in Charles Reade's novel, "Never too Late to Mend" (a very good motto), the heroine flies away to hide from the hero, announcing that she never shall see him again. Her letter says, "I will never see you again, Edward. You, of course, won't come to see me at Mrs. Young's, at No. 126 Bond street (laughter), between 11 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon, because I shan't see you (laughter). So Mr. Cameron says there is to be no general arming, but I suppose there is to be a very particular arming (laughter). But he goes on to add, "This is no greater interference with the institutions of South Carolina than is necessary, than the war will cure." Does he mean the war will give the slaves back when the war is over? I don't know. All I know is, that the Port Royal expedition proved one thing—it laid forever that ghost of an argument, that the blacks loved their masters—it settled forever the question whether the blacks were with us or with the South. My opinion is, that the blacks are the key of our position. (A Voice—"That's it.") He that gets them wins, and he that loses them goes to the wall (applause). Port Royal settled one thing—the blacks are with us, and not with the South. At present they are the only Unionists. I know nothing more touching in history, nothing that art will immortalize and poetry dwell upon more fondly—I know no tribute to the stars and stripes more impressive than that incident of the blacks coming to the water side with their little bundles, in that simple faith that had endured through the long night of so many bitter years. They preferred to be shot rather than be driven from the sight of that banner they had so long prayed to see. And if that was the result when nothing but Gen. Sherman's equivocal proclamation was landed on the Carolinas, what should we have seen, if there had been 18,000 veterans with FREMONT, the statesman soldier of this war, at their head (loud applause), and over them the stars and stripes, gorgeous with the motto, "Freedom for all, freedom forever"? If that had gone before them, in my opinion they would have marched across the Carolinas, and joined Brownlow in East Tenessee (applause). The bulwark on each side of them would have been 100,000 grateful blacks ; they would have cut this rebellion in halves, and while our fleets fired salutes across New Orleans, Beauregard would have been ground to powder between the upper millstone of McClellan, and the lower of a quarter million blacks rising to greet the stars and stripes (great cheering). McClellan may drill a better army—more perfect soldiers. He will never marshal a stronger force than those grateful thousands. That is the way to save insurrection. He is an enemy to civil liberty, the worst enemy to his own land, who asks for such delay, or perversion of government policy, as is sure to result in insurrection. Our duty is to save these four million of blacks from their own passions, from their own confusion, and eight million of whites from the consequences of it ("hear, hear!") and in order to do it, we nineteen million of educated, Christian Americans are not to wait for the will or the wisdom of a single man—we are not to wait for Fremont or McClellan—the government is our dictator. It might do for Rome, a herd of beggars and soldiers, kept quiet only by the weight of despotism—it might do for Rome in moments of danger, to hurl all responsibility into the hands of a dictator. But for us, educated rightful men, with institutions modelled and matured by the experience of two hundred years—it is not for us to evade responsibility by deferring to a single man. I demand of the government a policy. I demand of the government to show the doubting infidels of Europe that Democracy is not only strong enough for the trial, but that she breeds men with brains large enough to comprehend the hour, and wills hot enough to fuse the purpose of nineteen million of people into one decisive blow for safety and for the Union (cheers). You will ask me how it is to be done. I would have it done by Congress. We have the power.

Will Of The Late Francis Jackson.

The will of the late Francis Jackson, of this city, has been presented for probate. It is a lengthy document, and was signed on the 28th of January last. His brother, Edmund Jackson, is made executor of the Will.

He gives $100 each to Stephen S. Foster, Abby Kelley Foster, Charles C. Burleigh, Parker Pillsbury, Lucy Stone, Lydia Maria Child, Oliver Johnson, Charles Lenox Remond, Charles K. Whipple and Robert F. Walcut, "as a token of esteem for their fidelity to moral principle, and their devotion to the cause of human freedom."

For a like reason he gives to Wm. Lloyd Garrison the sum of $4000, to be used in support of himself and wife, and the education of Francis J. Garrison at Harvard College, after he shall have left the public schools of Boston.

He appoints Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Maria W. Chapman, Edmund Jackson, William I. Bowditch, Samuel May, Jr., and Charles K. Whipple, a Board of Trustees, to receive funds designated in the Will to be used to create a public sentiment in favor of putting an end to negro slavery—leaving a bequest of $10,000 in their hands for this purpose.

He constitutes Mr. Phillips as President, Mr. E. Jackson as Treasurer, and Mr. Whipple as Secretary of this Board.

He also gives to this Board $2000, to be used in aid of fugitive slaves, and in this connection speaks as follows :—

"Disregarding the self-evident Declaration of 1776, repeated in her own Constitution of 1780, that 'all men are born free and equal,' Massachusetts has since, in the face of those solemn declarations, deliberately entered into a conspiracy with other States, to aid in enslaving millions of innocent persons. I have long labored to help my native State out of her deep iniquity, and her barefaced hypocrisy in this matter—I now enter my last protest against her inconsistency, injustice, and her cruelty toward an unoffending people. God save the fugitive slaves that escape to her borders, whatever may become of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

He appoints Wendell Phillips, Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony a Board of Trustees, and gives them $5000, to be used to secure the passage of laws granting women the right to vote, to hold office, &c.

He says that he has given each of his children $8000 heretofore. The balance of his estate is to be divided into three equal parts.

The income of one part is to be given to a daughter and her children, and at their decease the principal is to go to the Trustees having charge of the Women's Rights Fund.

The income of the other two-thirds to his other children, and their children, and at their decease, the principal is to be given to the Trustees who have in charge the matter of creating a public sentiment in favor of the abolition of negro slavery.—*Boston Traveller.*

"THIS IS THE WHITE MAN'S WAR ; NEGROES HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT !"—A member of the Indiana 20th Regiment, now encamped near Fortress Monroe, writes to the Indianapolis Journal on the 23d :

Yesterday morning, Gen. Mansfield with Drake de Kay, Aid-de-camp, in command of seven companies of the 20th New York German Rifles, left Newport News on a reconnoissance. Just after passing Newmarket Bridge, seven miles from camp, they detached one company as an advance and soon after their advance was attacked by 600 of the enemy's cavalry.

The company formed to relieve cavalry but the cavalry advancing deployed to the right and left when within musket range, and unmasked a body of seven hundred negro infantry, all armed with muskets, who opened fire on our men, wounding two lieutenants and two privates, and rushing forward surrounded the company of Germans, who cut their way through, killing six of the negroes and wounding several more. The main body, hearing the firing, advanced at a double quick in time to recover their wounded and drive the enemy back, but did not succeed in taking any prisoners. The wounded men testify positively that they were shot by negroes, and that not less than seven hundred were present, armed with muskets.

This is indeed a new feature in the war. We have heard of a regiment of negroes at Manassas, and another at Memphis, and still another at New Orleans, but did not believe it till it came so near home and attacked our men. There is no mistake about it. The 20th German were actually attacked and fired on and wounded by negroes.

It is time that this thing was understood, and if they fight us with negroes, why should not we fight them with negroes too ? We have disbelieved these reports too long, and now let us fight the devil with fire. The feeling is intense among the men. They want to know if they came here to fight negroes ? and if they did they would like to know it. The wounded men swear they will kill any negro they see, so excited are they at the dastardly act. It remains to be seen how long the Government will now hesitate, when they learn these facts. One of the lieutenants was shot in the back part of the neck, and is not expected to live.

BEEF, NEAR AND DEAR.—In the police reports of the "London Star" of Dec. 21st, we find the following :

Walter Newton, a tall, good-humored negro, about 20 years of age, who said he was "raised" in a Southern State, was brought before Mr. Selfe, charged with stealing 4 lbs of fresh beef from the American ship Silas Greenman.

Charles Douglas, a constable in the employ of the East and West India Dock Company, said he met the prisoner leaving the east-end of the South West India Dock, and asked him what he had got concealed under his clothes, to which he replied a piece of beef, and took from his person the piece of beef produced, which he said was given him by the steward of the Greenman.

Mr. Selfe : Is the prisoner the cook?

Douglas : Yes, sir, he is.

The prisoner said he took the piece of beef out of the pantry.

Mr. Selfe : You had no right to do that without the leave of your captain.

The second mate of the Silas Greenman said the captain was at present away from the ship on business, and the prisoner had no right to help himself to any of the stores.

The prisoner said he intended to give the beef to the washerwoman of the ship.

Mr. Selfe : I am afraid the washerwoman is a young woman.

The prisoner : Yes, sir, she is very young and pretty (A laugh).

Mr. Selfe : I thought so. You must not endeavor to win the affections of the washerwoman by presents of the ship's beef. It was found under his clothes next to his skin, I believe?

Douglas : Yes, sir, it was.

Mr. Selfe was afraid the flavor of the meat was not improved by such a mode of concealment. You are fined 10s. for the unlawful possession of the beef.

EXECUTION OF WILLIAMS.

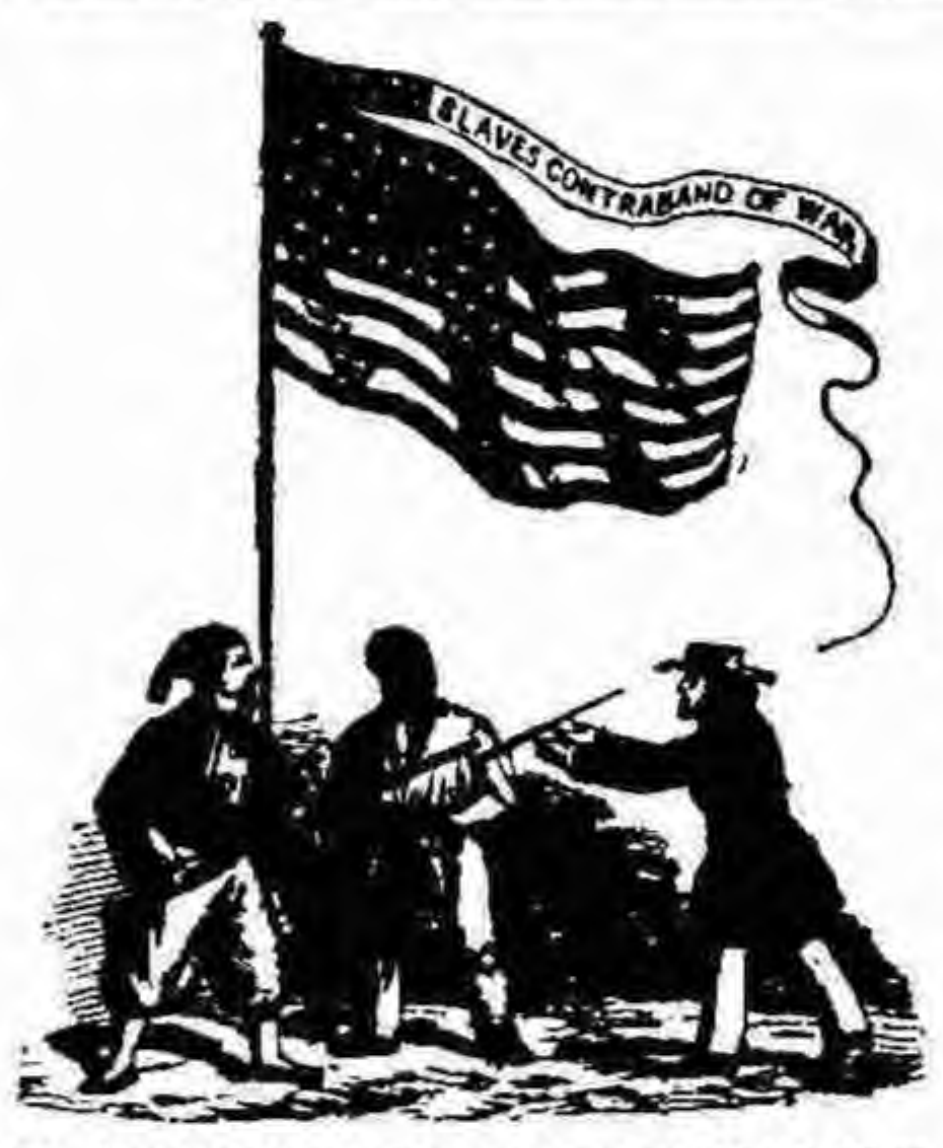
On the 3d instant, George Williams, a colored man, who it will be remembered murdered his wife on the 3d of August last, in the township of Colchester, in the county of Essex, Canada West, suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Sandwich, in presence of about 3,000 people. The following account we extract from the Detroit *Advertiser* of Saturday :—

On the first day of August last, Williams made a visit to his wife, in Colchester, Essex county, where she was staying, having left him some time before, and who, upon this occasion did not receive him in a very cordial manner. Some unfriendly words passed between them on the evening of that day, and on the morning of the second, while the woman of the house was out, a quarrel arose between the husband and wife, which resulted in the former taking an axe, which was lying near, and beating out the brains of his wife, in a most shocking manner. The cries of the woman attracted some of the neighbors to the house, who, upon their arrival, discovered the murderer—his hands crimsoned in his wife's blood—in the back yard, running from the house. When he found that he was pursued he stopped short for a moment, as if in meditation, and then returned to the house, saying, as he approached it, that he had killed his wife and intended to kill himself. He then drew a razor and cut his own throat, and fell to the ground. He was taken up, however, and removed to Amhersburg, where the wound was dressed, after which he was removed to the Essex county Jail, at Sandwich, and a few days after had so far recovered from the effects of his wound as to be entirely out of danger. He was tried before the Fall Assizes, and on the 12th of of November, was found guilty of murder in the first degree. On the 15th he was sentenced to be hanged.

Before the closing scene of the execution occurred Williams as he was standing on the fatal drop, said to those present :—

'I am glad to see so many persons assembled to see me leave this world. It makes my heart leap with joy, and I trust this will be a warning to every one present. This is a great congregation, but not like the one which I shall soon meet. If you do not understand me the Lord understands me. I am going where he is. He will go with me. May this be a warning to you all. Farewell forever.' During this time not the slightest agitation was discernable, and not a tear was visible in his eye, though many who listened to him wept like children. At the closing of these remarks, the Rev. Mr. Hurst offered up a heart-felt prayer, the prisoner during the time kneeling and covering his face with his hands. After this they all arose, and the prisoner stepped upon the platform, when the executioner entered in disguise, and pulling the cap over the face, he coolly put the noose over the head of the unfortunate man, and drew it up, at the same time receiving the injunction, uttered in a low but distinct voice, 'Not too tight,' then stepping back, the lever was touched, and this misguided victim of passion was ushered into the other world without a struggle. He fell a distance of seven and a half feet, and with such force as to tear open the old gash, made when he had attempted suicide several weeks before, and which, though perfectly healed, was still tender. The spectacle was a horrible one, but the poor man had departed this life, and was no more subject to its agonies.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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Each hair has a root in the skin, and is itself a hollow tube through which there is a constant circulation of blood. By this circulation the hair is nourished, its glossy color is given and preserved, and it is covered with oil. Any thing which injures the skin of the head, or diverts or takes away the blood from it, will prevent or impede the circulation through the tubes of the hair, stop its growth, and cause it to fall off, turn gray, or both. Hence it is that any cause that obstructs or weakens the circulation of the blood through the skin, or that diverts the blood to other parts of the system, will take away the lively, fresh, and youthful appearance of the hair, arrest its growth turn it gray sooner or later, and in thousands of cases cause premature baldness.

For this reason, all kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, low spirits, dissipation, and excessive thought, allowing the hair to grow too long without cutting, long and continued headache, neglected condition of the scalp and hair, great mental uneasiness, etc., etc., will always, unless proper remedies are used, produce general or partial Baldness or gray hair. The cure is perfectly effected by preserving a healthy and brisk circulation of the blood through the skin of the scalp and head ; could this always be done, the hair would never fall off or turn gray.

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Let the hair be brushed with a good stiff hair-brush, until the scalp is considerably excited, and the dandruff and dirt removed, this will open the pores of the skin to the direct action of the EXTRACT. Then apply the EXTRACT in small quantities, at the time, rubbing it in with a brush, particularly where the hair is thin or weak, or shows a disposition to fall off, always brushing the way in which it lies, not backward and forward. The EXTRACT should be used at least three times a week. Avoid the use of soaps or alkalies, Alcohol, Cologne Water, Bay Rum or water, as they remove the natural oil, make the hair harsh and coarse, cause it to split and break, and will more or less change its color. Dandruff is the result of a languid, unhealthy condition of the scalp and surface vessels, whereby the perspiration becomes thick and clammy and adheres to the surface, which, drying, forms a scurf or dandruff. The frequent application of the EXTRACT will soon free the head from it.

In conclusion I would add that cases of failure will no doubt occur, arising from causes beyond the reach of remedies. Yet I am convinced that if the EXTRACT were faithfully and perseveringly applied, a large majority of cases of baldness might be cured.

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A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R DELANY

PART II

> Hear the word!—who fight for freedom!
> Shout it in the battle van!
> Hope! for bleeding human nature!
> Christ the God, is Christ the Man!
>
> H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER III

A GLIMMER OF HOPE

In his conversation with Lotty, Henry had learned of the residence of two families from Louisiana, near Matanzas, when on leaving the hacienda of the Garcias, he went directly in search of the Americans. In his stroll, he kept the great roads, because *these a negro might travel without suspicion*, besides to have frequently the benefit of the diligence, all of which are driven by blacks, and also because to venture through the plantations would have been hazardous, nearly the whole of which keep negro dogs, or blood-hounds with which to run down the slaves.

On approaching his destined *point of anxiety*, meeting an old black man whom he addressed and was answered in creole, the following conversation ensued

'Do you live about here?' asked Henry

'I do,' replied the man.

'Where abouts?,'

'On de nex' place.'

'Are you a free man?'

'No, my frien,' I'se a slave!'

'I thought the slaves out this way were not allowed clothes. How's this?' said Henry, speaking knowingly to conceal his being a stranger, by assuming a familiarity with all parts of the Island; as it is indeed a truth, that the slaves in Cuba generally go nude.

'Da's not 'lowed nothin' to put on, on,y wen de wite folks sen' um out.'

'Will *you not* be *allowed* after *you* get home, to keep those clothes on while attending about the house, and waiting on the white folks?'

'No, seh, no; I has to take 'em off, an' go 'long so, no matter who,s dar.'

'What is the name of your plantation?'

Da calls it 'Lucyana Hacienda.'

'What's *your master's name*?'

'He name Jenkin.'

'Is he a creole?'

'No, he 'Merica man.'

'Is he a good master?'

'Ah, God knows bes'. He wus kine a man!'

'Does he keep an overseer?'

'Yes, bless yeh! 'e got *two-three* places, and ovehseeh on 'em all.'

'How many slaves has Jenkin in all?

'I do' no', 'e got heap a slaves.

'What does he raise; sugar, coffee or rice?'

''E raise sugar on all on 'em.'

'Are the planters generally good or bad *to their people?*'

'Bad 'nough, bad 'nough!'

'Do you all get much chance to go out at night?'

'No, no, bless yeh! da all keep blood-houn' to watch arter an' keep us in.'

'What part of America did your master come from?'

'De Lucyana whar I come fom.'

'Are there any other Louisiana planters near here?'

'Da's one some ten-twenty mile, uh sich a mautta.'

'I would like to go and stay with you, or some of your people to-night in their huts.'

'Well, meh frien,' it is very 'dange'ous, case de wite folks al'as lookin' 'roun,' an' da got blood houn' out all night long watchin', and wen strangeh come 'mong us, de dog bay roun' de hut till wite folks come.'

'Then it must be dangerous to go on the plantations at all.'

'Yes, 'ndeed, mighty dange'ous; case da larn de dog, an' sometime 'e so famish', dat 'e break in de hut, an' tare our poo' childen to pieces!'

'*I must go with you, let come what will!*' concluded Henry.

'Well, me frien,' I try an' do all I kin for yeh! finally replied the old man, conducting him from the main road leading to Matanzas into a road to the right, which led them directly to the place of Jenkin which they reached in safety, sometime after nightfall, the man immediately leaving.

This family proved to be a choice one, on which Henry fixed his memory for future movements, he being then in search of a wife, to him at the time the greatest domestic concern on earth; made no seclusions, nor organized gatherings among his brethren of this class in Cuba. The hut was of superior construction to those of the slaves generally in the colony, the family of a superior order, proved to be native African, having learned English on the coast, French Creole at New Orleans, and Spanish at Cuba; but ten years having elapsed since they were kidnapped, the whole family by chance gettting together Their African name was Oba, the Cuban, Grande. Grande was foreman on the plantation of Jenkin, probably because of his superior intelligence; but most probably because of the fact that from the day of his advent on the place, the blood-hounds were known to fondle with his family, and never could be made to attack or even bay after one of them. This *gave them reverence among brother slaves*, which must have induced his attainment to this post.

During the night blood hounds were heard yelping, but none approached the old man Oba's hut.

Secrets were exchanged concerning dog charming between Henry and his new friend Grande, and much information was obtained concerning the character of Cuban planters, as well as the designs of the slaves They were ripe for a general rising, said the old man, but God only knew where they would find a leader These things and many more were made known to him during three days secretion in the family

'I have been with *you three days* and nights, father Oba, and now must think about going,' said Henry.

'How, me son, ye 'scape ovesee, that wat trouble me mos,' replied the old man.

'Your good friend Carl who brought me here, told me that Albertis had a plantation not more than ten miles from here.,

'Yes, *me son, he great frien' to Jenkin*' They both 'Merican men.

'Then leave the matter with me, father Oba, and I'll risk the chance with the overseer.'

'What you goin' do, me son?'

'I'm going directly to Jenkin himself'

'Sho, chile, he aint goin' to give you a pass.'

'I'll risk the matter, just leave it to me, father'

'Spose he come ax me who you is, what I goin' tell 'im, chile?'

'Just tell him that I called myself a slave from the next plantation, what is the name?'

'Buena Terra Hacienda, is the name, me son; the mausta name Faries.'

'That's enough, father, I must go. Farewell!' said Henry, directing his course across the place towards the mansion some three miles off

'Good bye, me son, good bye! Sorry you go in daylight, but hope you fool 'im good!' concluded the kind old father Oba, gazing after him as far as he could see.

'It was dinner hour when Henry reached the mansion, and inquired of a servant if Mr. Jenkin were in, being answered in the affirmative.

'Can I see him?' inquired Henry.

'He's engaged with company,' replied the servant. 'Sit down here under the verandah.' Henry thanking him, took a seat

The dinner being over, after two hours *waiting*, the master appeared on the back verandah, preceded by the servant to direct him.

'Well, my boy, to whom do you belong?' saluted Mr. Jenkins.

'I belong to Senor Faries of Buena Terra Hacienda, sir.'

'Senor Feries' boy hey! What is your errand, *my boy?*'

'To ask, sir, if you have some of the Chinese Sugar Cane seed sent you from the Patent Office in America, that you will oblige him with a small sample.'

'Yes, my boy, you shall have them. Stay and take your dinner with my people.' Henry, politely bowing, resumed his seat at the withdrwal of the master.

On a visit from America was a gentleman by the name of Postlewaite, formerly of Kentucky, his body servant George, a tall, fine looking, manly, intelligent fellow, being quite a favorite with his master.

When called, the servant approached with a dejection and submission of manner, which seemed *at the moment to affect even* the master himself who had caused it.

'George, hold up your head, and don't *look down* as if you were condemned to be hung!' said Postlewaite; the servant raising his eyes with a look of irrecoverable humiliation.

'Your negro seems to be pretty well broken; how did you manage it?' remarked Jenkin.

'I did as you advised me; sent him to a professional whipper, who charged him with the misconduct of making free with his master.'

'I always thought him the most confounded forward, impudent negro I ever saw!' said Jenkin.

'You are mistaken, Mr. Jenkin, it was not impudence nor even forwardness, as he was most delicately sensible of what was due to others, especially superiors; but I and he being raised up from childhood together, he was accustomed to look upon and treat me more as a friend and equal, than a master and superior.'

'You may thank me, then, Mr. Postlewaite, for the change!'

'Certain it is, sir, that had you not repeatedly called my attention to it, insisting that I must persist in punishment until he was broken, I never should have noticed his conduct.'

'Do you think he's completely cured?'

'He's completely broken, sir, and as humble as a dog. The last chastisement that Goodman gave, completely reduced him, taking out the last remnant of his manhood, so that he's as spiritless as a kitten!'

'Who was the whipper?'

'Goodman is his name, an American, from Pennsylvania I believe; one of your real poor white men, whom our negro slaves so much despise and hate to have over them.

'He's certainly the fellow for his work, Mr. Postlewaite, he does it well, I assure you!' concluded Jenkin.

Postlewaite was a man of very generous disposition, and always had been indulgent to his favorite servant George, but as a master, by the force of circumstances, was compelled to yield to the whims of those whose judgment, as successful planters, was regarded as *superior*.

The seed being obtained, with a note directed to 'Senor Faries, Buena Terra Hacienda,' Henry left late in the afternoon, making his way toward the hacienda of the anxiously saught for Peter Albertis.

CHAPTER IV

IMPATIENCE.

'Good evening, my friend! Is this the hacienda of Senor Peter Albertis?' inquired Henry, who had made good speed of some twelve miles distance since leaving the place of Jenkin startling a man who stood at the entrance of a large gateway waiting the approach of a herd of goats from an adjoining open plain

'Dis is his'n,' was the reply

'Is he at home?'

'No, 'e gone way.'

'When did he go?'

'Dis mornin.'

'Where has he gone?'

''E gone to Habana'

'When will he be back?'

'I do'n 'o.'

'Have you an overseer?'

'Yes, my fren', dat we has!'

'Where is he?'

''E gone to 'Tanzas *to de bull-fight*.'

'To Matanzas When did he start?'

'E jus' gwine long down de road dar now'

'When will he be back?'

'In de mornin'.'

'In the morning: why, when does the fight take place?'

'It take place arly, jus' at daybreak, afteh it oveh den he come home.'

'Who attends to the place when he and your master are away?'

'Black man name Dominico.'

'Is he strict?'

'Ah, my fren', dat 'e is—mighty stric'!'

'Can I see him?'

'I do'no, my fren', if yeh kin or no. Stop, I go see fus!'

'How far is it to his hut?'

'Way up *yondeh*, 'bout half mile.'

'Do you keep negro hounds on the place?'

'Yes 'ndeed, dat de am, plenty on 'em!'

'Can't I go with you?'

'No, my fren,' betteh stay whar yeh is, 'case de houn 'ont be out dis two hours, sich a matter yit,' replied the herdsman, supposing Henry to be afraid of the dogs, about which he cared but little, having fully learned to subdue the most frocious of them.

The herd, which had been slowly approaching, grazing as they moved, passed through, when the gate was securely locked, and the herdman left with his message for the hut. Half an hour having ensued, the approach of a person was seen at some distance in the clear twilight of a most beautiful West India evening, which appeared like a shadow. As the figure drew near, Henry receded a few paces close in the corner of a hedge-fence near the gateway, partially screening himself by the overhanging branches.

'Who is here?' inquired a voice in intelligent Creole, as the person came to the gate, *discovering no one in waiting*.

'A friend!' replied Henry, the man starting at the voice.

'If you be what you say, come forth like a man, and show yourself!' was the reply, Henry immediately coming out from the bramble.

'Is this Dominico?' he inquired of a stalwart, fine looking black man, past the middle of life.

'I answer to that name.'

'Can I rest with you to-night?'

'What is your name, and who are you?'

'Jacob, sir,' replied Henry, cautiously concealing his *nom de plume* of 'Gilbert,' that no traces of his rambling might be detected should he fall in with treacherous blacks disposed to betray him.

'Where are you from, and where do you live?'

'I cannot tell you that.'

'What is your errand, then, that you come here at such an hour?'

'If you'll take me to your quarters and have a little talk till I learn more about you, then I may be ready to answer that question.'

'*My friend*, I think I *understand you*; come with me,' concluded Dominico, starting down the lane with his friend.

'Here are my wife Edith, my two sons and two daughters, as true to their people as they are to themselves!' on introducing his family of handsome black people to the discreet stranger he had taken home with him, said the intelligent *Domonico*.

Henry soon became acquainted with this family, who were true to the cause of their race and people. Dominico and wife were the pride and counsel of all the slaves in their immediate neighborhood. The overseer was passionately fond of sporting, and always sought the absence of the master, who himself resided on the plantation, to indulge in recreation. At such times he left his trust to revel in the games and sports at Matanzas, the most of the master's time being spent at Havana and Principe. The understanding between them seemed mutual, that Henderich might go when he pleased, which gave an opportunity to the Dominico family to counsel and prepare the slaves for the future.

The man who stood at the gate, apparently awaiting the goatherd to pass, was a good and trusty outpost spy, keeping the herd in check as a ruse. By this arrangement of their duty, even in the absence of the master, the privileges of the whole plantation were left entirely to themselves. This evening presented an especial privilege *by the occasion of Henry's visit*.

'What sort of a master is Albertis?' inquired he of the intelligent Dominico.

'A mighty hard master indeed when he takes it into his head.'

'Does he whip much?'

'When he has been drinking or loses by gambling he is very severe and cruel'

'*Does he drink and gamble much*?'

'Whenever he's at home and has company. But he's a great deal away, else some of the people wouldn't stand him'

'Where is he from?'

'Louisiana, in America.

'Has he a wife?'

'No indeed; but he's always buying handsome slave *girls*.'

'Why does he buy so many?'

'They dont seem to like 'im Some wont stay with him, and them that does he soon falls out with. All such he generally sends off to America, where they bring better prices than if he sold 'em here.'

'You say some won't stay with him at all?'

'No indeed they wont. The last one he got was a mighty fine woman, I do assure you, she wouldn't even stay in the great house where he was.'

'Where did she stay?'

'She staid with my family, and he couldn't make her go out.'

'Did he not punish her very severely for such disobedience?' inquired Henry, becoming almost impatient with anxiety.

'He beat her like a dog; and one evening just at dusk he came in and ordered her to leave and go over to the great house; when she refused, telling him she would not, if he killed her. He then struck her in the breast with his fist, knocking her against me, when I kept her from falling. He next gave her a kick in the side, which brought her with a scream to her knees, where for some time leaning against the bed, she was unable to speak from pain, and when she could speak she screamed whenever she drew her breath; when he ordering her with a dreadful oath to get up; and knowing what he was, as she couldn't, she put up her hands to beg him, when he jerked down that piece of iron there, and struck her across the side of the head, nearly splitting the scull, when she fell, we thought, for dead, and he walked indifferently away.'

Henry now became so anxious concerning the fate of his wife, that for a time he suspended the inquiry, dreading the conclusion.

'What was the name of this woman?' after some minutes reflection, which had been observed by the family of Dominico, he inquired.

'Lotty, he called her,' was the reply, when Henry involuntarily started from his seat to the door, returning again as if unconscious of what he did.

'Where is she now—did he sell her?' with great anxiety he inquired, the emotion *being such as to almost* betray his interest in her behalf.

'He put her with his sister to break her.'

'Who is his sister?' continued Henry with unabated anxiety.

'Madame Garcia, at 'Castilian Hacienda' near Habana,' concluded Dominico, the perspiration breaking upon Henry, who spent a night of torturing impatience

CHAPTER V.

THE DISCOVERY.

The morning came and with its dawn Henry was an impatient waiting spectator. Leaving one of the most interesting slave *families*, he reached the great road leading to Havana, where taking a diligence without interruption, in three days arrived in the precincts of Castilian Hacienda. On arriving at the mansion, the family were all in the garden, recreating among the shrubbery, enjoying an atmosphere freighted with odor, and vibrating with the melody of the feathered inhabitants.

Late that afternoon, a sultry day, in the bower verging on a stream which fell abruptly into a craggy gully, at the extreme back part of the great thicket, sat Captains Garcia and Paul, Lieutenant Seeley and Past-Midshipman Spencer, Mesdames Garcia, Bonselle, and Seeley. Henry approached them, made his *respects to the gratification* of the young Madame Seeley, who had been doubtful of his return; then went where the maid and children were, some distance off, though in sight in a rude pathway leading through a ravine under a rugged fence into the adjacent wildwood.

The maid smiled as he approached, reached out her hand which was prevented from taking his by their being simultaneously raised to absorb with a white handkerchief, the tears which, at that moment obscured his sight and dampened his cheeks.

The terribly scourged little Pomp, was dejectedly playing near his young masters Miguel and Ferdinand, and Henry having cast a look upon him, the maid reasonably supposed that his emotion was a manifestation of sympathy for the child. Recovering from the emotion, he quietly stood with eyes fixed upon her.

She had a careworn expression of irreconcilable trouble, unhappiness and sorrow, sunken eyes, a full suit of crimpy hair, but carelessly worn, well mixed with grey, the scar of a deep cut wound on the right angle of the forehead, and her appearance was that of a woman ten years the senior of his wife.

'Have you any children Lotty?' said Henry, the first word spoken, after sometime gazing upon her.

'One!' was the only reply, when she turned away with choking emotion.

'What is it, a boy or girl? I mean no harm in asking you.'

'Boy sir,' she sobbed.

'Where is he?'

'Far enough from here!' she replied, her heart heaving with grief.

'Where is that?'

'In Mississippi, in America.'

'What is his name?'

'Joe! Oh my dear little Joe! she replied convulsed with smothered wailing.

'Have you a husband?'

'Oh! I once had a dear good husband! But oh lord, I'm now a poor wretched woman here in a strange country!'

'Where is your husband?'

'He's there too, in the Mississippi.'

'What was your husband's name?'

'Henry Hol——'

'Oh! my God! is this *my wife*!' he exclaimed, at the moment when was heard the friteful yelping of approaching dogs, having in chase a large guana,* which rushing pass, brushed the skirt of her dress, when screaming, Maggie stood supported in the arms of her husband.

'Oh, Henry! Oh me, what shall I do! Oh this aint you! Oh what shall I do! Mistress will kill me! Oh Henry! Oh Henry, is this you!'

'Yes, yes, my poor wife! this is your——'

'Do you see that jade!' said Madame Garcia, Henry stopping to catch the words; 'In spite of all I can do, she will put on airs in the presence of white persons, and I'm determined to break her, if I have to break her neck!'

'Poor thing, she could'nt help doing so! I'm sure that ugly creature is enough to frighten any one I'm as afraid of them as death,' replied Madame Bonselle.

'She's not afraid of them; she only wants to show herself before that negro man of Madame Seeley, that's all!'

The game being caught, the baying of the dogs and noisy jabber of the slaves who poured in eager pursuit to the lawn in large numbers, was such that the company retired to the Verandah to escape the annoyance.

'This is your husband, poor outraged suffering one, and he comes to take you, if in doing it, he takes the life of every slaveholder in Cuba!' said Henry, pressing her closely to his bosom.

'O! this cant be you! Oh my God, I have suffered more than death! How did you come? Oh my poor child! Where's Mammy, did she come too? My poor father!'. When with an innocent smile, Maggie gazed in the face of her husband, with eyes immovably fixed.

Gently laying her on the grass under the shade of a tree, the great hearted slave hastened to the rippling stream near by *from which to get water to* lave her brow and temples to relieve her of the temporary insanity; when sitting over her in discharge of his duty of love and conjugal affection, he found a solice by the intrusion of tears which freely fell from his eyes.

At these scenes the children were surprised and hastened to their mother to tell their childish story, which *only tended to* aggravate an offence to her already unpardonable.

'Oh, you worst of treated women, *I'll* have revenge for it!' said the half distracted husband to himself, as he leaned over her applying the water with his handkerchief.

Presently the child, which till then had been quietly playing on the grass aside of her, began to cry—the larger ones having gone to the house—when Henry took it, holding it on his arm, which only increased its fretfulness. The other children just returning, heard the little sister fretting, while the nurse lay unheeding it, when returning to the house, reported again to their mother concerning her conduct.

The mistress now became impatient and sent her severant Dilsey to summon Lotty to appear immediately before her. The girl returning reported Lotty to be sick. The mistress insisted that it was all affectation, and determined on having her whipped by her master.

Poor Maggie's joys on recovering, were blasted by anticipation of the punishment that awaited her.

'Oh lord!' she sighed as the sun declined beneath the horizon; 'I dread night coming on! I wish I was dead, so I do; they'll beat me to death!'

'The villian who dares lay hands on you, I'll send into eternity as quick as my arm can execute the deed! and——'

Here he was suddenly interruped by Dilsey, who was a good girl and a true friend to her people, running hastily into the garden to inform Maggie that Peter Albertis had just arrived from Principe. Clasping her hands and looking Henry in the face, Maggie cried out:

'Oh husband what will I do?'

'Dont be the least frightened Maggie, my child; I assure you not a hair of your head will be hurt!'

'But he'll *take my life*, and——'

'I'll take his first,' said Henry so determmedly, that she concluded to say nothing more, lest he might be aggravated to an overt act and blast all hopes however furtile they were.

The arrival of Albertis arrested the anticipated proceedings of the evening, Henry taking advantage of which carefully cautioned his wife, who required no such admonishing, to impart nothing that would in the least betray their relation. They separated for the time, when for the first night in many months, both husband and wife could retire to see each other in the morning.

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*Guanas are run down by dogs and caught—a South American custom, introduced into Cuba by Brazilian slaves, some of whom when sold, carry the young animals with them.

For the Anglo African.

THE NEWSPAPERS—A VISION.

A tumult was rushing abroad thro' the earth—
The time had come for a Nation's birth!
'Mid the clangor of arms and clank of chains,
'Mid greed of wealth and poverty's pains,
'Mid cabinet councils by men of thought,
And a hurly-burly whose souls were bought.
There lay around on the mighty floor,
Of sceptres and crowns a hundred score,
And ships lay idle and out of trade
On a distant ocean I'm afraid
To tell the sequel of what I saw
When God Almighty gave forth the law

* * * * * *

'Twas Universe Hall—the court was set,
And men of all castes and ages met
To list a summons for an agent new,
To do—what the world had failed to do
First came the Orators, men of name,
Who boasted to set the world in flame,
They pointed to armies in battle array
And gory fields where thousands lay.—
The Judge look'd forth with frown severe,—
"'Twas peace he wanted, not dagger or spear!"
Next came a rattling, bustling throng,
And death and hell followed along!
A few were label'd of England or France,
But the latter were mostly intent on the dance,
While the former seem'd only to ask for roast beef
Their greed must be met tho' it came thro' a thief.
Intent on the scene, I saw with surprise,
A snow storm came o'er the earth and the skies;
But as the flakes fell, I thought in my dream,
They changed into writing—on every theme.
Yet chiefly *I found the Newspaper press*
Had conjured the storm, by way of address.

The one-sided HERALD was there as of course,
It boasted of power it was the great source!
I thought that a shade came over the eye
Of the Almighty Judge, as he made this reply:—
"I am looking for one to raise the oppress'd.
"For one of clean hands, and pure in the breast.
"My Fates have decreed that SLAVERY'S day,
"Forever is o'er on doomed Africa."
Sweet music burst forth like the gushing of rills,
And swept as he spoke o'er the amaranth hills.

The TRIBUNE prefer'd its long standing claim,
Alleged that it only could Slavery tame,
While the TIMES and the WORLD, and ten
thousand more,
From every city and town by the score,
Claim'd precedence each, till an uproar arose,
And the hall of audience was order'd to close.
But a wheel was prepared where every name
Should be placed to this mission proposing a claim.
Mute silence pervaded the garrulous throng,
As the wheel man proclaim'd, "It is not to the
strong,
"Nor the weak—not the wise nor the fool,
"Jehovah decrees in his counsels ro rule,
"Yet whatever name comes first from the wheel
"Shall bear as its motto the mark of my seal."
Keen eyes were now turned the wheel man to
And bosoms were throbbing the finale to catch;
When lo! a new name, scarcely heard of before,
Was announced as the chosen.—*The dream was*
now o'er—
I awoke—and then saw by the light of my taper,
I was reading THE ANGLO AFRICAN paper.—H.

From The Independent.

JOHN WOOLMAN

BY REV. R. M. HATFIELD.

Probably no one of the delightful essays of Charles Lamb has been of as much real value to the world as the single passage in the 'Quaker Meeting;' in which he refers to the writings of John Woolman, and advises his readers to 'get them by heart.' That commendation has called the attention of thousands to a simple and beautiful narrative that it is almost impossible for any one to read without benefit. The spirit of the modest little volume is as balmy as the breath of June, and fragant as the ointment that was poured upon the head of Aaron. John Woolman was born in Burlington county, New Jersey, in 1720. He was the subject of gracious influences at a very tender age, and tells us that before he was seven years old "he began to be acquainted with the *operations of divine love*." It was not, however, till he was eighteen or twenty years of age that he "felt the power of Christ to prevail over selfish desires" to such an extent as to give him a settled and permanent peace of soul. The earlier years of his life were passed in his father's house, but on coming to his majority he found employment in a country store at Mount Holly. While living here his employer sold a negro woman to an elderly and reputable member of the Society of Friends, and directed Woolman to write the bill of sale. It was a time when few persons were troubled with any scruples concerning the lawfulness of slavery, and the young man hastily and "through weakness," as he says, wrote the instrument. But his agency in the transaction caused *him great affliction*, and he felt constrained to bear his testimony against slavery, declaring that he regarded it as "inconsistent with the Christian religion."

From a child he had been remarkably sensitive and conscientious, and as he advanced in years and grew in grace, he became *almost* "*fanatical in tender-heartedness*." After spending several years in a clerkship, he began to scruple whether "merchandising" was a business to which he could devote himself without spiritual loss. He had, as he tells us, "through the revelation of Jesus Christ, seen the "happiness of humility, and felt an earnest desire to enter deeply into the spirit of it, and so pass his time that nothing should hinder him from the most steady attention to the voice of the true Shepherd." Influenced by these feelings he decided, when about twenty-five years of age, to learn the tailor's trade, believing that Providence *pointed to that employment* as a means by which he might get a "living in a plain way," without "outward cumber," or the "burden of great business." He had before this time occasionally taken part in religious meetings, and soon after began to travel extensively, teaching and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom. His journeys carried him through a large part of what are now the Eastern, Middle, and Southern states, and at length to England, where he died in the fifty-third year of his age. During these years he had many and painful "exercises" on the subject of slavery. On his first visit to the South it greatly troubled him to be entertained by people who were living in ease on the hard earnings of their slaves, and he sought frequent opportunities to admonish the masters of the evil of their ways. *If* all Northern ministers of the Gospel had been equally consistent and faithful we should have had few South-side or rose-tinted views of slavery. It is now more than a century since John Woolman wrote: "I saw in these Southern provinces so many vices and corruptions, increased by this *trade and this way of life, that it* appeared to me as a dark gloominess hanging over the land; and though now many run into *it, yet* in the future the consequences will be grievous to posterity." Soon after his return from this visit he wrote a tract entitled, "Some Considerations on the Keeping of Negroes, recommended to the Professors of *Christianity of every denomination*." This essay is imbued with the charity of the Gospel, but hard and unanswerable arguments are couched under its soft and gentle words. So tender was his spirit that it seemed almost impossible for him to use other than mild and kindly language either in speaking or in writing. I *only remember* a single instance in which he was betrayed into something like tartness, and that was in replying to the sophistries of a couple of Virginia Quakers, who were defending the slave-trade. They contended that the negroes were the descendants of Cain, marked as objects of God's displeasure, and doomed to a state *of* bondage. He was "troubled at the darkness of their imaginations, and in some pressure of spirit said: the love of ease and gain are the motives in general for keeping slaves, and men are apt to take hold *of* weak arguments to support a cause which is unreasonable." During one of his journeys to New England he visited Newport, R. I.—at that time a hotbed of slavery, and the great slave mart of the country. On reaching the place he learned that a large number *of* slaves had been recently imported from Africa, and were then held for sale by a member of the Society of Friends. This information caused him so much distress "he lost his appetite and grew outwardly weak." After crying to the Lord in secret that he might be enabled to discharge his duty *faithfully*, he brought *the matter before* the yearly meeting, and subsequently held a conference with the ministers, elders, and overseers who held slaves. This last service was far from being a pleasant one, but we have no doubt that on similar occasions in other places he "found an engagement to speak freely and plainly" to *these masters in Israel*. Nor was his concern for the slave occasional or spasmodic. He habitually remembered them in their bonds, and had great heaviness and sorrow on their account, till with David he could say, "My tears have been my meat day and night." His brethren in England, in their tribute to his memory, say that while among them "he was deeply concerned on account of the inhuman and iniquitous practice of making slaves of the people of Africa, *or holding them in* that state, and that his testimony in the last meeting he ever attended was on this subject." To him more than any other man are we indebted for the influences that made stanch and consistent Abolitionists of the denomination of Friends. Nor does his claim to our grateful remembrance *rest solely upon his opposition to slavery*. The world is rarely blessed with such an example of whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report as was presented in the life of and character of John Woolman.

So tenderly humane was he that he laid to heart the sufferings of the inferior creatures, as well as the afflictions of his fellow-men. When a boy, he once killed a robin, and the thoughtless act filled him with distress and horror. In his mature years he visited England, and while there traveled on foot, refusing to enter the post-coaches, or even to send or receive letters by them. His reason for such a course was that these coaches frequently go upwards of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, and that this causes injury to the horses and great *suffering to the post-boys*. He had no sympathy with the hurry in the spirit of the world, that in aiming to do business quickly and gain wealth "doth cause the creation loudly to groan." Such was his simplicity of character that he had scruples against wearing hats or clothes that were dyed or colored. After mature deliberation he discarded colored clothing altogether, *being* persuaded that "dying to hide dirt," is a custom "not having its foundation in pure wisdom." There was no *particle of* affectation in all this. He bore his singularity as a cross, trusting that the Lord would support him under it "so long as singularity was only for his sake." He was so convinced of the evil of luxurious indulgences that when he took passage in a vessel for England he went in the steerage, "because there *was much* superfluity of workmanship in the cabin." This scrupulosity seems to us excessive and quite needless, but it was in keeping with the pure and simple character of the man. He erred, if at all, on the safe side, and succeeded as few men have ever done in minding the things of the Spirit, keeping himself unspotted from the world. I had intended to refer to other traits in his character, and to cull a few choice passages from his writings, but this article grows too long, and I forbear. A single reference must be made to the catholicity of his spirit. He was, according to the straitest of the sect, a Quaker, holding the peculiar doctrines of the denomination with great tenacity. He lived at a time when religious controversies were rife, and when there was little regard for charity or courtesy on the part of disputants. But the meek and gentle spirit of the Gospel filled his heart, and there was no coarseness or severity in his speech or writings. He had put off all malice, and guile, and envying, and evil speaking, and formed "no narrowness respecting sects and opinions," believing that all "sincere and upright-hearted people in every society, who truly love God are accepted of him." And after having served his generation by the will of God, he died as it was fitting that such a man should die. While attending a quarterly meeting in York, England, he was prostrated with disease, of which he died after a sickness of eight or ten days. He was perfectly resigned to the will of the Lord, and said, "This trial is made easier to me than I could have thought. My will is wholly taken away, and my mind enjoys a perfect calm." His brethren who were with him say that "he was supported in much meekness, patience, and Christian fortitude, and that his mind appeared to be centered in divine love, under the precious influence whereof we believe he finished his course and entered into the mansions of everlasting rest." John Wesley once wrote, "I am sick of opinions. Give me solid and substantial religion; give me a humble, gentle lover of God and man, a man full of mercy and faith, without partiality and without hypocrisy; a man laying himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with these Christians, wheresoever they are, and whatsoever opinion they are of." We hope for the time when all Christians will respond to this sentiment with a hearty Amen. If good men retain their distinctive peculiarities in another state of existence, John Woolman and the disciple whom Jesus loved must, we think, be special friends in heaven.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 25, 1862.

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WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Events are marching on. There can be no harm in looking at their significance and tendency. We notice a continued expression of hope, almost of certainty, that slavery must perish entire, during, or immediately after, or more or less remotely, in consequence of, this war. We fear that this hope is a case where the wish is father to the thought: it is widely shared by those whose life-long devotion to Anti-Slavery gives weight to their opinions. Of these are Garrison and Phillips and Gay, to say nothing of Greeley and his likes. It must be remembered that only a few years ago Wendell Phillips, speaking for his coadjutors, stated that after quarter of a century of hard and persistent effort on their part, they found the Bastile of slavery stronger than ever. May they not as greatly overrate probabilities to-day, as they under-rated them two years ago.

Besides, these hopeful friends give no sound reason for the faith that is in them. They point neither to the teachings of history nor the reasonings of philosophy in support of their views. They speak of slavery receiving its death-blow, of its perishing with the rebellion: They little know how small a mite of the old leaven would have power to re-leaven the whole lump: and if the leaven were never so small, its vitality and germ-force should warn us of how rapidly and powerfully it would grow, a renewed cancer in the body politic. How much deeper should be our anxiety, how much more careful our expressions of triumph over slavery, when we find it armed in all its old panoply of power in Kentucky, and actually holding command at the White House? For if the republican papers held back the true reason of Mr. Cameron's dismissal, the democratic papers openly rejoice in it as a deserved blow to Anti-Slavery, and a renewed proof of the constitutional (that is Pro-Slavery) conservatism of President Lincoln.

There are said to be in the Cabinet, there are known to be in both houses of Congress, in the army, and among editors, many who are favorable to emancipation as a war measure. We are cheered by the speeches made or said to have been made by many of these. But what does all this amount to? Are these friends of emancipation in a large majority? Even if they were, does not our experience in former cases teach us that they will be cajoled, or brow beat by a pestilent but united minority? Did there ever come before a legislature, or board of white men, a case of justice to a black man, where one opponent failed to rule!

What does emancipation as a war measure mean? It means, less, justice to the black slave than injury to the white slaveholder. It means, if the war can be ended by no other means, then resort must be had to this. And it therefore means, also, that if the war can be terminated without emancipation, then there is no present need of emancipation. This emancipation as a war measure is a heartless, soulless doctrine: there is nothing manly, just, nor fraternal about it. And such emancipation is not worth the having. Let us look at the bills of Trumbull and Blair, which are the very best measures we can hope for. They couple expatriation and apprenticeship with emancipation. They assume that the sacred soil of rebeldom is too holy for the impress of a freed black man's foot. They would rather, in the excess of their negro hate, that the land should run to waste, than be cultivated by freed blacks. And this heartless, soulless scheme receives the support and countenance of the Anti-Slavery men with few exceptions, such as the 'Evening Post,' and true-hearted Gerrit Smith.

Such being the hope of emancipation from the North—what of the South? When Gerrit Smith first announced the probability of emancipation from that quarter we could only give an incredulous smile. But recent circumstances lend probability to his sagacious prophecy. It seems a settled fact that the Southern army contains black soldiers in arms, in companies, soon probably regiments. The step to a black brigade and division is but a short one. And the step from arming free blacks to the arming of slaves is still shorter, because, by theory, in the slave States, all blacks are slaves. And from arming the slaves to emancipating them the step is sure and certain. Indeed this will become a necessity, which will grow the more urgent the more the South is pressed by the federal arms. The emancipation from this source would be of a different kind from that flaunted in Congress by Blair and Trumbull. It would be granted on the part of the masters in recognition of services rendered, and would be held on the part of the freedmen by the strength of their red right arms. There would be no hypocritical expatriation about it. If to-morrow's sun should welcome a proclamation of emancipation from Jeff. Davis, and a decree to arm all able bodied male slaves in defence of their birth-land, would the slaves accept? Yes. And could the South then be subjugated? No. There's no use talking: there are not white men enough born in the free States to overcome such a combination in the slave States.

To sum up. The Northern men are not yet prepared for emancipation as an act of justice and brotherhood towards their black fellow citizens at the South. The Southern mind is prepared to adopt any measure which will secure their political independence from the North. Emancipation and arming the slaves is the only mode by which they can succeed.

Great Meeting at Shiloh Church.

A large and interesting meeting of the citizens of New York was held in the above named church on Friday evening, of the 17th instant, to hear statements from the Rev. L. C. Lockwood, the missionary from Fortress Monroe, in reference to the freedmen at that post and its vicinity.

Mr. Lockwood was accompanied by Mr. William Davis, who was until the landing of our troops at Newport News, a slave in Virginia. Mr. Lockwood occupied but a very short time in his remarks, but there was one point to which he reverted, and to which we wish to call attention more fully hereafter. This was the fact that the government at Washington is gradually becoming slaveholding. This he deprecated more than individual slaveholding, because government slavery is far more dangerous than any other kind. After a few general remarks upon the condition of the "contrabands," he very gracefully introduced Mr. Davis, who was received with loud applause. Mr. Davis having been a very prominent slave, had opportunities for acquiring certain kinds of information which seldom fall to the lot of a slave; and it was this fact that made this address on last Friday evening, of such very deep interest.

Mr. Davis is a very shrewd, and, for one so circumstanced, intelligent man. His address, which occupied about half an hour in the delivery, was of the deepest interest, it being an epitome of his experience since the breaking out of the war. As he is expected to speak in many of our churches we refrain from giving any of his remarks.

Addresses were made by Messrs. Garnet, Downing and Dr. Delany, which were very loudly applauded. Dr. Delany said that as far as this war is concerned, colored people should have a policy, and that ought to be to do nothing to embarrass the government; but if Great Britain or any other power undertook to raise the blockade to assist the South, at the expense of the liberty of the blacks, then let our war cry be "insurrection," and let the government not interfere. This declaration was received with tremendous applause.

HON. OWEN LOVEJOY

On the Destiny of the Colored Race

Washington, D. C., Jan. 18th, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—The Hon. Owen Lovejoy, lectured before our people on Monday evening, (January 13th,) at Israel Church. The subject was, "The Destiny of the Colored Race." At an early hour the spacious Church was filled to excess with an audience of from 1500 to 2000 persons, composed of the beauty, fashion, and intelligence of our city. The speaker commenced his discourse by briefly reviewing the injustice of slavery, and proved conclusively that slavery was against all principles of right, justice, and humanity, and totaly against that sacred of all sacred laws, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," and that its advocates could find nothing in the Scriptures to support them in their "peculiar" ideas. For do you think that man, created by a just God, formed from his image, and endowed with all the sensibilities and faculties which distinguish man from the lower order of animals, was intended to be subsirvient to the mad will and caprice of another, or sold upon a block to the highest bidder like so many hogs? No! never. God never intended such a state of things, for the laws of God are based upon the eternal principles of right, and it was impossible for him to deviate from this principle.

Passing from this, the lecturer briefly spoke of the rebellion, expressing a hope that the secessionists would meet the same fate that the great arch leader Lucifer, who rebelled in heaven against his Maker, and who for his pains was thrown over the battlements of heaven into the bottomless pit. The audacity of the rebels in stealing our money, claiming our property, seizing our forts, establishing their bogus confederacy, and waving their dirty "secesh" rag in our face, showed an impudence which was not equaled by the more refined portions of the demons who inhabit the lower regions. This quaint remark brought forth great applause.

The lecturer then came to the basis of his remarks, 'The Destiny of the Colored Race." The subject he said gave rise to three questions of a rather perplexing nature. 1st, Are the colored people to remain as they are, free north of Mason and Dixon's line, and slaves south of it? 2nd, Are they to be emancipated and banished? Or thirdly and lastly to be declared free and remain where they are, and perform the same labor, and instead of receiving no pay to work for wages and receive it according to their work? After ably reviewing the above questions, he said the conviction forced itself upon his mind that the latter case would be out destiny. Our destiny was not to remain in the condition we now are in—slaves, for the reason that slavery was a something which would either distroy the government, or the government would have to destroy it. All nations of the earth who have had any dealings with it had found it a something that "did'nt pay." England had tried it and given it up for a "bad job." France, who formerly believed in its doctrines, had dissolved partnerships with it. Spain was free of it, with the exception of Cuba; and Russia by a recent act had declared all her serfs free.

Passing from this, the speaker came to the 2nd question under consideration. "Are we to be emancipated and banished to some other country?" The speaker said that there was a great many persons who desired to see the slaves liberated, but at the same time did not wish them to remain in this country after their emancipation; and this feeling was so universal, particularly in Congress, that it was almost a matter of impossibility for a member to present resolutions praying for the liberation of the slaves, without he had in the bill a specified place to send them after their emancipation. This sort of freedom he said would of course be better than no freedom at all. Yet this was not the standard desired, and it was also an impossibility to declare us free, and at the same time compel us to seek a home elsewhere. For a man is free only when he can go where he pleases and live in what part of God's earth which suits him best. This is freedom. But to emancipate us and then force us to flee the country would be a conditional freedom. The Brittons inhabited England because they thought by so doing their condition would be bettered. The Irish thought that they could do better in America than they could in Ireland, and it was for this cause that they flocked to the New World. They had a right so to act, and so have we. If we thought our condition would be bettered by emigrating to Liberia, Hayti or Canada, it was our privilege to go, but if we thought we could do as well where we are, we had the imperative right to remain. The speaker also briefly reviewed the African Colonization Society, and proved that it was a total failure, more persons of color being born in one year than they could colonize in four. After giving many more logical reasons to show that our destiny was not to be banished, he came to the third and last consideration: "Be emancipated and remain where we are." This he said would be our destiny, for it was a matter of impossibility for the whites to do without us; and to illustrate this point the speaker related an incident which occurred during his short campaign with Gen. John C. Fremont—God bless him. "I was in Missouri, and being caught out one night, went to a public house, saw the proprietor, and engaged lodgings, and breakfast in the morning. I also instructed him to awake me at a certain hour in the morning. After supper I retired to my chamber. Early in the morning, at a time when I was just turning over for another nap, a knock came to the door, and in walked the keeper. I asked him if breakfast was ready, and if it was not rather early? To which he replied "yes, sir, it is rather early; but I came to tell you that I can't supply you with breakfast this morning." In astonishment I looked at the man; he keeping a public house and couldn't supply a breakfast. I asked him why I could not get my breakfast? His reply was, with his countenance expressing the deep anguish of his soul—"My niggers have all run off!" And this, resumed the speaker, is but a type of the whole; just as much as the "nigger" was missed in this case, just so much would he be missed in other pursuits from the corn fields of Virginia, tobacco fields of Tennessee, and the sugar plantations of Louisiana. The question he said had often been asked what will the negro do without a master? what would become of him? &c. This question, said he, should be reversed, and stand thus: "What will the master do without the aid of the colored man?" The conviction forced itself upon his mind that we could do a great deal better without the masters than they could do without us; for we know how to till the ground and raise produce, &c.; while they, to a great extent, are perfectly ignorant of it, practically.

The lecturer then proceeded to speak of that class of individuals who call themselves 'Conservatives.' Such men as rally under this banner he thought a little worse than secessionists, for they have such a lack of national patriotism in their puny hearts, that they would rather see a 'compromise' under any circumstance, no matter how degrading, than to see the war for the Union and Constitution vigorously prosecuted. And it was for this—not wishing to see the Union arms triumph—that they objected to men of color entering the army and doing the duty of soldiers, fighting for their country's honor. But if the house of one of these very men was on fire and in danger of being consumed, think you they would object to a colored man helping to extinguish it? Ah, no! This is all right and just they would say. Will not the same rule apply to our country? She is in danger of being consumed by a rebellious foe; her national honor and interest are all at stake; yet the colored man could not help to defend his country in the hour of trial—could not help to punish the hydra headed monster who dares raise its polluted hands to strike at the vitals of our government. The speaker in conclusion, said that it was his belief that the government would soon turn the war into a war for emancipation, and if such be the case we would then be called on for succor. He told us to wait patiently our time, and when we were called on and properly mustered into the service, to fight and

> "Strike till the last armed foe expires—
> Strike for our altars and our fires—
> Strike for the green graves of our sires,
> God and our native land."

And strike that blow which would make the rebels know that we could fight as well as work. He said if we were ever called upon to fight he believes there would be found many a Touissant L'Overture amongst us. He had but little doubt that the District of Columbia would be declared free before the close of the present session, and would therefore advise the residents of the District to be sober and industrious, to spend no more money than they possibly could help, and to conduct themselves in such a way that the enemies in Congress could find nothing to say against them.

The speaker retired amidst the wildest enthusiasm; shout after shout of applause came forth from the delighted audience until the church seemed to shake. After the manifestations of approbation had been concluded, which required considerable time, it was moved and seconded that a vote of thanks be returned to the lecturer for his entertaining and profitable lecture. The question was put to the house by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Pastor, and it is needless to add unanimously carried.

After the choir had sung a select anthem, Mr. Lovejoy introduced the Rev. C. W. Denison, Chaplain of the United States Navy. Mr. Denison, whom our people have heard of before, was received with rounds of applause; but as I have intruded on your valuable space to too great an extent already, I will not be able to give you an account of the many good things said.

W. T. M.

DR. DELANY ON AFRICA.

In reply to a letter just received from a distinguished friend, inquiring whether or not the statement made in a letter by a person who visited Chatham during my absence, that I had given up the African movement or in the words of that unprincipled person who must scurrilize his own people and underrate my scheme to please his master.—"the African scheme had blown up?" I simply answer,—not at all, nor never will. I regard it in every possible relation in which it can be considered, touching the destiny of our race as a whole, a thousand to one preferable to any scheme of Emigration from America, and the only one conservative for the African Race.

I, and all those who originally intended to go to Africa, are making vigorous preparations for the consummation of our designs; and I call the attention of all desiring information to read my Report, recently published, of my Travels and Explorations in Liberia and Central Africa.

M. R. Delany.

New York, Jan. 22d, 1862.

Haytian Emigration in New Haven.

A public meeting was held in the A. M. E. Zion Church, New Haven, Con., on Monday evening, January 13th, for the purpose of hearing from Mr. Thomas Griffin—a young man just returned from Hayti, and on his way to his home in Springfield, Mass.—a detailed statement of the true condition of affairs in Hayti, which the youth did in an intelligent manner to the satisfaction of the great audience which entirely filled the house. Truly it was an affecting meeting, as many present having relatives suffering in Hayti could but sob and mourn at hearing of their truly miserable condition from one so recently from them. At the close of the lecture, the letter of Rev. J. T. Holly, published in the 'Pine and Palm,' of Dec. 21, 1861, was read to the audience, that they might give their expressions. After remarks from Revs. J. G. Smith, S. V. Berry, and others, the following resolutions were adopted without a dissenting voice:

Whereas, we, the colored people of New Haven, having a knowledge of the recent emigration scheme proposed by Redpath, Holly & Co. in the year 1859 and '60, by which means, influenced by certain inducements held out by the agents aforesaid, a number of our friends and relatives, notwithstanding being timely warned, suffered themselves to be broken up and transported to the Island of Hayti, one of the Antilles;

And whereas, we learn with deep regret of the sufferings and death of many of our people in that Island, and the utter indifference with which, in most cases, they have been treated by the Rev. J. T. Holly;

And whereas, Rev. J. T. Holly having seen proper, upon the authority of an individual of debased reputation, to write and cause to be printed in the 'Pine and Palm' a letter, the most foul and slanderous upon the colored people of this State ever known to appear in public print, and one big with falsehood, against Rev. S. V. Berry, who knew nothing at all of the matter;

Therefore, Resolved, That it be the sense of this meeting that all persons connected with this infamous scheme, be they Commissioners, Agents, Sub-Agents, or whatever named, shall hereafter be treated as, and rightly considered to be, the real enemies of the colored people in this country, having for their object only speculation, and not the interest of the colored people at heart.

Silas Stockbridge, Chairman.
Rev. Jas. G. Smith, Sec'y.

LETTER FROM NEWARK.

Newark, Jan. 20, 1862.

Dear Anglo: Interesting news seems quite scarce at present, with the exception of the beautiful lecture delivered by our friend Rev. Alexander Crummell, on last Friday evening, at St. Philip's Church. The theme was, "The Progress of Civilization along the West coast of Africa," and the eloquent lecturer held his audience attentively, while he commenced with a description of the state of society during the prevalence of the slave trade along the whole coast; then depicting the effects of the introduction of commercial transactions; and finally showing the vast improvements produced by missionaries labor, in conjunction with commercial traders from all parts of the civilized world, and concluded by impressively portraying the many advantages that active, enterprising colored men necessarily enjoy in our father land over the stinted number grudgingly meted out to us here.

Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon, I am informed, that the Rev. E. J. Adams, assisted by the Rev. James N. Gloucester, hold very interesting exercises in the Plane street Presbyterian Church, bearing on the history and life of the lamented Rev. E. P. Rogers. Probably one of the persons present will send you a full report of the same.

Skimmer.

Ira Aldridge, the great colored tragedian is meeting with triumphant success in Russia. When playing Othello at Odessa at the close of the third act the whole house rose en masse, and the ladies wept and waved their handkerchiefs. It was a scene never to be forgotten. He had one of the best Desdemonas, Mlle. Fabiauski, who shared the applause with him; also an excellent Iago.

A Prize Fight between Bos Tyler, a white man, and Bob Travers, colored, for £200, was to have come off recently at London. The ring was soon got in readiness, the belligerents having entered the lists a few minutes before 8 o'clock. The difficulty now was to select a referee, and in this forty miuutes was consumed without any definite arrangement being made when the police belonging to the station interfered, and the parties returned to town. On Thursday the men again met, and after fighting seventeen rounds in one hour and three minutes, Travers proved the victor.

NEWS FROM JAMAICA.

By our files of Jamaica papers, received by the Cleator, it appears that the desirableness of adopting special measures to attract to Jamaica a portion of the negro emigration now flowing from Canada and the United States to Hayti, was receiving general attention. The Watchman says that the influx of escaped slaves and free negroes from this continent would contribute to the elevation of the people, of Jamaica, as they would prove more energetic, and, on their arrival in the island, institnte the free schools and self-sustaining mode of religious worship to which they have been accustomed in the United States and in Canada. It suggests the appointment of competent and responsible agents of their own race to explain the inducements which are held out to them in Jamaica, and guarantee that each family and single man should have 25 acres of available land at easy terms, say a dollar and a quarter per acre, and long payments.

A bill for the promotion of Immigration by Joint Stock Companies, was introduced into the Jamaica House of Assembly. It was generally objected to, however, on the ground that the land could be purchased on equally good terms of individual proprietors, and that the proposed measure opened a wide door to fraud.

A meeting at Kingston, Nov. 29th, to adopt measures to build a railroad from Kingston to Stony Hill, a distance of ten miles, was numerously attended. The amount of proposed capital is $150,000, and it is expected to pay a dividend of 33 per cent! $30,000 was subscribed at the meeting.—N. Y. Sun.

EX-SLAVES RECEIVING HONORS

By the following extract from a private letter of a commander of the navy, dated Port Royal, Dec. 31st, it will be seen that South Carolina has at last a loyal Governor and a "live one." A few more such Governors would do more to bring the people of that state to their senses than would a score of Gen. Shermans.

In a brevious letter I informed you that we had taken possession of St. Helena Sound and the islands adjacent thereto, and the white people having completely deserted the forts, houses and hamlets, left some twelve or fifteen hundred negroes to take care of themselves. I learn that these negroes, although persuaded and commanded to come away, positively refused, notwithstanding they were threatened and told by their masters that the Lincolnites would kill every man of them. They determined to remain, and remain tney did. We formed them into a colony and permitted them to select one of their number to be denominated as Governor, to whom all the blacks should be obedient, with an assurance of protection from us all.

A day or two since, while everything was looking very quiet, a rebel sergeant and two privates from Charleston, armed with muskets, pistols and cutlasses, came down to St. Helena to recover some property or things they had forgotten and left behind. As they neared the village the Governor orpered out the whole force, surrounded the three rebels, and demanded an unconditional surrender, or instant death. Seeing themselves overpowered, and knowing that the terms would be fulfilled, they surrendered arms and all, when the Governor immediately ordered them to be sent on board one of our gun-boats, and they are now prisioners on board of the Wabash."

The Fredericksburgh Recorder of the 3d says that on the previous Saturday night, some ten or more negroes, belonging to W. W. Taylor, of Mount Airy, and the estate of Robert W. Carter, of Sabine Hall, Richmond County, Va, succeeded in making their escape, it is supposed to the vessels maintaining the blockade of the Rappahannock at its mouth. They succeeded by making use of a boat kept by the overseer of the Sabine Hall tract for the purpose of going to and from a duck-blind. The negroes told one of their number they intended to have a salute fired on their arrival aboard the Federal steamer, and about 4 o'clock on Sunday evening, the reports of the discharge of two cannon were distinctly heard.

A SCHOOL FOR CONTRABANDS.

The Lawrence (Kansas) Republican gives these interesting particulars of the attempts making in that place to develop the minds of the "contrabands."

The school was started on the same principle with our Sabbath school—one or two taking the general oversight and preserving order, and then having the scholars divided into classes large enough to occupy the time of one teacher during the evening. At first the school was held in a small room and began with four scholars, but it rapidly increased, until the room was full and crowded, and then it was moved into the Court House. Our citizens have been very liberal in contributing towards fitting the court house in proper shape, and volunteer teachers have been sufficient to supply the demand. The school is held every night in the week, except Saturday. Last Friday evening we visited the school, and it is not often we have seen a more interesting sight. There were present that evening eighty-three scholars and twenty-seven teachers. The court house was crowded, and we have seldom seen a more orderly school of any kind. Most of these people came among us entirely ignorant even of their letters. They had to begin like little children, at the alphabet. But the eagerness with which they learn is exceedingly interesting. They seem to be straining forward with all their might, as if they could not learn fast enough. One young man who had been to the school only five nights, and began with the alphabet, now spells in words of two syllables. Another, in the same time, had progressed so that he could read, quite readily, the simple lessons given in the spelling books. The scholars were of all ages. Here is a class of little girls, eager and restless; there is a class of grown men, solemn and earnest. A class of maidens, in their teens, contrasts with another of elderly women. But all alike showed the same intentions of application. We were especially pleased with the courteous frankness with which they all answered any questions in reference to their progress. Some who began when the school opened, can now read with some fluency, and are ready to commence with figures.

The school continued from 7 to 9 o'clock. After the lesson was finished, a short time was spent in singing. Their wild, untutored voices produced a strange but pleasant impression. One of their songs, altered from a familiar Sunday-school hymn, seemed peculiarly fitted for the occasion, and they sung it as though they meant it.

> "Where, O! where is Captain Moses,
> Who led Israel out from Egypt?
> Safe now in the promised land."

It is worth one evening to see such a sight. Eighty-three scholars, just out of bondage, giving themselves intently to study, after working all day to earn their bread, and 27 teachers—some of our most cultivated and refined ladies and gentlemen—laboring night after night, voluntarily and without compensation, is a sight not often seen.

LETTER FROM TRENTON.

Dear Anglo:—I saw not long since a communication from Dr. Martin R. Delany, recommending the propriety of holding a council of the leading colored men of all the States, so as to exchange and interchange their views upon the most practicable, wise and best plan to be adopted for the benefit and interest of the free colored people of the United States. I have always regarded the amelioration of the condition of the colored people of the United States as paramount to any other question that could occupy their minds. Because they are the representatives of the slaves; and a convention of such men as are competent to discuss the question in all of its bearings, cannot fail to do good, although it may fail to adopt any regular, systematic plan of operations. The discussion itself will court inquiry and cause investigation, besides drowning out thoughts and views which would reflect credit upon the speakers or writers, and the convention and those represented.

The people of the United States do not as yet know the amount of power we possess. They don't know us fully in any sense for good. Our vices are greedily sought after; but our virtues they wish not to learn. The object as recommmended will give them a better knowledge of us—which is only necessary to make them like us better.

We have a character, a reputation which will command respect both at home and abroad. Let us not then hide our talent; but let it be put out on exchange, so that it may bring forth with usury.

Dr. Delany's suggestion is a good one—may it meet with a hearty and cordial response from every lover of Freedom and the rights of man.

Wm. E. Walker.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 18, 1862.

Abuses practised on the Colored People of Richmond.—The whole condition of the management of our city fortifications needs investigation in more respects than one. We have learned with the utmost surprise, that the Commissary Department on the works, which involves a large and important trust, is in the hands of John Hagan, the negro-driver whose black mail operations were yesterday ventilated in the Mayor's Court, and whose political importance that has procured him the appointment, is said to consist in the fact that he is, according to the rowdy appellation, 'King of the Creek Nation,' the best bully in town, and can carry any election he pleases in Butcher town.

In paying off the negroes at work on the fortifications, we understand that most villainous abuses have been practised. The paymaster requires them to be identified by their overseers, and we are informed that it has been a common practice for some of the overseers to charge these poor creatures 10 per cent of their pay as fees for their identification.

Who are these overseers, and who is responsible for their conduct? Some of them have been fished up from the back slums of the city, and these again, as appeared from the exhibition in the Mayor's Court yesterday of a brace of Hagan's whippers-in, have emlpoyed creatures a little lower than themselves to hunt up free negroes in the city, giving them the alternative of paying black-mail or of being carried to the jail and whipped. One of the most awful and revolting specimens of the barbarity of these creatures was related to Mayor Mayo in our hearing yesterday, where a free negro on the fortifications had his back actually cut into a mangle of bleeding flesh, the driver having given him, as we were told by a policeman, 581 lashes with the whip, until the poor victim sank exhausted under his fiendish rage. In the name of God is there no jusice in courts of human justice for iniquities like this?—Richmond Exam.

Rev. J. Sella Martin.—We find the following advertisement in the 'London Star of Dec. 21st.:—

> THE REV. SELLA MARTIN, five years ago a Slave, now an eloquent and useful colored Minister in Boston, U. S., will preach at SURREY CHAPEL, on SUNDAY (To-morrow) Evening, and will give his own Personal History and Escape from Slavery on MONDAY EVENING in the same place, making a collection fo' his intelligent Christian sister and her children still in bondage.
>
> Plaistow, E. JOHN CURWEN.

We must confess to being mistaken in regard to Mr. Martin's mission to Great Britain. We had been informed that he had gone there at the urgent request of Gov. Andrews, of Massachusetts, to speak against the recognition of the Cotton Confederacy. It may be, however, that Mr. Martin purposes giving his attention to both matters, looking after only one at a time, giving the most important one the precedence.

A rat, or bandicoot, was recently caught in Katagoom, Africa, measuring two feet seven inches from the nose to the tip of the tail. Its hair was long and of a light gray.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Never have we beheld a day so auspicious as the present for our people. The great wheel of providence has made a revolution in our favor. The everlasting covenant of mercy seem visible in the signs of the times.

When we look across the great waters, upon the land of our fathers, upon Africa, which has bled for centuries, and whose shores have been infested with pirates, and frequently visited by desolation and death, we see her now an object of hope brighter than ever shown before

Never was there such an interest felt, and action taken among the most intelligent and free thinking class of our people for Africa as now. Civilization and christianity are working harmoniously side by side for the redemption of that great continent, where I verily believe the glory of christianity will be more gloriously displayed than else where under the whole heavens.

It is found that the richness of her resources is unparaleled. The eyes of all civilized nations are attracted towards her fields of treasure. They are now more than ever seeking her markets, with them they will carry their principles of civilization, which will be compared by the native African, and he will adopt those most congenial to his nature, while he believes and adopts the principles of christianity with all its pristine glory. The angel of the covenant is now troubling her stagnant waters, and many are rushing to be healed of their spiritual maladies.

On turning our attention to Africans at at home, a new state of things meets our gaze—the whole people of this country witness now what they never expected to witness. *The nation truly have struggled with* Great Britain to maintain her independence, but a war so lamentable as the one now pending never entered the minds of the people of this country. The great house of *this republic is divided against itself.*

The struggle is going on. The sword Christ came to send on earth is in the midst of this people. The blast of war is heard throughout the land. The smoke of battle seem to becloud the happy prospects of this great nation, and the roar of the British Lion causes the American Eagle to tremble, scream and mount aloft, while the viper which has cunningly stole its way under its wing, unless it is very soon shaken loose will bring it to the ground, and cause those stars and stripes which it holds in its piercing beak to trail in the dust.

And yet through this gloomy aspect of affairs, a ray of hope brighter than ever shown before, appears to us. We see beyond, the cheering prospect of a general emancipation of four millions of our downtrodden brethren.

Although it has not been the object of this government in this war to interfere with slavery, but he who controls the fortunes of war and can divert the councils of nations, has a hidden hand in this matter, and hath said to the slave power "so far shalt thou come and no farther—and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed." Stern necessity will force the government and the military power to act favourably in that direction.

Who of us thought for one moment, one year ago, that, such a thing *as confiscation* or general emancipation would have been urged in such high quarters as it is at present. And ever since the war has commenced the yoke of slavery has been lifted from the neck of thousands of our oppressed brethren. This is a new thing to us..

The ball is rolling, and ere long will fell every pin that stands up in behalf of that hell begotten institution. The leaven is at work, and soon the whole lump will be leavened.

God is employing the southern rebellion and this government as instrumentalities not only to emancipate the oppressed, but as means of introducing a free gospel and education, its handmaid, to those who dwell in the land of the shadow of death. The missionary operations which have been going on at Fortress Monroe and Newport News, and the plan for educating the contrabands at Port Royal are portentous of the good times coming. This is only a small beginning of what our eyes will behold in five years hence. The little light which already shines upon them will shine brighter unto the perfect day. And with what little they have already received, to say nothing of any farther action on the part of the government or the army, they would ultimately work out their own salvation.

In view of these facts, it behooves us, as a Christian people, to put implicit confidence in him who rules the armies of heaven, and frustrates the schemes of the unjust; and to pray to God to bring about speedily the day when truth and righteousness shall triumph over sin and injustice all over this land and throughout the world.

As to the precise spot where civilization, learning and Christian principles among our people on this continent will be developed, may be a matter of conjecture for the present. We will have to submit the control of this matter to the Providence of God who doeth all things well.

If such be his pleasure, that the colored people shall remain in their present localities in America, and here to work out their salvation, no power can change his purpose, and the great work of social and civil elevation will go on here as well as elsewhere. But the signs of the times seem to indicate that Providence has designated a spot among the many beautiful Isles of the West Indies, which is unparalleled for its rich resources and magnificent climate, commercial facilities, and conveniences for social development and Christian civilization.

In the past year not less than 1500 have found refuge on the Island of Hayti, among whom are many of the most intelligent and industrious class of our people, who, we cannot but believe, are in the land of God the messengers of a purer Christianity than have heretofore characterised the former people of that place.

The development of religious freedom, which will ultimately supplant the milder form of Catholic despotism, will be the great work of those who go hence to find an asylum upon that spot. I am one, however, who believes that it is not intended that our nation is to occupy one spot altogether. But like other civilized nations, or a people in pursuit of civilization, will by some means spread to different parts of the globe; and hence here, as well as in Africa or in Hayti or any other place, we have a work to do.

It would be unreasonable to conjecture that all the colored people of this country will leave it, and the work of elevation with a view of remaining here should be considered as important as under any other or favorable circumstances. E. J. A.

OBITUARY

Died near Bethlehem, Pa. Jan. 8th, Mr. Thomas Jones, aged 69 years, 7 months and 22 days.

Mr. Jones was born a slave in Maryland, May 16th, 1792, and remained in slavery for twenty-seven years. His father died a slave at the age of seventy-five years. A short time previous to his death, he gathered his family around his bed-side and told them his life was fast drawing to a close, that his long term of servitude was nearly ended, but he regretted leaving them in the same sad condition he had been all of his days. He advised them to put their trust in the Almighty, for he was the God of the negro as well as that of his oppressor.

As soon as an opportunity offered, Thomas made an attempt to escape from bondage, but being detected, he was separated from his family, consisting of his wife and three children—they being sold for the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars. About three months afterward he was sold to a man from whom he received the worst of treatment. On one occasion they threatened to tie and whip him: but he told them that they must not undertake anything of that sort, for if they did, they or he should die; for he would suffer no man, white or black, *to tie or whip him.* He was again sold, and carried to Richmond, Va., from whence he attempted to escape, but failed. He was thereupon threatened with two hundred lashes, but upon declaring that he would not permit them to whip him, the threat was not put in execution. Being closely watched, and finding it impossible to escape in the usual way, he resorted to this expedient: He won the affections of a white woman, a Miss Martin, and to whom he divulged his secrets. They finally started away together without being suspected, and in four days reached without molestation, Lancaster county, Pa., and from there went to Berks county, and after remaining there a short time, left for Northampton county where they settled. At the time of his death they had lived in the county for forty-three years.

He was much beloved by the entire community, and was considered one of the finest men in the county. He took pleasure in attending meetings of debating clubs, and in discussions on the Slavery question was without his equal.

Mr. Jones' physical developments were great. He was one of the first captains on the Delaware and Lehigh Canal, having been engaged in running boats for about twenty-eight years, in which occupation he was until *three years previous to his death,* during which period he was confined to his room from the disease of the heart, liver complaint and dropsy of the chest.

He had at one time managed to save several thousand dollars, a part of which he used in the purchase of the freedom of his brother, who has gone to the war.

Mr. Jones' funeral took place from his late residence, on Friday, Jan. 10th, and was attended by a large concourse of friends and acquaintances. The funeral sermon was preached by a German minister of Bethlehem, from a text selected by Mr. Jones himself: "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." Isaiah, 38: 1.

He was at his death, a member of the Methodist church at Freemansburg, with which he had been connected for ten years. *He had made his peace with his Maker,* and was waiting for the hour to come when all his trouble would be at an end.

He was the father of eleven children, and the grandfather of twenty-five, all of whom reside in Pennsylvania. E. Emory.

Bethlehem, Pa., Jan. 13, 1862.

BANNER PRESENTATION AT BETHEL CHURCH.

Sheba's Court, No. 1, Heroines of Jericho, having some time since resolved on the presentation of a banner to Mt. Calvary Encampment, No. 14, Knight's Templar of New York, selected last Thursday evening for the occasion. The church was well filled, but had the affair been properly advertised, the place would have been entirely too small.

At intervals previous to the arrival of the chief attraction the choir of the church led by Mr. Henry Robinson, entertained the audience with some select anthems.

THE CHURCH

Was decorated with the banners of many subordinate Lodges, and also with those of the Royal Arch Chapter, the whole draped with evergreens. At 9 o'clock the Grand Lodge, A. Y. M., of the state of New York, entered, followed fifteen minutes after by the Sheba's Court, No. 1, Heroines of Jericho; the Court being escorted by many Royal Arch Masons, the choir singing during their entrance, "See the conquering hero comes,"

At 9 o'clock and 25 minutes, the

KNIGHTS TEMPLARS

entered. They are a fine-looking body of men, and being clothed in full regalia made a very good appearance.

Prayer was offered by Br. J. D. S. Hall, after which Sir Knight Geo. Smith acting as master of ceremonies introduced Br. Prelate, the Rev. J. R. V. Thomas, who after singing that sterling hymn,

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,"

with the assistance of the craft sang the masonic Ode commencing,

"When earth's foundations first were laid
By the Almighty Artist's hand,
'Twas then our perfect laws were made,
Established by His strict command.
Hail mysterious, hail glorious Masonry!
That makes us ever great and free!"

At the conclusion of this song Br. Thomas, in a speech of much power and beauty presented to the encampment the splendid standard which had been prepared for the occasion. As this, perhaps, is the most splendid banner ever given by any of our Societies, we give a description of it.

A piece of black silk velvet of the finest kind composed the groundwork. This was trimmed by gold lace about an inch wide, and also by heavy bullion fringe. In the center a large star of white silk was placed, the points of which were bound with silver cords In this star was inserted a circular piece of red velvet, about fourteen inches over. In the center of this piece of velvet a gold-thread cross and serpent, were elaborately worked, and beyond this center-piece, but within the limits of the star, was the motto, "IN HOC SIGNO VINCES," beautifully wrought in letters of gold. The reverse contained the following: "Presented to Mount Calvary Encampment, No. 14, of N. Y., by Sheba's Court, No. 1, Heroines of Jericho, S. N. Y." This splendid standard which we understand cost $118, was received on behalf of the Encampment by Sir Knight A. M. Green, of Mt. Calvary Commandery. The address of this gentleman gave evidence of the perfect workman. It was brief, but this was more than counterbalanced by its compactness.

His intimate acquaintance with the ancient history of Masonry and its great lights both ancient and modern, made it an easy task for him to cull its choicest flowers and present them as a boquet to that delighted assemblage. It is hardly necessary to say that this and Brother Thomas' address were received with demonstrations of continued applause. Previous to the appearance of Brother Green, the Knights sang their song, commencing:

"To the Knight Templar's awful dome,
Where glorious Knights in arms were drest,
Filled with surprise, I slowly came,
With solemn jewels on my breast."

and at the conclusion of his remarks they sang the Knight Templars Song, commencing thus:

"God bless the worthy band
Who grace this happy land
With valiant Knights.
May we united three,
Of the blest Trinity,
Cement the unity
Of all great lights."

At the conclusion of these exercises the benediction was pronounced, and the ladies of the Court, escorted by the Sir Knights, left the church for the supper room, where an oyster supper had been prepared. The room was densely filled, but we are sorry to say that here we were somewhat disappointed; but as this was the first effort of the ladies, we suppose that the mantle of charity must be thrown over them.

AN EPISODE AND A SURPRISE.

About an hour afere supper we observed the Rev. Richard H. Cain, pastor of the Bridge street church, seated among a group of ladies, among whom was Mrs. Laura Hazzard, of Baltimore. Presently we observed the Reverend gentleman rise and look very sharply round the room, and then take his departure with the above named lady. A few moments after the above occurrence, a lady friend told us that she had just witnessed the marriage of the above named parties, by the Rev. J. D. S. Hall. The surprise was as great to our lady friend as to ourself, as neither party had made any preparation for such an occasion, the bride being clothed in the habiliments of mourning. Nor was the surprise confined to those in that *room*; for we learn that the Reverend gentleman had made the most perfect arrangements to carry it out at his boarding house. We understand that by a device he got Mr. B. to occupy a portion of his bed, and at three o'clock A. M. he made him leave the bed, telling him he wanted the place for his wife.

REV. L. C. LOCKWOOD AND MR. DAVIS IN BROOKLYN.—These gentlemen visited the Bridge street church on Sunday evening, where Mr. Davis addressed the people very acceptably.

Mr. Horace Waters, with his youthful singers were present, and sung the song of the "Contrabands." The Hutchinson family were present and sang some Anti-Slavery songs. It is hardly necessary to say that the exercises of the evening afforded great delight to the audience.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—If it were possible for this delightful periodical to improve we should say that it has improved with the New Year. The singularly clear, diamond-cut and fascinating story of Christine makes the heart leap and the nerves tingle with its power. 'The lookings-on at the war' keep one posted in men and things at Washington. But more than all, there is *a home-tone, full of gentle, social, genial things,* which render this journal indispensable in every home circle.

The African M. E. Zion Church held a festival on the evening of New Years, in their house of worship, which is to be dedicated next Sabbath. The room was crowded with the parents, children and members of the congregation, and listened respectfully and attentively to addresses from Revs. Mr. Myers and P. M. Bartlett. It was gratifying to observe the good order and quiet behavior of the children, and the interest manifested in the remarks made to them. The Rev. John Washington, the preacher in charge, has succeeded in creating considerable interest among the adults in the study of the Holy Scriptures, quite a number meeting regularly with the children for religious instructions. This Sabbath School numbers about 50, and it is hoped the interest will increase until all the parents with their children will convene every Sabbath, and dilligently improve the opportunity afforded them.—FLUSHING JOURNAL, 2d inst.

VICTORIA CLUB.—In a notice of the festival of this association in our issue of Jan. 11th, the name of Mrs. S. R——y, of 9th street, was omitted from the list of members. The omission was unintentional, for Mrs. R. is one of the most active and energetic members of the Club.

AID FOR THE FREEDMEN OF BEAUFORT.—We are glad to learn that a select circle of the ladies of New York are making arrangements for a grand calico-dress Ball, to be given for the benefit of the ex-slaves at Beaufort, S. C.; to come off before the Lent season. From the well known character of the committee in whose hands the affair is to be placed, we have little hesitation in saying it will be the finest affair of the season, and we trust that all pleasure-seekers will contribute toward the success of this truly commendable project.

FESTIVAL FOR THE EX-SLAVES AT FORTRESS MONROE.

We have learned with pleasure of a movement in which Rev. H. H. Garnet, Mrs. P. S. Porter and others are engaged, to get up at an early date a Festival at the Continental Hall, cor. 8th Avenue and 34th st. for the benefit of the freedmen at Fortress Monroe. While the arrangements are being completed the [illegible] can be gathering up clothing for these people, which will be promptly forwarded to Fortress Monroe, if left with Rev. H. H. Garnet, 174 W. 30th st: Mrs. Stevens, 48 Leonard st.: The American Missionary Association, 61 John st., and at this Office.

MARRIED.

CAIN, HAZZARD.—At No. 223 Second st. New York, Jan. 16th, by Rev. J. D. S. Hall, Rev. Richard H. Cain, of Ohio, to Mrs. Laura Hazzard, of Baltimore.

DIED.

In this city, Jan. 16th, of inflammation of the lungs, Amelia Andris, daughter of Pleasant and Susannah Smith, aged three years and five days.

Special Notices.

I. O. OF G. S. AND D. OF S.

Office of the R. W. G., Chief of the E. D. G. Lodge, No. 75 South 6th st. W'msburg. Jan 21st.

Whereas the officers and members of Crystal Fount Union Lodge No. 6 of Newark, N. J., have, in proper form, acknowledged the authority of the R. W. E. D. Grand Lodge, and declared their willingness to support the constitution of the said G. L., and to conform to the rules and regulations of the order: Now therefore, I, Moses B. Coss, do by the power in me vested, as he R. W. G. Chief of said Grand Lodge, No. 6. of Newark, N. J. to be this day reinstated under the Jurisdiction of our G. Lodge.

L. S. } In testimony of which I have set my hand, and caused the seal of G. L. to be affixed, this 21st day of Jan., A. D. 1862.

ARRIVALS

At Mrs. PLANTS' Boarding House:—

Mr. Thomas Seymour, Boston, Mass.
Walter Williams, Norfolk, Va.
William Wilson, " "
Isaiah Sick, " "
George Woodruff, " "
William Rhode, Washington, D. C.

"SONG OF THE CONTRABANDS,"—The music of this delightful song can be had of Horace Waters, 481 Broadway. Let every body get it.—"Where have the loved ones gone," song and chorus. This is also a very pleasing production, for sale by the same publisher.

MRS. ELIZA LEWIS' SALVE,
ANDERSON'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,
(New London,)
SPANISH OIL, (For the Hair,)
WHITE'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT,
BRANDRETH'S SUGAR COATED PILLS,
For Sale at the
Drug Store 55 West Broadway
27tf.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Wm. E. De Cordover, 419 South[illegible] st. is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Anglo African. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

GEORGE OTON'S
QUADRILLE BAND
BALLS, PARTIES, &c., furnished with MUSIC at the shortest notice.

MR. GEORGE OTON,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St., and with G. Oton. 18tf

WASHBOARDS! WASHBOARDS!! WASHBOARDS!!!—of the celebrated "Hoagland Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

MASONIC DIRECTORY, FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R.W.G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st, the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwick, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14. Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

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4. "Cursed be Canaan.'—Gen.—9.25.
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[From the Detroit Daily Advertiser, March 1, 1860.]

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Poetry.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

AT PORT ROYAL.—1861.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea:
The night wind smooths with drifting sand
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,
Our good boats forward swing;
And while we ride the land-locked tide
Our negroes row and sing

For dear the bondman holds his gifts
Of music and of song:
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong.

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please:
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the West with light.
Where field and garner, barn and byre
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate.
The rout runs mad and fast:
From hand to hand, from gate to gate.
The flaming brand is passed

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces broad with smiles:
Not theirs the terror, hate and loss
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,
They weave in simple lays
The pathos of remembered wrong,
The hope of better days—

The triumph-song that Miriam sung,
The joy of uncaged birds:
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue
Their broken Saxon words.

[SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMAN.]

Oh, praise an' tanks! De Lord he come
To set de people free:
An massa tink it day ob doom,
An' we ob jubilee.
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves
He jus as 'trong as den:
He say de word: we las' night slaves,
To-day de Lord's freemen.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

Ole massa on trabbles gone:
He leab de land behind:
De Lord's breff blow him furder on,
Like corn-shuck in de wind
We own de hoe, we own de plow,
We own de hands dat hold:
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But nebber chile be sold
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

We pray de Lord: he gib us signs
Dat some day we be free:
De Norf-wind tell it to de pines,
De wild duck to de sea;
We tink it when de church-bell ring,
We dream it in de dream:
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
He'll gib de rice an' corn:
So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

We know de promise nebber fail,
An' nebber lie de word:
So, like de 'postles in de jail,
We waited for de Lord:
An' now he open ebery door.
An' trow away de key:
He tink we lub him so before,
We lub him better free.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
He'll gib de rice an' corn:
So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

So sing our dusky gondoliers:
And with a secret pain,
And smiles that seem akin to tears,
We hear the wild refrain

We dare not share the negro's trust,
Nor yet his hope deny:
We only know that God is just,
And every wrong shall die

Rude seems the song; each swarthy face,
Flame-lighted, ruder still:
We start to think that hapless race
Must shape our good or ill:

That laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed:
And close as sin and suffering joined,
We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be
Our sign of blight or bloom—
The Vala-song of Liberty,
Or death-rune of our doom!

LIFE IN RICHMOND, VA.

A perusal of the following article will afford the best picture of Southern life th at we have lately seen. Let no one fail to read it.

MAYOR'S COURT, Wednesday, Jan. 8, 1862.—Yesterday morning John Hagan was arraigned before the Mayor and two Associate Justices, to show his authority for accepting substitutes for free negroes detailed to work on the fortifications around the City of Richmond, and to answer a charge of threatning to assault Mr. Edward A. Pollard, an associate editor of the "Richmond Examiner."

Hagan and the witnesses in the latter case were in Court at 11 o'clock.

The Mayor said—I have heard that the treatment of a negro has been such that I prefer to wait until 12 o'clock, and inquire into the matter.

Hagan—I have nothing to do with the negro.

Mayor—I don't know that; please have a little patience; I will be very much obliged to you to tell me who has the management of that negro? (referring to a negro beaten at the Battery, which matter is more fully explained in the sequel).

Hagan—Mr. Hines has control of him.

Hagan here started out of the room, but as recalled, and reminded that he was under arrest.

Hagan—I must be a very dangerous fellow if I can't be permitted to go out of doors!

Mayor—You can go out if you give me security to be here at 12 o'clock, and undertake in the meantime to keep the peace and be of good behavior.

Mr. Folkes—I will undertake for him.

Hagan—I will be here at 12 o'clock.

Mayor—And you undertake in the meantime to keep the peace?

Folkes—I will undertake for him if he promises to behave himself—not otherwise.

After some haggling, Hagan promised to keep the peace. He was evidently anxious to create the impression that he was eager to pursue and make an attack upon Mr. Pollard, who had just left the Court-room.

At 12 o'clock the parties reappeared in Court.

In the meantime Messrs. Timberlake and Sanxay had taken their seats on the benah along with the Mayor.

Mr. Mayo asked Hagan if he had ordered a negro to be whipped at the Battery this (yesterday) morning. Hagan said he did not, that he had nothing to do with the negroes but to deliver them to the manager of the Battery.

Mr. Crane—I have come here to represent Jim Evans, and desire to know whether the matter under discussion had any bearing on his case?

Mayo—I was representing to these Justices that I had been informed that a negro we had ordered to be sent to the battery had this morning been most brutally beaten there, and that I had convened them to inquire into whether there was any authority under the law for any one to whip him. I have sent one of my officers to bring the negro from Chesterfield to this Court, and I hope the Justice will be willing to wait his return.

After waiting about an hour, during which a desultory conversation was carried on between Hagan and any one in the Court room disposed to engage in conversation with him. Mr. Davis, the officer sent by the Mayor after Beverly Morris, the negro alleged to have been brutally whipped, returned with the negro. He stated to the Court that the negro had evidently been most unmercifully beaten; that he was one whelk from his neck to his ankles; that he was so beaten and abused as to be unable to stoop down. Mr. Davis also stated that the negro, when found by him at the Battery, had upon him a 50 pound ball and chain; that he had brought the negro over and had the ball and chain taken off.

Officer Quarles, who had examined the negro, corroborated Mr. Davis' statement of his terribly bruised condition.

Mr. Mayo here read the 5th section of the "Ordinance to provide for the enrolling and employment of free negroes in the public service," passed July 1, 1861, which is as follows: "That any free negro duly detailed and notified as aforesaid, who shall fail or refuse to obey the regulations as aforesaid, shall be subject to the penalties provided by law for persons drafted from the militia and failing or refusing to obey."

Mr. Mayo then read Engineer Clark's requisition for 100 negroes, and his authority, therein contained, to John Hagan to receive the same. After the reading, Mr. Mayo said to Clark, "In enrolling these negroes I enrolled several at the time confined in the City Jail, and whom I designed to put in the chain-gang. I want to know by what authority one of these negroes has been whipped as I understand he has been? You are a military man and we are civilians; perhaps you can enlighten us. Is there any law by which a soldier can be whipped?"

Clark—No one has authority from me to whip a negro; I believe flogging has been abolished in the army.

Mayor—I told the parties in charge of these negroes that, if they could not keep them otherwise, they might put balls and chains on them.

Crane to Clark—Is Hagan in your employment?

Clark—Let me explain my relations with Mr. Hagan. He is Quartermaster and Commissary, and does several other things.

Clark—He has, under this requisition of mine, authority only to receive negroes. I have no authority to authorize him to commute with negroes for substitutes.

Hagan—I have that authority; that's all right.

Crane—I did not ask you any questions. When you come to be interrogated, I am much mistaken if you will not have as much as you can do to answer the questions.

Mr. Mayo here read a paper, issued by himself and the two other justices then on the bench, which was designed to authorize Hagan to collect negroes for the public service, though as explained by his Honor, John Hagan's name had, by inadvertancy, been omitted. The paper, therefore, reads, you will proceed, &c.

Crane—This paper contains no evidence that those negroes had been notified, as required by the ordinance.

Hagan—They had been notified.

Crane—If the magistrates do not keep you quiet, I'll do it.

Hagan—You can't do it.

Crane—I can do it—and will.

Hagan—No you can't.

Crane—If I can't do it any other way, I'll take one of those chairs and knock you in the head.

Hagan I'd like to see you do it.

Mayo—Silence! We can keep him silent, Mr. Crane.

Crane—But you don't do it.

Mayo—Mr. Hagna, no one has addressed themselves to you.

Hagan, being silent for a few minutes, spent the interval in swaggering up and down in front of the bar, glancing horridly the while at court, counsel, witnesses and bystanders.

At this juncture, there being an apparent lull in the proceeding, Mr. McLaughlin who had been summoned as a witness, arose and said: I thought I had been summoned to a court of justice; but, as I find I have been mistaken, I hope I will be allowed to withdraw. I have practised law twenty-five years in this country, and I have never been in such a court before. The gentleman did not, nor was he called on to explain wherein he thought this court so extraordinary, but it was generally and readily understood by gentlemen in the room, that he alluded to the great licence allowed John Hagan, both in interrupting counsel and witnesses, and his bearing towards the Court itself, and all others.

Mayo—I don't care whether you have practised law before the Court of King's Bench, or before the constable at the cross-roads, if you repeat that language here, we will show you that you are in a court of justice; the Court say you are in contempt.

Crane—I hope your worship will take some measures to keep John Hagan quiet, and not allow him to be walking up and down and interrupting the proceedings.

Mayo—I have not heard a word from him since I told him to be silent.

Crane—You will hear from him very soon.

Mayo to Mr. Clark—I wish you would send me back the negroes, I sent to the battery from the city jail.

Hagan—The most of them have run away.

Mayor—Mr. Morris, take that negro, Beverly, that has been beaten to the jail, and you, Mr. Davis, get a list of the chain-gang negroes I sent to the battery, anp go and bring them back and put them in jail.

[Here follows a long account of a fight in a newspaper office between Hagan and Pollard, Hagan having gone in the office to whip Pollard for having published him in said paper.]

Edward A. Pollard, being sworn, made the following statement: I am informed, and fully believe, that this man, John Hagan, has practiced black mail and swindling on free negroes of this city—

Hagan—Mind what you say.

Mr. Pollard resuming—I believe that he has managed these practices by pretending to carry free negroes to the fortifications, and forcing from them sums of money for their acquittance. I am informed of an instance of this in the case of James Evans, one of his victims. I believe the statements of the boy, because they were made to me by him not for any purpose of complaint. I believe them because I have understood that there were white persons by, who can testify that he paid the money and refused to take it back from Hagan, when, on Monday last, he dragged the boy from the barber-shop to take him back to Manchester: and I believe it from the distinct circumstance that in the encounter with Hagan, when I spoke to him in a tone of remonstrance, which invited him to explain or contradict the facts stated in the newspaper article, he did not deny them.

Hagan—You *aint* got white witnesses.

Crane—I have got *white* witnesses.

Pollard—These circumstances, taken in connection with the certificate I have here, and which I produce to your honor, in Hagan's own handwriting, given by him to the boy, when he paid the money, which certificate, I believe, it is settled he had no right to give, and under the color of which he made the extortion, leaves not a particle of doubt in my mind that he acted illegally, corruptly, and to the outrage of public justice.

McLaughlin and P. A. Woods were called and sworn:

McLaughlin—I don't know that I can do more than answer any questions that are put to me; I was in the barber-shop on the 2d of January; I went in to shave off my whiskers, preparatory to crossing the Potomac; I wished to disguise myself; a man came in with a book, and said he was an officer; he said to one of the barbers, 'You go to the Court-house in twenty minutes;' to the other, Jim Evans, he said, 'Put on your coat and follow me;' Hagan was not the man; I had always thought Evans was white; I went next morning to shave again; I found Evans there; I said, 'Well, you are back again?' he said, 'Yes, I paid forty dollars and got off;' day before yesterday (Monday) I was in the barber-shop again, and this man with the big fur-coat (Hagan) came in and said to Evans, 'You must go with me to Manchester;' Evans said, 'I have paid you forty dollars;' I then heard Evans say repeatedly, 'I will not take the money back—I will not take the money back;' I did not see the money; Hagan said he had a bowie knife: he swore vengeance against all the editors in Richmond; and he looked at me so significantly (laughter), and I having had some connection with the Richmond Press, I could not help thinking his remarks were directed at me; I had not seen the article in 'The Examiner,' and knew nothing about it; I walked up to him and said, 'Friend, what is the matter?' he told me 'The Examiner' had published something about him; I told him I had nothing to do with that, he said well, he could cut and fight and all that sort of thing, and that he intended to kill all the editors; I heard the negro say repeatedly, in Hagan's presence, 'I'll not take back the money;' Hagan swore vengeance against 'The Examiner.'

Crane—I know free-negro testimony is not admissible in court, but I can prove that this boy is not a negro; and I believe I have heard your honor say that the brains of a jackass were sometimes evidence.

Mayo—Yes; but not what the jackass said.

Crane—As much a master of languages as your honor is, I doubt if you would be able to translate what a jackass would say.

Mayo—The status of Evans is not now a question before the court.

P. A. Woods deposed—I went into the barber-shop under the American on Monday, 6th January; two white men were in there; one of them was Hagan; I thought they wanted wainting on; I sat down with my back to all the parties; I heard the white man with Hagan say he 'could not get a substitute with $40;' Jim Evans said, 'They ought not to insist on my taking the money back;' Jim then came round to where Hobson was shaving me, and asked Hobson if he should take the money back; he told him to use his own judgment about the matter: from the sound of the footsteps behind me, I think that Jim then went into another room; when he came back into the barber-shop, I heard him say, 'I have done nothing, Hagan, to make you dap me:' Hagan said very little to Jim; the most he said was against the editor of 'The Examiner.'

Clark, engineer, sworn—I know nothing of any money having been received to exempt negroes. Here the Mayor called on Pollard for the certificate exempting Jim Evans and signed by John Hagan, which was produced.

Hagan—Let me see it; I'll tell you whether it is mine or not. Hagan could not just then get a look at it, and the Mayor ordered a copy to be taken, which was done.

Clark to Crane—I can't say say whether that is Hagan's hand-writing or not; I am not familiar with his writing.

Hagan (glancing toward the scrap of paper)—I suppose it is optional with me whether I acknowledge it or not? To this query no one replied.

Crane—Clark, please look at the list of negroes names and see if Jim Evans's name is there.

Clark (after examining the list)—It is not there.

Crane—Well, you gave John Hagan no authority to hunt up and take Jim Evans.

Clark—I had none to give him.

William A. Mason, sworn, deposed—All I know is that John Hagan told me that he had put down two negroes for whom he wanted substitutes; I told him Henry Easley had two slaves which I was authorised to hire; he said he wanted one for James Evans and one for Abraham Lucas; that they had paid him money; he did not say how much; he promised Easley fifty cents a day for each of his negroes.

Mayo—'Was it Monday you were in the barber-shop, Woods?'

Woods—'Yes, sir.'

Crane—'The negro John Carter (Jim's substitute) was at work last Monday in Jim Evans's place.'

Mayo—'That is the reason I asked Woods the question as to when he was in the barber-shop.'

Quarles, policeman, being sworn, deposed—'I went into the American Barber-shop on Monday, and was shaving when Mason came in and said to Jim, I want you at the Court-house at 12 o'clock; if you are not there I will have you put in jail or whipped; I told Mason I would go his security that he would be there; Mason said he must be there in twenty minutes, security or no security; Jim hurried off before he had finished tending to me.'

Mayo—'That induces me to ask you, Mason, what authority you had for ordering this negro to the Court-house?'

Mason—'Hagan told me he had a commission for me to go around and summon all the free negroes.'

Crane—I hope your honor will not fail to put that down in your memoranda.

Hogan—It is all right.

Crane—Oh, yes; everything is all right with you. Really, somebody will have to try the boasted strength of Hagan's skull.

Pollard—What disposition will your honor make of the case.

Mayo—Gentlemen: I am sitting here now merely in the incipient stage of a prosecutor; no one has any absolute right to be present but the witnesses. I will take the facts and consider them, and see what action was expedient in the premises (to Pollard), and inasmuch as you say the facts you deposed are contained in 'The Examiner, I should be glad if you will furnish me with a copy; strange as it may seem, I do not read the papers, except to look and see the reports of the proceedings before me.

Pollard—Certainly, sir; I will furnish you with a paper, if it will assist your judgment; although you will find nothing in it not contained in my affidavit.

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> Hope! for bleeding human nature
> Christ the God, is Christ the Man!
>
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CHAPTER VI.

THE CONFRONTMENT.

Alone, early on Monday morning, ere an inmate of the premises had risen, Henry sat in the bower devising measures and the course to pursue in relation to obtaining his wife. If she could be purchased the money was ready; if not, a determination to have her at any risk had been maturely decided on. Thus was he meditating, when the Seeleys summoned him to domestic duties.

That morning Madame Garcia was stirring unusually *early*, having much in relation to his unruly servant to report to her brother. The maid was, in her estimation, the worst of beings—stubborn, disobedient, saucy and wicked—insisting that measures the severest, should be taken to check her in time, and subdue her spirit. She had tried every reasonable method to break her, but entirely failed in the effort. She had whipped her, pinched her, goaded her, and even smoked her and burnt her with a smoothing iron,[*] but all had failed to reach her; she was so effectually depraved and obdurate.

'She has been spoilt by her first mistress in her training, and a life-time will not now correct the error.'

'I know of no other remedy, Adelaide, than to sell her immediately off of our hands,' replied Peter Albertis to his sister. 'She is the stubbornest creature I ever had to deal with. She takes more lashing than a dog; and if *you* can't break her, she can't be broken.'

'There is now an opportunity to do so, Mr. Albertis, as our man Gilbert and she *seem much attached*, and he *may* make proposals to buy her,' suggested Madame Seeley, intentionally for him to profit by the hint, as he was passing at the time it was spoken.

'I decidedly object to the proposal of Madame Seeley; as she should be allowed no such privileges,' readily responded Madame Garcia.

'You can't object if she desire it, so you must make the best of a bad thing, Adelaide,' replied Albertis.

'I don't understand you, brother! Do *you* mean to say that we cannot do as we please with our own negroes?'

'*You may think it hard, but what is law* is fair, I suppose. This law gives the slave the right, whenever desirous to leave his master, to make him a tender in Spanish coin, which if he don't accept, on proof of the tender the slave may apply to the parish priest or bishop of the district, who has the right immediately to declare such slave free.'

'I'm sure I was not aware of that before.'

'Very likely, sister; but that does not make it any the less law.'

'And what is the sum that the negro must offer?'

'Four hundred and fifty dollars, I think.'

'If *this* is the kind *of place* Cuba is, I don't want to live here! We better go back to Louisiana. Why, your negro girl cost you more than twice that much!'

'Yes, I paid for her two thousand dollars cash; but it is better to get a part of my money back than lose the whole. The law in it's wisdom supposes it better to lose our property than our lives; better to let the negro have his liberty at his own expense at a price fixed by law, than have him to take his liberty and the Island by violence at the expense of our blood. Those who made the laws *could* probably see farther than you or I, Adelaide.'

'Then if what you say be true, I don't see what's to be gained by staying in such a country. I want to go home!'

'You might not better it by going there, for, as in Cuba, there are also many existing laws of which you know nothing. And respecting the contingencies of insurrection, you are not more safe than here. In New Orleans, as in Havana, the great gun at the fort must at a certain hour every night be fired, to intimidate and keep down the negroes; and there as here, while you are unsuspectingly sleeping in your quiet bed in seeming safety, a guard for private and public safety must be kept through the night, and even secret guards through the day, to keep in check the disposition to rebellion on the part of the slave population.'

'*Then indeed* must we be in a most dangerous position.'

'I know it; but hang it, it can't be helped. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, that's all.'

'I wonder all the negroes in Cuba are not free, since they have the right to purchase themselves.'

'They don't all know it, and if they did, few, comparatively could raise the means. And even now among those who have the means and desire, a given fee dropped into the hands of certain parties, impairs their memory wonderfully, making them forget the existence of such law, or the time when to proclaim it.'

'I should think that the English who are such friends to the negroes, would see that the law was strictly enforced.'

'Womanlike Adelaide, you don't understand political matters. The English have nothing to do with it, and they have no more love for negroes than for other people. They have sympathy for the negro because he is oppressed; but never help those, in a general sense, who don't help themselves. If the negroes rise and take off our heads, declaring their independence, the English will be the first to acknowledge it. But they'll never come and cut of our heads, politely handing them to the negroes. The English must see that something is done before they'll recognize the doer. Until the negro does something, the English will let him remain as he is; so don't be troubled about English negro-interference in Cuba, nor your own country.'

'Well,' said Adelaide with a deep, long sigh; 'I wish I was in Louisiana.'

Henry having been a secret auditor, found opportunity to impart to his wife the entire conversation between Albertis, his sister and Cornelia Seeley. He strictly instructed her to peremptorily refuse to live with him an hour longer, and seize an opportunity immediately of confronting him on the subject of her rights.

As if unconscious of the existing state of feelins, Maggie with the children went sauntering into the parlor.

'Well, my girl,' saluted Albertis; 'are you ready to go home with me?'

'No, sir.'

'Don't want to go, hey! then we'll find a way to make you!'

'I won't live on your place any more, and there is no use in *asking me!*'

'Don't let her give such impudence, brother! I'd *knock her down first!*' interposed Madame Garcia.

'I'll sell you, you impudent strap, to the hardest master I can find!'

'I won't serve any person any more, so I won't! and its no use to talk about selling me!' said Maggie, emboldened at the thought of freedom, knowing that her husband sustained her in it.

'I want none of your impudence here, Lot, and won't take it,' reproved Madame Garcia.

'I now demand a bill of sale of you to myself, Mr. Albertis, and tender *in Spanish* gold four hundred and fifty dollars!' reaching out to him the money in a careless way, which she drew from under her apron.

At this Albertis was surprised, his sister indignant, and the other two ladies highly pleased. The matter was too plain, and no longer to be ignored. Maggie knew her rights, and Albertis discovered it. Dissembling for the moment he said:

'I want more money; that's not half what I paid for you!'

'I make you a legal tender, and I'll give *no more!*' concluded Maggie, abruptly turning from him and walking out of the room.

'It's all over with her I see,' said Albertis; that Cuban negro has taught her this!' referring to Henry, who, on account of his fluent Spanish, was not suspected as a stranger.

'And are you going to take so small a sum as that?' inquired Madame Garcia anxiously.

'There is no use, Adelaide, in cutting off one's nose to spite his face; for the truth of the matter is, if I don't hasten to take that sum, she can decline giving me anything at all, and go to the parish priest and be declared free, in spite of all I can *say* or do!'

'There seems then to be no chance for us Americans here, except in the prospect of a patriotic movement?'

'But little reliance can be placed in them, a set of disatisfied, irresponsible American intruders, who only stir up strife to the danger of life and property.'

'Are not the patriots the Creoles?'

'They assume the name of Creole, but are little short of marauding foreigners. The negroes are the main stay of Cuba, and can never be induced to join the patriots, who, as soon as they got the Island, would *deny the negroes the rights they now* have. I know this information is against me, but *you must be made sensible of your true* position here, that when trouble comes you may the better be prepared to meet it.'

'But why should the Spanish government in the event of a loss of the Island, prefer a negro to a white dominion? This I confess I cannot comprehend.'

'Simply because the negroes are more docile, contented, religious and happy. They are civil, and more easily governed as a race than the Anglo-Americans; hence they make better subjects, being more submissive than they.'

In half an hour after the withdrawal of Maggie from the parlor, Albertis presented *the following* document, which was hastily executed and delivered.

> CASTILIAN HACIENDA,
> [*]ISLE OF CUBA, April 16, 1853.
>
> Received of my girl Lotty, of zambo complexion, calling herself Lotty Holland, formerly my slave, the sum of four hundred and fifty dollars legal tender, as purchase money for herself; by which act she is manumitted,[†] set free and enfranchised, according to the laws of Cuba, made and provided for in such cases.
>
> Signed PETER ALBERTIS,
> Proprietor of El Passo Hacienda.
>
> Witness { AUGUSTUS SEELEY,
> CORNELIA SEELEY,
> CELIA BONSELLE.

Adelaide Garcia refusing to witness the transaction, had gone into the lawn, while Garcia, Paul and Spencer, who from the first intended being only silent spectators to the whole, sat silently watching the proceedings.

The long desired end being attained—the dearest object of his desires, his wife found, her freedom obtained, and having secured this simple 'magna charta' of her liberty, Henry was among the happiest of men.

A private interview was had with the Seeleys, in which he made known his intention of leaving them, and they having no idea of the relation between them, supposed his *intention* was to unite with the maid in wedlock. Intending to leave immediately for America to remain in the country but a fortnight, the Seeleys at once proposed that the two accompany them as man and maid servants, as Seeley had inherited a large estate which for several years had been available. Money to him was not an object; the happiness of his wife being his only concern; and Henry had but to name his terms, which would readily be complied with. This the man as yet to them unknown, declined, preferring, as he stated rather for the time to remain awhile at Havana. He proposed to them instead, the arrangement of bringing with them a *man* and maid servant and two small boys;—one the child of the servants and the other a black boy eight years old, no relation, whom they might keep subject to his guardianship, until such times as he should himself have use for him. The man and maid servants proposed to be bought, would be left to their own choice. The restrictions being great concerning foreign negroes and mulattoes, Henry having gone into Cuba as a creole, that as soon as they boarded the vessel at New York on return, the servants should be claimed *as their slaves*, the custom being common in America to take slave servants to the free states, *their* masters instructing them to pass as free people. Madame Seeley was to have the boy as her page, but strictly to instruct him and attend to his morals. The persons would meet the Seeleys in the city, so soon as intelligence reached them through the friend to whom he would give them a note, enclosed to the care of the intelligencer who procured for them his services.

Everything having been well understood, *the following*, is a copy of the notes borne by the hands of the Seeleys, superscribed *to the proprietor of the intelligence office:*

> B. A. P., Esq., New York, U. S.—
>
> DEAR SIR:—Enclosed please find two letters, one addressed to our mutual friend, C. R——h, who called to see me; the old veteran in the cause of the runaway slave, which you will please hand to him; and the other to Rev. W. Mon——, of Detroit, Mich., which you will have mailed to him. Any assistance you can give to Lieutenant Seeley and lady, will very much oblige
>
> Yours respectfully,
> GILBERT.
>
> CUBA, April, 1853.
>
> P. S.—You will remember having procured a place for me to go with a party to Cuba, some time since. G.

The letter addressed to C. R——h, the slave's old friend in New York read thus:

> ISLE OF CUBA, April, 1853.
>
> C. R——H—MY DEAR SIR:
>
> *This letter is enclosed in a note to our* friend, B. A. P., of the intelligence office, in Leonard st.; borne by a gentleman and lady, Lieutenant Augustus Seeley and his wife, Madame Cornelia Seeley, with whom I came to Cuba when I left you. A mulatto man and his wife a quadroon woman, and two little boys—a small brown child, said to be their own, and a little black boy some eight years of age, no relation to them—will come to you from the neighborhood of Windsor, Canada West, sent on by that excellent, pious friend of the slave and his race, Rev. W. Mon——. Their names are Charles and Polly Tiptoe, *who are to come* to Cuba as servants to the Seeleys; for whom you need have no fears, as the lieutenant and his excellent lady have *proven* themselves the best of friends, and worthy of all confidence. Some day perhaps you may be surprised to learn who I am; but until then,
>
> I am very Respect'ly, GILBERT.

The Detroit letter read

> NEW YORK, April, 1853.
>
> REV. W. MON——MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—The mere thought of your name produces in me emotions. You will please call over to the settlement as soon as possible, see our people there, and tell Charles Tiptoe and his wife to come immediately and bring my little son Joe, and little Tony to New York. The particulars will be made known to you hereafter. Console the old people by giving them to understand that I must either have got my wife, or am certain of doing so, else I would not send for the children; and that they will all hear in due season from me. Tell Charles to bring with him all the available money he has, but none of the others must come with him. Love to the old people particularly, also Andy and Clara, Eli, Ailcey and Ambrose. That you may know the letter is genuine, I fix my mark.
>
> Some day, my dearest of friends, I shall be able to do, and you will know me other than as now, your ever indebted and very grateful runaway slave, HENRY.
>
> P. S.—To prevent all traces of me, I assumed the name of Gilbert, my old traveling name after I left you, which is the only name by which I am known here. Should you hereafter hear of my whereabouts, it must be strictly kept to yourself, not even Andy and Eli are to know it till I am ready to inform them. G.

With cheerfulness receiving this billet addressed to the New York agent, a reciprocal hearty shake of the hands, and wish by the Seeleys for the happy union of Gilbert and Lotty against their return, they left for Havana early next morning *en route* for New York, there to celebrate their nuptials, and Henry and Maggie in another diligence in the afternoon of the same day, also proceeded direct to the city.

CHAPTER VII.

OBSCURITY.

On their arrival in Havana, Henry found lodgings for himself and wife in an obscure but very respectable old black family, consisting of man and wife, with a half grown adopted daughter, the wife too aged to do the active services of the family; the husband being a stevadore, made his means by superintending the loading of vessels at the quay, by the employment of large numbers of men. The house was in an obscure and *retired locality*, the *family* being, seemingly, without acquaintances or visitors.

This evening the Omnipotence of God was satisfactorily verified and established to depart from them 'no more forever,' in the living reality, as they sat together in the neat and comfortable little back-room assigned them in the humble abode of old man Zoda and wife Huldah Ghu.

Here was told that unparalleled tale of sorrow, to a husband never expected again to be seen by the wife; and his narrated facts, unequalled in the living history of a slave, *concerning the determined efforts of* that husband to reach the wife, and rescue *her from thraldom at the risk of every* consequence.

Goaded and oppressed by a master known to be her own father, under circumstances revolting to humanity, civilization and christianity, she had been ruthlessly torn from her child, husband and mother, and sold to a foreign land, all because, by the instincts of nature; if by the honor of a wife and womanhood she had not been justified; she repelled him. Sold again to a severe mistress, then to a heartless, cruel man for the worst of designs, by whom she *had been almost daily beaten, frequently* knocked down, kicked and stamped on, once struck and left for dead, and even smoked and burnt to subdue her. During these sufferings and those untold, her faith had often faltered, and she had staggered at the thought of, believing that 'God was no respecter of persons.'

Maddened to desperation at the tearing away of his wife during his absence from her child and home, he had confronted his master at the hazard of life, been set upon the auction block in the midst of an assemblage of anxious slavetraders, escaped being sold, traversed the greater part of the slave*holding States, amid dangers* the most imminent; been pursued, taken, and escaped, frequently during which time, he, too, had his faith much shaken, and found his dependence in Divine aid wavering. But God to them, however their unworthiness, had fully made manifest Himself, and established their faith in His promises, by again permitting them to meet each other under circumstances so singular and extraordinary.

The heartbroken look, hopeless countenance, languid eye, and dejected appearance *of the gray-haired, apparently aged, sorrow* stricken Lotty, the nurse of Adelaide Garcia, was now succeeded by the buoyant spirit, handsome smile, and brilliant eyed Maggie Holland, though the sunken sockets, and gray smitten hairs still remained, which time and circumstances would doubtless much improve.

'God be thanked for this privilege!' said Henry, as he sat with his wife leaning upon his knees, looking in his face, her right hand resting on his shoulder, his left supporting her waist.

'God's name be praised!' *responded* Maggie both laughing and crying at the *same time.*

Henry here, as rapidly as possible, detailed to her his plans and schemes; and the next day imparted his grand design upon Cuba. At this information she was much alarmed, and could not comprehend that an ordinary man and American slave such as he, should project such an undertaking.

'Never mind, wife, you will know better by-and-by,' was the only answer he would give, with a smile, at his wife's searching inquiries.

'Oh, husband don't have anything to do with it; as we are now both free and happy, let us attend to our own affairs. I think you have done enough.'

'I am not free, wife, by their acknowledgment, as you are, but have escaped; they can take me whenever they catch me.'

'I think, then, you might let them alone.'

'As God lives, I will avenge your wrongs; and not until they let us alone—cease to steal away our people from their native country and oppress us in their own—will I let them alone. They shall only live while I live, under the most alarming apprehensions. Our whole race among them must be brought to this determination, and then, and not till then, will they fear and respect us.'

'I don't know, husband, I may be wrong, and I expect you will say so; but I think our people had better not attempt any such thing, but be satisfied as we are among the whites, and God, *in His appointed time*, will do what is required.'

'My dear wife, *you have much* yet to learn in solving the problem of this great question of the destiny of our race. I'll give you one to work out at your leisure; it is this: Whatever liberty is worth to the whites, it is worth to the blacks; therefore, whatever it cost the whites to obtain it, the blacks should be willing and ready to pay, if they desire it. Work out this question in political arithmetic at your leisure, wife, and by the time you get through and fully understand the rule, then you will be ready to discuss the subject further with me.' Maggie smiled and sighed, but said no more on the subject.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INTERVIEW—BLAKE.

Having placed his money in the keeping of his wife, Henry suggested that, having enjoyed a good rest of two days pleasure in her company, a visit in the city to make some acquaintances was indispensable at such a juncture.

His first object was to find the residence of the distinguished poet of Cuba, Placido; being directed to a large building occupied below, in the upper story of which was the study of the poet. On giving a light tap at the door, a voice in a somewhat suppressed but highly musical tone, said: 'Come in!' On entering, the stare of a person of slender form, lean and sinewy, rather morbid, orange-peel complexion, black hair hanging lively quite to the shoulders, heavy deep brow and full moustache, with great expressive black piercing eyes, with pen in hand sitting with right side to the table looking over the left shoulder toward the door, occupied the study.

'Be seated, sir!' said the yellow gentleman, as Henry politely bowing raised his cap, advancing toward the table.

'I am looking, sir, for the proprietor of the room,' said Henry.

'I am the person,' replied the gentleman.

'*The poet, sir, I believe*,' continued he.

'I may not answer your expectation, sir!' modestly answered the gentleman.

'Your name, sir?' inquired Henry.

'Placido,' was the reply; at which Henry rose to his feet, respectfully bowing.

'May I inquire your name?' asked the poet.

'Blacus, sir,' replied he.

'A familiar name to me. Many years ago I had a cousin of that name, an active, intelligent youth, the son of a wealty black tobacco, cigar, and snuff manufacturer, who left school and went to sea, since when his parents still living, who doted in him with *high hopes of his future usefulness*, have known nothing of him,' explained Placido.

'What was his Christian name, sir?'

'Carolus Henrico.'

'Cousin, don't you know me?' said Henry in a familiar voice, after nearly twenty years absence; 'I am Carolus Henrico Blacus, your cousin and school-mate, who nineteen years ago went to the Mediterranean. I dropped Carolus and Anglicised my name to prevent identity, going by the name of Henry Blake.'

'Is it delusion or reality!' replied Placido with emotion.

'It is reality. I am the lost boy of Cuba,' said Henry; *when they mutually* rushed into each others arms.

'Where in God's name have you been, cousin Henry—and what have you been doing?'

'My story, Placido, is easily told—the particulars you may get from one who will be more ready than I to give you details.'

'Who is that you——'

'I will tell you presently; but first to my story. When I left father's house at the age of seventeen, I went to sea on what I believed to be a Spanish man of war. I was put as apprentice, stood before the mast, the ship standing east for the Western coast of Africa, as I thought for the Mediterranean. On arriving on the coast, she put into the Bight of Benin near Wydah; was freighted with slaves—her true character then being but too well known—when she again put to sea, standing as I thought for Cuba, but instead, put into Key West, where she quickly disposed of her cargo to Americans. My expression of dissatisfaction at being deceived, offended the commander, who immediately sold me to a noted trader on the spot—one Col. Franks, of Mississippi, near Natchez. He seized me under loud and solemn protest, collared and choked me, declaring me to be his slave. By recommendations from the commander whose name was Maria Gomez, that I would become a good sailor, I was left with him, to return as apprentice to marine services, making three voyages, returning with as many cargoes, once to Brazil, once more to Key West, and once to Matanzas, Cuba, each of which times I was put in irons on landing, and kept in close confinement during the vessel's stay lest I ran away. The last cargo was taken to Key West, where Franks was in waiting, when a final settlement of the affairs resulted in my being taken by him to the United States, and there held as a slave, where in a few years I became enamored with a handsome young slave girl, a daughter of his (the mother being a black slave) married, have one living child, and thus entangled, had only to wait and watch an opportunity for years to do what has just now been affected,' narrated Henry to the astonishment of his intelligent auditor, who, during the time, stood pen in hand, with eyes fixed upon him.

'Just God!' exclaimed Placido; 'how merciful He is! Who could have believed it! And you are also a sailor, Henry!'

'I am, cousin; and have served the hardest apprenticeship at the business, I do assure you; I have gone through all the *grades, from common seaman to first mate*, and always on the coast had full command, as no white men manage vessels in the African waters, that being entirely given up to the blacks.'

'I really was not aware of that before; you surprise me!' said Placido.

'That is so! every vessel of every nation, whether trader or man of war, so soon as they enter African waters are manned and managed by native blacks, the whites being unable to stand the climate.'

'That, then, opens up to me an entirely new field of thought.'

'And so it does. It did to me, and I've *no doubt it does so to every* man of thought, black or white.'

'Give me your hand, Henry'—both clasping hands—'now by the instincts of our nature, and mutual sympathy in the common cause of our race, pledge to me on the hazard of our political destiny what you intend to do.'

'Placido, the hazard is too much! were it lost, the price is too great—I could not pay it. But I read across the water, in a Cuba journal at New Orleans, a lyric from your pen, in which the fire of liberty blazed as from the altar of a freeman's heart. I therefore make no hazard when I this to *you impart*: I have come to Cuba to help to free my race; and that which I desire here to do, I've done in another place.'

'Amen!' exclaimed Placido; 'Heaven certainly designed it, and directed you here at this most auspicious moment, that the oppressed of Cuba also may 'declare the glory of God!'

'Have you thought much in that direction, Placido?'

'I have, though I've done but little, and had just finished the last word of the last stanza of a short poem intended to be read at a social gathering to be held at the house of a friend one evening this week, which *meets for* the express purpose of maturing some plan of action.'

'Read it.'

'I will; tell me what you think of it:

> Were I a slave I would be free!
>   I would not live to live a slave;
> But rise and strike for liberty,
>   For Freedom, or a martyr's grave!
>
> One look upon the bloody scourge,
>   Would rouse my soul to brave the fight,
> And all that's human in me urge,
>   To battle for my innate right!
>
> *One look upon the tyrant's chains,*
>   Would draw my sabre from its sheath,
> *And drive the hot blood through my veins,*
>   To rush for liberty or death!
>
> One look upon my tortured wife,
>   Shrieking beneath the driver's blows,
> Would nerve me on to desp'rate strife,
>   Nor would I spare her dastard foes!
>
> Arm'd with the vindicating brand,
>   For once the tyrant's heart should feel;
> No milk-sop plea should stay my hand,
>   The slave's great wrong would drive the steel!
>
> Away the unavailing plea!
>   Of peace, the tyrant's blood to spare:
> *If you would set the captive free,*
>   Teach him for freedom bold to dare!
>
> To throw his galling fetters by,
>   To wing the cry on every breath,
> Determined manhood's conquering cry,
>   For Justice, Liberty, or death!

'If Heaven decreed my advent here—and I believe it did—it was to have my spirits renewed and soul inspired by that stimulating appeal, such as before never reached the ear of a poor, weary, faltering bondman, Placido. I thank God that it has been my lot to hear it, culled fresh from your fertile brain. Were there but a smouldering spark nearly extinguished in the smothered embers of my doubts and fears, it is *now kindled into a flame*, which can only be quenched by the regenerating *waters of unconditional emancipation.*'

'Ah, cousin, though you consider us here free—those I mean who are not the slaves of some white man—I do assure you that my soul as much as yours pants for a draft from the fountain of liberty! We are not free, but merely exist by suffrance—a miserable life for intelligent people, to be sure!'

'You, Placido, are the man for the times!'

'Don't flatter, Henry; *I'm not.*'

'You are, and its no flattery to say so. *The expression of an honest conviction* is not flattery. When the spirits of the *Christian begin to droop*, to hear the word of life, is refreshing to the soul. That is precisely my case at present.'

'Then you have the vital spark in you?'

'Ah, Placido, I often think of the peaceful hours I once enjoyed at the common altar of the professing Christian. I then believed in what was popularly termed religion, as practised in all the slave States of America; I was devoted to my church, and loved to hear on a Sabbath, the word of God spoken by him whom I believed to be a *man of God*. But how sadly have I been deceived! I still believe in God, and have faith in His promises; but serving Him in the way that I was, I had only the shadow without the substance,—the religion of my oppressors. I thank God that He timely opened my eyes.'

'In this, Henry, I believe you are right; I long since saw it, but you are clear on the subject. I had not thought so much as that.'

'Then as we agree, let us at *once drop* the religion of our oppressors, and take the Scriptures for our guide and Christ as *our* example.'

'What difference will that make to us? I merely ask for information, seeing you have matured the subject.'

'The difference will be just this, Placido—that we shall not be disciplined in our worship, obedience as slaves to our masters, the slaveholders, by associating in our mind with that religion, submission to the oppressor's will.'

'I see, Henry, it is plain; and every day convinces me that we have much yet to learn to fit us for freedom.'

'I differ with you, Placido; we know enough now, and all that remains *to* be done, is to make ourselves free, and then put what we know into practice. We know much more than we dare attempt to do. We want space for action—elbow room; and in order to obtain it, we must shove our oppressors out of the way.'

Heaven has indeed, I repeat, decreed your advent here to——'

'Learn of you!' interrupted Henry.

'No; but to teach us just what we needed,' replied Placido.

'God grant us, then, a successful harmony of sentiment!' responded Henry.

'Grant that we may see eye to eye!' exclaimed Placido.

'Amen, amen!' concluded Henry when relinquishing hands they mutually clasped, embracing in each others arms.

'Tell me now, cousin, to whom did you allude when you first came in, as the person from whom I should obtain details of your life?'

'My wife.'

'Is she here?'

'She is,' replied Henry, relating all the particulars of their separation and *reunion.*

'Where have you got her?'

'At the house of an old family, west of the Plaza; Zoda and Huldah Ghu are their names; the man is a stevedore.'

'She must not remain there.'

'Why?' asked Henry.

'I deem it an unsafe quarter under the circumstances—that's all,' suggested Placido.

'Then she is committed to your charge. Come with me to see her.'

'Gladly will I do so; but tell me this *before we leave—whither are you bound,* cousin?'

'I go directly *to* Matanzas, to take out a slaver as sailing master, with the intention of taking her in mid ocean as a prize for ourselves, as we must have a vessel at our command before we make a strike. She is also freighted with powder for Dahomi, with several fine field pieces, none of which, I learned were to be disposed of, but safely deposited at the slaver's rendezvous in an island which I know off the African coast, for future use in trade. I am well acquainted with the native Krumen on the coast, many of the heads of whom speak several European tongues, and as sailing-master, I can obtain as many as I wish, who will make a powerful force in carrying out my scheme on the vessel.'

'I thank God for this interview. Henry, I thank God. Come, let's go and see your wife,' said Placido in conclusion, when they left the poet's study for the hut of Zoda Ghu, back of the Plazas.

LETTER FROM REV. S. V. BERRY TO REV. J. T. HOLLY.

To the Rev. J. T. Holly, Missionary
at Drouillard, Hayti.

In a letter written by you, and published in the "Pine and Palm," of date Dec. 21st ult., I am surprised to find my name included with others whom you charge with attempting to magnify the sufferings of the New Haven Colony in Hayti, by disseminating false and exaggerated reports in relation to the condition of the emigrants.

In that letter you take particular pains to single me out as your chief victim for the world's odium, by charging me with the fabrication of the report of the death of Mrs. Rosanna Cook. This report you publicly charge me with having "manufactured" and "*circulated*."—And this charge you make, not on the ground of your personal knowledge of the truth of what you assert, but simply on the ipse dixit *of a man* known by you to be of doubtful veracity. Now this act on your part is in every respect, and in the fullest sense a case of slander: It is slander premeditated and "manufactured" by the *missionary of* Drouillard and "circulated" abroad in the world to wound the cause of religion and injure the *fair fame of his* brother minister and successor at New Haven. You may deny being the author of this slander, but that you are the publisher of it is an undeniable fact—and the publisher of a known slander is in every respect as bad as the author.

You say that Mr. Cook informed you that the Rev. S. V. Berry certified him

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[*] This cruelty of fastening slaves in a tight room, smoking them with burning rags, and burning them with a hot smoothing iron, has often been done in the South.

[*] The time of Henry's sale in Mississippi, and all of the circumstances, antecede the dates given by several years.

[†] Manumitted, set free and enfranchised—the terms used in the free papers of manumitted persons in America.

him of the death of his wife, "on some special information which he claimed to have received from Hayti.

Now so far from ever having made such pretensions or communicated such a report to Mr. Cook, I do most solemnly affirm that I have never to my knowledge seen him neither have I at any time or in any manner had any communication with him.

The report of Mrs. Cook's death originated with Mr. Cooke himself. This fact is publicly known in New Haven, as well as the circumstances connected with it. The period at which Mr. Cook pretended to have received a letter from Hayti, with the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Cook, is remembered by many who went to see him, and found him apparently in great distress of mind. Mr. Cook's motive in making this report was money; for I was told by a clergyman who went to see him, that immediately on the day following the pretended report he commenced selling his wife's furniture, etc. and even made an attempt to mortgage her real estate. I will spare the feelings of his wife, who is said to be an excellent woman, by drawing a veil over what followed the sale. I will only add, this is the man upon whose veracity you publish me to the world as a manufacturer of false reports. The business of blackening the character of the innocent is very poor employment. especially for a minister of the gospel: and any one who engages in the retail of second-hand slander must be badly off for better business. It is a terrible stoop, a wonderful condescension of the dignity of the ministry to come down to such work. It is not the Master's work.

Your attack on the reputation of Loren Brooks is another very ungenerous act. It is not only ungenerous, but it is unjust.—Even the lady upon the evidence of whose letter you pretend to convict Mr. Brooks of falsehood declares that you must have misunderstood the reading of her letter. Mr. Brooks is a young man of honesty and integrity, and it is cruel in any man to seek to blacken his character in order to gratify his own private animosity. All this I suppose you have inflicted upon him because he would not stay in Hayti with you and "brave death." For the same reason I presume you stigmatise Abram J. Morrison, Jacob Jones, Loren Brooks, Mrs. Mary. O Monroe, and her two boys Rhinehart and Blanchard, as DESERTERS, because ill health compelled them to return to their native land. On the same principle you would brand disabled soldiers as deserters. If the Haytian government permits emigrants to return, I cannot see whence you derive your authority to brand them with the stigma of deserters. If you manifest the same reckless, overbearing, domineering and haughty spirit at Drouillard which your letters exhibit towards us, I think you will frequently have occasion to complain of deserters.

Take the advice of an elder brother, "leave off wrath." "Lay aside all bitterness." Write in the spirit of love and gentleness and kindness. Give earnest heed to your calling as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Be assured that we have no desire to magnify your sufferings. We deplore them. Many of your friends in the United States feel to sympathise with you if you would let them. But your sweeping denunciations against us stifles the sympathy of your best and warmest friends.

No intelligent colored person having a due sense of honor can read your sweeping denunciations against your brethren of the United States, without a flush of honest indignation. No rebel trader of the South has used language of more insulting import to the loyal North. Remember the advice of Dr. James Mc Cune Smith to you:—"Don't let your words run away with you." And I would add,—Let not the impulse of misdirected zeal destroy you.

Yours fraternally,

S. V. BERRY.

New Haven, Ct. Jan. 16, 1862.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

☞ Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.

☞ Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.

A Speech and a Comment.

In a report of the second day's proceedings of the twenty-ninth anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in the New York "Daily Times," of Jan. 26th, we find the following:—

"Mr. Remond of Salem, (colored,) who spoke so excitedly yesterday, took the platform at the conclusion of Mr. Phillips' brief address, and gave us what was in reality a great treat. He was filled with the spirit of his theme, and evidently felt all that he said, as he stood pleading that the country which recognizes Irishmen, Germans and English would also recognize manhood in the persons of 4,000,000 blacks who are not foreigners, but who are born here, live here, are identified with the prosperity of the country, and have no desire for the success of any country but the land of their birth. He did not feel hopeful in view of the present aspect of affairs; he felt blue; he was conscious every day that he belongs to a despised race, and one that was not loved by the American people. He was sure that the deep damnation of the American people is its utter disregard of the principle of freedom, and he knew that he did not exaggerate when he said that the prevailing feeling among Northern men is, let the niggers go to the d—l, if by that means our trade may be secured and our profits unimpaired. "Gracious God," said he, with an outbursting agony, "who can the black man trust outside of this hall? Who is there that cares for him, who that regards him, who that will protect him? Nobody, nobody, so help me God."

Is it no more than fair to say, that the sight of an earnest black man, standing up nobly before a vast audience of white men, earnestly pleading for the good of his race, does and did more for the success of the cause than all the speeches of all the men who have on this or any other occasion taken up the cudgels for him."

The burden of Mr. Remond's speech was true and natural so far as he is personally concerned: he might have said there is no one inside of this hall on whom the black man can rely for protection or succor, with perhaps a single exception. For twenty-five or six years Mr. Remond has been, and is, after the strictest sect, a Garrisonian Abolitionist; he labored in its early movements most faithfully: he bore the brunt of the calumnies and oppression, the mobbings, the hootings, the assaults which were heaped upon that noble band in the times of 1834–7. He shared its poverty, its obloquy, and stood side by side with its foremost men, always distinguished by a bold and undaunted front and a fiery yet polished eloquence peculiarly his own. So constant, so faithful, has he been that we do not call to mind a single instance in which he has met with rebuke from his iron-willed chief, nor any of the subordinates. And now when the flower of his youth, and the strength of his manhood have been devoted to exalt this party; now when the chills of approaching age begin to damp the ardor of his mind, and when winter-time begins to stare him in the face; now that the party claims success and feels triumphant, he feels no joy warming up his heart—and why?

It is because he feels alone. He has not been made—he an equal sharer in its dark days of penury—an equal sharer in the good things which have recently fallen to the lot of his white brother Abolitionists. Rich Abolitionists, dying, have made handsome bequests to their white Abolition brethren, but have forgotten entirely their black Abolition brother: or, if they have remembered him at all, it is after the fashion in which white men generally recollect black men in their wills. Mr. Garrison is made pecuniarily comfortable with a snug remainder for his family. Why should not Mr. Remond be at least smiled upon with a few thousand dollars?

But while Mr. Remond's speech may be very true in regard to himself personally, it is not true in regard to the blacks generally. When he asks, "Who can the black man trust outside of this hall?" We answer promptly, HE CAN TRUST HIMSELF. The black man is his own best friend: the most reliable, most certain, most efficient under God. The black man is big enough, strong enough, numerous enough, and ugly enough (if he choose to frown and fight), to take the best care of himself. He has mistaken his power too long; he has thought that power lay in exciting sympathy for his condition, so abject, so degraded: but he is growing out of that mistake most rapidly. The real secret of his power is self-reliance, self-dependence, made up with a determined and united front. The history of to-day, truly written, will show that in our land the black has passed out away from a dependent or parasitic state. Instead of leaning upon white men, the whites lean upon him. He does not now, and never did need protection. All he needed was, and all he needs is—fair play; unless his horoscope greatly errs, a few months more will give him fair play—and then if our fairer cousins choose to compete, rather than assimilate with us, we say, as Casius M. Clay once said on this very subject, "The devil take the hindmost."

Let us hear of no more "wailing" for support, succor, or trust: it betrays conscious imbecility to crave such things. Let us keep a good look out, and our eye teeth cut, and we will have our own sooner perhaps than we shall feel fully prepared to enjoy it.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: We have had in the week just past all most every kind of weather; for instance, Sunday last was a bright, clear day, very warm, the thermometer at mid-day and in open air stood at 74 degrees; and on Tuesday at noon, stood 25 degrees, showing a difference in the temperature in 48 hours of 49 degrees. During the period named, we have had snow, hail, rain, freezing, thawing, and mud in abundance; and so sudden have been the changes in the atmosphere, that almost every one we meet complain of bad colds. The small-pox has not as yet abated, but is raging fearfully in the city, and many are falling under its influence. The typhoid fever seems to have abated to a considerable degree since the weather has become cold; but among children the measles is very prevalent. So great is the fear entertained by our people for the small-pox, that almost every one you come in contact with have a strong odor of asafœtida, camphor and tar combined, and worn about their persons as a preventitive against this disease.

We learn that a rich literary treat is in store. The Young Ladies Literary Association has invited the Rev. Wm. H. Gillard, of E street chapel A. M. E. Church, to deliver before their institution a lecture, and that Mr. Gillard has accepted. This lecture will come off on Friday evening next, at the residence of Mrs. Simmons in L street. This lecture was to have come off on Friday evening last, but was postponed on account of the inclement state of the weather. The ladies have indeed shown wisdom in their excellent selection of a lecturer, for Mr. Gillard is a gentleman of fine literary acquirements, and is an agreeable speaker, and one every way capable of filling, with credit to himself and pleasure and instruction to the ladies, the important trust reposed in him. You may think it strange, Mr. Editor, that I have not in some of my previous letters noticed this association, among others that I have from time to time spoken of; but the reason is that never until now did your humble correspondent know of the existence of such a society, although between your correspondent and the rev. and worthy President an intimacy of the most friendly character has long existed. I do promise you that I will in future furnish you with a report of its debates, lectures, essays, and any public or general proceedings that might be interesting. I do hope that at the next meeting of the society an appropriation of two dollars will be made from the treasury to pay one year's subscription to the ANGLO AFRICAN; for all such societies should, at least, rally around and support so dear a paper and literary gem.

Among the distinguished strangers that arrived in town the past week are Mrs. Harriet Parks, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the Rev. Charles J. Carter, of Canada West. The latter has been lecturing here in several colored churches in a very acceptable manner—particularly at Zion Wesley Church (Island), Rev. Mr. Hamer, Pastor.

On Monday night, at 12 o'clock, a dreadful fire took place in a row of frame buildings situated above M street, owned and occupied by colored families. It appears that in the house owned and occupied by a Mr. Joseph Lee a child was sick with the measels; a candle was set on a chair near the bed-side by the mother of the child on going to bed, and it is supposed that she must have placed the light too near the bed, for when the mother was awakened by the screams of the child, she found the room filled with smoke, and her bed enveloped in flames; she seized the child, and with the rest of the inmates barely escaped with her life. The fire spread with such rapidity that the adjoining house, owned by Mr. John H. Brown and occupied by Mr. Judson Dover and his daughter Miss Sarah E. Dover, dress maker, and Mr. George Dover, an invalid, who was compelled to go out in the inclement weather after being confined to his room for the past three months, was soon in flames. The fire soon reached Mr. Thomas Cross's house, and his family too, although sick, was compelled to go out in the rain and snow. The fourth and last house was that of Mr. Edward Ambush, who also lost all of his effects. The loss falls very heavily on these people, for their property was gained by years of toil and days of hard labor. But behold, it vanished in an hour! The loss is estimated to be between $4000 and $4500; Messrs. Brown and Ambush being the only parties insured.

On Monday night last the Hon. Owen Lovejoy entertained a colored audience at Israel Church; I was not present, but have been furnished a sketch of his lecture by my friend Mr. Wm. E. Mathews, which I herewith send.

BOX.

LETTER FROM NEWARK.

MR. EDITOR: We are pleased to learn that there is a society being organized in the Plane street church, to be called the Elymus P. Rogers Literary Association, of the City of Newark, and will be composed of ladies and gentlemen. Essays and lectures will be written and delivered, and discussions on various subjects will be had. An institution of this kind has been much needed here, particularly among the young people.

On Wednesday evening last we had a wedding here. The happy couple were Mr. John Talmadge and Miss Mary Tiebout. The festivities passed off very pleasantly. On the following Sunday they appeared at church, making a very fine appearance.

At the close of the afternoon services at Plane street church, Mr. Giles, the Superintendant of the Sabbath School, a position held by him for twenty-four years, tendered his resignation; consequently the school which has been distinct from the morning school, will now be merged into it, and conducted by the members of the church.

The A. M. E. Church, Catherine street, has been holding protracted meetings for two weeks past, and much interest has been awakened, and many persons have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. Preaching has been had every evening by clergymen from New York and other places, as well as of this city.

ISAAC TEMBROOK.

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

Baltimore, Jan 27th, 1862.

DEAR ANGLO,—Some two or three weeks have passed since we last wrote you, but there has been, and still is such a scarcity of news, that we scarcely know of what to write. Miss E T. Greenfield,—the Black Swan—assisted by Mme. Brown, gave a series of concerts at various places in this city; the last on Wednesday 22d, at Temperance Hall. All were well attended by delighted audiences. The last was attended by a large majority of the Michigan Regiment, now encamped on Prospect Hill, this city. Miss G. and Mme. B. left here on Thursday last.

On Monday 13th inst. we had the pleasure of listening to a very able lecture on "The Languages," by the Rev. H. M. Turner, delivered by request before the Galbreath Lyceum of this city. The subject was treated in an able and felicitous manner by the lecturer, and evinced a deep research into that much neglected branch of study.

Dr. H. J. Brown, has been giving a series of Phrenological and Physiological lectures in this city, and also treating cases of disease. He lectures this evening before the Galbreath Lyceum.

The election of officers for the Baltimore Lyceum resulted in the election of Mr. Thos. Gaskins, Prest., and Miss Elizabeth Ccniok, Vice Prest. (re-elected). The ladies connected with the Waters Chapel Fair gave a concert on Thursday evening last (23d) which was very well attended. Prof. H. W. Webb presided at the piano. The vocalists were Mrs. E. Tilghman, Baltimore's Favorite, Misses Brown, Offor, Naile, Nicholson and Getch, and mr. E. Fleetwood. The concert was made up of Solos Duetts and Trios, and several of the performers were encored.

MAJOR.

A WORD FROM BROOKLYN.

MR. EDITOR:—As you are ever anxious to know what is going on in our little village, Brooklyn, alongside of your great Gotham, I will tell you, if you promise not to divulge the secret, lest Ethiop might hear it. In a cosy little place, somewhere in the once classic region of High street, for there once did Ethiop teach the young ideas how to trail the trellises that reach to the fair summit of science, is Madame Ross with her vigorous little school, playing away quite heartily in her good work. Last week, in her own quiet way, in the presence of a few invited guests, she gave an exercise of her pupils, distributed her well selected tokens of merit, and richly feasted her gay little companions and sent them home with their parents, happier and better for being brought together. Now, what I am going to tell you, Mr. Editor;—don't let it go in at one ear and out at the other, but let it sink deep into your editorial heart: that this school of Madame Ross, if she is encouraged, is bound to triumph.

A VISITOR.

DR. DELANY ON HAYTIAN EMIGRATION.

TO PROF. M. H. FREEMAN of Avery College:

MY DEAR SIR:—Having been the second time inquired of by you for my opinion of the Haitien Emigration enterprise, and knowing that you entertain a high opinion of its Superintending Manager in America, I conceive it due to give you a candid reply, knowing that you are earnestly inquiring for information.

I have studiously avoided touching this subject, because shortly after my arrival in America a year ago, presuming on my acquaintance with and the friendship of intelligent gentlemen in connection with it, I simply ventered an opinion of the policy by which it was commenced and managed—though favorable to my friends—when I met with such unexpected and unmerited severities; though at the expense of sharing in common with my race the humiliation of submitting to the most fatal errors and blunders by which any people ever were attempted to be misled; I had concluded never to touch the subject again.

Abstractly considered I have no objection to Haitien Emigration. Regarding it in the light of choosing one's own rulers, seeking self-government, aiding our self-emancipated brethren to sustain a Black Nationality, (or Colored, if that adjective be prefered,) I agree with it; it is my favorite theme and policy, and you and I endorsed it long before the gentleman conducting that enterprise ever saw America, or Haiti, or probably a black person at all. And if it be to enter into the more elevated and profitable industrial pursuits, and thereby become contributors to the social and commercial relations of society and the world, as well as recipients of the benefits arising from these relations; to this I cheerfully subscribe. To none of these things do I object.

My objection is to the fearful manner in which our people are being misled into the belief that Haiti presents the natural advantages and facilities for a great and powerful nation. A more ridiculously radical error never was committed, and charity compels me to believe that it is honestly done.

The directors of the destiny of our race must not only be well acquainted with all our relations, past and present, but must understand the great international policies of the world, and the motives and designs by which the ruling nations are actuated, and doubtless the political economists and statesmen of the day laugh to scorn the idea that the blacks who go to Haiti entertain the expectation of that island ever becoming one of the national powers of the earth. Our leaders must be of our own race.

Territorial domain and population are the essential elements of a great nationality, and no country which has these only to a very limited extent, can ever become great and powerful.

Haiti is a small island, with no prospect or probability of additional territory, and consequently must always have a limited population, the resources of whom must become less as they increase in numbers; that is, the means to sustain the government must decrease by the resources being divided among a greater number of people. This is not all.

The ational policy of the ruling powers of Europe is determinedly opposed to the self-government of the black races, and the recent seisure of Spain upon two-thirds of Haiti, is but the first step towards a total reduction of that island, with its one million of self-emancipated people with well bought liberty, to a miserable political dependence.

It is worthy of note as a historical fact, that Spain was the first nation in the light of Christian civilization, to legalise a traffic in our race, and make merchandise of our people. Corolus V. 1517. This policy was sanctioned by Elizabeth, Queen of England; and under James I., 1618, the Government established a regular trade in African slaves.—Sampson's Historical Dictionary, p. 348.

The concordat or treaty recently entered into between Faber Jeffrard, the President of Haiti, and Pio Nono, Sovereign Pontiff of Rome, is but the first act in the drama of the Emperor of the French, in seizing upon the other third and last part of the Island. Pius IX is wholly dependent upon the Emperor of the French for his political and spiritual existence as a Pope; hence, the dividing of the Haitien part of the Island into five Arch Bishopricks, is to place at once the entire Haitien people, subject to Napoleon III. because he being the Protector of the Pope, all under the Pope, as the people will be, must also be subject to him; and the first attempt on the part of either rulers or populace at interference with the high clerical authorities established there, will bring the established power of Louis Napoleon over the entire Haitien people; and doubtless this is the very object of the concordat. And may not this be designed as the future seat of the Holy See; as besides its being more secure by its removal from the dangerous discordant and restless elements of Europe, and in near proximity to America; the negro race, from their docility of character, are a safer element for His Holiness to reside among, and more easily suppressed, if disposed ever to rise as did the Italians under Garibaldi, by the policy of nations being against them, and a "tripple alliance" could easily surround the Island.

And yet, because of the silence—may I not say—the reprehensible humiliating silence on our part, we are insultingly told, that this concordat is the "wisest policy" and the best measure that could have been entered into for the blacks, and that President Jeffrard is the "only black statesman in the western hemisphere." Indeed it is highly probable that the financial obligations of Haiti to France have been cancelled by the Emperor in the President's personal favor, as he must have had some strong personal motive in thus betraying his high trust as the Executive and Chief of a confiding people, by compromising their country and liberty.

Of course you will understand that England, if not the other great Powers, is privy to all of these movements.

One important feature prominent in the course prsued by these nations towards the black races is, that their policy is changed from that of abject slavery, to reducing them to political dependents. They must be in subordinate relations.

The great preponderance of the white race in this hemisphere with no exotic increase of the other, must eventually extinguish the blacks, and thus by natural causes exterminate the race; except, indeed, a segregation of the entire black population on some part of the continent.

To these general unfavorable contingencies Africa can never be subject, being a vast continent, peopled by one of the great enduring, fixed, reproducing, absorbing races of the earth, which must continue throughout all coming time—as it has time past—only ceasing when the world shall pass away.

Duty to my family, who with me are willing to sacrifice and be sacrificed for the regeneration of the African race—to my children and posterity who must come after me, and to my race, compel me to make this record, to vindicate them from the obloquy and odium which would reasonably redound upon them, should our passiveness and silence permit the high-handed monstrous errors, which have so long been propogated and practiced, and now favorably finding their way into the columns of some of the leading daily journals, go uncorrected.

You will readily perceive sir, that I do not object to Haitien emigration, but simply desire that those who go, do so intelligently and know what they are doing.

I am, dear Professor, for God and Humanity, the redemption of our race and regeneration of Africa.

Your friend and brother,

M. R. DELANY.

97 High St., BROOKLYN, L. I.

LOSS OF THE BRITISH BRIG OXFORD.—Capt. Truman of the ship Calhoun, at this port, reports, 20th inst., lat. 40° 34', lon. 62° 49', fell in with the British brig Oxford, of and from Liverpool, N. S., for [illegible], four days out, water-logged, took from her Capt. Joseph Israel, the Rev. John [illegible] Utting, a passenger, two mates, the cook, and four seamen, and brought them to this port.

The Duties of Free Colored Men to Africa.

MR. EDITOR:—Though "the primal duties shine aloft like stars," I fail to discover among them, with my moral telescope, a special imperative duty, saying to me "away to Africa;" either because I do not at present enjoy all the rights I should here at home; or because Africa, as described by her most learned representative, is "wasting away beneath the accretions of civil and moral miseries;" because "Darkness covers the land, and gross darkness the people;" because "confidence and security are destroyed there;" or because, as he says, "Licentiousness abounds everywhere in Africa."

I do not acknowledge any special obligation binding me to forego all the hopes I cherish for myself and my children, amidst civilization, enterprise and enlightenment, here in my native land, because the ashes of some sire of mine, whom I never knew, and never shall know, may perchance blow broadcast over the broad continent of Africa. I know that some friend of mine, perhaps some companion of my youth, may descant with a holy horror upon my having been robbed of my "self-respect," because of my having this feeling; and declare that "I have lost the force of strong native principles, and prime natural affections;" but nevertheless I feel a dignity and a deep conviction therein.

I can conceive of the possibility of my having been moved by a missionary sentiment, saying to me as a man, as a member of the human brotherhood, as a christian, give up family ties and relations, that principle of self-love which spurs men on to self advantage and self aggrandizement;" give up hope, of ease; give up life itself if needs be, in endeavors to diffuse light among heathen in benighted parts: this I might feel as a duty in an independent relation, outside of all nationalities. I can admire the moral sublimity here pictured; I can say, behold here a bright star shines aloft; I pay it deference, because of it's self-denial, it's broad and Christ-like scope.

The point I had in view, in sending you, Mr. Editor, this communication, was to give prominence to two facts given by my friend, the Rev. Alexander Crummell, in his published letter addressed to Dr. Charles B. Dunbar relative to Africa, one of which sets forth the condition of Africa. He says: "Africa lies low and is wretched, * * * is wasting away beneath the accretions of civil and moral miseries. Darkness covers the land, and gross darkness the people; great social evils universally prevail; confidence and security are destroyed; licentiousness abounds everywhere; Moloch rules and reigns throughout the whole continent. * * * They have not the Gospel; they are living without God." This is a doleful picture: but it "only epitomises the miseries of Africa;" so he says. Verily, here is work to be done. Mark, in the other fact, the character essential to redeem Africa. The Reverend friend says they are "to be men of force and energy,—men who will not suffer themselves to be outrivalled in enterprise and vigor,—men who are prepared for pains, and want, and suffering,—men of such invincible courage that the spirit cannot be tamed by transient failures, incidental misadventures, or even glaring miscalculations,—men who can exaggerate the feeblest resources into potent agencies and fruitful capital." Have the "Free colored men in America" acquired such a character? Has not the lack of this character alone been the cause of his present dependent condition in the land! I would ask whether it is our duty, even in view of any affinity we may feel to Africa, for us to go there to perform a work, if we are not equal to the task?

If we go there with the motives of self, may we not lay ourselves open to the charge of being "Buccaneers?" One more question: Have the "free colored men in America" used all the opportunities; have they combined, and used all reasonable exertions essential to develope the needed character required to raise up Africa? Have they done all they might to elevate themselves in this land or in any other?

It is my honest conviction that for a time, first, the tide of emigration will set from Africa to America under Providence, for the infusion of the African element into the mixed element constituting a new American element being formed here, which mixed element may as an advanced element, having for its motto, universal brotherhood, diffuse itself over the world, into Africa, promulgating the light and principles which shall animate it; embodying the essential character described by the Rev. Mr. Crummell as essential to save Africa.

OLD ZION.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR OUR SOUTHERN BRETHREN?

MR EDITOR.—I noticed a leader in your paper of the 28th of December last, headed 'What can we do for our country?' and answered in the same leader; now I ask, what ought our people at the North to do for our brethren at the South? As many of them are left by their so called masters in possession of the lands, I think it right that they should possess them. I [illegible] that members of Congress are proposing a provisional government for the se[illegible], and suggesting a division of the property among the soldiers and sailors, [illegible] the black inhabitants out. Would [illegible] be right!

I [illegible] that we of the North should look after our forsaken and unlettered brethren. They are unable to contend for their own rights, and I think that we should organize for that very purpose. I make the suggestion, hoping that some of our leaders will take hold of it and act. Where are Frederick Douglas, Chas. L. Remond, Wm. Wells Brown, J. W. Loguen, and the host of other leading men?

R. J. C.

St. Cloud, Min. Jan. 6, 1862.

A SURPRISE.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me a space in your paper to say that a company of ladies and gentlemen from Jamaica, L. I., gave a surprise party to the Rev. Wm. Moore, their pastor, at Flushing, on Thursday evening, the 23d inst. The Rev. gentleman greeted the company very cordially. His dwelling was filled to its utmost capacity; furthermore, the table groaned beneath the pressure of viands, which the ladies lavishly deposited thereon, which was received with usual gusto. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, allow me to say the Rev. gentleman was so highly delighted that he could not express his gratitude towards the company.

There is a great revival here at present.

DON QUIXOTTE.

Jamaica, Jan. 27, 1862.

LECTURE.—This evening, Rev. William E. Walker will deliver a lecture at Temperance Hall, on "The Destiny of the Colored race of America, and the relation they sustain to the Union." Admission free.

Mr. Walker is a graduate of the Western Theological Seminary, who has resided in Trenton for some time past. He is a gentleman of intelligence and education, and has the highest testimonials from some of the most prominent clergymen of New England and the West. His lecture will no doubt be interesting and valuable; and we hope will call out a large audience. The destiny of his race is a subject which has long engaged his thoughts, and his lecture will develop his ideas on a subject which now very generally occupies the public mind.—Trenton, N. J., Republican.

THE REBELS AFRAID OF NEGRO WOMEN.—The following letter was sent to the Virginia Senate by Gov. Letcher:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPT., RICHMOND, Jan. 8, 1862,
HON. JOHN LETCHER, Gov'r of Virginia:

SIR:—I have the honor to inform you that Brig. Gen. Whiting has telegraphed to this Department that he has taken up some eighteen or twenty negro women and children, residing within Virginia, against whom the proof of correspondence with the enemy is too strong to permit them to remain in front of our lines on the Potomac. They have been sent to the rear of our army. The husbands of these negro women are now with the enemy. I will thank you to inform me what disposition shall be made of these women and children. They cannot be permitted to remain in front of our lines, and there are no accomodations for them in the rear.

Your obedient servant,

J. P. BENJAMIN,

Secretary of War.

The Portland Advertiser records the death of a colored woman, a servant in the family of Dr. Lodge a Homœopathic physician of that city, from the affects of a dose of Gelseminun, which he had administered to her by way of experiment. It appeared on the inquest that he at the same time gave the medicine to other members of his family, his purpose being to witness its effects in healthy persons, in order to determine its medical qualities as a remedial agent. The deceased was supposed to be healthy, but a post mortem examination revealed the fact that her heart was affected, and the effect of Gelseminum (a root) being to depress the circulation, and decrease the strength of the heart's pulsations. The woman sank under it and died.

AN IOWA OFFICER ON NEGRO CATCHING.

Col. Vandevier, of Iowa, having been falsely charged with delivering up the slaves of rebels, writes to the Dubuque Times:—

"I say emphatically that I never have returned, and, God helping me, I never will return to slavery a fleeing fugitive. I would submit to be cashiered or shot rather than perform so menial an office. If I thought by engaging in this war for the vindication of our Constitution and our flag, the office of slave-catcher was to be superadded to the duty of a soldier, I would spurn the service with scorn and contempt. The rebel government is fighting in the interest of slavery. I will never fight on that side under any flag. In uttering these words I am confident that I but echo the sentiments of the brave men whom I have the honor to command, and the people that I represent."

THE ENGLISH AND LAGOS.—The West African Herald, emphatically reiterates the contradiction given to the assertion that King Docemo had contemplated the taking of Captain Bedingfeld and the Vice-Consul prisoners, and the killing of the merchants. A writer in it under the signature of "Truth," says: "It is true the poor fellow signed the annexation paper with tears in his eyes, but as to resistance, I pledge you my word he never dreamt of it.

TAKE NOTICE.—Among the economical list of articles recently introduced, are those for sale by Rice & Co., 83 Nassau street. (See advertisement.) Their unrivalled coffee strainer, which costs only 25 cents, will save one-fourth of your coffee, and keep it from grounds or sediment. Their indelible pencil for marking linen is just the thing wanted; and their cement is warranted to mend crockery, glass, furniture, leather, &c., as strongly as before broken. Their patent magnetic tack hammer is an ingenious article for the household; it picks up the tacks point downwards, and there they hang until driven home to their appointed place. This will save many fingers *from being pounded*. Their patent hemmer and shield for hand sewing every lady should have. Their electric weather glass or storm indicator foretels the approach of storms from twelve to twenty-four hours in advance. Their excelsior thermometer is a newly patented and useful article. Their patent match safe for the vest pocket is a neat and unique article, which every gentleman should possess. Every article sells for 25 cents, and they guarantee satisfaction or refund the money.

Give them a call or send an order, which will be promptly attended to.

PERSONAL.

Frederick Douglass passed through this city a few days ago. *His lecture in Philadelphia* on the war was well received by an appreciative audience. The Christian Recorder says of Mr. Douglass:

"We saw, almost at a glance, that the Frederick Douglass before us was the Frederick Douglass of other days—and even more: his majestic bearing and dignity were not gone—the fire of his eye and the glow of his face were there—the power and influence of his voice, the cutting logic and lofty eloquence of other days, were not diminished. And to all these were added the depth and breadth of thought, and the candor of expression, which constant investigation and increasing years cannot fail to bring."

Rev. Dr. Pennington has kindly sent us by the hands of Rev. H. H. Garnet, a copy of "A Narrative of Events of the Life of J. H. Banks, an escaped slave," which we find to be a very interesting work. It was edited by Dr. Pennington, and evidences that the doctor was not idle during his short sojourn in Liverpool. From the introduction we make the following extract:

"Others may differ from me, but I adhere to the firm belief that the descendants of Africa on the Western Continent and its dependencies are to be free, remain where they are, and eventually occupy the lands which they have watered with their sweat and tears. This is distributive justice. Legitimate commerce does not require the perpetual enslavement of the race; nor does Christian civilization require their exportation to any other clime."

"Hon. John D. Johnson, of the enterprising Liberian firm of Johnson, Turpin & Dunbar, spoke on the evening of the 20th ult., in the Hall of Representatives, Washington, on the occasion of the forty-fifth annual meeting of the American Colonization Society. He commenced by an expression of thanks of the colonists in Liberia for what had been done for them by the friends of the African race. He had spent ten years in Africa, and deemed himself a proper witness in behalf of the cause. He had seen emigrants from all parts of the world, in all their changes from the first landing, and thought that two years' residence was amply sufficient to bind them to the country as closely as if it were the land of their birth. He thought that the prosperity of the colony would be greatly advanced by the immigration of some of the intelligent colored people in several states. He alluded to the returned Africans, and stated that many of them were rapidly becoming civilized, and had been employed in various useful capacities. Mr. Johnson expressed solicitude for the recognition of Liberia by the Government, and said that Liberians were insulted by no people except the English, until Spain, recently, upon the withdrawal of the United States fleet, had dared to follow the example.

William Wells Brown, the talented lecturer and author, has retired from the service of the Zampillaerostating "Moses" of the Haytian Bureau, and is now lecturing with fine success on literary subjects. Our Paterson correspondent says of his lecture in that city: "It was a splendid success."

Rev. J. Sella Martin is addressing large and select audiences in Great Britain. Our paper of last week contained a notice for a lecture by Mr. Martin, signed by Rev. John Curwen, and which contained a misstatement. Mr. Curwen having become acquainted with Mr. Martin's history, and knowing that he would be glad to redeem his sister and her children from bondage, thought that the occasion of the lecture would be a good opportunity to make an appeal in their behalf. Mr. Martin, seeing the misstatement, informed Mr. Curwen that it was no part of his mission to collect funds for that purpose, and the error was corrected at the meeting and published.

THE NEGROES AT ALEXANDRIA.

In the Senate, January 14, Mr. Wilson read the following portions of a letter addressed to him by Dr. Samuel G. Howe:

"I thank you for your work on behalf of the poor fugitive slaves confined in the jail here." * * "Last June I tried in vain to do something for these victims of our impolicy. I pleaded with one member of the Cabinet to do something for them; and described the condition of thirty-five men, women, and children then held in bonds by the United States marshal for the benefit of their owners. * * * * * *

"But you have appealed to the great heart of the people, and they will cheer you on by a shout of indignation at the atrocities perpetrated under the very walls of the Capitol.

"The same atrocities are practiced under the same authority in the jail at Alexandria, which I lately inspected. The building is a wretched one, totally unfit for a public prison. It seems to have been built in the days when accused persons were considered as public enemies, and to be caged like wild beasts. The cells are narrow, dark, and damp, and the rings and staples fixed in *some of the walls tell their own story*. The internal arrangements are very bad; and the general condition of the house is filthy and noisome to the last degree. Such a jail would be presented by the Grand Jury in any Northern city as an intolerable nuisance. The system of administration is disgraceful to any State claiming to be Christian and civilized. The jail is rented out to an individual for $400 a year, who hires a turnkey and other assistants, and boards the prisoners for thirty-five cents a day.

"In the case of negroes who are arrested for being without free papers or passes, the board is paid by the master when he comes for them. If no claimant appears, and the poor fellow cannot prove that he is free, he is kept until the fees amount to a sum, when he may be sold to satisfy the claims of injustice.

"Among the prisoners are nineteen whose only offence is that of fleeing from those who claimed to be their masters. Some of them have been confined several months; but, in spite of all the horrors of the place, they do not want to be sent back to their masters, because they fear 'being sold down South.' I saw fifteen of these unfortunate creatures, and spent time enough to ascertain the exact truth respecting their history and condition. I examined what are called 'the books,' and such *wretchedly written* memoranda respecting their commitment as exist.

"I had a peremptory order from the commandant upon the jailor to give me all information, and he did so, evidently being in great fear of the authorities. I conversed with the prisoners in his presence, and then alone; so that I got pretty good evidence." * * * *

"Let me note some of these cases to show how loosely injustice is administered in the sacred soil of Virginia by the United States authorities. You may infer what must have been the former state of things.

"The records show that, on the 9th of August, 1861, Cynthia Brent was taken up by somebody, and put in the jail as a supposed runaway slave. On the 29th of August, a Mr. Close, who had owned the girl's father, obtained an order for the chattle, and took her away. She escaped from him, but fell into the hands of her master, Mr. Swan, who brought her, on the 10th of September, and imprisoned her on his own authority, and she is still in prison.

"On the 16th of August, 1861, came one Mrs. Kitson—she ought not to have any Christian name—and claiming four fugitives—two women, one 'boy,' and one child—as her slaves; and, as she paid their board, she took them off, probably to sell them to other 'beasts of burden.'

"June 12, 1861, was brought in Benhood, a fugitive. He was kept nearly five months, and probably began to think he was safe; but, on the 6th of November, one Fleming, claiming to be agent of his master—now himself a fugitive—came with an order from General Montgomery, and carried poor Benhood off to a known fate in unknown parts.

"The persons claiming to own these human beings are, for the most part, rebels, and have fled; the United States acts as jailor, and takes care of their chattels during their absence."

AMUSEMENTS.

FESTIVAL AT ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.—We dropped into this church on the evening of the 21st ult., and found an assemblage present not very numerous, but very select. As we entered, Madame Magnan was entertaining the company with one of her best songs, being accompanied on the piano by her daughter Virginia, who plays remarkably *well for one so young*.

Messrs. Bailey, of New York and Magruder, of Washington, contributed much to the entertainment of the evening.

We noticed present the Rev. Duncan Dunbar and a large number of his congregation; also the Rev. William J. Alstone of St. Philips Church.

We have one complaint to make, and that is—the managers gave entirely too much for the money. The idea of giving two or three cups of tea with bread, ham, oysters, and biscuit, followed by mottoes, raisins, kisses and blanc mange, and all these conveyed to you by some of the most lovely creatures that New York and Brooklyn afford, was almost criminal. Why, the charming manner in which you were waited upon was worth infinitely more than the 25 cents required as a fee of entrance.

The elegance of the affair reflects great credit upon the managers, and will help to make the entertainments given at the Rev. Mr. Raymond's church very popular.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

The Charleston "Courier" has this incident: "A few days since a shell from one of our guns in a battery, not a hundred miles from this city, fell without explosion. It was found by a group of little Africans, who, supposing it to contain something good, put it into a fire and gave it a roasting. Fortunately the explosion which ensued frightened them without serious injury."

The Southern Mothers of Memphis acknowledge the receipt of fifty dollars, through the hands of the Mayor of Little Rock, Arkansas, being the contribution from the negroes of that city for the relief of the Arkansas soldiers.

SONG OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA NEGROES.—When the northern soldiers at Port Royal captured a Southern planter named Cuthbert, his negroes improvised the following song of rejoicing:—

'De Northmen dey's got massa now,
De Northmen dey's got massa now,
De Northmen dey's got massa now,
Glory Hallelujah!'

We have received a private letter from Port Royal, S. C., from an army chaplain, who gives an encouraging account of the fugitive slaves of that place. He speaks with special delight of their willingness to learn; a fact to which all correspondents from that neighborhood bear uniform testimony. He says: "My first spelling-book, given away under the sanction of the Government, was to a very intelligent colored man who had learned to be a good traitor. He had worked for the enemy in Beaufort and Charleston. His wife and two little children had been taken from him by the slaveholders. He is a Christian man. The spelling-book is a Union one! His name is Gabriel Hayne. May God bless him!"—INDEPENDENT.

THE SPIRIT OF EMIGRATION.

We have been favored by a visit from Mr. Wm. L. and Beverly C. Yancey, who are on their way to Hayti. We observe that most persons going to that Island at this time are of a better *class* than those formerly forwarded.

We perceive that the authorities of Hayti desire that there should be a little cessation in the flow of emigration, in order that those who are there should have time to get settled ere any more are sent. They also say that the season has been a very sickly one, and hence both natives and foreigners have suffered; but that latterly the general health has greatly improved.

It will be seen that the local government of Jamaica is also moving to secure a portion of our population. Several persons have already spoken to us upon this matter, desiring to know what advantages are to accrue.

A club, consisting of some of our most intelligent gentlemen, has lately been formed in this city for the purpose of acquiring information in regard to the republic of Liberia. The President of this club is Mr. Jer'h Bowers.

MARRIED.

SPICER, PAYNE.—In this city, on Thursday 23d inst. at Church of St. Francis Xavier, by the Rev. Mr. Moylan, Joshua Spicer to Miss Ellen Payne, all of this city.

LOCHLIN, BRANDON.—In this city, Jan. 24th, by the Rev. David Stevens, Edgar Locklin, of Catskill, to Julia J. Brandon, of Hudson, N. Y.

NORRIS, RUGG.—In Sag Harbor, L. I., Jan 23d, by Rev. Alexander Posey, William A. Norris, of Boston, to Mrs. Mary J. Rugg, of the former place

DIED.

GREEN.—In this city, Jan. 12th, of congestion of the brain, John Benjamin Edward, infant son of John D. and Harriet A. Green, aged 5 months and 3 days.

JOHNSTON.—At the residence of George A. Rice, Esq. Newport, R. I. Jan. 20th, of consumption, Mary Jane Johnston, aged 27 years.

BISHOP.—At Troy, N. Y., Jan. 27th, Charlotte Ann Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of John H. and Mary C. Bishop. Aged 1 year, 3 months and 4 days.

REDDING.—In New York, Jan. 27, 1862, Richard, Jr., infant son of Richard and Hester Redding, aged 10 months and 2 days.

No more the pleasant child is seen,
To please the parents' eye;
The tender plant so fresh and green,
Is in eternity.

Special Notices.

Rev. J. N. Gloucester will Preach in Bridge street Methodist Church, Brooklyn, on next Sabbath Evening.—Subject—The imperative duty of the Government to its Contrabands, and our duty to them and to God.

NOTICE.

We, the Sheba's Court Ancient Heroines of Jericho, return our most sincere thanks to the generous public for their kind patronage on the occasion of our grand Ovation on the 16th of Jan., and are happy to inform the public of the gross receipts, which were $145; but we are sorry that we could not have given better satisfaction at our festival. There should have been plenty for all, but the Committee could not get a chance to serve it in consequence of the crowd being so great. We hope the kind public will excuse us this time, and on the next we pledge ourselves to give every satisfaction

GEORGE SMITH, W. F.

FESTIVAL
FOR THE
BENEFIT OF THE FREEDMEN OF FORTRESS MONROE, VA., AND PORT ROYAL, S. C.

A mental feast and festival will be held at CONTINENTAL HALL, corner of Eighth Avenue and 34th st. on Tuesday Evening, the 11th of Feb., by a Committee of colored ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose of obtaining clothing and books for the Colored Persons lately freed at the above-named places.

There will be speeches by several distinguished persons. Some Contrabands are expected to speak on the occasion.

Rev. H. H. Garnet, Dr. Delany and others are expected to address the audience, after which there will be a variety of Refreshments for sale at prices suitable to the times; and the Festival will wind up with social conversation, singing and promenading.

Tickets of Admission 10 cents

Donations may be left with the Treasurer, Mrs. Martha Ann Porter, 170 West 29th st., or with the Committee at the Hall on the evening of the Festival.

For further particulars see the Circular.

WM. ANDERSON Chairman.
P. S. PORTER Secretary.

THE LADIES OF NEW YORK
WILL GIVE A
GRAND CALICO DRESS BALL,
In Aid of the "Contrabands" at Beaufort, S. C.

On the Evening of Thursday, Feb. 6th, 1862, at MOZART HALL 668 Broadway, opposite Bond street. Tickets $1 including supper, to be had of the Committee,

Mrs. J. H. Jackson, 68 Sullivan st.
E. Parker, 90 Wooster st.
L. Shed, Steamer Empire State,
C. Hopewell, 50 Laurens st.
E. Odell, Mott st.
Miss C. Brace, 50 Laurens st.
Mrs. P. Williams, Corner Putnam and Franklin Avenues, Brooklyn.

The Floor will be under the direction of an experienced Gentleman.

Dancing to commence at 9. Supper at 12 P. M.

The Committee wish it distinctly understood, that Ladies will not change their dresses during the evening. And, it is hoped that those who can afford to do so, will donate them to the relief of those who in the joy of their new born Freedom, are now appealing to the world for assistance and recognition.

The Committee will be happy to receive at their residences articles of clothing from ladies and gentlemen until Saturday, Feb. 8th.

A GRAND GOOD SAMARITAN Re-Union and Entertainment of PURITY LODGE,
No. 3, D of S. I. O. of G. S.

Will be given on Thursday evening, Feb 13th, 1862, at the METROPOLITAN ASSEMBLY ROOMS, 178 Prince street, on which occasion the following Lodges are invited and expected to be present in Full Regalia:

The R. W. Grand Lodge, No. 2. Fountain Union, No. 1. Progressive Union, No. 4, Williamsburg. Rebecca Union, No. 5, Brooklyn. Crystal Fount, No. 7 Newark. Fidelity, No. 1. D. of S. Unity, No. 2, Harmony, No. 4, Newark.

Also the following Tabernacles: I. O. of B. & S. of L. & C. R. W. G. Tabernacle, State of New York. R. H. Cousins, G. W. S.

Henry Highland Garnet Tabernacle, No. 1. J. W. B. Smith Tabernacle, No. 2. Jas. Morris Williams Tabernacle, Brooklyn, No. 3. J. D. S. Hall Tabernacle, No. 4. Margaret A. Jackson Tabernacle, No. 5.

The Entire Building is engaged for the occasion.

A Separate Room will be provided for each Order, to arrange there the Grand Evening's Procession.

Mr. Charles Hornbeck, Grand Marshal for the Evening.

Prof. Hardy's full Band will furnish the music.

TICKETS 50 cents. To be had of the Committee of Arrangement and of the Ticket Committee.

Supper will be served at One o'clock.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Sarah E. Rickets, 249 Houston st. Mary Hopkins, 343 West 26th st. Harriet L. Sandford, 105 West 27th st. Louisa Benson, 44 Leonard st. Jane Crummel, 75 Vandam st. Angeline Thompson, 105 West 27th st. Margaret Hammond, 343 West 26th st.

TICKET COMMITTEE.

Julia Dove, 39 Pell st. Susan Church, 105 Park st. near Mott. Elsie Ann Zabriskee, 241 Second st. Clara Putnam, 131 Suffolk st. Caroline Robinson, 44 Leonard st. Margaret Edgar, 81 Charlton st. Maria Washington, 32 Pell st. Margaret Cefers, 242 Second st. Mary Place, 95 Crosby st Charlotte Aldridge, 245 West 29th st. Hannah Miller, 343 West 26th st. Ann Sisco, 109 Thompson st. Charles R. Hornbeck, 120 West 20th st. Page C. Ridout, Sullivan st. Edward Clark, 107 Sheriff street. Stephen Lawrence, 35 William st. Oliver Holmes, 80 Nassau st. James P. Miller, 91 West 32d st. S. Gray, Broadway. Susan Plant, 97 High st., Brooklyn. Moses B. Coss, 75 South 6th st., Williamsburg.

R. D. KENNEY, Manager.

GRAND MUSICAL AND LITERARY FESTIVAL.
MADAME MAGNAN,

Will give a Grand Entertainment to the lovers of Music and Literature, on Wednesday Evening, Feb. 5th, 1862, in Zion Baptist Church, Rev. J. T. Raymond Pastor, in Sullivan st. near Houston.

The following ladies and gentlemen will lend their valuable aid: Mr. J. W. Jacobs Mr. A. Powers, Mr. G. Bodee, Miss M. Vogelsang, Mr. J. Gambier, Mr. J. Spelman, Miss H. L. Vogelsang, Miss O. Powers, Miss V. A. Magnan.

Tickets 25 cents, to be had of Mr. J. L. Hudson, No. 4 East Houston st., Mr. Drayton, 66 E. Houston, st., Mr. Harris, St. Charles, Broome st., and at the door on the evening of the Festival.

Doors open at 7—to commence at 8.

No postponement.

ARRIVALS

At Mrs. PLANTS' Boarding House:—
Mr. John Brooks, Washington, D. C.
Joshua Simms " "
James Stevens, Norfolk, Va.
Robt. H. Randall, from Monrovia, Liberia.

NOTICE.

The Skating School will be continued hereafter on Tuesday and Friday nights throughout the season.

Admittance on Tuesday night 15 cts., on Friday 10 cts. S. R. SCOTTRON.

PLANE ST. SELECT SCHOOL.
195 PLANE ST., NEWARK, N. J.
MRS. HARRIET E. ROGERS, PRINCIPAL.

The branches taught are Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography and History.

Plain Sewing. Ornamental Needlework, Worsted Embroidery and Fancy Knitting.

Piano Forte, Melodeon, and Vocal Music by Prof. John H. O'Fake.

A limited number of Misses between the ages of ten and fourteen may be boarded in the house on moderate terms. Healthy location, and a fine yard for exercise.

REFERENCES.

NEWARK, N.J.

Rev. E. J. Adams, Jefferson Ellis,
Adam Ray, Abram T. Cook.

BROOKLYN.

Rev. J. N. Gloucester.

NEW YORK.

Rev. H. M. Wilson, Rev. H. H. Garnet.

All letters may be addressed to Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, 194 Plane st. Newark N. J.
27 6t.

WORLD'S FAIR AGENCY.—The undersigned are acting as Agents for Merchants and Manufacturers to Exhibit at World's Fair, and to introduce into England, France and other European countries, articles of American Invention, Procuring Patents, making Sales, or in any way promoting their interests.

DEXTER & CO. 17 Spruce st. N. Y.;
86 Milk street, Boston; 149 S. Fourth st., Phila.
1m3ap.

I. O. OF G. S. AND D. OF S.

Office of the R. W. G., Chief
of the E. D. G. Lodge, No.
75 South 6th st. W'msburg.
Jan 21st.

Whereas the officers and members of Crystal Fount Union Lodge No. 6 of Newark, N. J., have, in proper form, acknowledged the authority of the R. W. E. D. Grand Lodge, and declared their willingness to support the constitution of the said G. L., and to conform to the rules and regulations of the order: Now therefore, I, Moses B. Coss, do by the power in me vested, as he R. W. G. Chief of said Grand Lodge, Union Lodge No. 6. of Newark, N. J. to be this day reinstated under the Jurisdiction of our G. Lodge.

L. S. } In testimony of which I have set my hand, and caused the seal of G. L. to be affixed, this 21st day of Jan., A. D. 1862.

MRS. ELIZA LEWIS' SALVE,
ANDERSON'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,
(New London,)
SPANISH OIL, (For the Hair,)
WHITE'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT,
BRANDRETH'S SUGAR COATED PILLS,
For Sale at the
Drug Store 55 West Broadway
27tf.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Wm. K. De Cordever, 419 South 7th st. is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Anglo-African. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

GEORGE OTON'S
QUADRILLE BAND

BALLS, PARTIES, &c., furnished with MUSIC at the shortest notice.

MR. GEORGE OTON,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St, and with G. Oton.
18tf

WASHBOARDS! WASHBOARDS!! WASHBOARDS!!!—of the celebrated "Hoagland Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

MASONIC
DIRECTORY,
FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st, the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwich, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery. No. 14. Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, N. Y. City.

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

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Poetry.

THE PROHIBITED SONG.

In compliance with the request of several persons, we reprint the admirable poem by Whittier, which the Hutchinson's were not allowed to sing on the other side of the Potomac, Gen. Kearney and Gen. Franklin having solemnly declared it to be incendiary, whereupon Gen. McClellan has forbidden them to sing within his lines at all. Our readers will notice that this hymn is suggested by a famous hymn of Martin Luther :—"Ein feste burg ist unser Gott."

We wait beneath the furnace blast
The pangs of transformation :
Not painlessly doth God re-cast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire ;
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared
Its bloody rain is dropping ;
The poison plant the fathers spared
All else is overtopping.
East, West, South, North,
It curses earth ;
All justice dies,
And fraud and lies
Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-field blades of steel ?
What points the rebel cannon ?
What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the old star-spangled pennon ?
What breaks the oath
Of the men of the South ?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life ?
Hark to the answer : SLAVERY !

Then waste no blows on lesser foes
In strife unworthy freemen.
God lifts to-day the vail and shows
The features of the demon !
O North and South,
Its victims both,
Can ye not cry,
"Let Slavery die !"
And union find in freedom ?

What though the cast-out spirit tear
The nation in his going,
We who have shared the guilt must share
The pang of his o'erthrowing !
Whate'er the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter ?

For who that leans on his right arm
Was ever yet forsaken ?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If He its part has taken ?
Though wild and loud,
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow.

Above the maddening cry for blood,
Above the wild war-drumming,
Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good
The evil overcoming.
Give prayer and purse
To stay the curse
Whose wrong we share,
Whose shame we share,
Whose end shall gladden heaven !

In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumphs and revenges,
While still is spared this evil thing
That severs and estranges.
But, blest the ear
That yet shall hear
The jubilant bell
That rings the knell
Of Slavery forever !

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing !
Before the joy of peace, must come
The pains of purifying.
God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure, and wait, and labor.—Tribune.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HOOKER'S DIVISION, near Budd's Ferry, Charles Co. Md., Jan. 20, '62.

MR. EDITOR : The weather here is very disagreeable—warm, sultry and damp; and the mud is the same fathomless and boundless sea referred to in my last. Within the month past there has not been much firing by the rebels. They seemed to have at last realised the utter folly of wasting ammunition, when their national finances, like our own, are bankrupt ; but the monotony was suddenly disturbed on last Saturday night when the Pensacola passed their batteries ; but, although they hurled messengers of death and destruction at her quick and fast, she passed unharmed.

There is an order here from headquarters to return all slaves to their masters, and to exclude them from the lines. There are upwards of two hundred fugitive slaves hovering around this camp, to which may be added some seventy employed at Liverpool Point by the government unloading vessels, etc. When the division moves, if ever it does, a black army will move with it, and all the Sewards and McClellans in the country cannot halt that army. A case was brought to the notice of the General, which I think compelled him to ask for information. Let me remark here that Gen. Hooker is sound on the question of the vigorous prosecution of the war. He is a regular officer ; but mark me, he will make his mark should he ever get his command on the enemies soil. The case I refer to was that of the slaves of a man by the name of Stonestreet, who owned some nine hundred or a thousand acres of land between Mattewoman Creek and Piscataway, and claimed ownership to about thirty persons. He joined the rebel army last May, and by power of attorney transferred his claim to one Jenkins ; and when this place was occupied by the Federal troops, all of that portion of the estate which may be called 'moveable,' disappeared, with the exception of an old man, a woman and four children. These few that were left behind only because they could not get away, were robbed of all their provisions by some of the members of the Excelsior Brigade, and they were left in a starving condition. No one dared to lay claim boldly to them, and they were forced to come into camp to see whether they could not be sent to Washington, there to be employed by the government. The general could not pass them to Washington because they were the slaves of a citizen of a loyal State, but would give them employment at Liverpool Point. He could take no action on United States soil. As a military commander he could not adjudicate a civil case. The instructions he has received from the Commander-in-Chief to investigate the cases of slaves in his lines, and to employ those whose masters have employed them or are engaged themselves in the rebel service, gives him power, if he chooses to exercise it, to confiscate them. This old man, the woman and children, are now near Port Tobacco, living with some of Stonestreet's family. Parties here have done their utmost to give them a safe passage, but there is so much to do in this direction that they are unequal to the task. We long for a movement anywhere, we don't care where, Northward or Southward.

We have at least one man who is a martyr, so far as position in the army goes. A little boy belonging to a man somewhere in Nansenoy ran away from his master, and was kept by the teamsters of the 11th Massachusetts Regiment. He was captured by the slave-hunters ; came back, and ran away the second time. The slavehunters reported to headquarters that the boy was again amongst them. Col. Vandyke, of the 26th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers ordered Isaac Coburn, of the 11th Massachusetts Regiment, who was boss teamster of the 26th, to search for the boy and bring him to his tent ; Coburn refused, declaring that he did not enlist in the army to hunt slaves, nor would he hunt them for any one, and the slavehounds have tried to disgrace him ; they have reduced him to the , but instead of this being a disgrace to him, it is an honor ; and he may live to see the day when he can look down with contempt on the cringing, cowardly enslavers of men. They took the boy, and will perhaps whip him to death, as was poor Jack Scroggins. If they do not whip him to death he will be back here very soon. There is quite an audible murmur here about the return of fugitives. I expect to see the time very shortly when more than one slavehunter will bite the dust. An officer of high rank told one of them some time ago that in a very short time he would not guarantee his (the hunter's) life five minutes in the lines on a slave hunt.

Last evening the death like stillness which has brooded over the rebel batteries since the passage of the Pensacola, was broken by the most deafening volley of artillery I have heard since I have been here. The sight was truly beautiful. Flash after flash would burst out away across this broad river away in mid air like rockets—the shells would fly exploding with as great a concussion as the piece that discharged them. As the shells pass through the air the sound is startling. As they sonorously ring and whistle one feels as if they were fell demons flying through the air seeking whom they can devour. You may form some idea of their destructive power, when I tell you that if they will burst at the point of contact, say 64 pounder shells, they will plow up the earth to the depth of four feet and form a well three feet in diameter. There must have been an unusual number of vessels passing last night to have called forth such a pyrotechnical display.

I have noticed in the "Anglo-African" of the 4th inst., a letter from Dr. M. R. Delany to Dr. J. M'Cune Smith, and headed "Important Movement." I had made up my mind to call upon our leading men to guide our steps in the present dark and gloomy political wilderness. A convention of leading negroes at this time would wield a moral and political influence in this nation second to none other before convened. The higher the order of talent displayed by its members, the weightier will be its influence. It should not be too Democratic : that is, it should not be composed of a numerous membership ; three persons from each state ; you would thus keep out babblers and asses who wish to hear themselves talk. We want those of our representative men who have shown their ability to grapple with the mighty and momentous issues upon which is suspended the destiny of the teeming millions of our race. The age we live in is truly said to be one of ideas, and it is the aggregation of ideas that constitutes the aegis of power. Three members from each state would be select and sufficiently numerous. Every organised society, whether religious, social, or benevolent, should be taxed with a sufficient sum to publish thousands of copies of the deliberations to be scattered over the world, as the collected wisdom of a people who have resisted and triumphed over the most unyielding despotism the world ever saw—the despotism of American Slavery, and that the time has come when they can dictate terms to the trembling autocrat. I know what I am saying ; the eternal logic of facts tells me that the negro henceforth and forever, holds the balance of power in this country. And I exultingly declare it, and what is more, he is destined to achieve more for the cause of christianity and progressive civilization than the mean money loving Saxon. The loftiest type of human progression cannot be reached by the Saxon. Civilization but makes his barbarism exquisite. Who but polished savages could have spent whole lives in rearing up that monument of shame which the pro-slavery liteature of this country forms. I can speak of one body in Philadelphia, a responsible body, the Social, Civil, and Statistical Association, having the learning and wealth of that city among its membership, that should choose three delegates for Pennsylvania. What do you think of it gentlemen ?

G. E. S.

[From the Washington Republican.]

"WILL THE CONTRABANDS WORK?"

This is the question proposed by several of the Southern correspondents of Northern journals, and while many of them answer in the affirmative, others reply in the negative. A Port Royal correspondent of the Manchester (N. H.) *American*, we see, is furnishing some telling evidence on the subject. The writer says :

Mr. D. M. Robinson, of Manchester has a large number of the subjects of strife under his charge, near Beaufort, ginning cotton. They are to be paid eight dollars per month for their work, (1,) and have the same rations furnished them as are given to all our troops (2.) Some of these fellows work very well, but generally they are on the watch to escape the eye of the overseer, and be off out of the way of all work. Pay seems no inducement. (3) They are born slaves, are ignorant and indolent, and the philanthropist will have a broad field to work in to bring them to a proper state of industry. (4.) Certain emancipationists ought to travel among the negroes south of Washington, to know what negroes are. (5) Hearing will perplex, and seeing obfuscate the whole who are over-worried."

This is a flat contradiction, says the N. Y. *Express*, to many a statement previously published. Nobody, we suppose, will doubt that a man "who has a large number of the subjects of strife under his charge" is a more reliable witness than the newspaper correspondent. (6).—Baltimore Sun.

1. It has been the privilege of the undersigned to make several tours of observation through portions of the Southern coast. I have made full notes of my progress, and speak with a perfect knowledge of all the facts. Without any disparagement to the gentleman named, it should be borne in mind that he has employed the blacks, and writes of them under his Northern experience of labor. It is hardly fair to compare free with slave labor on a basis of eight dollars a month—a trifle over twenty-five cents a day. How many Northern laborers would work, and expect to support themselves and families at such a rate ? Let the prices be comparatively equal, and then the conclusions would be comparatively fair.

(2.) It may be true, in some cases—but it is by no means so in all—that the colored laborers in our lines receive "army rations." I know of one general officer, in a very important post, who gives the negroes (no matter how different the labor required of them may be from that to which they are accustomed) scarcely anything but hominy and molasses. Would Northern laborers be content with that ? They ought to be, if they are to be compared with negro laborers. The negroes are to be required to load and unload heavy cargoes of ships, transport rafts in the water, build entrenchments, and do the hardest kind of work, in the case referred to, mostly on hominy and molasses. Is such a test a fair one ?

It should be remembered, too, that if "rations" are given to the negro laborers, clothing is not. They must clothe themselves in winter weather and at work where there is always a great wear and tear of clothes, the best way they can. Where is the money to buy their clothes to come from, while they have to support themselves and families (and nearly all have them) on twenty-five cents a day ?

3. Why does "pay seem to be no inducement?" For the very good reason "that the negro, let him work ever so hard, has no guarantee that even the small pay he gets will be his ! A general officer, in command of a post where it is hoped by him the vanquished and vanished slaveholders will return, confess their rebellion and have their slaves restored to them, recently informed me that he should pay back to their owners all the negroes might earn ! This fact is soon learned by the blacks : and what inducement, then, have they to labor ? All hope of reward is stricken down dead within them—all motive to industry is utterly taken away from them—and yet they are expected, on twenty-five cents a day, and fed on hominy and molasses, to work like the free and compensated laborers of the North ! Was ever comparison more unjust ?

4. What does this fact prove—that "men who are born slaves are ignorant and indolent?" Does it not prove too much for slavery ?—that if you continue to keep men in slavery you will keep them ignorant and indolent ? To use the apt phrase—it don't prove "anything else ;" and if there is any argument in such a fact to support slavery "I can't see it." Give a man freedom and you remove his ignorance ; give him fair wages, with education, and you remove his indolence—other things being equal. Educated liberty, alone, is "the proper state of industry." All history and experience unite with common sense to attest this to be true.

5. I happen to be one of the "emancipationists" who have travelled "among negroes south of Washington ;" I have lived among them, for years, in this country and in the West Indies. I therefore "speak that which I know and testify that which I have seen," when I put here on record the fact that the negro will work well, when kindly treated and fairly paid. The facts of the case abundantly prove this. It will yet be proved more triumphantly in America.

6. The force of the strained inference of the N. Y. Express is all broken by the single fact that some of the most "reliable witnesses" in the case of the negro laborers, who are "newspaper correspondents," are the very persons who are directing much of this labor. It seems that this gentleman in question, who has so many negroes in charge, is himself a correspondent for the the Manchester Guardian ! I can readily bring thousands of competent witnesses to the stand—officers of the regular army and navy, quartermasters, surgeons, paymasters, colonels and generals who will testify that when well cared for and fairly paid the negroes work to the advantage of the public service.

It will be found, too, as this great struggle for the Union and the Constitution progresses to its conclusion of peace and liberty, that the negroes can do other things to promote it, quite as important as labor.

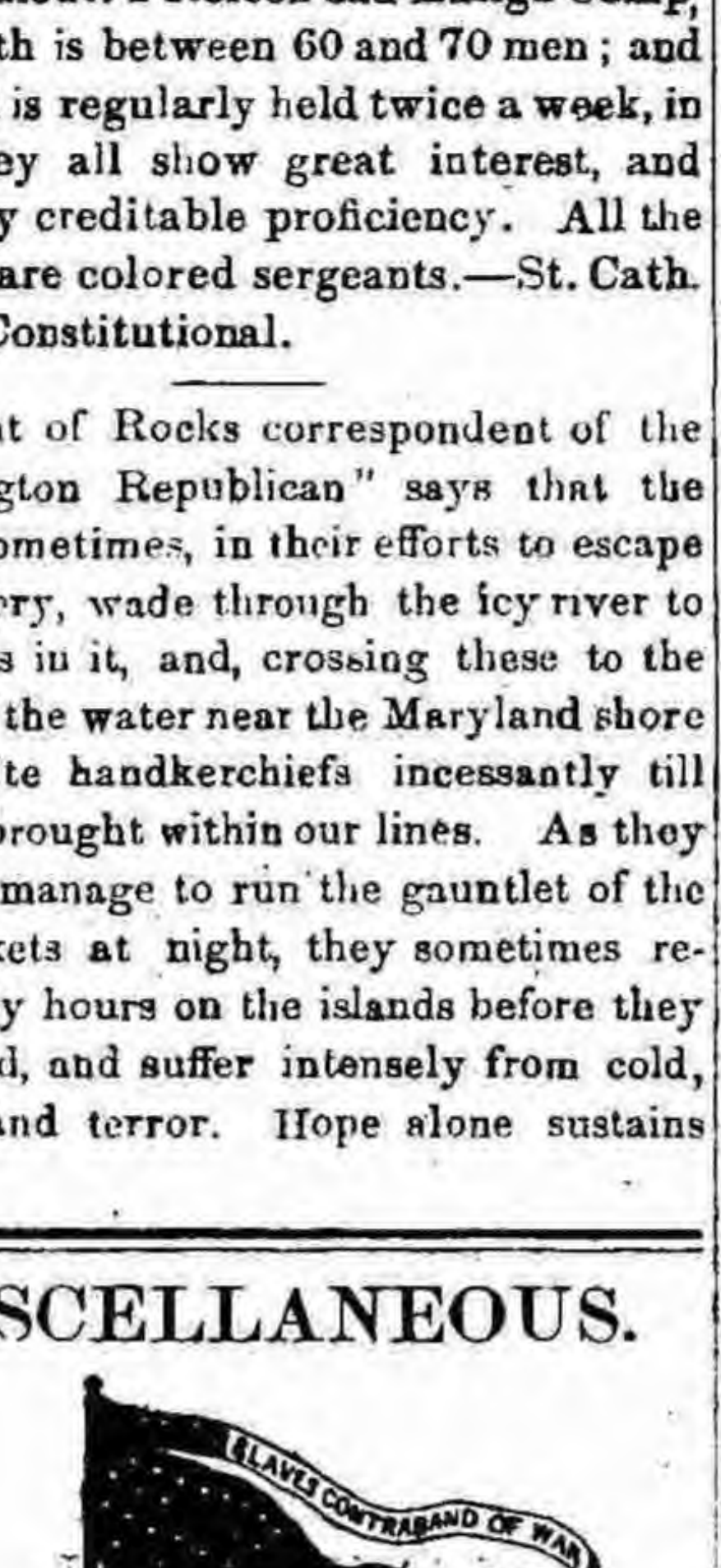
C. W. DENISON, U. S. Chaplain.
from Port Royal, S. C.

CAMPHENE ACCIDENT IN WASHINGTON.—On Tuesday evening, Elizabeth Moulton, a colored servant in the family of Mr. Barrow Frere, on D near Tenth street south, whilst engaged in filling a lamp, near a stove, from a can of camphene, accidentally *spilled a few drops on the fire*, which caused an explosion of the liquid in the can, an in an instant the woman was enveloped in flames. In her terror, she ran to her mistress for aid, and the flames communicated to the clothing of Mrs. Frere, who tried but did not succeed in extinguishing the flames, and was badly burned in the attempt. A son of Mrs. F., trying to rescue his mother, had his hands and arms badly burned. The colored woman ran into the street, and fell ; a gentleman near came to her relief and wrapping his shawl about her, carried her back into the house. It is feared that her injuries will prove fatal.

THE COLORED COMPANY.—This company is placed under the charge of Captain McGhie, Lieut. Peterson and Ensign Camp, Its strength is between 60 and 70 men ; and their drill is regularly held twice a week, in which they all show great interest, and make very creditable proficiency. All the sergeants are colored sergeants.—St. Cath. (C. W.) Constitutional.

A Point of Rocks correspondent of the "Washington Republican" says that the negroes sometimes, in their efforts to escape from slavery, wade through the icy river to the islands in it, and, crossing these to the margin of the water near the Maryland shore wave white handkerchiefs incessantly till they are brought within our lines. As they generally manage to run the gauntlet of the rebel pickets at night, they sometimes remain many hours on the islands before they are noticed, and suffer intensely from cold, hunger, and terror. Hope alone sustains them.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R. DELANY

PART II

Hear the word '—who fight for freedom'
Shout it in the battle van'
Hope! for bleeding human nature '
Christ the God, is Christ the Man:
H BEECHER STOWE

CHAPTER IX.

MEETING AND GREETING.

Maggie having been introduced to the Poet as the cousin of Henry, was without ceremony taken to his father's, the uncle of Placido, and there introduced as the wife of an old friend of his, it being understood that Henry was to remain *incognito*, as they could not possibly have the slightest idea of him. Madame Blake was to remain as a guest, till the return of her husband from a voyage at sea, with which fact the Poet was familiar.

Here everything around was strange to Maggie, who found herself suddenly transferred from wretchedness as a slave on the *hacienda* of Emanuel Garcia, to that of the happiness of a lady in the elegant mansion of one of the wealthiest and most refined black merchants in the West Indies. Everything was kindness and affection, and but for the thought of the absence of her husband for a time, she would have been the happiest of women. But now she had reconciled herself to his course, for since meeting with the Poet, she was satisfied that he was not alone in the important scheme for the redemption of his race.

CHAPTER X.

SEEKING EMPLOYMENT.

With an affectionate leave of his wife, concealing from her his real movement, she rather suspecting his return to America; with sack in hand, Blake started ere a member of the family stirred.

Early this morning a soft rap at the door, aroused the Poet, who lodged in his study.

'It is not possible," said he, on opening the door; 'you are off already?'

'Yes cousin I must be off to meet the vessel in time, as she'll make no delay.'

'That's right, but tell me how you knew of the situation, when you were here yesterday?'

'I knew the place was vacant and a black preferred to fill it, and none other to take it than myself; whom if they could not secure, they intended to sail without the office being filled.'

'That explains. Well I must say ——'.

'Goodbye, cousin!' interrupted Blake, reaching out his hand.

'Goodbye!' responded Placido, when soon Blake was in a diligence hastening on towards Matanzas.

The next morning he approached the vessel lying at her moorings in the harbor; a burly Portugee, an excellent seaman, standing on her quarter deck.

'Ship ahoy!' cried the black in familiar nautical phrase.

'Aye, aye!' answered the Portugee.

'Master aboard sir?'

'I answer to that name; what's the matter?'

'I wish to speak to him.'

'Come along my hardy!' he replied in true sailor language.

Taking from his pocket a certificate of his marine qualifications, obtained when he left the slaver at Florida, and which he always managed to keep from Franks, who had lost sight entirely of it—he presented it, soliciting the situation of sailing master, having learned that the proprietors preferred black seamen.

'You are the very black that I've been looking for,' said the Portugee.

'Have you known of me before sir?' enquired Blake with no little anxiety.

'No,' replied the Portugee; 'but I'm in want of just such a larky as you; a likely good looking black to wrestle with the storms and outrip the hurricanes. By your looks a grin from you would fascinate a mermaid; the flash of your eye obscure the most vivid streak of lightning; and the sound of your voice silence the loudest clap of thunder. Have you ever staid a tempest and quieted the raging seas?'

'No sir;' was the simple reply to all this tirade. 'You are the master commanding, I believe?'

'No; my name is Senor Juan Castello, first mate of the Vulture. Can you remember that?' assumptuously said the Portugee in the true style of a slaver.

'I can, sir,' answered Blake.

'Can you read?' continued Castello.

'Yes sir.'

'What is your name?'

'Henry sir,' Blake now adopting his own name instead of Gilbert, the name by which he went to Cuba.

'Henry what? cant you afford another name? Your daddy must have been a poor man.'

'Blake, sir.'

'Ah! I thought you would be able to raise another. Are you English? I see you have an English name.

'African born sir, and Spanish bred,' was the reply.

'How in the name of St. Peter, did you come by that English name of yours?'

'Henrico Blacus was my name in Spanish, but being much among the English they called me Henry Blake.'

'Ah ha! I see,' replied Castello, with *seeming satisfaction from the interview*; 'been on the coast I see by your papers.

'Yes,' said Blake, 'I have.'

'The coast is divided into three trades ivory, gold, and slave. Which of them have you been in? Do you take?' knowingly explained the Portugee, concluding with that quaint expression.

'I cannot inform you sir,' replied Blake, seizing the opportunity to gain a point; 'in this my honor is at stake. I cannot betray my trust!'

'Good man, and good talk!' exclaimed the Portugee, who had the employment of the hands on board. 'You're the sailing master of the Vulture at your own wages! Doff duds![*] When making a low bow, wheeling around, going down the gangway to the quay, Blake picked up his luggage which had been left ashore, went on board entering immediately on duty.

CHAPTER XI.

COASTWARD BOUND.

The old ship 'Merchantman' fitted up at Baltimore and brought to Matanzas, had been changed in name to 'Vulture,' and a slight alteration from the original intention had been made in the arrangements. Lieutenant Seeley, who was to have filled the post of supercago, through the influence of his lady abandoned the enterprise entirely; passed-midshipman Spencer being appointed in his place. Captains Paul and Garcia, and Royer and Castello, were to be respectively commanders and mates in the order of the list, to represent their national character, as occasion required them to sail under either American or Spanish colors. The most active preparations were being made, and besides the officers already named, there were thirty other whites, many of whom were Americans, all shipped as common seamen, but in reality were supernumeraries retained to meet a contingency and check an emergency such as might ensue, as the real working hands of the vessel were blacks.

All eyes seemed fixed on Blake. His movements were of the most energetic and decisive character, being those of one adapted if not accustomed to give orders. From point to point, giving orders; sometimes scaling the shrouds among the rigging, at another moment mounting the top-masts with an ease and dexterity that astonished the superior officers. An expression of deep concern and anxiety marked the motions of his countenance.

Presently a boy on shore approached, to whom he beckoned, the lad passing quickly up the gangway handing him a note which hastily opening he read; saying in answer; 'Tell her I shant be gone long!' tearing it into fragments and casting them into the water; the boy bowing left the ship.

A fragment of this note fell upon the deck unobserved by Blake, which through curiosity was picked up by Castello, the words on which read.

'Faithfully yours to the end of the war
PLACIDO.'

'A letter from his wife I reckon!' said Captain Paul who had just come on board behind the boy; 'I'm glad you secured him he's a good fellow, all things considered.'

'You know him then?' enquired Castello.

'Yes, yes, he came to Cuba with my company.'

'What in St. Peter can she mean by this termination of the letter! "Yours to the end of the war!". This I cant understand: "Placido," as its signed, I suppose is her father's name.'

'I don't know; his name is Gilbert,' replied Paul.

'Gilbert! he shipped as Henry Blake,' said Castello.

'No matter; I suppose he wants to conceal his identity in the business!' suggested Paul.

'Yes, yes!' replied Castello, 'I noticed he had a good deal of feeling about the thing, and talked about his "honor" being at stake.'

'That explains,' said Paul, 'why his wife covers herself under a fictitious name, and conceals the business he is in, as if he was going to "war."'

'That explains it!' concluded Castello, satisfied with the tattling fragments of the billet.

The vessel was arranged to carry two thousand slaves, with full provisions for a nine months voyage. All things being in readiness and all hands to their posts, with the Spanish colors flying from the peak, under the stern command of Emanuel Garcia who boldly stood upon the quarter-deck to take her out of the harbor, she sailed in April near the first of May, for the Western Coast of Africa.

CHAPTER XII.

TRANS-ATLANTIC.

Scarcely had the Vulture reached the outside of the harbor before Paul appeared with glass in hand, aside of Capt. Garcia, at whose orders the Spanish colors were run down and the American hoisted in their stead. Paul was an able and experienced officer, who, according to usage in the trade, had taken this position as protection against the British West India cruisers, it being a disputed point that they have a right to search American vessels for slaves, however suspicious the vessel.

'A fine breeze!' remarked Paul.

'Quite so,' replied Garcia, who still stood at his side.

'What do you think of the black?' continued Paul, referring to the sailing-master.

'A strange fellow indeed! I cannot understand him. I hope he may turn out all right. I can't understand as you do that signing of the note sent him, 'till the end of the war.'

'That may have been caused by the ignorance of his wife who sent it,' explained Paul.

'Not a bit of it! I know her well. She's far from being ignorant, and knows only too well what to say and how to say it. Besides the note was not from her, but the noted negro or mulatto poet, Placido, an educated fellow who visits among the first white families in Havana, and even attends the levees of the Captain General. I noticed this blunder, but feared to excite the suspicions of Castello and others,' explained Garcia.

'Well really, well really!' said Paul with a tuck of the lips and a sigh.

'There's certainly something brewing among the negroes, as it is not long since much sensation was produced by the appearance of a prayer written by the mulatto poet, in which Heaven was invoked in the name of the slaves of Cuba.'

'It then must mean something more than a negro blunder,' remarked Paul.

'I fear so, really; and we should, in self-defence, if nothing more, keep a strict eye upon him and the negroes on board.'

'I'll go bail for that! Blame me if he escapes the sight of my eye!' said Paul; 'I can see a nigger through the decks!'

'Yes, but you can't regard him as a common negro, Captain Paul—one who possesses his intelligence—and I shall never forget the shrewdness with which he managed the purchase of the girl Lotty. Peter Albertis is regarded as one of the most discreet men, and any one who outdoes him, is not to be trifled with, I do assure you,' said Garcia; 'but——'

'A sail!' cried a voice from aloft,[*] Paul immediately sweeping the ocean with his glass.

'What of a sail, Captain Paul?' inquired Spencer just emerging from the companion way.

'I see a vessel in the distance, a brigantine British flag, by Harry!' replied Paul.

'How does she stem?' asked Garcia.

'She quarters our starboard bow.'

During this time the black sailing master stood upon the forecastle viewing with a steady eye all that passed, while the blacks on board all turned their attention toward him. A change suddenly came over his countenance—a stern look of grim satisfaction; while great anxiety, with flushes of excitement and fear, were apparent among the whites. The secret soon revealed itself. The British cruiser Sea Gull, which had suspected and been watching the movements of the Vulture, had now entered chase after her, gaining most rapidly, when the shaft broke, and the screw was disabled for service. On spreading her sails she was found inadequate to vie with the Baltimore clipper, and was consequently left in the distance, while the slaver proudly riding the waves arrogantly defied her approach.

'There has something gone wrong about her,' said Paul; 'as you see she has hoisted the canvass.'

'If she could catch us every man would be hung,' said Spencer with fright.

'All except the negroes, you mean. These they'd take to the colonies, and put them in office to rule the whites,' sarcastically replied Paul.

The whites raised a shout at the accident to the Sea Gull, which was then very evident. In this the blacks did not participate, being governed entirely by the apparent feelings of their head on board, upon whom they invariably cast a look at every incident. Did he but smile or give a look of approbation, the bland grin was seen to light up the dark gloom of their sombre faces; but did he look grave or ignore by notice passing events, then they too appeared as sad as pall-bearers in a funeral train. All this to the whites was significant and foreboding; but whence the beginning and whither the end, was incomprehensible to them.

The negroes fully understood themselves, as arrangements had been made with the old stevedore, Zada Ghu, who, in connection with loading the vessel, also procured for the Vulture negro sailors, which having been obtained, were assembled at his house ready to start for Matanzas, when fortunately Blake made his appearance just in time to instruct them. They knew their man, and understood themselves, and, so understanding, acted well their part.

For several hours pushing the chase without advantage, the Sea Gull tacked about and was suddenly lost to view. Paul eagerly surveyed the seas, when not but sky and water could be seen. Scaling the shrouds, Blake for an hour or more sat on the mizen-mast scanning the ocean.

The clouds which partially curtained the zenith had disappeared, the sun was fast receding from the horizon, the prospect which had been doubtful now seemed definite, and the beautiful crimson sky splendidly contrasted with the sublimity of the black and gloomy gulf beneath. It was then that the vastness of Omnipotence was felt and realised in all its grandeur, it was then the human heart manifested its most delicate sympathies; it was then that the soul poured forth from its hidden recesses those gifts of God to man, the Divine sentiment of benevolence, philanthropy and charity in tender accents of compassionate regard in Christian solicitude. The soul then dives into the mysteries of godliness or soars to the realms of bliss, when the reflector, for the time, is lost entirely to external objects.

Orders being given for the evening, and Garcia on watch, Paul entered the cabin, taking his seat with more than ordinary soberness, being closely eyed by his ship fellows. Here, quite unexpectedly he acknowledged his error in a matter which all had forgotten, manifested remorse, making admissions which surprised them all. He renounced the traffic in slaves as vile, accusing parties in New York for his participance in it. They first induced him to engage in it, when, finding it lucrative, he had subsequently made it a livelihood. But he would offend Heaven no longer—he had gone his last voyage, and then would have quit, but could not get from the vessel. He would relinquish all agency as far as he could in the interest of the voyage they were then making.

'At an unguarded moment,' said Paul; 'when self-interest was all-prevalent with me, I suffered myself, through political motives, to be forced into this thing, who, like Satan, not content with his own rebellion against Heaven, but corrupted some of the Angels, dragging them from Paradise with him.[*]

Spencer, who was young, regretted the part he had taken in the affair at New York, and hoped that one who had proven herself an honor to her sex, whose heart knew *nothing* but goodness, having, in his estimation, no other attribute than kindness, would forgive him. He had just entered the business of slavetrading; knew nothing about it, and should abandon the enterprise on his return, and sooner, did he have an opportunity of leaving the vessel.

So explaining and understanding each other, they went to their berths to await with anxiety a return of morning. But the blacks and Spaniards, though not intended for their ears, had caught every word that fell from the Americans, to the joy of the one, and the sadness of the others. Joy to the negroes who designed upon the Spaniards, and sadness to the Spaniards who feared the negroes. Though they paced the decks in their respective quarters, as if picket guarding each other, they mutually withdrew for the evening, and rested quietly till duty required their presence.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIGNIFICANT.

Early next morning, the first indication of the kind since the ship set sail, was the attention of the whites being arrested by a merry sea song of the blacks, which they chanted with cheerful glee, and rather portentous mood and decisive air:

"My country, the land of my birth,
Farewell to thy fetters and thee!
The by-word of tyrants—the scorn of the earth,
A mockery to all thou shalt be!
Hurra, for the sea and its waves!
Ye billows and surges, all hail!
My brothers henceforth—for ye scorn to be
SLAVES,
As ye toss up your crests to the gale;
Farewell to the land of the blood-hound
and chain,
My path is away o'er the fetterless main!"—

George Royer, the American mate, full of ardor and patriotism, hastening on deck, commanded immediate silence. Aware of the change that had taken place in his superior, Captain Paul, he felt the more sensible that the song was a taunt by the blacks to the Americans. To this order the negroes paid little attention, but continued singing the more cheerfully. Startling suspicions at once impressed him that the blacks designed a mutiny with the negro sailing master at their head, and Blake now became a dread. Hastening to the master's room and imparting his convictions, Garcia, followed by Captain Paul who also heard the message, was quickly on the deck.

'Silence!' commanded the Spaniard; 'what in the name of St. Joseph does all this mean?' when Blake, raising his hand, the blacks instantly ceased.

'What is the meaning of this disturbance, Blake?' inquired Paul on the negroes' ceasing.

'There has been none, sir!' was the reply.

'Were not the commands of the second officer, Mr. Royer, disobeyed?' continued Paul.

'They were not, sir. 'Less noise' was the command, and they sung easier, though it may have been more cheerfully. My people are merry when they work, especially at sea; and they must not be denied the right to sing, a privilege allowed seamen the world over!'

'Is that all?' asked Paul sharply, who, although declining a participance in the trade of the voyage, still held his commanding authority, representing the American interest.

'It is, sir!' replied Blake with feeling.

'Then I see no cause to fault them! Cheerily, then my lads, cheerily!' said Paul, who went directly to the cabin, when the negroes at the command of their leader commenced more cheerfully to sing:

'O Cuba! 'tis in thee
Dark land of slavery,
In thee we groan!
Long have our chains been worn,
Long has our grief been borne—
Our flesh has long been torn,
Even from our bones!
The white man rules the day

He bears despotic sway
O'er all the land;
He wields the tyrant's rod,
Fearless of man or God,
And at his impious nod,
We fall or stand:
Oh, shall we longer bleed!'—

Do you hear that!' exclaimed Royer, who also had gone to the cabin, but then stood in the companion way in a sulky mood, at the course pursued by his superior, 'these negroes are determined on mischief, and we will have to keep a close watch over them, if we wish to keep gashes out of our throats."

'Let us neither invite nor provoke those gashes to be made, Mr. Royer. Our over zealousness sometimes, in a good or a bad cause, if you please, makes us aggravate the resentment we are endeavoring to stave off.'

'Well, time will show who is right!' concluded Royer, pressing his lips to suppress the feeling.

And so it will as well prove who is wrong" replied the captain in conclusion.

Subsequently both Garcia and Royer became quite pleasantly disposed, treating with civility and even affability, the entire ship's company, frequently jesting with the common seamen with whom they met in the course of their duty. And the negroes, being mostly hired slaves,[*] and heretofore *restricted in their movements* about the ship, then boldly walked at will over the vessel, enjoying all the privileges of common seamen. The tone and sentiment of things had changed, and every one felt himself at liberty; and on terms of friendship with his fellows.

Fine weather and fine sailing now sped the vessel swiftly over the bosom of the ocean, each heart rejoicing, and each feeling seemingly satisfied that—

"No mail clad serfs, obedient to their lord,
In grim array the crimson cross demand.
Or gay assemble round the festive board.
Their chief's retainers—an immortal band."

Though Paul may, and doubtless will be *censured for his course*, and convicted of timidity and weakness, if not cowardice and want of integrity, but the sequel will prove him to have been right, and his course suited to the circumstances.

Among the blacks there was a singular character, comical in appearance, and comic by nature. His wit was surprisingly ready and almost unbounded, and provokingly ludicrous. Irony and satire abounded in almost everything he said, so that he became the attraction of all on board. Both Royer and Costello much disliked him, and fain would have summarily disposed of him, had fears not prevented. Gascar was a youth in adolescence, and being of slightly curved spine, with rather long legs and broad shoulders, though low stature—all of which were congenital—when he spoke and looked up, his expression was most striking, and he knew it.

'What are you doing there, you stack of black cats! Get up out of that?' said Royer, as the boy sat on a coil of rope upon the deck.

'Take 'are dat black cat don't scratch somebody!' responded the boy, throwing up his eyes in Royer's face, at which there was a roar of laughter from the whites present.

'There,' said the mate; 'you see what I told you, Captain!'

'I see nothing, sir; I see nothing!' tartly replied Paul.

'If I had my way, I'd keep the negroes in their place!' muttered Royer, which Gascar hearing, as though he had not noticed it, instantly commenced humming, loud enough to be heard by all—

"I'm a goin' to Afraka,
Whare de white man dare not stay;
I' ketch 'im by de collar,
Den de white man holler;
I hit 'im on de pate,
Den I make 'im blate!
I seize 'im by de throat—
Laud!—he bellar like a goat!"[†]

Hastening away, Royer declared that the only place where a white man was safe, and a negro taught to know his place, was the United States; and he cared not to go, nor to live anywhere else but there. Business alone compelled him to do otherwise, and did he but get back, he would never again leave his native country, as the last few days' experience had taught him no other was equal to it. In his own country a white man was all that he desired to be; and out of it, he was no better than a negro. Such a state of things would not do for him, and he determined never again to place himself in a position to bear them.

'I see —' said Royer.

'A sail!' cried out Gascar, interrupting the sentence, when every eye was again strained over the ocean, and anxiety once more arresting their attention.

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[*] Doff duds—a nautical phrase, meaning 'pull off clothes,' or 'get ready for work.'

[*] Slavers always keep a 'lookout' aloft, as the person is termed.

[*] The author met with an old slavetrading master of a vessel, who admitted his wrongs, and seemed sorely to repent his great sins.

[*] Slaves are kept and hired to parties by the day or month, as a source of income to their master.

[†] This song was sung by a little black boy, sitting by himself on a fence, in the South, musing.

ANGLO-AFRICAN EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY AND ART.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 16, 1861.

MR. EDITOR: Can I solicit a space in your widely circulated journal for the following communication? It has been my earnest desire, for years past, to see in our large central cities, an exhibition devoted exclusively to works of Art, artistic, mechanical, and industrial, either the productions or the *property of our race*; an exhibition whose aim should be to encourage those noble propensities apparent, in our people, and which would undoubtedly not only rescue from perpetual obscurity, many gems of Art, but would inspire a generous rivalry among those who have themselves made great advances in those noble paths. It has always been very striking to me that this exhibition would be eminently successful. Why? because there are artists now among us who would strive to be well represented at this exhibition, by productions of their greatest skill, who would feel as if their whole future fame depended upon their success in excelling the works of others.

The ingenious mechanic, with his useful improvements, his well-contrived machines, his works of skill, would be ambitious to secure himself eminence in his craft. The *possessors of gems of Art* or wonderful pieces of mechanical and ingenious construction, would be most anxious to display their rarities, and *obtain merited* applause for their industrious endeavors in making their valuable collections. Let all contribute to this exhibition, let the nimble fingers of the ladies do their best, for should this exhibition take place, (as I hope it will,) the ladies, who will doubtless be *well represented, shall* receive commendations in proportion to their noble endeavors.

What can I say to back this idea? Were I only to say that it will encourage Art in all its shapes among our race, I had said enough, but see the *other* advantages consequent upon it. You doubtless remember, that Michael Angelo owed his eminence as an artist to the friendly *encouragement of* 'De Medicis;' his talent might perhaps have lain dormant; but encouraged and stimulated by the praises bestowed on the statue of a *satyr*, which he had formed from snow, he rose to the brilliant fame which now irradiates his memory.

May we not, by this exhibition, and by the disposition on our part, to encourage Art, bring into repute talent of the highest order, now unrevealed for the want of encouragement and patronage? May we not, by this tendency on our part *to encourage* all in their efforts, embolden modest merit to *display* its anonymous works in the exhibition? whereas through retiring modesty, want of influence, fear of reproach, and chill *penury*, its works would otherwise never come to light. Many remember the melancholy fate of poor "Corregio," he whose pictures rank highest in Europe; he whose brilliant and unassisted talent has adorned Europe's finest galleries; who died from fatigue in bearing home the bag of paltry copper coins, which miserly compensation was awarded to him for one of his greatest pictures and masterpieces; we look back with disgust on the memory of his sordid patrons. May not the same odium attach to our memory in later years?

Let us now say, that besides encouraging modest and unassisted genius, we can thus bring into more prominent position talent that is already highly developed; talent that has already *valiantly* fought its own way up to reputation, despite the obstacles that encompassed it, and the labors and privations that surrounded it.

It is our imperative duty thus to act; let no sordid considerations withhold us from stretching *out* welcome hands to receive struggling genius—to comfort those faltering from want of patronage, and to enable them to gain the high *goal* for which they were aiming.

What gratification would be our share, if in carrying out this idea, we should cause to spring up among us some "Raphael" of inimitable talent;—some "Titian" who would cause the canvas again to glow with his unrivalled flesh-tints; some "Fra Bartholomeo," *whose* coloring equalled the richness of his own Italian sky; some "De Vanci," who would again display the wonderful form of man in all its glory, and portray his passions with undeviating truth;—some "Murillo," who would refresh the eye with his familiar and pleasing domestic scenes. Again, how well repaid would we be, if we were to awaken into activity some "Fulton," to astonish the world and himself with his invention;—some "Newton," to expound to man Nature's admirable laws; or others, who, thus encouraged, and thus stimulated, would emulate the skill of those great men who have enriched the world by their works.

Here I would also state that this being an exhibition of our own race, we should not be apt to feel backward in asserting our talent by our works. So much for works of Art, Mechanism, &c.

A few remarks may be made as to the exhibition of articles comprising works and gems of Art, now in the possession of our people. Many a masterpiece, for want of appreciation, is left unheeded, to decay among rubbish and ruins. By having this exhibition, we may bring to light some pictures of precious value. Doubtless, many have read of the Spanish beggar whose few things were about to be sold for rent; among them, two gentlemen recognized, in a small and old picture, dimmed by smoke, one of Murillo's paintings. The picture was sold for a sum sufficient to cover the beggar's debts, and render him comfortable for the rest of his days. May not such a fortunate occurrence happen in our day? May we not rescue some master-piece from oblivion, that now adorns the walls of the poor man's dilapidated house? May not even possessors of fine pictures find out, to their own good fortune, that a painting unheeded among their collections, is some masterpiece of European or American Art?

Some may urge the unwillingness of possessors of works of art to entrust them to a public exhibition. Others may urge that sufficient artists and mechanics do not exist in our race, to *justify such an idea; or even* that few among us have works of art of any rank, or worthy of exhibition.

We know that some obstacles will surround such an attempt as this exhibition; but the difficulties before enumerated are too futile to need refutation. The very fact that they are urged by persons, demonstrates *that such* persons have never had an opportunity to judge of these facts; there has never been an occasion where the genius, talent, and acquirements of our race could be fairly represented or exhibited. The authors of works of art or mechanism, after having *completed their* labors, remain still totally unknown, together with their works, excepting to the circle of private friends, and so it is, and *always will be, that* the talent which is now in our people, buried in obscurity and the humble walks of private life, will remain *totally unknown, unless* some manner of giving their talents publicity be contrived.

We know that talent of any rank soever gradually becomes wearied of its own endeavors, gradually wears itself away for want of the stimulus of public praise. We have but few obstacles to surmount, and a great amount of inestimable talent will be rescued from the obscurity of private life—we have, in fact, nothing difficult to overcome *but our own inactivity*; and the dislodging from the names of our people the accusations of want of genius, by presenting *to the world the stern facts* themselves. Let us arouse ourselves from this lethargy, let us stand forward boldly and intrepidly, and *demonstrate the fact* to a biased world, that few works of art, and they far between, having been visible, is owing to our want of encouragement, *and our lack of* opportunity to give them publicity; let us, now that an opportunity presents itself to destroy these selfish *opinions*, make good use of it. Let no consideration withhold us from the attempt, and let us redeem ourselves in the eyes of those bigots who impute inferiority to us of talent, and who, having had rare opportunities of education, have only become as John Randolph said, "like some land in his State, which produced more weeds and stubble the more it was cultivated.'

I hope that our people will seize hold of this plan with their whole soul, and carry it out.

Let us now endeavor to raise deserving and *hidden talent to the rank* it merits. Let us endeavor to arouse all those who, by their genius, are worthy a due share of applause and *commendation*, and thus clearly prove that the genius of our people, if properly cultivated and encouraged, can compete with that of any race or nation. We have but to attempt it, and success is sure. We have but to throw ourselves confidently on our resources, to appeal to the people who will readily answer to the call, and the whole affair will triumph, Art be stimulated, talent rewarded, genius cultivated, and our people made fully aware of their own resources;—these are the fruits of such an exhibition—the objects had in view would thus be fully attained. Another advantage is this: we will awaken in our people a greater love for, and appreciation of, the Sciences and Arts. The more such a *tendency is shown*, on the part of our people, the more Science, in all its handsome developments, will be nourished by them; the greater will be their assiduity in gaining for themselves the inestimable boon of educational improvement and mental culture; for, in proportion to their love of Art, will increase their love of belle lettres, will increase their refinement, until, finally they will become distinguished for their acquirements.

This is the hope which I have nourished for years; its realization would cause me infinite pleasure; and I can see no other mode of diffusing such feeling, but by having such an exhibition as I propose.

As I remarked, an objection may be urged of our lack of artists. Who has not heard of the unsurpassed Chaplin of Huntingdon, Pennsylvania?—the inimitable Duncanson of Cincinnati?—the merited fame of a Simpson of Boston?—the aspiring genius of a Dorsey of Philadelphia?—the well-earned celebrity of a Bowser of Philadelphia,—or of the astonishing Naturalist, S. G. Brown, of Washington, D. C.

We must not expect specimens of the Arts from our race at this exhibition, equalling those of the Saxon race;—they have their colleges, academies, their annual exhibition, to awaken talent, and encourage it on every occasion. We have never had anything of that kind. Let us arouse ourselves, and our endeavors will be highly rewarded with success. Let some arrangement be made to carry out this plan. I think such an exhibition could be easily brought to perfection, by our artists, and others, meeting or corresponding together on this subject. Many of our people, both ladies and gentlemen, will readily assist in the undertaking. They can make all such necessary arrangements as may best suit the purposes desired. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will assist by allowing space for communications on the subject in your valuable paper. Trusting that I may meet with a favorable response, and the object aimed at be eventually, and that ere long, attained. I am your truly,

EDWARD M. THOMAS.

Rev. Mr. Stiggins said: "I am a charitable man, and think every one entitled to his *opinion*; and never have selfish malice against my foes, not even against Mr. Mulberry, who has indirectly called me an old sinner; but still, if the Lord has a thunderbolt to spare, I think it would be well bestowed on brother Mulberry's head."

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

WANTED—MONEY.

The Government is running short of cash. There is a little matter of only fifty millions of the 7.30 per cent loan not yet taken up by the people. The "Tribune" naively asks, "Is there not force of character somewhere in the Government to make an electrifying appeal to the country for an immediate taking up of these fifty millions by every man or woman who has $100 or over to spare, and who loves his country to lend in this crisis, whatever he may? Men in power! do not drift heedlessly, impotently upon bankruptcy without making at least a show of effort to avoid it! Ask the people to stand by themselves!"

Rather a husky sentence that, "ask the people to stand by themselves!" Daniel Webster said, "call upon the people to come to the rescue!" That is full souled and musical; it means something. The "Tribune" is dry and strident, because it twists a lie out of its mouth. It knows very well that it talks bosh, gammon and shrivelling humbug when it calls upon the present Government to electrify the people with a call to aid and support the same.

The Government has done what it could do to check and smother all generous and patriotic feelings out of the hearts of the northern people. It cashiered BUTLER, crushed FREMONT, bowstringed GEN. JIM LANE, upholds the pro-slavery demon, Gen. Stone, who should have been hung for his treachery at Ball's Bluff, drives the Hutchinson's from the camp on the Potomac—how can it, how dare it attempt to arrouse a free people by an appeal to justice or patriotism? Of all the memories of the past, of all the incidents of the present, of all the hopes for the future, there is but one to which through good report and through evil report, in the heat of battle, or the mazes of diplomacy, one alone to which it has been persistently faithful—SLAVERY! And how much patriotism, how much money can it conjure up in the free North, to uphold and maintain Slavery?

It is all very nice to "ask the people to stand by themselves!" They are doing just that thing to-day. And, if, when they "stand by themselves," they do not also stand by the Government, then let the blame fall upon the Government, who have befooled and deserted the people, in order to uphold and maintain the "chief corner stone" of the rebellion. The only people on whom the Government can consistently call for support and aid is the fomenters and upholders of the rebellion to whom they have secured the peculiar institution intact as far as the rebels would let them.

The people of the free States have expended five hundred millions of dollars, have shed their own blood freely to put down this slaveholders rebellion, M'Clellan has three hundred thousand men on the Potomac, Buell and Hallock have two hundred thousand in Kentucky and Missouri, Burnside is thundering at the gates of the old North State, and a slave auction is held within hearing of his guns, and likely hands bring fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars a piece!

It is to the people of the South then, the slaveholders themselves that the Government must make their appeal for money. They have got all the men, and we hope and pray that they have also got all the money which the free North will give them until they begin in earnest to put down this rebellion by beginning to put down slavery.

If the Government would get money, the way is easy: let it be true to its own position, true to the people whom it represents, and of whom it is the executive; what a purblind farce it would have been, had France and England carefully guaranteed serfdom to all the Russians while making war upon that great empire! How much wiser is it for the Lincoln Government to guarantee slavery in the present rebellion?

If the Government would get money let it manifest good faith towards those ideas upon which it is based and by which alone it can be upheld.

1st. Let it abolish slavery in the District of Columbia.

2d. Let it abolish slavery in the United States.

3d. Let it confiscate all the territory held by the rebels.

4th. Let it declare all such confiscated territory to be public lands and pledge the same, and the proceeds thereof when sold as the guarantee for the payment of a great NATIONAL LOAN.

5th. Let it issue treasury notes, and bonds receivable in payment for such lands when preempted or otherwise sold.

With such guarantees, the money would be forthcoming, at home and abroad. At home, *faith* in the Government would be restored, and the private hoards even to the last old stocking would be freely yielded up to a guaranteed hope for a peaceful and prosperous future. Abroad the glory of a free country would commend the credit, that is the faith, which the schooling of the nineteenth century has taught capitalists, can alone be granted to the even distribution, the subducted antagonisms, between capital and labor, which can only exist, where a free people cultivate a free soil.

SWIFT RETRIBUTION.

For time immemorial the people of the North have been bowing down to the slaveholders of the South, and doing whatever dirty work they wanted done. No proposition which they choose to submit was too base for the North to carry out. In vain did our fathers protest against such conduct, even before the Abolitionists were heard of, but their appeals and protestations were made in vain. The North continued in its course electing Southerners, or, if not, a Southerner, some Northern lick-spittle, to the higher offices of Government; and these men being the slaves of the slave power, followed most faithfully its behest. Three-fourths of all the offices in the gift of the General Government were filled by slaveholders, whether Army, Navy or Judicial. Now, behold the consequence. Almost all the officers being from the South, have not only forsaken their duties, but are now doing their utmost to sacrifice the country, and to crush out the principle that has given it vitality and renown; and the country is now trembling on the very brink of ruin, just because the North would not listen to the warning of the ever loyal, though deeply injured, black citizens, or to the pleadings of the Abolitionists. We doubt if national retribution ever followed so closely on the heels of national derilection of duty; but this people have yet the power to save the country—to save civilization, if they will but exercise it—but whether they will do so, the future only will show. If they arouse to the calls of duty—if they will listen to the voice of conscience—they may not only save themselves, but may also assist in saving this continent from the ravages of Slavery, and Africa from the terrible scourge of the slave trade. May God, in His infinite mercy, give this nation the will to act "in the living present."

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HOOKER'S DIVISION, near Budd's Ferry, Charles Co. Md., Jan. 29, '62.

MR. EDITOR,—It seems to me that the elements do really conspire against the Union arms. It was said, and with apparent good reason, that so soon as the frost hardened the roads sufficiently to admit the transportation of artillery and baggage rains, the Grand army of the Potomac would make an advance. But since this declaration was made Jack Frost has become refractory, in the dark hours of twilight he breathes a fragile firmness, a sort of crust over the soft yielding mud, which is dispelled by the sun's first rays. This alternate thawing and freezing does more to render the road impassable than if the atmosphere continued above the freezing point. Thus Jack Frost has become, instead of an ally, an alien to the Federal cause.

If Manassas Gap, or even Richmond, the metropolis of rebeldom presented an easy conquest, this army, this "slumbering giant," could not budge an inch: here it would have to lie at its huge length, barricaded in the mud.

I committed an error in my last, please correct. Francis Coburn, should read George Coburn. I will make a few remarks upon this case, so that there shall be no misunderstanding of it. An order was sent up to the 26th Regiment Pa. Vols, by Gen. Hooker, to send outside the lines a boy who was claimed as a fugitive from slavery; this was the extent of that order. Lieut. Col. Vandyke, who is ever ready to do the bidding of slave master and kidnapper, transcended the intent and spirit of that order by ordering this teamster to bring the boy to his tent, for the purpose of handing him over to the pretended mas'er; thus constituting himself without any authority a judge and a civil magistrate. His duty, according to General Hooker's own statement was to have dismissed the slave catchers, to have had no communication whatever with them, and to have sent the boy with a corporal's guard outside the regimental lines; but the poor, old, imbecile fellow was so ignorant that he did not know his duty in a case so plain as this. George Coburn knew that General Hooker nor Colonel Vandyke had any shadow of authority to command him to become the enslaver of men, and he peremptorily refused to obey the order of Colonel Vandyke; and it was for disobedience of this infamous order that he was disrated. Mr. Coburn belongs to 11th Regiment Mass. Vols. (Col. Blaisdell)

We have the boy who was kidnapped, through the connivance of a certain officer belonging to the division, again with us. He was discovered about fifteen miles from here, in the custody of one James Maddock, a regular kidnapper, an associate with Skinner. This Skinner has already served a term at the Richmond jail for kidnapping I may remark here that this Maddock was in company with the parties to whom Vandyke surrendered the above mentioned slave. As soon as the boy was discovered they removed him from Maddock's house to Skinner's. Col. Small, on hearing of the boy's disappearance became highly indignant, and sent over to Skinner's and had the boy brought over to camp in a most deplorable condition. He met with a terrible accident playing with a miniature cannon. He received a whole charge of powder in his face, and will lose the sight of both his eyes. This is most terrible. He is an intelligent boy and about twelve years of age. I will give his own statement verbatim:

"My name is James Henry Barnes. My mother and father are dead. Her name was Sarah Barnes. Before she died we lived at 110 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington city; after her death I was sent to the poor house. I left there and came iinto Camp Union last October, and have been with the division ever since. Maddock asked me whether I would like to live with him, and said he would give me a horse to ride, plenty of good things to eat, plenty of fine clothes to wear, and he bought me about a half dollar's worth of cakes and candies. He asked me to get in his wagon; I got in; he took me to his house, which is about fifteen miles from here; I staid there about three weeks; he sent me from there to Skinner's, and about an hour before I was brought away from Skinner's I got my face hurt. Captain Webb and Lieutenant Snow were at Maddocks house when I was there; they told me to take care of their horses. Captain Webb and Maddock are old cronies; I overheard Maddocks say that I was worth one hundred and eighty-five dollars."

This is the lad's statement, which was not even shaken by cross-examination. While the case is a plain one, and the facts prove beyond a shadow of doubt that this boy was kidnapped, yet it is impossible to bring the parties to justice. But while justice sleeps the moral turpitude of this act fastens upon the participators in the deed the ineffable scorn of all true and honest men. I pity the boy—for he is doomed never to see the light of day—he is stone blind for life. He is well cared for however, and is attended by a skilful army physician, who takes great ineerest in his case.

G. E. S.

P.S Jan. 30th. A couple of "Secesh" ladies were brought into camp this morning. Upon information of a slave by the name of "Jim," they were arrested for furnishing aid and comfort to the rebels.

Among other things, about thirty pairs of stockings were found on their premises already labeled C. S. A. One of them admitted that she had a brother in the rebel army, and when they rode past the Union flag one of them turned up her nose in contempt for the stars and stripes. The slave catchers are expected here next Saturday in pursuit of "Jim," but a thousand hearts are pledged to secure him his freedom. Returning fugitive slaves is growing daily to be up hill work.

G. E. S.

A COUNCIL NEEDED.

MR. EDITOR: The emigration or non-emigration of the colored people from the United States, intensely engaging, as it does, the attention of the American public as well as others outside of the Union interested in, or inimical to, the well-being to persons of African descent, surely no intelligent and enlightened man of color can at this juncture assume a *nonchalant* attitude with respect to the position of the respective parties in the controversy who present themselves and their claims to the consideration of those whom the question concerns.

It must be obvious to the most indifferent observer that the solution of the emigration problem is attended with insuperable difficulties, if the futile attempts at solution made by the most distinguished men of learning and genius during a series of years be taken into account; and I will affirm that the man who shall arise and exclaim 'Eureka' would be entitled to the eternal gratitude of his race, and the plaudits of an admiring world.

But, in this, I confess, we shall be doomed to disappointment, unless the respective chiefs alight from their respective hobbies, and, flinging away their favorite notions of expatriation (which appear, to say the least, too much like quixotism), meet on one broad unsectional platform, there to devise some rational plans or schemes that would meet the approbation of those for whose advantage they are so zealously and arduously laboring.

'Tis not, Mr. Editor, my intention to enter into a discussion of the respective claims of those who present themselves to us for our suffrage; for, it is evident, that unless there be an amalgamation of the discordant elements, and a basis of operation, which shall meet the common sense view of the Democracy (whose fate is at issue), firmly and broadly laid, no one need anticipate for years yet to come the realisation of any hope in regard to the amelioration of our condition here or elsewhere—or worse, a settlement of the question now at issue.

This matter has already occupied the consideration, and engaged the ablest pens, of talented men on either side—with what result everybody knows.

Yet, I will, for my part, say that the scheme of Dr. Delany mooted in his letter to Dr. J. McCune Smith relative to the calling of a council of gentlemen interested in, and devoted to, the regeneration and elevation of our people from all the States appears to be the best adapted to the present exigency.

After the soil of fair Albion had been for years deluged with the blood of her noblest sons in the wars of the Roses, the astute and politic Henry Tudor (the 7th Henry of England), on coming to the Throne after his victory at Bosworth, married the Princess Elizabeth of Cambridge, and thus united in their persons the complicated and rival interests of the houses of York and Lancaster, and forever buried the demon of fell war; thenceforth the prosperity and elevation of England amongst the nations of Europe was secured.

Cannot the talented and learned sons of Ham among us, who are sundered by their adoption of rival plans—their devotion to clashing interests—their obstinate prosecution of impracticable schemes—do more to retard the achievment of the noble work they have undertaken than the most sanguine evil-wisher could desire? Cannot they adopt a different and more liberal mode of procedure, such as would command the confidence of our people, and be conducive to the common well-being of all concerned?

It is lamentable to think of the precious time that has been frittered away—splendid talents misapplied—noble lives sacrificed in the fruitless attempt to climb mountains of difficulties accumulated by the vain fantasies of the men who ought to be the leaders and regenerators of their people.

May I then, as one deeply interested in the vital question of our people's elevation, direct the attention of your readers to the judicious scheme of Dr. Delany, adverted to above, as in itself simply practicable, and calculated, if unselfishly carried into operation, to effect much good?

VERB. SAP.

LETTER FROM PATERSON.

PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 1st, 1862.

MR. EDITOR—The colored young men of this place having made arrangements for a course of lectures, the first of the series was delivered in the Godwin street Church, on Wednesday evening, 29th ult., by A. P. Smith, of Saddle River. Subject: "The War." The others of the course will be given by the Rev. Mr. Scudder, of Passaic, and Messrs. Wm. Van Renselaer and Wm. H. Hopper, on subjects that will be announced in due season.

I was astonished at seeing in the "Pine and Palm," a notice of an alleged colony of emigrants to Hayti from this place; but would have considered it more reliable had it informed us who the colony consists of, and when they intend to sail. I will be on hand to see them depart, certainly, if I only can find out when they are about to leave. But the truth is, Mr. Editor, the announcement of a colony from here is only one of those stupid canards the Rev. Redpath will persist in setting afloat, notwithstanding his conversion to the "Higher Insight." There is not a single person that intends going. As his correspondent says, a Club was formed, not to emigrate, but to consider the question; but it soon died a natural death.

OCCASIONAL.

ANOTHER CHAPTER OF REVELATIONS BY REDPATH—"HOLY SUBMISSION," &c.

MR. EDITOR.—I find a continuation of Mr. James Redpath's "Higher Insight" in his "Notes of the Movement," dated Jan. 18th, the "Preparatory Word" having naturally led the way to the "Word to our Friends." A careful perusal of this "Word" can hardly fail to remind the reader of some of the "movements" of Moliere's Quack. That individual on being reminded of his mistake in locating the heart on the right side and the liver on the left, makes the famous reply: "Yes, indeed, the heart used to be on the left and the liver on the right as you say; but we have changed all that!" *Nos avous change tout cela.* So, you know, resistance to tyrants was once obediance to God; but, it seems, Mr. James Redpath has changed all that now, changed it with a single scratch of his pen, and henceforth you, and I, and all of us, must be governed accordingly.

"Holy submission," which is now inculcated by the weeping prophet, like the "Higher Insight," is calculated to keep the slave in chains, and insure the safety of the Covey's and Legree's of the South, and Mr. Redpath, if he possesses the practical mind of which he so frequently boasts, must know as well as everybody else, that it can have no other effect. With the "Higher Insight" for the free, and the "Holy Submission" for the slave, the chain is complete.

But, continues the Revelation, resistance to the cruel wrongs of slavery, is "disastrous" to the character, &c. Was it, I would ask, "disastrous to the character" of the slaves of Hayti, when they rose in rebellion against their oppressors? Or, was it "disastrous to the character" of Frederick Douglass, to refuse a "Holy Submission" to the brutalities of brother Covey? It is hard to suppose that anybody but a knave or fool can answer in the affirmative.

But, the "Word" goes on to say, we, Mr. James Redpath, are under the control of a spirit, and have withdrawn from politics; why should we interfere? Aye, why? American politics are impure, mercenary selfish, they consent to leave thhe slave in his chains; why should Mr. Redpath, with his "Higher Insight," interfere? To do so would be coming between the tyrant and his victim.

About that spirit with which the weeping apostle is possessed, one thing at least is certain: it has a keen eye to what it considers the interest of one Mr. Redpath, leading him to James Gorden Bennett's summersaults, and causing him to eat his former spiritual utterances as submissively as Ancient Pistol, whom in his speech concerning opponents he so much resembles, did the leek. Were it not for this fact, it would be charitable to consider his incongruities as the result of insanity; but the pretence of being controled by a spirit, one day to favor resistance to slavery and the next a "Holy Submission," shows more of the mountebank than the fool.

The intimation that he will probably soon withdraw from the Haytian movement need occassion no surprise. Having sucked the Haytian orange dry, of course our seer will have another revelation, for it seems the "higher" the pay the "higher" the "insight."

Mark these words: He will abandon this Haytian scheme to morrow if the pecuniary motive is withheld, or if he can obtain the appointment as Chief Overseer in carrying out the Lincoln colonization scheme, as proposed in his message.

Excuse my troubling you with so long a notice of the vagaries of one whose only claim to a moments consideration consists in his improper intermeddling with affairs that do not concern him

A. P. SMITH.

Saddle River, N. J.

THE CONTRABANDS AT FORTRESS MONROE.

In the same speech in the Senate last week, in which he read a letter in relation to the Alexandria jail, Mr. Wilson read the following from a letter, which he said was from "a gentleman of character" at Fortress Monroe:

"The 'contraband' system is but another name for Government slavery. And whether the plan on which the system is worked be better or worse than it might, it cannot be other than evil while it is a slave system in the hands of military officials. One of these officials, who is on familiar terms with me, expressed his conviction that the Government had already made at least fifteen thousand dollars out of these Government slaves. General Wool stated yesterday that there is now a fund of $7,000 on hand from the avails of their labor. And yet the Government has laid out no expense on the women and children that do not work for Government, or have none to work for them, many of whom are suffering for want of comfortable quarters and clothing. Nor will the authorities allow charity to come in and make up the deficiency of Government about the fort, in supplying clothing, lest it should take away an incentive to labor for Government. No money is promised to women who work for Government, and the only stimulus afforded is clothing, and if clothing were given indiscriminately to all who need, the women would prefer to work for officers and soldiers, and get a little pay for it.

"But Government does not even pay many of the men in the employ of Government the small pittance of two dollars cash per month. Two men in the engineer department, at work on the railroad, told me yesterday that they had worked since the 13th of July, and had not received a cent, and they did not know any in the same gang that had. And many of these men have families in want of support. And now a change has been made in the commissary department, and I have heard that in the section outside of Old Point bridge, where most of the families are, the rations are to be reduced from five hundred to fifty, and that many of the families whose male head works for Government will be denied rations, and there will be great suffering.

"There are also great abuses practiced by subordinate officials in whipping and bruising the slaves. They have been knocked down with clubs, and they are cursed and otherwise abused in a shocking manner.

"No wonder, then, that one who knows told me that their number had greatly diminished within a month or more; a large number having become missing, how, he knows not; perhaps by escaping to the North.

"I have not heard of any going back to Secessia; but I have heard some of them say, with tears, that they never were treated as hard in slavery. Yet they cling to the Union as the sheet-anchor of their hopes of liberty, waiting for deliverance.

"Now, is it policy (not to speak of principle) to treat this people so? And is Government thus a great practical slaveholder? Will you not move for an investigating committee to come to Fortress Monroe and search into the facts of the case—not simply among officials, but among the people themselves, and those who feel interested for them."

AN ANGLO-AFRICAN EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY AND ART.—Elsewhere in our columns will be found an article from the pen of Edward M. Thomas, Esq., of Washington city, suggesting the getting up "in one of our large central cities an exhibition devoted to works of art, artistic, mechanical and industrial, either the production or the property of the race." We must say that this certainly smacks of the practical, and is a suggestion, although not entirely new—for gentlemen in this city commenced moving in the matter weeks ago—the writer may rest assured will be carried out before the expiration of this year. An organization is now being formed, and in a few days a plan will be presented to the friends of the project for their endorsement; in the meanwhile, we would be glad to receive the views of all interested in the movement, and any information bearing thereon, such as the names of parties who would be likely to contribute articles for exhibition or means to secure its success, would be acceptable. Let us take hold of this matter in earnest, and not suffer an enterprise of so much importance to be lost sight of.

FESTIVAL OF THE BENEVOLENT DAUGHTERS OF CONFERENCE.—The [illegible] society gave an entertainment on the evening of the 30th ult., which, we hear, was pretty well attended, but not receiving the courtesies usually extended to the Press we can say nothing more about the affair.

From the Washington Republican.

KANSAS—THE WESTERN SLAVES.

The Governor of Kansas estimates that, during the year 1861, ten thousand white Union refugees, from Missouri and Arkansas came into Kansas, and five thousand fugitive slaves, principally from Missouri.

Of the two classes, as we learn from various sources, the white refugees arrive in the greatest destitution. The slaves in many instances, were laden with the "spoils of the Egyptians."

The accession to Kansas of this amount of black labor, was very opportune, and most gratifying to the people of that State. Without it, they would have been quite unable to have secured their crops during the last fall, so many of the whites being engaged in military operations. The people of Kansas have no prejudices to conquer, in paying a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, to anybody, white, black, or copper-colored, who is able and willing to work.

The character of the negroes employed by the Missouri and Arkansas farmers, is quite different from that of the slaves employed in large gangs on the great plantations in the Gulf States. The Missouri and Arkansas negroes, so far as they are owned by small agriculturists, which is largely the case, work with their masters, with whom they compare very well in intelligence, and to whom they are not much inferior in literary cultivation, the amount of that possessed by either being next to nothing. As a rule, these Missouri and Arkansas negroes are as good farmers as their masters, as well able to take care of themselves, and even more industrious and more thrifty. What is true, in this respect, of the Missouri and Arkansas negroes, is true of the same class of persons in Texas.

As the entire abolition of slavery west of the Mississippi river is a probable, and (as we believe) an impending event, it is gratifying to believe that the slaves to be liberated, will prove to be good laborers and farmers. The space over which they may be diffused is so vast that their presence will, however, be scarcely felt, either for good or evil.

By the census of 1860 the number of slaves was—

In Missouri	114,965
In Arkansas	111,104
In Texas	180,682

This number of persons is quite inconsiderable, compared with the area between the Mississippi river and the Rocky mountains, and extending from the Gulf to Mexico to the north line of the State of Missouri.

An Amusing Incident.

MR. EDITOR.—There is nothing at present going on in Bethlehem worthy of remark. Skating has been spoiled by the recent snow, and horseflesh being rather expensive, sleighing is a luxury rarely indulged in. I believe there has been only one party of colored gentlemen from Bethlehem this winter, which little affair proved more ludicrous than otherwise. The party proceeding from Bethlehem to Allentown stoped at the Eagle Hotel for supper, which was washed down by very strong coffee, and something else equally as strong. While at the Hotel, one of the gentlemen who wore a very ample raglan overcoat, appropriated the gong and concealed it beneath one of the seats in the sleigh. On the road from Allentown to Nazareth the gong was brought from its hiding place and its metal severely tested. The horses not being accustomed to a noise of that kind make an attempt to run away, which proved abortive, on account of one of them being rather aged, he having been so fortunate as to have been born sometime in the latter part of the last century.

After the party's return to Bethlehem, it fell to the lot of the gentleman with the spacious overcoat to stable the team, while the remainder of the party withdrew to the housa. After an interval of an hour or more Overcoat not making his appearance, some of the gentlemen went to look for him when it was ascertained that he, upon ascending into the hayloft with the intent of putting hay into the rack for the horses, had tumbled in himself, from whence he was extricated with difficulty.

The horses not being carniverous in their taste, he was in no danger of being eaten.

After carrying the gentleman to the house and giving him a complete thawing out at the stove, the question arose whether he fell in the rack from the effect of the something strong taken at the Eagle Hotel, or from the loss of equilibrium, he having a very large head.

S. E.

Bethlehem, Pa., Jan. 26th, 1862.

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY READING CIRCLE OF SHILOH CHURCH.—Pursuant to a general invitation given by the Rev. Mr. Garnet, a large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at his residence on Monday evening, notwithstanding the storm, and inaugurated what promises to be a very useful movement. The exercises consisted of singing, prayer, and the study of the Scriptures. 2. An Essay on Thought by Mr. Geo. H. Hurd; an original Poem by the Pastor; Reading by Mrs. Thompson and Miss Rook. 3. Singing and conversation.

Mr. Hurd was elected Prefect; Miss Sarah Rock, Scribe; Mr. John Stackhouse, Assistant; Mr. John J. Johnson, Treasurer. The circle will meet every Monday evening during the season, and is free to all without distinction.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE NEW YORK SOCIAL CLUB gave a grand invitation assembly on the evening of January 28th to the Victoria and Everett Club. A fine report of the affair has been furnished by a gentleman, but we having a rule requiring pay for such matter, and he, of course, not feeling disposed to expend time and money for an association of gentlemen abundantly able to look after their own disbursements, it does not appear. We will state, however, that on the occasion, the ladies made a fine appearance, and enjoyed themselves in a great degree. Since the above was put in type another report has been furnished and duly provided for. See amusements.

ASSEMBLY OF THE N. Y. SOCIAL CLUB.

MR. EDITOR.—Being in the city from the rural District, and learning that a grand return Complimentary Ball was to be given to the ladies of the Victoria Club, by the Gentlemen of the New York Social Club, and having the good fortune to receive a CARD, I made my appearance on Tuesday evening, Jan. 28th, at the place announced, and attended the first Ball since my return to this country after a long sojourn in Europe. I was ushered in the room by the reception Committee, who were all attention.

The Hall was brilliantly illuminated, beautifully festooned and ornamented with devices; to the left as I entered appeared in letters of silver, "Welcome Victoria," to the right "Welcome Everett,' in the front "N. Y. Social Club." My eyes then fell upon the guests;—the fine womanly and manly proportions before me, and the ease and grace with which they moved, could only be contrasted with the beautiful display and fine taste in dress so common to all in the room, with but very slight exception.

The officers of the New York Social Club are as follows: F. B. Voorhies, Prest.; M. S. Dillon, Vice Ppresident; Stephen West, Treasurer; Henry Jones, Secretary.

I made some inquiries of a tall well formed gentleman near me, as to the parties in the room. (I learned afterwards that the gentleman spoken of is known as "the Duke" or Pemberton as some call him.) I inquired if any of the ladies were foreigners—no says he, but I can give you the city district of some of them—and I noted the following among many equally worthy of notice:

From the Washington District, Madam W——s—Prest. of the Victoria, looking robust and healthy, wore white glace silk—very becoming.

Madam G——k—a very pretty dress tastefully trimmed.

Madam P——ll—(Bride,) white crape embroidered elaborately over white Leece Skirt, charming in person and dress. Decidedly the Belle of the Ball.

Madam V——s—blue Grecian silk, white twilled overskirt, looped with black velvet bows—very tasteful.

Madam B——t—Pink Glace, Silk Opera Cloak—*a la negligia*—very pretty.

Madam L——s—Peach Blossom Silk very rich.

Madam R——y—French Glace Silk, Chintz Figures, very pretty.

Miss K B——n—Pink and White Tarleton with a silk ruching head-dress, very becoming.

From the York District and vicinity; Madam J——s—white Tarleton, exquisite trimming, decidedly handsome.

Madam D——n—yellow Tarleton dress, vine trimming, hair very tastefully arranged.

Madam H——ll—neat Tarleton dress, simple and neat.

Madam C——s—Salmon colored silk, trimmed with black velvet, a la Pompadore.

Madam W——n—Chene silk, very tastefully arranged.

Miss B——e—White dress, black sash in excellent taste.

Madam G——ll—Black lace dress with bouquets of flowers surrounding the skirt, a la Parisian.

From the Chelsea District (up-town.)

Madam D——d—Steel gray poplin, very neat.

Miss P——n—Embroidered Indian corn colored crape—looking very neat and attractive.

Miss M——tt—Handsome white dress, blue trimming and bodice.

Just at this juncture in our conversation the ubiquitous and vigilant President of the club came near us and announced [illegible]; I soon learned that that meant supper. We were marched to an upper room, and the guests were seated to an entertainment worthy of [illegible] and the party. no Beast, bird, fish, and every animal production were drawn from; and the richest confections, with splendidly adorned pyramids, graced the table; and the flowing goblet filled with the rich nectar that Jupiter sips.

The ante or reception room was nicely carpeted, and on a table there was an antique punch bowl filled with the delightful beverage, placed upon a silver tray, with cake-basket to match, filled with fancy cake, to which the guests repaired during the intervals of the dance. There were one or two gents that seemed inclined to be odd; one appeared in a bear coat; another little philosopher had a side pair of green specs.

However, let us go to the supper table, and we shall hear the Ladies' Club complimented; and, in turn, the ladies complimenting the gents, and both hinting at consolidation.

One lady appeared as a spectator, but the Committee were too polite to allow such retirement, and successfully urged her to become one of the company, being invited.

The order of dancing was a novel arrangement (in gold), gotten up by our distinguished printer, J. J. Z., of Canal street it was both useful and ornamental, serving for a fan as well as an order. The ladies were so delighted with them that it was impossible for your correspondent to secure one for himself. CHESTER.

Speech of the Hon. John A. Bingham.

We have been favored by the author with copies of a speech made in the House of Representatives, Jan. 15th, by the Hon. John A. Bingham of Ohio, in favor of *emancipating the slaves.* It is a strong speech, and we regret that from the want of room we are unable to give it entire to our readers. The following is an extract from it:

Pass your laws liberating the 4,000,000 slaves held by the rebels, and thereby break every unjust yoke in that rebel region, and let the oppressed go free, in obedience to that command which comes to us as a voice out of heaven, "proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." Do you say this is fanaticism? Do you say God was a fanatic when he commanded it, and that the fathers of the Republic were fanatics when they adopted it as the sign under which they should conquer, and burned it with fire into the very bell whose iron tongue summoned them to the stern work of resistance?

Sir, if such a law be passed it is said it will not be effective. Why not effective? Can you not enjoin upon the commanding officer of your army the execution of a general law of confiscation and liberation, in the same manner that by the law of 1806 the duty is now enjoined upon him to secure for the public use the public stores of the enemy taken in his camps, forts, magazines, and towns, and for the neglect of which such commanding officer shall be answerable. [Fifty-eighth Article of War.]

But it is said such a law will not, as to the rebels' slaves, be effective. Why not? Is it because the knowledge of the fact cannot reach these slaves? Pass your law simply declaring them freemen, and that they shall, if they fly to your standard, receive the protection of your army, and the joyful news will in ten days reach every slave in the Republic, by means of that human telegraph whose living network overlies every slave plantation, and is woven of the lacerated heart-strings of the victims of this infernal atrocity. Will not your law be effective if passed and communicated to the slave? Why not? Is it because he prefers slavery to freedom—the bondage of death to the glorious liberty of the sons of God? No, sir, there is no slave in this land, not reft of his reason by the providence of God or by the torture of oppression, who would not hail your statute of deliverance as the very gift of life. Though he is a slave however closely imprisoned in that thick darkness which may be felt, and which only falls upon those from whom tyranny shuts out the light, his hope for liberty as his right is not and cannot be extinguished, for it is allied to his hope of immortality, and is bound up with the elements of his soul, which cannot but by annihilation die.

Pass your law, proclaim it at the head of your army, execute it summarily by allowing these unwilling supporters of the rebellion to escape from their masters through your lines and receive your protection in return for their loyalty; and these children of oppression will make such an exodus from the house of their bondage as the world has not seen since that exodus of God's people which the dark-eyed daughters of Israel celebrated in that sublime song:

"The Lord hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Pass this law, require its faithful execution by your army, and the rebellion must cease, or its authors, its aiders and abettors perish for bread. Do this, and crown yourselves with the immortal honor of giving liberty to one portion of our people and the serene blessings of peace to another. It is said that upon such statute of liberation, and by reason of its enactment, these slaves will rise in insurrection. To say this is to libel human nature in its lowest estate. Gratitude is inseparable from the human heart in every condition of life, in every zone of the earth's surface. To shiver the fetters which bind in cruel bondage the souls of men will not excite in them hatred or anger or revenge, but will attune the heart to the sweet melody of virtue, and inspire their hymns of thanksgiving to their deliverers.

Sir, if after your enactment of this statute of liberation, the slaves of these rebel masters rise in insurrection, it will not be because by your law they are declared freemen, but because their traitor masters, in defiance of your law, continue to deny them their liberty. A slave insurrection, however much to be deplored, would neither weaken your arms nor strengthen those of your rebel enemy. Whoever urges, therefore, such objection to this needful and just legislation, must, whether conscious of it or not, assume that rebels who, without colorable excuse, wage a cruel and exterminating war against their fellow-citizens, should not be deprived by the government, against which they have revolted, of the means by which they may make their rebellion a success, and without which they must ignominiously fail.

Pass this just and beneficent law as an act of justice to the slave; pass it as an act of justice to your country; pass it as an act of justice to your brave army of loyal citizen soldiers who stand this hour between you and the armed terrors of treason in the capital; pass it and crush this slave rebellion at once, and thereby make a like rebellion for a like object forever impossible in the Republic; but put the question to representatives, is the alleged property of these rebels in four million of slaves, and in their lands and crops, goods, monies, and chattles, more sacred than the lives of your soldiers and the life of your country? May God hide from my eyes and from the eyes of my children the day when the dying agony of my country shall begin. By no act of ours, either of omission or commission, may we contribute to that direst and blackest crime which can be committed by any people—the crime of national suicide. Who does not know that he who has the power to prevent the crime of self-destruction and withholds or refuses its exercise, and thereby prevents the deed, is himself a murderer? Why, I ask, in the name of eternal justice, should the people's treasure be expended at the rate of $2,000,000 a day, and the people themselves be mangled and maimed and murdered by these rebels, rather than end the sacrifice of treasure and of blood by a sublime act of justice which will give liberty to the slave, relief to the people, stability to the Constitution, peace to a distracted country, and make the Republic what its illustrious founders intended it to be, a temple for the "perpetual residence of an inviolable justice," a refuge for the oppressed, and a sacred sanctuary for the rights of mankind?

HOME AGAIN.

Home is the sacred refuge of our life.
—DRYDEN.

MR. EDITOR.—I arrived at home safe and sound on the 15th, after an absence of six weeks during which time I have traveled through a portion of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. I visited the city of Chicago, which bears the soubriquet of the New York of the West. It is a great business place; I suppose there is more business done there than any other city in the West.

I remained but a short time, long enough, however to find out that our people are not doing as well as they ought, in view of the chance they have had, they have certainly been wanting in energy and enterprise. And is this not lamentably the case with our people as a general thing, in almost every place. But there is a cause for it, and that cause is that sum of all villanies, American Slavery. This vile pernicious and damnable evil has conduced to degrade us, to enervate and cripple our energies I thank God that slavery's days are numbered. It has received its death stroke. Die it must, and die it shall, and be buried so deep as never again I trust to be resurrected. Then shall Ethiopia stretch out her hand to God.

SURPRISE PARTY.

A host of Alleghanians and Pittsburgers surprised ourself, Madame and little ones on the evening of the 21st, as they entered our humble dwelling with baskets and bundles filled with the comforts of life. We must confess that we felt somewhat infatuated as our eyes beheld the great pile of good things spread out before us. Mr. E. R. Parker, the representative of the party, in a neat little speech assured us that this was but a small evidence of esteem and friendship, and that they intended at some subsequent time to do still better. After enjoying themselves in their own way, they left for their homes at a late hour seemingly well pleased with their visit. We gave them our blessing as they were leaving, and prayed that the God of all grace might be with and prosper them in all their efforts. I hope to hear soon that the good people of New York, Brooklyn, and the region round about has served the editor of the Anglo-African the same way. More anon.

J. J. CLINTON.

Pittsburg, Jan. 26th, 1862.

NEWS FROM LIBERIA.

MONROVIA, LIBERIA,
Nov. 26, 1861.

The receipt a few days ago of one or two copies of the "Herald" by the friends of the President, containing a statement in reference to the treatment of the Congoes per ship Nightingale, had a very indigestible effect among the many supporters of his Excellency in this city. A meeting was called last night with a view to correct what they termed misapprehensions; but, after indulging in a tirade of abuse against whom they supposed was the author, they seemed to lose sight of the object for which they had assembled, and contented themselves by passing defamatory resolutions against T. M. Chester, instead of vindicating the government from the charges. The mere passage of resolutions, in these days of political intrigue, will not relieve an individual or a government from an imputation where there is just cause for suspicion. No one would have been more happy than your correspondent to have retracted every word uttered against the administration of President Benson if any of his friends had pointed out the least misrepresentation. It is a duty I owe to the public to correct any misrepresentations that may occur as soon as convinced that injustice has been done to any one.

Nothing has been heard of Spanish hostility since last month, of which I informed you. We are hourly expecting the mail from the States, which will inform us of the progress of the war, and Fernando Po, which will advise us of the intentions of the Governor General towards Liberia. It is thought here that as soon as England can lay the whole affair before the government of Spain the Governor General will be recalled.

Her Britannic Majesty's steamer Falcon came here some two weeks ago to settle, if possible, peaceably the difficulties between this government and any Spanish men-of-war that might be sent here with hostile intentions, and in the event that she could not bring about an amicable adjustment then she was to assist the Liberians.

President Benson gave a splendid dinner party to the officers of the Falcon, on the 19th instant, extending his invitations to them through the commander, who attended, accompanied by his first lieutenant, purser and the captain's private secretary. Several prominent citizens were present, and the whole affair passed off with entire satisfaction to the assembled guests.

The native tribes are still engaged in wars almost adjoining the settlement. A short time ago a battle was fought not more than about thirty or forty miles from this city, in which our allies routed their enemies with great slaughter. The kings and head men who have been concealing their hostility against this government are only awaiting for the Spaniards to destroy this city, and in twenty-four hours after every settlement on the river will be attacked. A Liberian has just returned from the interior, and while at a town one hundred and fifty miles back a report reached there that seven Spanish men-of-war were in this harbor, and immediately their war drum was heard throughout the town. The story was soon contradicted.

Great effort has been made by President Benson to have Liberia represented in the international exhibition next May in England. Some very excellent native curiosities, as well as some superior Liberian productions, will be forwarded. James L. Sims, Esq, who was sent by the government, has just returned from the interior with a fine collection of native articles, which I understand will be exhibited here before they are sent to Europe.

It is with regret that I inform you of the death of Mrs. Peter Downing, whose marriage about one year ago produced a great sensation in the negro upper-tendom of New York. She emigrated here about six months ago, in the bark Edward, with her husband; and, in consequence of being *enceinte*, she had been in bad health from the time she left your city until about two weeks before she died, when she seemed to revive and give assurances of a permanent resuscitation. She gave birth to a healthy daughter, which is now doing well, and a few hours after went into a state of insensibility for four days, from which she never recovered. Mrs. Downing was a native of Providence, R. I., and is the same Clemmie Parker whose superior culture and accomplishments were the admiration of all who were fortunate enough to make her acquaintance.

Affairs in Liberia were never in a more prosperous state. President Benson is carrying on many public improvements which will add to his great popularity both in this and other countries. He is certainly a great favorite with the people of Liberia, and already they speak of him as their next candidate for the Presidency. If he runs no one can defeat him.

Nov. 29, 1861.

Yesterday was observed throughout the republic as a day of thanksgiving. In this city the people attended church in the morning, ate big dinners in the afternoon, and enjoyed their social intercourse in the evening.

The mails arrived yesterday from the States and along the South coast.

A Spanish steamer-of-war was at Cape Palmas about two weeks ago. The natives in that vicinity, who were only waiting to hear that the Spaniards had conquered the Liberians at this point, before they would rise, hailed the arrival with much glee. They even boarded the man-of-war and informed the commander that the Liberians were preparing to fire into them. He sent an officer on shore to see if he could be allowed to get water, which privilege being granted, and the natives' falsehoods exposed, the commander came on shore and informed several persons that the whole affair had been misrepresented to the Governor General of Fernando Po, and that good feelings were entertained by him for the people of Liberia.

Thus ends our Spanish difficulty.

The Spanish captain who fired into the Quail—so the Spanish commander informed the people at Cape Palmas—reported on his return to Fernando Po that he had sunk her in this harbor. It is very unpleasant for an officer to be the messenger of his own shame.

The members of the Legislature arrived here yesterday. There can hardly be any doubt but what they will authorize the *President* to chastise some of the tribes in Liberia for their manifest hostile attitude during the Spanish excitement. The insurrectionary spirit was rife in each of the counties of this State. No important measures are yet upon the tapis.

This morning the articles for the international exhibition was exhibited in the hall of the House of Representatives. They mostly consist of native country clothes, kings' robes, warlike instruments from African iron, dye wood, rice, coffee, preserved fruit, iron ore, pipes, a somewhat fancy bridle, resembling those used by circus men in the States, and many other things. The smoking pipes made by the natives are an excellent specimen and can scarcely be beaten.—N. Y. Herald.

DEATH OF MRS. HOLLY.—We learn with deep regret through private letters received here from Port au Prince, of the death of the estimable wife of Rev. J. T. Holly. Although this announcement will be received with deep grief by the many friends of the deceased, it is not to them unexpected.

MARRIED.

WHITE, BROWN.—In this city, on Sunday evening, February 2, by Rev. H. Highland Garnet, Mr. Joseph Scott White, of New York, to Miss Virginia E. Brown, of Baltimore.

DIED.

PORTLAND.—At Jamaica, L. I., January 2d, Francis Abram Portland, of consumption. Aged 51 years.

RAYMOND.—In Norwich, Conn., Jan. 25th, of consumption, John T. Raymond, aged 48 years.

Special Notices.

A BLACK MAN'S VIEW OF THE WAR.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS will lecture at COOPER INSTITUTE, Wednesday evening, February 12, at 8 o'clock, on The War, and its Relation to White and Black Men. Admission 25 cents.

A GRAND PROMENADE

Concert will be given by Madame Ashmone for the benefit of St. James' Church, at Adelphi Hall, cor. of Grand and Eleventh streets, Williamsburg, on Friday evg.

Mr. Oton's band are engaged for the occasion. Tickets of admission 25 cts., to be had at the door.

HAIL TO THE GLORIOUS CHIEFTAIN of an Universal Civil and Religious Freedom!

A few colored friends of the Rev. Dr. Cheever propose to present to him, as a mark of their esteem for his Eminent Services in the Cause of Truth and Righteousness—a SILVER PITCHER.—on Tuesday the 11th inst. at Shiloh Church, cor. of Prince and Marion streets.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Singing by the Choir led by Professor Dias.
2. Prayer by the Pastor of the Church, Rev. H. H. Garnet.
3. Singing.
4. Reading of Letters from Distinguished Clergymen, who have been invited to attend.
5. Presentation—Rev. J. N. Gloucester.
6. Reception—Address by Rev. Dr. Cheever.
7. Singing.
8. Address—Rev. Mr. Sloan.
9. Address—Rev. H. Mattison
10. Singing.

Admission 10 cts.

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Also the following Tabernacles: F. O. of B. & S. of L. & C. R. W. G. Tabernacle, State of New York. R. H. Cousins, G. W. S.

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The Entire Building is engaged for the occasion.

A Separate Room will be provided for each Order, to arrange there the Grand Evening's Procession.

Mr. Charles Hornbeck, Grand Marshal for the Evening.

Prof. Hardy's full Band will furnish the music.

TICKETS 50 cents. To be had of the Committee of Arrangement and of the Ticket Committee.

Supper will be served at One o'clock.

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TICKET COMMITTEE.

Julia Dove, 32 Pell st. Susan Church, 105 Park st. near Mott. Elsie Ann Zabriskee, 241 Second st. Clara Putnam, 131 Suffolk st. Caroline Robinson, 44 Leonard st. Margaret Edgar, 81 Charlton st. Maria Washington, 32 Pell st. Margaret Cefers, 242 Second st. Mary Place, 95 Crosby st Charlotte Aldridge, 245 West 29th st. Hannah Miller, 343 West 26th st. Ann Sisco, 109 Thompson st. Charles R. Hornbeck, 120 West 20th st. Page C. Ridout, Sullivan st. Edward Clark, 107 Sheriff street. Stephen Lawrence, 35 William st. Oliver Holmes, 80 Nassau st. James P. Miller, 91 West 32d st. S. Gray, Broadway. Susan Plant, 97 High st., Brooklyn. Moses B. Coss, 75 South 6th st., Williamsburg.

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LOST at the New York Social Club Soiree, on Thursday evening, Jan. 28th, a Red Cornelian Seal mounted with gold, attached to a gold hook. Any information regarding the same will be thankfully received by the owner.

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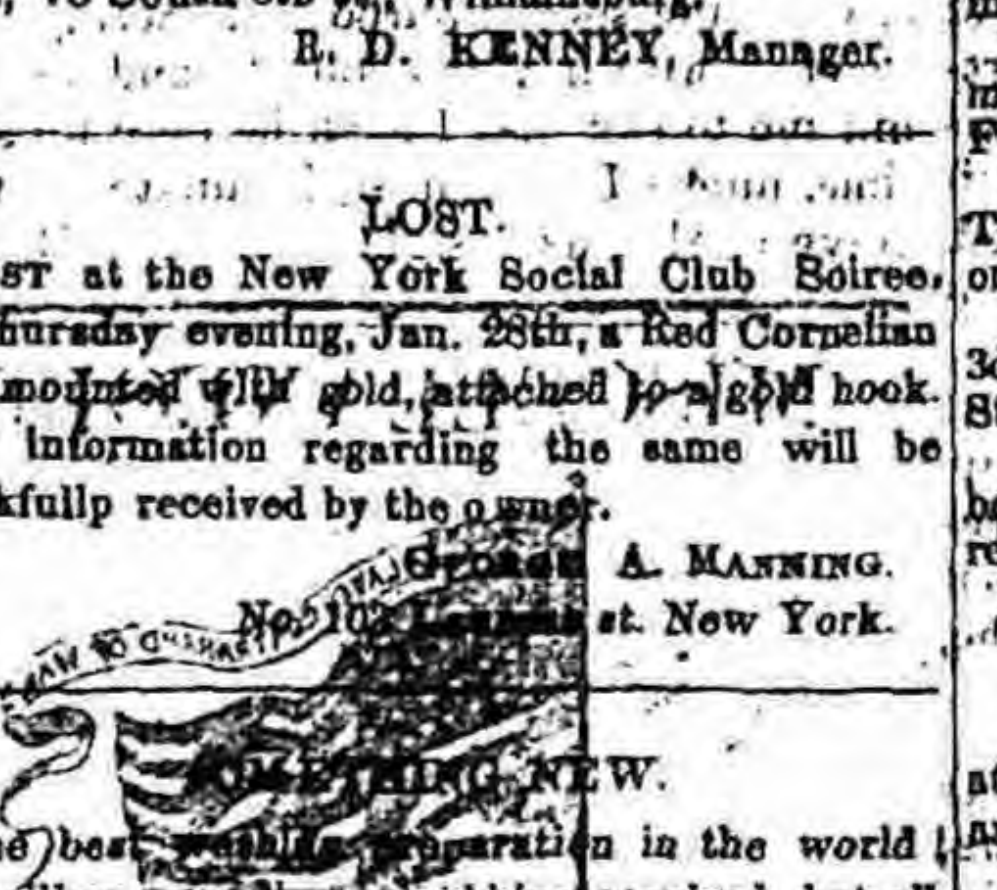

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Celestial No. 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

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Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

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Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

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Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

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North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwick, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

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The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

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All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, N. Y. City.

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NEW MUSIC.—"The Lord doth now to this Nation Speak;" "O, Let my People Go," Parody on "Song of the Contrabands," words by Moses, music by Baker. Price 35 cts. including "Contrabands' Song," or 4 pieces for $1, mailed free. Just published by

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BROADCLOTHS,
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of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made

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On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. RAMSEY.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

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First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS. The Clergy supplied at a discount.

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SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand *sewing*; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal oil lamps; Egyptian Cement, for mending furniture, crockery, &c.; Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) P. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.
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At Mrs. SUSAN HARRIS', 58 Atlantic St., near South Ferry. $3 per week for gentlemen, and $2 50 for ladies. Lodgings 75 cts. per week. 15tf

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS!

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St., one door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
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Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn.
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CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding.
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COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.
Shipping Furs Bought.
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MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) RESPECTFULLY announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

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25 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK.
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BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies	$2.50
" Gents	3.00
Lodging per week	75

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MR. GEO. POOL can accommodate LADIES and GENTLEMEN with FIRST CLASS BOARD, on reasonable terms, at his residence, No. 13 Sheriff Street, a few doors north of Grand.
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DAY & CO.,
3-13t Box 464 P.O., Newark, N.J.

Poetry.

For the Anglo-African.

GOD'S JUDGMENTS.

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER.

"When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."—Bible.

Judgment slumbered.—God in mercy
Stayed his strong avenging hand;
Sent them priests, and sent them prophets
But they would not understand.

Judgment lingered,—men grown bolder,
Gloried in their shame and guilt;
And the blood of God's poor children,
Was as water freely spilt.

And a million hearts lay quivering,
Smitten by oppression's rod:
But their sighs like gloomy incense,
Reach'd the burning throne of God!

Then arose a cry to heaven,
Deep and startling, sad and wild,
Sadder than the wail of Egypt,
Mourning for the first-born child!

For the sighing of the needy,
God at length did bare his hand!
And the footsteps of his judgments
Echoed through the guilty land.

Oh! the pain, the grief, the anguish!
Oh! the bitter, fearful strife!
When the judgments of Jehovah,
Press'd upon the nation's life!

And the land did reel and tremble
'Neath the terror of his frown;
For its guilt lay heavy on it,
Pressing like an iron crown!

As a warning to the nations,
Bathed in blood, and swathed in fire,
Lay the once oppressing nation,
Smitten by God's fearful ire!

For the Anglo African.

THE BOX IN THE WALL.

BY JACKO.

Near the close of those Autumn days, "the saddest of the year." I gathered the following romance during a ride. Silently for about two hours we wended our way through a grand avenue of trees, growing more picturesque at every turn, until nought met our gaze but a mass of rock whitened by age, which seemed to form a resting place for the concave vault above. Every sound was stilled, save the wild rushing of waters in the dark gulf half hidden from view by felled trees. Truly, thought I, this would be a fit abode for a misanthrope—shut out as it is from the gentler manifestations of Nature! Scarce had the thought crossed those "peopled chambers of the brain," when an old man closed up the narrow pathway before us. After my first start of surprise I did not wonder that one so well in keeping with these surroundings should be a solitary enjoyer of such a sublime scene.

"Excuse me travelers, for interrupting your way, I did not think a carriage could get along this road, and curiosity led me to see whether I was mistaken."

With these words he proudly bowed his grave-ripened head and disappeared. I knew not whither.

"The mountains are his daughters"—said I, "but what is his history?"

My driver answered, "No one in these parts knows that ma'am. One of the coldest mornings in the winter of 1817, I and several others were standing around the stove in Barton's tavern, telling about the hogs and horses that had been frozen to death that winter, when a gust of wind brought the door open, and a white-headed man walked in and sat down by the fire. 'Pretty cold day this, stranger,' said one of our neighbors. 'I have seen colder,' replied 'Old Homme' as the boys call him.

'Tell a feller how far you have come to day,' said Hall Stings.

'Much further than you think for, youngster.'

This answer was accompanied with a look that kept us from giving words to queries that curiosity prompted in our minds. He sat there some two or three hours, but said not a word to any one. We all got tired of waiting for him to go, so we one by one went to our dinners and left him. He went before we re-assembled, and we had just exhausted all surmises as to who he was, where he came from, what he wanted and where he went to, when he entered our midst with different little notions to sell, and offering to mend clocks. He always disposed of his goods at his own low prices, without saying but a few words. Sometimes our good dames used to offer him something to eat, but he always refused it in his quiet, proud way.

'Well, he continued with us for more than five years, and none knew where he slept, when or what he ate, or even if he ate at all. At the end of that time our village was all astir, cleaning house and getting ready for a new minister. Every one, from the three-year-old boy to the oldest grandmother contributed their share to prepare for the dominie. But Old Homme looked coldly, almost fiercely on, and said not a word. All of the villagers were secretly hoping that the new minister would find some clue to Homme's life.

He was a sad yet pleasant looking man, with large searching eyes full of expression. Some great sorrow had silvered his hair, but all his actions were quick, and characterised by a graceful cheerfulness. His sermons were so rich in thought and simple in expression that everyone within miles of the village came to hear Mr. Erving preach. But Old Homme when asked to do so always shook his head and said, 'It is many years since I have been to church, and it will be many more before I will go.'

No man had ever seen him smile or shed a tear. In 1850 the scarlet fever raged in our community, always choosing for its victims the 'darlings' of parental hearts, the heads of families, and our most honored citizens. Every house was visited by the destroying angel, save Mrs. Erving's. She was the general good Samaritan, never refusing to comfort and nurse, and always using every precaution not to endanger the life of her husband and twin daughters. At length one of her beautiful ones was stricken, and the mother was so weighed down by sorrow that she knew not what to do for her child. But the neighbors remembering her kindness to them, came in and did what they could for Setta, the 'village pet.' The doctor watched the little one all one night, and in the morning told the parents that their child was claimed to blossom in the garden of the Lamb. All the next day she lay in a stupor. Towards evening a terrific storm set in, and Setta opened her eyes, and dashed the covering from her, then went into a series of fits. None knew what to do, when Old Homme glided noiselessly in, threw off his wet cloak went to the sick child, felt its pulse, and drawing a small vial from his pocket placed it to the lips of the invalid, and she revived. He took her in his arms very gently, and held her for a half hour, then the fever left her, and the doctor said she would recover. Homme watched Setta for two days and nights taking no proffered nourishment or rest. On the third night he went his way while the household slumbered. Everyone wondered what cured Setta Erving, but nobody could tell. Old Homme went away for seven months after that. Setta's parents sent out men to hunt up the benefactor of their child, but their search was fruitless. The village was again thrown into an up-oar by Mr. Oates' barn catching fire, and the parsonage being burnt down before anything could be done to arrest the progress of the flames. Again Old Homme saved the lives and property of the Erving family, and then went his way. Many accused the strange old man of setting the barn on fire, but no one could prove it, and he scorned to deny or affirm it. So the matter rested. Years rolled on, still Old Homme continued to be unknown, and probably ever will be. One night he went to the tavern, called for pen ink and paper; after that he was heard of no more for over a year. Then he went to Mr. Erving's brother, Egleton, and handed him a small heavy iron box, saying, 'If you value your life, sir, never open this box until you hear of my death.' Egleton Erving placed the box in a secret spring closet in the wall, and tried to forget it. But curiosity led him several times to open it, though just as his hand would touch the lid, the old man's words, 'If you value your life,' would cause him to desist from his purpose.

Myrtle Dell, the Erving homestead was getting old, and Mr. E. concluded to have it re-built. So, when all the family were away visiting, the carpenters and masons were ordered to commence their work. Many times when Mrs E. and her brother had been talking of Homme and his box, he had told her if she could find it she might open it, if she chose to risk her life. Now he was away on the Sandwich Islands, and she determined to search for it amid the ruins of their old house. One masterly stroke of the ax touched the secret spring, and the box lay at the feet of Mrs. Erving, who stood anxiously watching for it. One of the workmen carried it to a friend's house, and she secured the door of the room in which it was, and sat down to divulge the great secret of twenty years. She hunted long and patiently to find the spring, at last, just as she was about to dash it down in despair, the box lid flew up, and an adder coiled itself around her neck, and struck its deadly fangs in her flesh—and she was no more. Her friends waited for her to rejoin them, and beginning to think she was ill, went to her room, tried the door, and finding it locked, pried open the lock, and found her clasped by the poisonous serpent in death's embrace. The cries of the ladies brought men to their assistance, who killed the adder and unwound it from Mrs. Erving's neck. There lay the iron box, with its carefully treasured manuscript, a delicately wrought gold case, a wavy mass of purple-black hair, and a boquet of faded flowers. Every means were employed to restore Mrs. E. but they all proved ineffectual. Her daughters, now married women, her husband and other friends gathered about her corpse, and could not but feel it was a monument to curiosity. 'Oh, if Ma had only left Old Homme's box alone!' sobbed the half frantic Setta. After the funeral, when each member of that stricken family silently sought their chambers, Setta took that fatal box and tried for awhile to forget her sorrow in reading the mysterious history. She paused for a moment to examine the costly case and found it to be a picture. It was the face of a man about thirty years old. No artist could have called it beautiful; but it was so strangely expressive that it chained the gaze of the beholder. The eyes were heavy and dark, and the brow was rather round than square, half concealed by thick long curls of black hair. It needed but one glance at the tress that lay in the box to convince a person from whose head it had been severed. The mouth was rather firm, but the lips were too full and pouting to give the face an air of decision.

Setta glanced from the picture to the bouquet, and longed to know how they came into posssession of "old Homme," "the man who never knew a tear." She took up the manuscript which was addressed to her uncle, Egleton Erving, and would have read, but every part of it was written in some language which she could not understand. She closed the lid again over the mystic relics of other days, and placed the box in an old family chest until uncle Egleton came home. The account of Mrs. Erving's death was the theme of every tongue. "Old Homme" heard it and of course understood. The villagers accused him of the murder. But after many trials, and many eloquent appeals, the jury were forced to bring in the verdict "not guilty." But all the people hated the old man.—The children shrunk away from him in terror, and even the dogs sent up a piteous howl when he came near them.

So he felt truly that he was alone. He went away into the bosom of the woods, where no man dared intrude and dwelt year in and year out guarding the sepulchre of his heart. Egleton Erving never returned from the Sandwich Islands. Setta stills retains the manuscript, but she gave "Old Homme" the picture, tress and boquet, and he placed his hand upon her head and said, "Amour, mon Dieu." The great mystery of the "box in the wall" is still unravelled."

From the Washington Republican.

Will the Contrabands Learn.

The Hon. Mr. Wadsworth, member of Congress of Kentucky, in his speech in the United States House of Representatives on the 15th instant, stated that what he was pleased to call the mission to the negroes of Port Royal, South Carolina, in connection with the portions of the Union army and navy now there, is a total failure; that the blacks cannot and will not learn to read; that they are utterly incapable of acquiring even the rudiments of education.

I regret to be under the necessity of differing from this honorable gentleman, but my long and careful experience and observation on this subject, has for several years past, completely disproved all his assertions. I shall put the facts of the case on record

Some time previous to the passage of the great and beneficient act of immediate and universal emancipation in the West Indies—an act, let me here say, that was obtained by the people of Great Britain, by their direct and continuous petitions to the Government—the missionaries among the people of color devoted their best energies to secure the education of the ignorant masses, in spite of sneers, and insults, and personal dangers, notwithstanding they were told by planters and persons high in authority that the negroes could not and would not learn. Although their school-houses were torn down, their churches burned, and themselves compelled to flee from the violence of bloodthirsty pro-slavery mobs to British vessels of war in the West Indian harbors, these holy men of God persevered to the glorious and final issue, proving, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the negroes could and would learn, and that they ought to receive their liberty. As education progressed, as Christianity took its blessed work among the slaves, they rose from their degradation and chains to manhood and freedom. When that priceless boon came to them, by the proclamation of the Queen of England, as a millitary necessity to prevent insurrections, as well as for other good and sufficient reasons, the people of color received it on their bended knees, many of them with their bibles and primers and hymn-books in their hands. Education and liberty came to them together, and they who had proved that they were able to be educated proved that they were entitled to be free.

More than a quarter of a century has now rolled away since West India emancipation. What has followed? A series of years of ctontentment, quiet, happiness, and prosperity. Not a white man, woman or child has been injured in person or property. On the contrary, the products of the West Indies in favorable seasons, and at times of health, have steadily increased in the aggregate, land has advanced in value, crime has been lessened, and the blessings of Christianity and civilization have multiplied, "some thirity, some sixty, and some a hundredfold."

Such is the condition of the free West Indies to-day, as I know by personal observation and repeated experience. I am prepared to show, by similar testimony, that like results are now being, and will be, produced at the South.

SOUTHERN VIRGINIA.

At Fortress Monroe and Newport News, where our troops and ships of war are maintaining the cause and colors of the Union, judicious measures were early taken to give education to the contrabands. These measures were and have been violently opposed by certain authorities. Many obstacles are even now thrown in the way of contraband education.

They have not been, and are not, as violent as those in the West Indies, but they spring from the same causes, and have been prosecuted with like tenacity. But notwithstanding all this opposition, the colored people of South-eastern Virginia have incontestibly proved their desire and determination to learn to read. As the chaplain of the general hospital at Fortress Monroe, I was early led to put forth all the efforts properly in my power to diffuse the blessings of education. My very first public assembly proved how strongly the contrabands loved to learn. Their early and late demands were for books. "Give us alphabets." "Let us have spelling books." "Grant us Testaments." These were the earnest and oft-repeated cries that arose among the people all around me. How could I refuse to listen? From that day to this the good work of education has steadily progressed. I have been succeeded by faithful fellow-laborers. They have gone on perseveringly and successfully to this hour. There are now over three hundred adults who are patiently learning to read, and more than twice that number of children. As many as eight distinct and prosperous classes are in constant operation. The words of learning are passing constantly around. The rude songs and catchwords of the plantation are giving place to the rudimental passages and melodies of a sound education. Old men and women, in spectacles, learn how to read from the children who sit at their aged feet. Thousands in this way will obtain the essentials of reading, writing, and arithmetic, before the close of this year of our Lord, 1862

So much for the war for the Union in South-eastern Virginia.

NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

As I had the happiness to be one of the first to enter Fort Hatteras, at the time of its capture by the Union forces, so it was my privilege to prepare the way for the introduction of contraband education in North Carolina. The number of students is not so large as it is in Virginia, but the students are equally apt to learn. The supply of books is comparatively limited, but they are employed to good advantage. There are few obstacles in the way. The people learn readily and rapidly. Not less than two hundred contrabands, young and old, are reached, in various ways, with the blessings of a plain education.

So much for the Old North State being invaded by the mudsills of the Union.

In South Carolina, especially at Hilton Head and Beaufort, the work of educating the contrabands has made good progress. There have been peculiar obstacles encountered at the latter place, but they are being and will be all surmounted. Not far from three thousand colored laborers will be brought to enjoy the light of the alphabet, the spelling book, and the bible, on the South Carolina coast. The supply of books is large, and will be made abundant for all patriotic and philanthropic purposes. The people gather in their humble tents, in the plain buildings provided for them, and around their camp-fires in the open air, to learn to spell their letters into words, and then read the word of God. Their thirst for learning is intense and universal. Much as they feel the need of wages for honest labor, they feel the need of learning more. It is touching and sublime to witness the avidity with which they pore over the printed page. They seem to feed upon it as the children of Israel fed on the manna in the Wilderness. The words of learning pass from mouth to mouth; the youthful lips learn unwonted strains of melody and praise; and grey-headed people bow at the altars with delight where the spirits of Liberty and Education minister under the glorious Star-Spangled Banner.

These are facts. I have seen them, and know them to be true. Would that they were universal in America!

CHARLES W. DENISON, U. S. Chaplain,
from Port Royal, S. C.

INFORMATION WANTED.

MR. EDITOR.—In the "Pine and Palm" of Jan. 23nd, appears a communication from Hamilton, O. over the initials A. J. A., in which the writer calls James Redpath a Moses. Now I cannot conceive why Mr. R. should be considered a Moses, unless from his influence over the "rocks" of the Haytian Government, or because he once smote a "Rock." By the way, Mr. Editor, you will recollect that contemporary with the appointment of Dr. Jno. S. Rock as justice of the peace, was the removal of the Haytian Bureau from Boston to your city. Was there any connection between the two events?

We learn from the above named paper of the same date that much dissatisfaction prevails even in Hayti in regard to the management here of the emigration movement—would not this lead us to believe that the recent report that Mr. Redpath is to be superseded by Rev. J. T. Holly, is not without foundation? We read a few days ago, in the Congressional news, that the committee on Foreign Affairs will shortly repor to the Senate a bill recognizing Hayti and Liberia, and providing a Charge d' Affaires to each with authority to act as commissioners of emigration. Does not this foreshadow the realization to somebody of a "higher insight?"

In your next issue, with your permission, I will ask a few more questions.

ROBERT YOUNG.

Philadelphia, Jan. 27th, 1862.

P. S. As Mr. Redpath once visited our city for the special purpose of having an interview with me, but failed to find me, permit me to say that I shall be here for sometime, unless I too am so fortunate as to receive a "higher insight." R. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ZOUAVE AND SLAVE ENVELOPE
Price per thousand $5; per hundred 60 cents; packages of 25 each, 20 cents.
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THOS. HAMILTON
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MEDICAL.

PAIN-KILLER.

We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, DIPTHERIA and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent liniment for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

Dr. Walton writes from Coschocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, DIPTHERIA, *or Sore Throat*, that is so alarmingly prevalent here; and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

Rev. H. L. Van Meter, writing from Burmah says: "The *Pain-Killer* has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

Rev. Jabez Swan says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy."

Rev. A. W. Curtis: "By its use I entirely cured a felon in a few days."

The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

The New York Examiner says, "We have used the Pain-Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the family medicine box."

The N. Y. Independent says, "We have used it, and it proves to be all it professes."

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A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba

BY MARTIN R. DELANY

PART II

Hear the word!—who fight for freedom!
Shout it in the battle van!
Hope! for bleeding human nature!
Christ the God, is Christ the Man!
H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XIV

MAKING THE COAST

This day anxiety pervaded, and every eye was put upon the sketch, not only to get a glimpse of the portentious coast of Africa, but also in fearful anticipation of a pursuit by the British cruiser Medusa, whose prowess along the Gulf of Guinea was fearfully notorious to the slavers. The Kings of Dahomi and Ashanti were compelled to respect it in a manner which gave terror to the traders. Though every glass at command was levelled at every point of compass over the seas, yet not a sail was descried, and a surmise was justly concluded, that the distant object had its origin in the productive imagination of the comic seaman Gascor. For this imposition the impertinent Black, would have met at the hands of the crude American a severe chastisement, but the words of the song still rung in his ears, that he was

"Goin to Afraka
Where de white man dare not stay."

With this impression that "cats" however black, may "scratch" as well as others, the mate was contented to let things take their natural course, provided they grew no worse than they had been. The blacks were now closely watched, their every motion being noticed, and Blake was now looked upon with the greatest possible interest. On sailed the vessel like a goddess of the water, gracefully gliding every wave, riding the high seas like a water fowl, nothing more transpiring to give alarm save the occasional drolleries of Gascor, which always might be considered ominous.

The Vulture now entered the Gulf of Guinea and after several days of fair sailing put into a lagoon in one of the most secluded and least suspected places on the coast. Here was the trading post of the great factor a noted Portugee, Ludo Draco, the friend of Geza, King of Dahomi. Near but a short distance from the beach in the thickest of the bush, were situated the barracoons, many in number, being long one story wooden houses, thatched with grass. One mile from the barracoons in a beautifully cleared and elevated spot, was the residence of Draco, attained only by a narrow foot path, through the densest of the forest.

Scarcely had the vessel moored, till Blake was on shore and off into the forest. Cheers by the clapping of hands and as many grins as claps, were given in approbation of the arrival. The miserable victims who filled these coffleshambles of suffering humanity, having been so taught to do by their relentless and insatiable oppressor.

Garcia was now more at ease, and having observed the unceremonious manner in which the sailing master left them, he ordered the confinement of the others, to prevent the example being followed. But the blacks fully understood themselves, and did not design leaving the vessel.

The family of Draco consisted of a wife, Zorina, a handsome native African, and two daughters, Angelina and Seraphina, beautiful mulatto children, the former having just completed at Lisbon, her education in one of the first Convents. The residence was finely furnished, and the family pleasant and agreeable; but the circumstances surrounding them of the horrible manner in which their wealth was acquired, cast a gloom over the dazzling splendor of their gaudy mansion, making the noon-day and sunlight of their brilliant abode, as dark as midnight obscurity.

In Zarina was that amiable and benevolent expression of countenance, so common to the native women of her race, and which always implies a welcome to the priveleges of the house; but yet there was that absence of earnest gratification which usually characterizes those who anticipate gain from their visitors. Affable and sociable, she was still reserved and seriously thoughtful as though some weighty matter was struggling within.* It was the traffic in human beings, in which her husband was engaged, and already amassed a princely fortune, that disturbed her peace of mind. It was this, which like a millstone had sunk deep to the bottom, and troubled the still waters of her peaceful soul.

Though civilized, in early life a pupil in the Christian Missionary school at Badagry, and a professed convert, with afflictions such as these, Zorina was not the woman she would have been, and could not be such as her husband Ludo Draco desired she should be, a woman devoted as a wife to his pecuniary interests.

'What are the prospects Don Ludo, have you much stock in trade?' enquired Garcia of the Portugee, after refreshing with brandy and water.

'Only a moderate supply Senior—some five and twenty hundred in the pens—a little more than one good cargo,' replied Ludo Draco.

'Pretty good stock Don Ludo. Assorted selection?'

'They are prime what is of them, of both sexes, all sizes, men women and children, and few or no old negroes among them, Senhor.'

'What are slaves now worth, Don Ludo?'

'From twenty to forty dollars Senhor with a large cargo.'

'We have a double decker, and prepared for twenty hundred.'*

'What's your destination North or South America?'

'We cleared from Matanzas, but shall import where there is the greatest demand. You have the best knowledge of the markets—where had we best import, Don Ludo?'

'The Brazils are going down, that religious cant and nonsense about philanthropy and human rights has alredy reached there, and measures and restrictions have been decreed by the National Congress against importation.'

'What of Cuba, Don Ludo?'

'A little better Senhor, but not what it should be. Taking advantage of the political signs of the time, the prohibition of the trade in Brazil, and the leniency of the home government toward the negroes in consequence of their insurrectionary tendencies—the Cubans set their own price and pay what they please ahead, because of no competition in the trade. The United States is now decidedly the best market, because the supply is inadequate to the demand of the new territory continually opening up, without a heavy loss to the old states. Indeed the disciplined slave is preferred for the new States from their experience in labor, while the native African will do better in the old cultivated grounds. An American agency in Cuba is all you require to make the trade a most lucrative one.'

'Fine, fine, by St. Joseph!' said Garcia; 'not being in the business for sometime, I had lost the run of things. Old Key West, I suppose still holds her own?'

'Key West is all right, Senhor!' replied Draco.

At the mention of Key West, Royer looked knowingly at Paul and Garcia with a wink, as to them this was a familiar place of safety in years past, but true to his previous convictions of wrong, Paul preserved *his seriousness and ignored a cognizance of* the hint.

There was now a great point gained as there had been an unsettled opinion as to the best point to make with their cargo. Captain Emanuel Garcia and his Portuguese mate, Juan Costello, had at the start previous to the convictions of Paul, insisted on Matanzas as the place, whilst Paul and his American officer only held Cuba as a dernier resort, preferring the United States as the market—Key West being the place of safety.

'I am satisfied,' said Garcia, 'that the United States is the market. Let us have a full cargo, and as little delay as possible.'

At this moment a signal was given by the tapping of the bell suspended above the mansion.

'Gentlemen, a large supply has just arrived from the interior, walk with me,' said Draco, the party going directly to the *barracoons for reception*, secluded in a cloister near the mansion, those near the moorings being used only for shipping.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SLAVE FACTORY.

'Hark!' exclaimed Angelina, unaccustomed, from her continued absence at school, to such a sound—'What is that I hear?'

'It comes, my child, from the barracoons,' explained the mother, with a deep sigh.

'Do you tell me, mother, that wailings come already, since the tapping of that bell? What does it mean?'

'Preparing the slaves, my child, for packing, I suppose.'

'How preparing them, mother? What do they do to them?' anxiously inquired the girl.

'They whip and burn them, my child, to make them obey.'

'And what do you mean by "packing"?'

'Putting them down in the bottom of the ship, my child, so that they can't move about.'

'How can they live this way? Oh, mother, they can't live!'

'They can't live long, my child; but many of them die, when that makes room, and some of them live.'

'Oh horrible!—cruel, cruel!' exclaimed the more than astonished girl. 'Pardon me, mother—I cannot help it—and is this my father's business?'

'It is, my daughter,' replied the mother, the brightness of whose eyes were glaring with the evidence of sympathy for the sufferings of her people.

'Then forgive me, mother, I receive nothing from this day forth from my father's hand.* He's cruel, and——'

'Stop, my child!' interrupted the mother, 'curse† not him from whose lines you came.'

'Forgive me, mother. Heaven forbid! But I cannot *consent* to go to Madrid to obtain accomplishments at the price of blood. The Lady Superior when at Lisbon, taught me to "love my neighbor as myself"—that all mankind was my neighbor. I thought I was educated to come home and teach my race.'

'My child you must——'

'Hark! mother don't you hear?' again exclaimed the young affrighted girl, when another wailing came, more terrible than the other.

'Have patience my child.'

'I can't, mother—I can't! How can I have patience with such dreadful things as these?'

'God will give you patience, my child. Depend on Him.'

'I will depend on Him and go directly to the spot and beseech Him in mercy, for the poor suffering ones. Come and take me to them,' she concluded, calling for native servants to *carry her after them*, as the party had now left the receptacles for the trading posts at the landing on the lagoon, nearly a mile distant.

Soon she arrived near the dreadful scene
Where friends incarnate—vile confederate band—
Torture with thumscrew, lash, and fire-brand.

This most remarkable spot which for years had sent forth through the world its thousands of victims—a place repulsively noted in the history of wrong—was a dismal nook in the north-eastern extremity of the lagoon, extending quite into the bush, forming a cove of complete security and quiet. In this position lay the Vulture, and near the barracoons, under cover of seemingly impenetrable undergrowth, sat the beautiful Angelina, the good hearted natives who bore her there lying at her feet to protect her, as is their custom to strangers in the forest. In this position, quietly inspecting the whole proceedings, her soul became horror stricken.

'Hark!' again exclaimed Angelina in a suppressed frightened tone, unconscious, seemingly, of the half dressed natives lying at her feet, 'don't you hear? What in God's name does it mean?'

Scarcely had the awe stricken girl gave utterance, till a heart-rending wail sent a thrill through her.

'Oh! Oh! Oh!' was the cry from a hundred voices, as the last torture was inflicted upon them.‡

Again came a hissing sound, accompanied by the smell of scorched flesh, with wailings in their native tongues for mercy to God.

'Holy Madonna! Mother of God! is this the sacrifice, or what is it?'

'Yes,' replied a hidden, unknown voice, in chaste and elegant Portuguese—'a sacrifice of burnt offering to the god of Portugal and Spain.'

'Good sir, pray tell me,' looking around she said—'What is this, and where am I?'

'Be patient, dear child—be patient, and you shall hear—as from the graves of our forefathers—of untold suffering from this spot—

A place where demons daring land—
Fiends in bright noon-day—and sit
A hellish conclave band to barter
The sons and daughters of our land away.'

'May God protect me!' she screamed, and sunk in a swoon, when in an instant the servants bore her in the hammock away.

In parties of ten or more the branding iron was applied in such quick succession, that a sound and smell like that of broiling and scorched flesh was produced. At this last sad act of cruelty, and the voice in explanation of it, the tender and affrighted girl yielding to frail nature had sickened and fallen at the root of a tree, where she sat, when the first impressions of consciousness found her again at the side of a devoted mother under the roof of the dwelling, fondly ministering to her relief.

'Oh, mother—oh, mother! what an experience have I had this day! Oh what my ears have heard!' were the first words of Angelina on recovering.

'Tell me, my child,' with native simplicity but earnestness, inquired the mother, 'what is it?'

'As well may you, mother,' replied the excited intelligent girl; 'go

Ask the whirlwinds why they rove,
The storms their raging showers;
Ask the lightning why they move,
The thunders whence their powers!'

'My child, your head is bad; it is hot; it is not sound. You must keep quiet, my child,' anxiously admonished the mother, applying leaves taken from cold water, continually to her brow.

'A cup of water, mother; I am sick. Oh, I hear it again! They are burning them alive!' continued she to talk at random, till sleep quieted her voice, whilst the mother stood over her with a calabash of leaves and water anxiously watching every breath she drew.

CHAPTER XVI

BEFORE LEAVING

The Vulture was now freighted, the cargo completed and eighteen hundred human beings made up the bill of lading. All being ready, Ludo Draco left the vessel for his residence. The better to evade the vigilance of those ever watchful and indomitable guardians of the coast, the British cruisers, it is customary, under favorable circumstances, to leave the factories under cover of night.

It was now the fourth evening, the hour for sailing fast ensuing, up to which time the black sailing master had not appeared. About him there was much talk, speculation and uneasiness; some suspecting that he might have been the employed spy of the English, while Royer and Costello, the mates, believed that the tendency of the negro being degeneracy, he having before been on the coast and in the country, must have seized the opportunity of returning to the usages of savage life.

But he had not been far from the vessel since her arrival, but, having a knowledge of the place, had secreted himself near the residence of Draco, that the whole proceedings might be witnessed by him, and he thus become an unexpected auditor of the *lamentations of the young and lovely Angeline*, first in the mansion—he having stolen in after the trading party left at the sound of the bell—and subsequently under cover of the forest, whither he followed her cortege of carriers.

Midnight had arrived, all was still around and wrapped in silence, nothing disturbing the quietude, save the dashing of the surf against the beach, occasional noise of a night bird, or hideous screech of a distant hyena. No human being was to be seen, except a solitary black watchman moodily crouched upon the quarter deck, who, though a slave, was as vigilant on duty as the sentinel on a man-of-war. His duty was of two-fold—one for the vessel, and the other entirely foreign to its interest. Presently the form of a person was seen to approach; it was Blake, who, saluting the watchman, took a seat also upon the quarter deck, the seamen all taking rest at the time, not knowing what hour they would be called to duty.

A scene in the mansion had protracted his stay, although Blake was ready for duty so soon as the vessel was ready to sail. Her stay being but a few short days he had availed himself of the time and communicated with many of the natives opposed to the king, among whom he took his fare and lodging, except when concealed in disguise in the mansion, dressed as a native, being known only to the servants.

Draco, that evening, on entering the house for the first time, from the vessel, was met by his wife in tears, stating that their dear child was dying—when he hastened to her room and found her in a most distressing condition. Looking in his face she gave a silly look, with a smile, then closing her eyes lay as if lifeless.

"Oh, Don Ludo, my poor child is almost gone!" said Zorinda, the silvery tears studding her cheeks like crystal spangles on a velvet cushion; Draco making no reply, but gave a deep sigh.

Suddenly they were startled by a song of lamentation, the most remarkable and pathetic, in which the traffic, gains, and wealth of her father, the punishment, suffering and sorrows of her mother's race, caused by him and a king unworthy to be classed with the race of her mother, were uttered in tones of scathing rebuke. She would that she had not been born to have been thus distracted, that her mother had never seen her father, and that Dabony had never existed.

'Oh, 'tis my mother's race and not his! Yes, 'tis my blood and not his!' she frantically exclaimed, then again sank into stillness, when her mother pressing her hands and cheeks, cried out,

'My child is cold,—she must be dead! My poor child, my poor child! Oh!'

Tell me not of my sad lot,
Of death's cold cheeks repine,
Of life's last hope, and endless scope,
Of miseries of mine!

'They are nothing, mother, nothing. But you it is who feels as never woman felt, and none to pity. Oh, sister are you here! Know you pity, mother!' she again exclaimed, interrupting her mother, by stopping her wailing, and recognising her sister Seraphina, who lay at her side from the time she was taken into the mansion on the hammock.

Draco during the time stood in tears over her bed, and when the song and last frantic wail was given, taking his wife by one hand, and his youngest daughter, who lay on the bed beside her sister, by the other, leaning over and impressing kisses long and many upon her cheeks, he promised the distracted Angelina never again to traffic in human beings.

Suddenly springing up in the bed, she sat looking around at each person and object in the room; drawing her hand over her face, and raising her eyelids as if just aroused from a deep sleep, exclaimed:

'What is the matter—is any one sick! Have I been dreaming, or what? I am well now!'* when Blake left the mansion for the vessel, which he reached at so late an hour.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

This morning at half-past three, a favorable wind having risen, the stern command of Royer was heard preparing to weigh anchor; the blacks being promptly at their post, among whom was Blake. Soon were the white sails spread to the breeze, and the clipper cleaving the waters like a monster of the sea. The day dawned most beautifully; the wind continued fair, and ten o'clock brought every white upon the decks to enjoy the pleasures of the morning. No sickness had pervaded them, and all looked fresh and cheerful. Until then no spiriotus liquor was allowed though a large supply was on board. This restriction had only been a precautionary measure, to guard against contingences until the cargo was obtained, and they homeward bound. But this morning the beverage was in great profusion, the blacks alone being prohibited its use, and among the privileged Royer was a patron. Excited with the ardent liquid, he seemed familiarly at ease, and simply required an occasion to execute his will. Though burly and sulky before he now became blustering, boisterous and overbearing, and Garcia, if none other, seemed to be in imminent danger.

'Where the mischief have you been?' roared the man, almost maddened by a too free indulgence, on seeing Blake on deck for the first time since the vessel moored; 'reveling I suppose back in the bush among *the heathern wenches, palming yourself off* for a nigger chief! Step light and bestir yourself my larky; you're not now in Africa to give nigger impudence to white men! Get about there, get about! or the knot-end of a tar rope may teach you how they make smart blacks in America!'

Blake giving him a look—and such a look!—ascended the shrouds, where seating himself, loitered on the mizen mast. Looking up at him, Royer called out——

'*Come down there you saint of a chimney sweep*, or I'll teach you how to——'

'Take care dat sweep don't throw sut in yo' eyes!'* interrupted Gascor, who till then had been lost sight of; Royer pretending not to have heard him, though the whites laughed out at the expression from the boy, and the blacks huddling, whispered together for a time.

'Disperse there you black clouds! We're not ready for a rain!' again ordered the intoxicated *man on seeing the blacks standing* together.

'But you may have a storm,' replied the boy.

'What's that you lump of charcoal!' rebuked Royer, looking about as if to find a ropes' end; 'what did you say!'

'Take care dat lump o' charcoal don't burn yeh, sir, dats all!' replied the boy to utter the merriment of Paul and Spencer, though the rest of the whites felt otherwise. Royer pressing his lips made no reply, but doubtless would have severely chastised him had not the pressence of Paul, and suspicion of the ultimate intention of the negroes deterred him.

The morning had passed and it was then about the middle of the afternoon, when Paul and Garcia both appearing on deck ordered an inspection of the hole of the ship for an examination of the slaves therein confined. The hatches being opened, those standing nearest fell back from the stench escaping as if repulsed by an explosion of gas.

'Heavens! there must be a good lot of 'em dead, captain,' exclaimed Paul, addressing Garcia as the fumes met them in the face.

'I reckon not,' answered Garcia, 'the stalls only want washing.'

'How is this done, captain?' enquired Lawrence Spencer.

'By means of a force pump and hose throwing sea water among them,' replied Garcia.

'This I supposed from the manner they are packed, but indeed the business is all so entirely new to me, that I don't pretend to know anything on shipboard, though I've served a long apprenticeship in nautical matters.'

The stench having somewhat abated, the officers and others approached the open hatches.

'Blake, my good fellow, I'm glad to see you again at your post, I don't know what that girl of yours would have done had we left you in Africa. I'm fearing she would have charged me with kidnapping you,' remarked captain Paul, being the first time he had spoken to him since they left the coast; at which he smilingly made no reply.

'Ah!' replied Royer, affecting pleasantry, 'I see what'll make the fellow laugh—talk about his girl. This morning he was as sulky as a black ram, because I told him about the nigger wenches on the coast. I suppose he thinks himself one cut above the black wenches.'

Paul looking at Royer, advanced whispering in his ear, 'You better treat him well; he's no common negro, I assure you,' to which Royer answered also in a whisper:

'But we're going where he will be common, where every negro's made to know his place.'

'Where is that?' whispered Paul.

'Home, in the United States, where else!' replied Royer.

'Yes, but you're not yet there, and it might be that you'll never reach here!' rejoined he.

'Curse the niggers, I hate em!' retorted Royer impatiently.

'That may be Mr. Royer, but it wasn't the way to show it I'm thinking, by comin' to Africa after 'em,' calmly replied Paul.

Abruptly leaving him, Royer advanced to the main hatchway, when Paul following after, they made ready to enter, each officer with a sapre at his side, revolver studded in his belt, and an unsheathed bowie-knife in his hand.

'Blake,' said Paul, 'you better take the lead!' to which Royer readily consented, though opposed to a negro leading in anything wherein a white man was concerned.

Blake entered the hatch followed by Paul, Garcia, Costello and Royer.

'Merciful God! what a sight,' exclaimed Spencer, as he caught the first sight of the half suffocated beings closely packed in narrow stalls like brutes wallowing in revolting mire.

'In very good condition,' replied the Spaniard, 'none dead worth naming, two fine children—a boy and girl of three years of age—having died through the night for want of air and water.'

'Stir up here you nests of black maggots, stir up!' exclaimed Royer, punching with a capstain bar all within his reach to see whether they lived or not.

'Good Heavens!' again exclaimed Spencer, 'what a condition they are in! I wonder they're not all dead. How on earth will we ever get them purified?'

'The pump and hose with plenty sea water is all that's required,' replied Garcia.

'Yes, give em plenty, that 'll soon straighten up matters,' added Royer, 'stir about there—stir about!' still punching in among them.

Next commenced the washing process when the double cranked pump was brought into full requisition. The stream was directed by Royer himself, which, regardless of their eyes, was thrown into their faces, when the poor wretches almost dying with thirst, opened their mouths to catch the stream as it played among them, sucking and licking the salt water off of each others heads and shoulders.

During the *inspection of the stalls* an affecting scene ensued. A fine specimen of a man, tall and athletic, of some forty-five years of age, was cruelly treated by the coarse and ruthless American. On looking imploringly at his abuser, he gave him a punch with the butt end of the bar, drawing blood, which streamed down his face. On again imploring him, Royer screamed—

'Do you look at me that way, you black devil!' when, turning his face away to conceal his grief, the mate gave him another blow on the cheek bone, producing contusion, when the tears stole down his manly face baptising with sorrow, his bare expanded breast heaving with emotions of despair.

To all this Blake was witness, with a watchful eye and determination more than ever to carry out his objects, observing which in his countenance, the grief-pierced captive cast at him a glance the most impressive.

Leaving this scene of distress, passing to another tier in which were confined principally females, the attention of Blake was attracted by a sprightly, handsome little bright eyed boy, playing about with as much delight and unconcern, as if gamboling with the freedom of a kid over some grassy common in his own loved nativity. He readily recognised in the child the likeness of the noble looking captive confined in another place, so ruthlessly abused by the heartless American mate, Royer.

While thus standing contemplating with sorrow the scenes around him, his attention was called to a woman, handsome and pleasant, with a meek and humble look, as she sat buried in her living grave. This woman was from Soudan, whose occupation had been that of a vender of 'country cloths,' as the native dry goods are termed, or as by the Creoles of Louisiana, a 'merchant woman.' She had been a Mohammedan, but, going into the Eba country to reside, had been converted to Christianity by missionary influence, but sold to Dahomi by the Ibadans, by whom she was taken in warfare.

As Abyssa caught the eye of Blake, she gave him a look which at once riveted his attention. She saw that he was a civilized man, and desired that he should observe her. The look was reciprocated, and as he passed close by where she sat, to get a better observation of her, he startled as his ears caught the whisper in good English—

Arm of the Lord, awake!

The commander and party leaving the hold, Blake also went to the deck, relieved from the stench of the great cesspool, and heart rending scenes of the living Potter's Field.

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*The character exhibited by the sister of the native wife of a once noted slavetrader on the Coast, whom the writer met in Africa—a very respectable, intelligent, christian young woman.

*They frequently prepare the vessels to carry 2000, which was the case with a slaver taken by the British cruiser, brig Triton, which the writer saw at Sierra Leone, in April 1860.

*The young mulatto daughter of a slave-trader on the coast peremptorily refused to leave her people and go with him to Portugal to finish an education.

† The native African is very correct in speech, pronouncing very distinctly any word they learn in other languages. Curse—to speak ill of, by the native African.

‡ One method of torture inflicted by the foreign traders, to prevent meeting, is an oblong square piece of iron in a box form, made so as to admit the ends of the middle and ring fingers, when it is driven down as far as it will go, tearing the flesh from the bone as it forces its way.

*An interesting scene is said to have taken place between the family—which is colored—of a slave trader and himself who had renounced the trade previous to his renouncement and leaving the coast.

*A little native Grebo boy employed on a vessel on the coast of Africa, 1859, was remarkable for wit and repartee, regarding neither officers nor passengers, but had a ready reply for all.

From the Washington Republican

WILL THE CONTRABANDS FIGHT?

It has been shown, in previous numbers of the "National Republican," by the testimony of indisputable facts, that contrabands can and will work, and that they can and do learn.

The question at the head of this article—WILL THE CONTRABANDS FIGHT?—is a direct corollary from the others, and one of the most important and serious that can be answered at the present time. If it be true that the contrabands will fight for the preservation of the Union, even as they are at this moment armed and equipped to fight for its destruction, then it follows that the fact ought to be generally known, that the people and government may act accordingly.

From the earliest ages of the world, the people from whom the contrabands of this country originally sprang, have been a people of war. The antecedents of centuries in the nations around them combine to make them warlike. The origin and progress of the slave trade have done the same thing. Through all the tribes of the people of color, not only in this country, but in all others where they reside in numbers, the relations of tribal authority, royalty, chieftainship, warlike propensities, are preserved, canonized, and handed down from generation to generation. As the people of color have increased in this country, as they have become Americanized and carried comparatively remote from the king, and queens, and warriors, from whom portions of them sprang, they have still preserved and cherished the war-memorials of the past. They have, almost wholly, and for years, acted on the belief that they are to be delivered from American bondage as the children of Israel were delivered from the bondage of Egypt. Through many parts of the South there is a song sung that illustrates and intensifies this idea. It has been in use in some parts of Virginia for years, but has been forbidden to be sung in certain quarters of that State, and is never or seldom heard in States further South. In this popular contraband song such verses as the following occur:

When Israel was in Egypt's land,
O let my people go!
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
O let my people go!

CHORUS—O go down, Moses,
Away down to Egypt's land,
And tell King Pharaoh
To let my people go!

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
O let my people go!
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,
Then let my people go!

No more shall they in bondage toil,
O let my people go!
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
O let my people go!

Then Israel out of Egypt came,
O let my people go!
And left the proud oppressive land,
O let my people go!

'Twas just about in harvest time,
O let my people go!
When Joshua led his host divine—
O let my people go!

We need not always weep and mourn,
O let my people go!
And wear these Slavery chains forlorn—
O let my people go!

Here are the clearest intimations of the spirit of war. Here is the strong conception of the people of color that Moses and the children of Israel had a God given right to resist tyranny.

In addition to this testimony is that constantly presented in the events of the past and passing times. Although the contrabands have not been allowed to read, yet they have frequently overheard the reading of others. The result of the insurrection in St. Domingo has long been known among the contrabands of the South—the name of Toussant L'Overture has passed from mouth to mouth until it has become a secret household word—and a love of liberty, fed by a love of arms, has been rendered universal and almost omnipotent. It has been felt that if it was right for the colored Haytiens to fight to be free, it is equally right for colored Americans.

A strong incentive to the war element in the Old Dominion is found in the parade of the motto of the State on various public and private occasions. "RESISTANCE TO TYRANTS IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD," is pictured on the Virginia shield, with the figure of an armed woman, personating Liberty, with a lifted sword in her hand and her foot trampling on the neck of a prostrate tyrant. How suggestive to the contraband! Yet he has seen it, heard it explained, exhibited, illuminated in transparencies, painted in pictures, paraded on banners, fulminated in the thunders of stump speeches and dinner table oratory, until he has learned it all by heart, and drank deeply of the inspiration from which it springs. There has not been a Fourth of July oration, nor a reading of the Declaration of American Independence, nor a salute in honor of the spread of republican liberty, nor a shout for La Fayette nor Lamartine nor Kossuth, but it has been like an electric spark to the war passion in the sympathetic soul of the struggling contraband. The war fire has been kindled around his soul, and it has warmed within him the self-evident and unconquerable love of liberty.

So general is the conviction in the South that the determination to fight for freedom is universal, however latent, among the bondsmen, that there are cases where the singing of this very song of Moses leading the Israelites from the bondage of Egypt—in a far off country and remote age as that event was—has been punished in the most severe manner. Facts on this point are abundant, if there were room to insert them here. What mean the armed midnight minutemen of the Southern cities? What is the omen of the alarm bell in the centre of all these towns? Wherefore are they supplied, in their very hearts, with arsenals, cannon, magazines? Why was it that John Randolph, in his "Notes on Virginia," makes the startling statement—"The midnight bell tolls not in Richmond, but the mother hugs her infant more closely to her breast?" How impressive are those other words of the Sage of Monticello: "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, and that His justice cannot sleep forever; for in the contest which must inevitably come between the master and the slave, the Almighty has no attribute that can take sides with the master."

All these ominous things the contraband knows, sees, hears, feels. What is the lesson that they teach? This, and only this: THE CONTRABAND WILL FIGHT!

In Canada, it is well known, the escaped people of color have been organized into companies—in some instances into regiments—where they have learned the practice of war. Some of these have been accepted and well tested by the British Government. And knowledge of the fact has reached many parts of the South, and been communicated, by the mysterious affinities of slavery all among the contrabands. In the West Indies, the East Indies, China, Africa, and other countries, some of the best, bravest, most thoroughly disciplined, vigerous and victorious soldiers of England, France, Russia, and other countries are, or have been, of the contraband persuasion. What is true in other lands, other things being equal, is equally true in America.

The experience of the present war for the Union is forcibly illustrated, in this contraband question, by the wars of the Revolution and of 1812. In the former, Washington employed contrabands, on several dangerous occasions, among his courageous, sagacious and trusty sentinels. It was when he said, on the perilous heights of Newburgh, not far from West Point, when, as now, the whole country was endangered by the presence of traitors, "Let none but Americans be put on guard to night!" that he ordered COLORED MEN, contrabands, to shoulder the sentries musket, and stand in the front rank of honor and of danger. Full well did Washington know that the contrabands would fight.

Who was it that shed the first blood in the primal battle, the initiatory fight of the Revolution? A colored man—a contraband—the volunteer Attucks, who fell in front ranks of the American lines, the first American to fall by British bullets on American soil—the first dead martyr to American liberty!

The testimony of General Jackson in the last war with Great Britian is directly in point. In his proclamation to the contrabands, calling on them to join him in defending New Orleans, he pays a strong tribute to their bravery, love of home and kindred, and patriotic devotion to their country. All this is history and cannot be denied.

Ah! yes: rely upon it the contrabands will fight: 600,000 strong, with at least as many more volunteers from the emancipated of the West Indies.

The experience of all who have recently been in the South, in connection with the Union Army and naval force there, and of all who know that the generals and naval officers of the Confederate States have done in enlisting contrabands, goes, conclusively to establish this great point. The contrabands will fight and fight to the last. They learn the use of firearms quickly, they are accustomed to drill, they are fond of music, they are social and clannish and hence easily massed; and when they have brave and skillful commanders, above all, when they *have a hope of liberty before* them, the contrabands will fight on to the close of the war, and our glorious Union is preserved.

Many facts exist to attest the truth of these statements all over the land.

B. W. DENISON, U. S. Chaplin,
from Port Royal, S. C.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

NEW BOOKS

1st. "THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN LIBERIA. The Annual Address before the citizens of Maryland county, Cape Palmas, Liberia, July 26th, 1860. Being the day of National Independence, by the REV. ALX. CRUMMELL B. A., Queen's College, Cambridge. Missionary." New York, Bruce & Co.

2d. "Record of an Obscure Man." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

For a month past, we have waited in vain for a leisure hour or two in which to collate these remarkable essays on the African question, the first written by the most learned and brilliant of the blacks, and the other by a New England lady in whose veins flow the unadulterated blood of the Pilgrims. But, it would seem, that leisure will never come; and we now write hastily and crudely what the dignity and interest of the subject would require to be carefully and thoughtfully written.

The views of these writers are in as striking contrast as their ethnological status. "The obscure Man" of whom Miss Putnam writes this "Record," is none other than *the negro, of whom she gives the best,* the fullest and most satisfactory record it has been our fortune meet with, after reading all we could find in print on the subject. There is neither the low abuse, the supercilious caste sneering, nor the opposite and quite as harmful negrophilisms in this volume, which we are so apt to encounter in the many productions about the "great irrepressible. She has condensed into two hundred and fourteen pages a summary of negro character, made up from the accounts of the various travellers who have written about Africa, and from our record in America, with here and there extracts from ancient learning. She recognizes in the negro an original, inherent, germ force of his own, solemn, grand, peculiar endowed with energy and vitality, enough to develope civil, social, and intellectual greatness out of its own resources—she discovers native heroes, statesmen and poets; and remarks:

"It is much to be desired that some men possessed of the peculiar genius and the zealous industry of the Danish, German and French scholars, who have done so much to preserve the early poetry of Europe, would apply themselves to learning the principal language of Africa, and enter that great unexplored field of primitive song.

"There will soon, no doubt, be educated men, of African descent who will be inspired with emulation, and will devote themselves to rendering this service to the mother country.

"I am persuaded that the result would be the rescue of a store of mythological and historical poems of great interest."—p. 139.

"Bowdich has noted down some fragments of mythology contained in the popular poetry of the Africans. A favorite song chanted in Empoongwe to the enchambee, in the moonlight evenings, relates the arts by which the Sun gained an ascendency over the Moon, created its equal by the common Father."

"(Hic canit errantum lunam solisque labores?")

"I am sorry that Bowdich could not secure the poem he heard *sung to the harps* by the deformed, quivering eyed bard from Imbiki, who they said was 'mad only when he played,' and who in his recitative, now mournful now impetuous, now exhilarated, wandered through the life of man and the animal and vegetable kingdoms! At the close of one of his Strophes, the strange bard burst out with the full force of his powerful voice in the notes of the "Hallelugh" of Handel."—p. 138.

"Africa has had her share of heroines, from the magnificent Queen of Matamba, renowned in diplomacy and war, down to the Queen of Akim, a woman of almost in *fantile countenance and a voice low and* soft as the tones of a flute, but also, in the war against the tiger, King of Ashantee, was seen every where in the heat of battle encouraging and exciting her troops: where ever the greatest danger was, there was the energetic Queen of Akim. Holman compares her to Boadicea, and even to the great Queen Bess."—p. 133.

The following seems cut out of the passage of Tacitus on the Germans, which Wendell Phillips mistakenly claimed for the Anglo-Saxons. "One considerable tribe (in the interior of Africa,) among whom the women were held in such esteem that nothing of importance was decided without their counsel."—p. 135.

The following passage relates to a matter discussed in our Magazine, (p. 16, 48) "The *dark men of America form* a *new race,* and can no longer with any propriety be called Africans. They are a very mixed race, and, as such, entitled, at a future time to contribute some vigorous passages to the story of humanity."

"The blood of the conquering Felatah, of the enduring Muzgee, of the song loving Sulima, of the ingenious Mandingo, of the intrepid Begharmi, mingles in the veins of this rising people, with that of some of the highest European races? * * In conversing with persons of this race, we are sensible of a certain originality in their views. Their humor, their pathos, has a different quality from the Anglo-Saxon; their thought has another shading than ours."—p. 58.

We gladly quote the following, not only for its intrinsic interest, but for the softening it gives to an alleged feature of "that treaty" made by Delany and Campbell with the Chiefs of Abbeokuta. We would respectfully call D. Smith's attention to the same.

"The slavery of African to African is, in truth, the mildest form of serfdom. It is not unusual for the slave to call the master 'My Father.' The name by which his condition is denoted has not for him the meaning which we attach to the word 'slave;' for it implies neither degradation nor hopelessness. If he possess more than common abilities, these are allowed full scope. The slave is sometimes richer than his master; he can even attain to high office in the state, if his talents and his tastes lead him in that direction. If he remain a humble husbandman, or artisan, or household-servant, his duties are light, and he has no fear of being crushed either by severity or contempt."

"The American planter owes, I believe, more than he is aware to the view of the relation of master and slave which his negro has inherited from Africa. The unquestioning acquiescence of the slave in his lot, his absorption in the family on which he depends, and identification of its interests with his own, are parts of a very old creed. The self-devotion, which has more the spirit of *clanship than servility, and* which the master himself must love and wonder at, is traditional. It dates from a time when the relation of superior and dependent was endeared by the sense of a common blood and a common country."—(p. 164.) For the remainder of this very remarkable passage—remarkable both for eloquence and clear insight—we must refer our reader to the book itself, which can be had at this office—price 75 cents.

In turning to Mr. Crummell's address—itself a splendid example of the copiousness, force and eloquence of the language in which it is written—we are struck with the *fact that its fitting title* should be "a panegyric on the English language and the English people," for we do not now call to mind any essay worthier of this name. With the exception of two short interlocutions, it is filled with laudations, not to say adulations of the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton, Franklin and Webster. Had our accomplished author contented himself with eulogising England and the English language, we could have silently differed from him, or even yielded our judgment to his eloquence and scholarship. But when, in order to support his views of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, he finds it necessary to belittle, degrade and abuse all other languages under the sun, why then our Korymantee rises up in rebellion, and we must join issue with him. In comparing the English with the African dialects, he says:

"And first, let us speak of the African dialects. I refer now to that particular group of African aborigines who dwell in West Africa, from the Senegal to the Niger, and who have received the distinctive title of 'Negro.'

"Within this wide extent of territory are grouped a multitude of tribes and nations with various tongues and dialects, which doubtless had a common origin, but whose point of affiliation it would be difficult now to discover. But how great soever may be their differences, there are, nevertheless, definite marks of inferiority connected with them all, which place them at the widest distance from civilized languages. Of this whole class of languages, it may be said, in the aggregate that (a) 'They are,' to use the words of Dr. Leighton Wilson, 'harsh abrupt, energetic, indistinct in enunciation, meagre in point of words, abound with inarticulate nasal and guttural sounds, possess but few inflections and grammatical forms, and are withal exceedingly difficult of acquisition.'* This is his description of the Grebo, but it may be taken, I think, as on the whole, a correct description of the whole class of dialects which are entitled 'Negro.' (b) These languages, *moreover,* are characterised by lowness of ideas. As the speech of rude barbarians, they are marked by brutal and vindictive sentiments, and those principles which show a predominance of the animal propensities. (c) Again, they lack those ideas of virtue, of moral truth, and those distinctions of right and wrong with which we, all our life long, have been familiar. (d) Another marked feature of these languages is the absence of clear ideas of Justice, Law, Human Rights and Governmental Order, which are so prominent and manifest in civilized countries; and (e) lastly—These supernal truths of a personal present Deity, of the moral Government of God, of man's Immortality, of the Judgment, and of Everlasting Blessedness, which regulate the lives of Christians, are either entirely absent, or *else exist,* and are expressed in an obscure and distorted manner."

We will examine these a, b, c's in their order, and first. (a) A very careful examination of the vocabularies of these negro dialects, contained in Latham and Prichard, leads us to believe that they are the most flowing and musical of all languages, abounding in open vowel sounds. Let us take the word 'sun,' for example, in eleven of these dialects: 1, nangi; 2, nonge; 3, tili; 4, telle; 5, suge; 6, ouia; 7, e-ui-a; 8, o-ue-i; 9, mai; 10, anu; 11, ania.

M. Dard, in his dictionary of the Wolofs, says 'our French books then can be translated into the language of the Wolof negroes with perfect exactitude; and we are able to affirm that the same negroes understand well the sense of the words formed after that method, they are so accustomed to decompose these words.'

'The distinguishing feature of the Yoruba language is the beautiful completeness and perfect regularity which characterise its formative process.' (Vidal introduction to Crowther's Yoruba Grammar.)

(b and c). These two 'charges' are essentially the same. They are contradicted by the statements of Clapperton, Laing, Denham, and other African travellers; and a resume of their testimony may be found in page 93–7 of 'The Record of an Obscure man.' We feel pained and ashamed to quote the learning of a white lady of Massachusetts, in defence of native Africans misrepresented by a distinguished scholar of African descent. Hear Denham. "If it should be thought I have spoken too favorably of *the natives,* I can only answer that I have described them as I found them—hospitable, kind-hearted, honest and liberal. To the latest hour of my life I shall remember them with affectionate regard; and many are the untutored children of Nature in Central Africa who possess feelings and principles that would do honor to the most civilized Christian."

Again, in the introduction to Crowther's Grammar (for the loan of which we are indebted to our friend Dr. M. R. Delany), it is remarked:

"But there is something more striking in the high standard of morality observable in the sayings of the Yorubas, displaying, as it does, a conscious recognition of the intrinsic excellence of those peculiar virtues which we commonly regard as being appreciated *only in civilized society.* Were we to measure this people by the standard of their proverbial nationality, we should come to the conclusion that they had attained no inconsiderable height in the development of social relations, having passed out of that savage barbarism in which every individual lives for himself alone, into a higher state of being, in which the mutual dependence of one member on another is recognised, giving room for the exercise of social virtues, or a sort of moral compact for the safeguard of society."

Lastly, read the statement in Prof. Campbell's book, where along the road-side, at the foot of the trees in Yoruba, are found articles of traffic, with the prices annexed, trusting to the honesty of the buyer to pay for them honorably. Where, in all broad England, *out of sound of the policeman's rattle,* would such a picture be found! Speak, O Cantab!

"It was not an African, but an English *mother,* who, *going to her work,* left her children under the gallows where her husband's body was hanging, "to play in the care of their father." "Record" p. 169.

(d). Is professional. We must honor the cloth; we will only quote the "Record, &c.," p. 106.

"The fact is, that the African is reserved in conversation with strangers on religious topics; his awe of the unseen is great, and he does not dare to treat these subjects with familiarity. Park found among the negro people with which he was best acquainted, a belief, not only in God, but *in a future state of rewards and punishments,* universal. But, he says, it is difficult to make them converse on these subjects, and that, in particular, when questioned in regard to their ideas of future life they express themselves with reverence, but endeavor to shorten the discussion."

"This reminds me that I once heard a shrewd sea-captain say, that missionaries were somewhat prone to believe in the existence of these atrocities (cannibalism) among the converted. Perhaps they feel that it gives more importance to their work." p. 119.

One other authority

"The same observation may apply to to those proverbs which show how correct in estimate the Yorubas have formed in some respects of the character and attributes of the *Divine Being.* They have a true idea of God's watchful providence and care for all His creatures; and that man is dependent on that over-ruling power:" Introduction Crowther's Grammar, pp. 36.

We have thus adduced what we deem an ample contradiction of Mr. Crummell's statements about the native negro languages. We acquit him most emphatically of wilful misrepresentation. In his residence in Africa, it has been his misfortune to see mostly the African tribes who have been debased by the slave trade, or the scarcely more elevating contact with the Liberians themselves, from among whom—*to quote* Mr. Crummell (p. 19)—'*scores of* our youth, soon after leaving school, start with their cloth, guns, powder, and tobacco for the factory, whether on the coast or in the country." We wonder if the boys carry anything to drink with them?

There are several other salient points which we would be glad to notice in this eloquent brochure; but our limits forbid. We very much question, for example, the possibility or the philosophy of making 'indigenous, in this infant country (Liberia), the spirit and genius of the English language (p. 29), in immediate connection with its idiom.' There are as good languages *in Africa,* as full, copious, and less stained with damning memories. So long as he speaks it, the black man cannot forget that it is the tongue which alone perverted the Bible and History and Philosophy to affix to him the doom of perpetual slavery. It is the language which alone degrades him from manhood, and associates him with the brute creation.

We think, moreover, that when nations start out in a career of true greatness they germinate along with a language of their own. It is part of their vital force, and part of their growth. We have more of hope for Africa, in the language and laws of Abbeokuta with its astonishing self-development, than we have in a hundred Liberias, mere parasites on the English language and the American people. Are we not inhibited from putting new wine into old bottles?

A VISIT TO WASHINGTON, PA.

MR. EDITOR.—I arrived in this beautiful village on the 1st inst., on a pastoral visit. Washington is the county seat of Washington county. It is some twenty-six miles from Pittsburg, and is quite a business place. Our people are doing tolerably well. There are but few mechanics among them, two carpenters, one plasterer, and one bootmaker. The majority of them are employed in hotels and private houses, as cooks, waiters, chambermaids, hostlers, &c. Several are doing a good business hauling coal. There is considerable real estate owned by them; nearly every family owns the dwelling they live in, and some of the buildings are fine and commodious.

CHURCHES.

There are two colored churches here, the A. M. E. Zion, and A. M. E. Bethel, the former is a new church, recently built size *250 by 360 ft.* It is pleasantly situated, number of members thirty. Pastor Rev. Charles Wright, who, by the way, is one of the most energetic, persevering and thorough-going ministers belonging to the Alleghany Conference. He has indeed been a blessing to the people in this region, for he has not only preached the gospel among them—and in this he has been quite successful—but with his own hands, with but little assistance, built the present church and two others, one in Brownsville, the other in Uniontown, Pa. Zion at this time is being favored with a special outpouring of the spirit, many have found the pearl of great price, and others are seeking the pardoning mercy of God. The sinking fund connected with this church held a meeting last night, which was quite interesting. Mrs. Anna Dorsey, the originator of the society, is president, and is well qualified to carry on an enterprise of this kind. She is persevering and has go ahead-ativeness largely developed. This institution numbers sixty-five members, and has done much toward liquidating the present debt.

The Bethel church is a good sized frame building; pastor Rev. Wm. Jackson.

COLORED PUBLIC SCHOOL.

The school house is a brick building, dimensions 24 by 36 ft. Number of scholars 116, average attendance 58. Teacher, Miss M. M. Taylor. The school is pretty well attended considering the neglect of parents in sending their children. But this indifference upon the part of parents and guardians is not confined to Washington. It seems to prevail universally among our people, and that to an alarming extent. God grant that the day may soon dawn when they will see the importance of educating their children. Knowledge is power and the acquisition of it is certainly one of the means that will *conduce to our elevation.*

J. J. CLINTON.

Washington, Pa., Feb. 6th, 1862.

P. S. I will leave here for Brownsville on the 9th, providence permitting. J. J. C.

LETTER FROM NEW LONDON.

NEW LONDON, Feb. 8th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: The Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D., of Washington, D. C., delivered his "Sketches of the War," at Lawrence Hall, in this city, last Tuesday evening. It was a very interesting as well as instructive lecture. The lecturer related many affecting events which have signalised the Southern rebellion at Washington. He was of the opinion that had the Capitol been located on the banks of the Delaware as at first proposed, instead of the Potomac, this rebellion never could have occurred. The fact that the seat of Government has been surrounded by Slave States had given the South a power over the North. The controlling Southern sentiment there, gave them an opportunity to concoct, without suspicion or hindrance, their schemes of conquest and rebellion. The accursedness of this rebellion was forcibly presented by the lecturer in a series of incidents that came under his personal observation.

Last Sunday evening, about 8 o'clock, the shock of an earthquake was observed in several places in this county. At Colchester, a village about twenty miles from this city, it was felt very severe, and created quite an alarm in the village. It was stated in the New London papers that a congregation in one of the churches cut short the services, and rushed *en masse* to the door, accomplishing the complete evacuation of the building in less time than on any previous occasion. It seemed really probable that the building would be thrown down, so violent was the heaving of the ground there, as in all the neighborhood. People fled from their dwellings *in terror* and sought the streets; such a scene was never before witnessed in Colchester. The shock was also felt slightly in East New London.

New London is full of life at present. The sleighing is excellent; also the skating, which the *beau monde* seem to enjoy. The Peace and Unity Literary Society of this city has been disbanded, owing to the neglect of its members to attend the meetings regularly. *Sic transit, utile dulci.*

I notice, by an advertisement in the N. Y. papers, that Frederick Douglass, Esq., is to deliver a lecture on the war, at the Cooper Institute, next Wednesday night; I also notice that he lectures in Providence, R. I. I am in hopes that he will embrace an early opportunity of visiting our city, as there are a great many here that would be glad of the opportunity of listening to his stirring eloquence.

WIDE AWAKE.

The Grand Calico Dress Festival.

This truly praise-worthy affair came off on the evening of the 6th inst. in fine style. The Mozart Hall, which is quite commodious, was filled to its utmost capacity by as fine an assemblage as ever graced any hall in this or any other city.

The music, which was under the direction of Messrs. Hardy and Douglas, was enough to make a dead man dance, so brilliant were the selections; and so finely were they rendered. The floor being under the direction of Prof. T. B. Voorhies, of course everything in the dancing department was faultless. But what shall we say of the ladies? Did the absence of silks rob them of any of their charms? Verily not! for a more lovely sight we do not wish to see. Had it not been for the fashionable dances of Prof. Voorhies, and the faultlessly fashionable dressing of the gentlemen, together with the polished manners of the whole company, one might have imagined himself in company with maidens of the olden time, so neat and tidy did they appear in their calico dresses. This illusion was heightened by the appearance of several elderly ladies whose heads were dressed with turbans as of yore. We were pleased to observe that many distant cities were represented. Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, sending the accomplished and graceful Madam S——; Fall River, the sprightly Miss A. E. S.; while Bridgeport contributed to the pleasure of the evening, by the presence of Madam D——s, and Mr. and Mrs. H——d. Newark, not to be outdone, sent down the stately Madam J——s, while Brooklyn claimed precedence by sending over a host of her most lovely inhabitants, in the persons of the Misses P——, late of Harrisburgh; Miss F——s, Division avenue; Miss H. C——r, South Seventh street; Madam P——r and daughter, of High street; Madam R——y, and a large number whose names we failed to secure. New London was represented in the person of Miss H——.

Notwithstanding this great array of beauty our good old city was not eclipsed, for we believe that the following names, and many present but not named here for want of room, would maintain the cities reputation against the world. Mesdames M. and T., of Sullivan street; Miss C. P., of Fifteenth street; Miss W——s, Sullivan street; Madam W——s of do., Madam R——n of Broadway; Madam W., Laurens street; Misses H——y of City Hall Place; Miss F——r of [illegible] street; Madam L. of Laurens street; [illegible] East 22d street; Madam [illegible]——n [illegible] street; Miss R. J. of do.; Madam H——r and sister of Wooster street; Madam H——d of do.; Miss E. P. of Wooster street; Miss A——n of Sullivan street; Mad. V. of Cornelia street; Miss H. F——r of West 24th street; Madam H——l of Laurens street; Miss E. M. of do.; Madam P. L——e of do.; Madam S. M——s of Pine street; Miss E. F. K——e of Broadway; Madam E——s of E. Houston street; Miss E. C. of Congress street; Madam S. of Thompson street; Madam L——e of Varick street; Madam F. of Charlton street; Madam H——r of 8th street; Mrs. B. and B., and Miss R. of W. 22d street; Miss D. Z——s of St. John's Lane, and Madam B——s were among those who graced the festival with their presence.

Hartford was represented by Mr S——ns, and Stonington by Mr. McK——l. Our experience of years permits us to say that a more respectable or refined company never assembled in this city.

Now although every thing was conducted according to the rules of etiquette, yet so joyous and tender was the greetings of old friends, that time itself will fail to blot that festival from the memory.

THE SUPPER

was of the most substantial kind and the very best the market afforded, and gave great satisfaction to all present.

We believe we speak within bounds when we say that the results of the labors of the ladies who undertook this work of charity, is without a parallel, and justly deserves all honor, for their faithful works of love.

WANDERER.

AN UNMITIGATED FALSEHOOD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANGLO-AFRICAN,

SIR:—Permit me to call the attention of your readers to a publication which first appeared in the "Argus," then in the "Pine and Palm" of Jan. 30th., and also in the "Globe," under the caption, "Meeting of Colored Canadians." I am constrained to take this step, because of the repeated and persistent attacks of a handful of mischievous persons, who find encouragement from the "Pine and Palm," and those papers in Canada, friendly to the removal from the Provinces of the colored people.

I cannot now go into the details in this matter, but permit me to say in brief, and for the information of a shamefully deceived public, that no such resolutions as those in the "Pine and Palm" ever passed at any meeting in Chatham. That the charges of deeding the Mission School property to I. D. Shadd as "private property," is a falsehood of the most infamous kind, because invented for a deliberate purpose, by J. C. Brown, J. W. Menard—these in favor of the Haytian scheme—S. Holden and others, principals in a church quarrel in Chatham,—to prevent me from prosecuting the work confided to me by the Trustees of the school and church; the laudable, much needed generally approbated work by the colored and white citizens of Chatham, of all classes, of securing a high school and Mission Church for the use of the colored people, refugees and others. This string of resolutions like the former charges from the same source, were not only never passed, but never offered at the meeting in question; resolutions were offered, in keeping in style and matter with the ignorance, jealousy and wickedness of the parties proposing them, but they were promptly voted down, and resolutions sustaining the Mission School, its agent Mary A. S. Cary, the action of its Trustees in securing their property, one of whom by regular appointment is I. D. Shadd, were unanimously adopted, and subsequently signed by seventy persons who were at the meeting.

But by your permission the real resolutions shall ere long speak for themselves.

The resolutions now in circulation were drawn up by a lawyer of Chatham, the next day after the meeting, and published in the "Argus" of Chatham, against the knowledge of, and in the absence of the editor, but were published by the "Globe," after a true statement had been given. So *complete* has been the confusion of J. C. Brown and Menard at home since that time, that they have openly and frequently denied in Chatham, having signed or circulated such names.

A notorious falsehood, a series of falsehoods, are thus sent forth on the wings of the wind, which will no doubt, as designed defeat, and in the end may destroy the only Mission School ever established by the colored people among the fugitives. Should such be the case, one or two outrageously hypocritical and designing men in the United States and their colored associates and creatures in Canada, will no doubt enjoy a little triumph. However, believing fully that truth is mighty and will prevail, I shall by the help of God, prosecute the Mission School agency as heretofore,—shall as I now do, lecture against the Haytian Emigration Scheme,—Shall work with might and main for the establishment of the Mission High School and church, the work to which I have been appointed; I therefore would respectfully request those [illegible] friends [illegible] white, now [illegible] to visit Chatham for themselves, and there on the spot, learn for themselves; or otherwise communicate with gentlemen in Chatham, as A. McKellan, Esq., M. P. P.; Rev. Geo. Cochrane; Rev. H. L. Simpson; R. Stephenson, Esq.; Ed. Planet, or the Trustees concerned, among of whom [illegible] Dr. M. R. Delany now in New York city.

MARY A. SHADD CARY.

MADAM MAGNAN'S CONCERT AND LITERARY FESTIVAL which was given on the evening of the 5th, came off with much spirit. The church (Zion Baptist) was well filled by an appreciative audience, who appeared to enjoy the entertainment greatly. The beneficiary and her aids, the Misses Vogelsang and Miss O. Powers, were in splendid voice, the first three receiving an encore on almost every song; but the latter lady tread upon ground far too dangerous for one whose experience *in singing* is so limited. She will do better next time. Madam Magnan never sang better.

The addresses, recitations and songs given by Messrs. A. Powers, J. W. Jacobs, J. Gambier, Geo. Bodee and James Spelman were well received and highly applauded.

THE SPEECH OF JOHN S. ROCK

At the 29th Anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, held in Allston Hall, Boston, on the 23d ult. was an able one. The Boston Herald, a Pro-Slavery Democratic sheet, says:

"John S. Rock, Esq., the colored member of the Suffolk Bar, made the ablest, most ingenius and most sensible speech of the day."

The Boston Journal called it "a most brilliant argument."

Mr. Garrison, who was to be the next speaker, said he could add nothing to what had been so ably said, apologized to the audience and declined to speak after Mr. Rock. But the audience insisted on a speech, when he said:

MR. PRESIDENT: It is too late, I think, for me to make even a brief speech; and I feel extremely reluctant to intrude upon your time or your bodily endurance, as a mere matter of courtesy or kindness. seems to me that after the speech to which we have listened, nothing need be added to deepen the impression of this audience in the right direction, in favor of the cause of the oppressed. Had I not better sit down? (Loud cries of "Go on," "Go on.") I will then, say a few words. (Great applause.)

One such speech as that which has just been made is a complete and triumphant answer to all the folly and nonsense that we have heard for so many years in regard to the intellect and the possibilities of the black man [applause];—whether he is an inferior being or not—whether he is capable of civilization—whether, if free, he can take care of himself—like other men. Is there a man in this house who would not be proud to be able to make such a speech, whatever his complexion? I, for one, hesitate about going on after its delivery [applause]—a speech so well reasoned, and so thoroughly conclusive in all its positions."

We shall give the speech in full next week. Send on your orders and your subscriptions.

DEATH OF SAMUEL WILDE, ESQ.—A good man has gone to his rest. Mr. Samuel Wilde, of the firm of Wilde & Sons, of this city, and proprietor of the "Principia," of which the veteran abolitionist, William Goodell is editor, died at his residence in Williamsburg on Wednesday afternoon, the 5th inst. after an illness of about twenty-four days. The "Principia" says that his first attack was of erysipelas, accompanied with fever, which afterwards became typhoid; to which was then added diptheria. Against these accumulated diseases he held up for a time but at last sank under them. His end was peace. A wise and good man is taken from us. He has entered his rest. To his family, to the church, to the poor, to the neighborhood, to the country, his loss at this time, will be great.

WHY NOT GIVE US CREDIT?—We notice that many of our exchanges, among which are the "Albany Statesman" and "Brooklyn Star," both able and impartial journals, have been publishing large extracts from the exceedingly interesting letters of G. E. S., our army correspondent in Hooker's Division, without giving the proper credit. Now, gentlemen, unless you do us justice hereafter, we shall be compelled to notify "the world and the rest of mankind" that everything of a creditable character that may appear in your respective journals from Hooker's Division, should be credited to our correspondent taken from our columns. We see no other way of setting the world right in the matter.

AN ALABAMA SHARPSHOOTER.—[illegible] Porter, a very intelligent Virginia slave, who was at the Bull's Run fight, but subsequently made his escape, tells us of a slave, attached to an Alabama regiment, named Jacob Jones, who was noted for precision of shot, [illegible] the appellation [illegible] was in the habit of [illegible] one Union picket, [illegible] on one occasion [illegible] home in quest of that sort of game, he was discovered, and almost instantly his career [illegible] body [illegible] [illegible] thousands [illegible] colored [illegible] the world, as a rule, is very obliging and indulgent, and lets him want it.

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* Western Africa, &c. 457, by Rev. J. L. Wilson, D. D.

AMUSEMENTS.

ASSEMBLY OF THE N. Y. SOCIAL CLUB. The following is the report referred to in our last as having been received, but its insertion not paid for:

MR. EDITOR. The N. Y. Social Club, under the direction of the following officers. Messrs T. B. Voorhies, Pres., M. S. Dillon, Vice Pres., H. Jones, Sec., S. West, Treas., gave their first grand Invitation Assembly at the Hall 178 Prince st., to their numerous friends, on the evening of Jan 28th 1862 and the grandeur, taste, decorum and liberality with which it was conducted made it second to no entertainment of the kind ever given in this city within our recollection. The reception room was beautifully decorated with evergreens. Over the orchestra in letters of silver we read, "N. Y. Social Club," and upon the side walls "Welcome Victoria," "Welcome Everett." The guests, numbering over three hundred assembled at an early hour, and from the equality in numbers of the sexes, and the sublimity of their apparel, they presented one of the most beautiful scenes that mortal eyes ever beheld. As the guests entered the reception room each lady was presented with a petite fan, with the order of dancing and the names of the members of the club printed thereon in letters of gold. And upon a table in the anteroom, adjoining the reception room was placed a large antique punch bowl filled with that refreshing beverage, and a silver basket filled with fancy cake, to which the company repaired during the intervals of dancing, to refresh themselves in true Teutonic style. The band under the leadership of Professor Hardy discoursed most beautiful music. Dancing continued till one o'clock, A. M., when the guests were escorted by the Club to the banqueting room, where we beheld the supper table elaborately garnished with fruits, flowers, and numerous ornaments of confectionary. In the center stood a magnificent Chinese Temple, four feet high, composed of various candied fruits, &c. The supper consisted of all the delicacies of the season in a profuse quantity, with a bountiful supply of pale sherry sparkling Madeira, foaming Creme de Bouzy and superior Guardiente. The company were comfortably seated, and waited upon to their entire satisfaction by the members of the club who were untiring in their endeavors to please. The usual toasts and sentiments were omitted. Supper being over the guests withdrew to the reception room, where dancing was resumed. The Victoria Club, ladies, and Everett Club, gents., were fully represented. The ladies were elegantly dressed. Mrs. M. E. W—s, of Minetta Lane, wore a plain snow white silk, short sleeves, lace bertha studded with natural roses, a beautiful boquet of the same upon her bosom, a coronet of pearls upon her head, joined at the back with a streamer of royal velvet, and as she entered the room leaning upon the arm of her consort, she presented the appearance of a bridal queen, and was pronounced the belle of the evening. Mrs. C. J—s of York st. looked beautiful in a dress of white tarleton, puffed flounces with pink trimming, and pearl head dress. Mrs. E. D—n looked quite interesting in a neatly trimmed dress of yellow tarleton. Mrs. R. C—s, straw colored silk trimmed with black velvet. Little Miss M. P—n, embroidered crape dress, pearl head dress, and her pretty face was wreathed in smiles. Mrs. D—d, of 17th st. looked quite pretty in an ashes-of-roses moire antique, and black lace shawl. Mesdames E. J. B—s, S. C—s, M. W—t, of Thompson st., D. T—n, of Minetta Lane. Wm. S—y, looked charming in neatly fitting black silk dresses without ornaments save their interesting and smiling countenances. Mesdames M. H—ll, C. S—e, and Miss C. B—e, of Laurens st., looked neat and pretty. Madame V—s, made quite an interesting appearance. Mrs. S. R—y, of Ninth street looked noble in a dress of light colored silk, neatly trimmed. Mrs. C—ll of Jersey city, steel gray figured silk. Mrs. M. H—s, white silk, pointed flounces, trimmed with scarlet velvet. Mrs. C. G—tt, of King st. was neatly dressed and looked quite captivating.

In fact all the dear creatures looked beautiful and enchanting, almost beyond description, and were perfectly irresistible. Nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the entertainment, and though the flowing goblet passed freely around not a gentleman showed by word or act any forgetfulness of the presence of ladies, and these lords of creation received many flattering compliments in the form of motto verses from the hands of the fair sex. The gentlemen with few exceptions made a very creditable appearance, being appareled in evening assembly mode.

As the clock tolled the hour of five A. M. we began to take our departure, while the band discoursed softly and sweetly that plaintive air 'Sweet Home,' and as we gazed on the merry dancers now about to separate the following lines occurred to our mind.

TERPSICHORE.

To the light fantastic measure,
In the gay and brilliant hall,
Seekers of the phantom pleasure
Hasten quickly at thy call;
But neither mirth nor dance nor song
Can detain the syren long;
Haste to seize her while ye may,
Pleasure lingers but a day.
Then let her votaries bend the knee
At thy fair shrine Terpsichore.

CARLOS HERMOSOS.

THE SONG which the Sleighers sang.—It is a noteworthy circumstance that the two hundred thousand who went abroad in the great sleighs of the stage companies on the fine evenings of last week—the two hundred thousand representing the heart of the city, and who are never heard in Chambers of Commerce or the halls of the politicians—sang the song which the Massachusetts soldiers sang on their march through Broadway:—

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on."

Tribune.

STILL IN BALTIMORE.—We learn that considerable excitement exists in Baltimore, growing out of the arrest of Rev Joseph Nickerson, on the complaint of the white Elder in charge, J. W. Bull, for preaching an abolition sermon. It appears that Mr. Nickerson, a Sabbath or two ago in the Sharp St. Church, preached from the hundred and twenty-fourth Psalm in the presence of this Bull, who thereupon immediately commenced goring him. In view of this event one of our subscribers writes us to discontinue his paper "until the devil is dead,"—a rather indefinite period, we think, unless he has reference to said Bull, in which case we would say as did father Suggins, that although we have no selfish malice against our foes, yet if the Lord has a thunder-bolt to spare, we would be pleased to see it bestowed on brother Bull's head.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF A MISSIONARY. Mrs. Gertrude J. Messenger, who had been a missionary at Bohlen, Africa, since 1843, recently took passage from that station for Brooklyn, her former home, but during the voyage, which was protracted and stormy, took ill, and died when the brig Ann, which conveyed her, was passing Sandy Hook, on Wednesday last. A coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict of death from debility was rendered. The remains were brought to St. Ann's Church, corner of Sands and Washington streets, Brooklyn, where the funeral services took place. The body was interred in Greenwood Cemetery. The lady was twenty-nine years of age, and her husband is now a missionary at Cape Palmas, Africa.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—A few days ago, in England, a colored boy attached to Bell's Circus crossed a tight rope, extended over the Lea to the rear of the Cork Atheneum, taking a child on his back. On returning, he fell, and succeeded in holding on to the rope with his legs, where he remained suspended until assistance was obtained. Fortunately the child was well fastened on the performers back, where he remained until he was rescued by a party in a boat.

A NOBLE COLORED BOY.—On last Thursday a son of Mr. B. C. Emory, of New Castle, Pa., while playing on the ice on the Shenango, broke through, and narrowly escaped drowning. He was saved by the presence of mind of a little colored boy who took the comforter from his neck, laid down on his breast, threw the end to the boy in the water and brought him out safe.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The bill providing for the abolition of Slavery within the District of Columbia, introduced by Senator Wilson, and referred to the District Committee, was intrusted to Senator Morrill, who has prepared a bill which provides for the immediate emancipation of all the slaves in the District, and for a limited compensation to loyal owners, not to exceed $300 per slave on the average. Owners must, within ninety days, file their claims, together with proofs of value, and of loyalty, with Commissioners. These are to report within nine months. They are authorized to examine the slave as well as the master, in order to determine the latter's right to compensation. It is believed that the bill will commend itself to a majority of the Committee. It is composed of Messrs. Grimes, Dixon, Morrill, Wade, Anthony, Kennedy, and Powell. The number of slaves now in the District is about 3,000. Probably more than half belong to masters who will swear that they are loyal. The total cost to the nation of emancipating cannot be over $1,000,000, and may not be much more than $500,000.—Cor. of N. Y. Tribune.

JOKES.—That Secretary Seward ever perpetrated one.

That Mrs. James Gordon Bennet had a special invitation to Mrs. President Lincoln's dancing party.

That Chevalier Wyckof is fingering the President's secret service money.

That the President shed tears when the Hutchinsons sang "a Ship on fire" in the White-house. (vide Home Journal.)

That Nathaniel P. Willis actually kissed little Viola Hutchinson's hand at the conclusion of an anti-slavery song, in the White-house aforesaid! "O! Natt Dea!" (see Evening Post.)

THE GREAT CONTRABAND FESTIVAL, AT CONTINENTAL HALL.—This feast came off on the evening of the 11th, in fine style. The Hall, which will hold about four hundred persons, was densely crowded by our most substantial citizens, and everything passed off very pleasantly.

The Rev. H. H. Garnet, who occupied the chair, made a short address, as did also the Rev. Sampson White, and the Rev. Wm. J. Alston; but the feature of the evening was the speech of Mr. Parker, an escaped slave, who was in the battle of Bull Run, acting as an artillerest on the Rebel side. The statements which he makes are highly important and deeply interesting.

He occupied about an hour and a half, and was listened to with deep interest by the entire audience. We were pleased to notice that the refreshments were entirely consumed.

MRS. E. P. ROGER'S SCHOOL, NEWARK N. J.—MR. EDITOR:—It gives me great pleasure to state that the esteemed lady of our departed friend, Rev. E. P. Rogers, has now in progress a small but cheerfully growing school for young misses and masters at the age of ten, under and upwards, where all the primary branches are taught, associated with vocal and instrumental music.

I hope as she deserves, she will meet with a general encouragement. See her advertisement in another part of this paper.

J. N. G.

THE "HIGHER INSIGHT."—The bill now under consideration, providing for the offices of consul general to Hayti and Liberia, fixes the salaries respectively at $7,500 and $4,000.

A PIOUS EDITOR.—An anecdote, headed "A cause of thanksgiving," at the bottom of the 3rd column on the 3rd page of the "Pine and Palm" of Jan. 30th, we think proves unmistakably the fact that the pious editor does not concern himself about what goes into that journal, as he some time since announced to his readers. But what matters it?—the paper is only for black people!

THE PROMENADE CONCERT at Adelphi Hall, Williamsburg, for the benefit of St. James' church will take place Friday evening, 14th inst.

MARRIED.

SCHENCK, PRICE.—In this city, Feb 4th, by the Rev H. Highland Garnet, Homer M. Schenck of New York, and Mrs Sophia C. Price, of Baltimore.

DIED.

SMITH.—At New Utrecht, L. I., Jan 24th, of apoplexy, Ellen Smith, aged 59 years, three months and nine days.

FERGUSON.—In this city, Feb 10th, of consumption, Adriene Ferguson, aged 23 years, 8 months and 16 days.

BROWN.—In this city on Saturday, Feb. 8th, of congestion of the brain, Robert James, infant son of Robert and Elizabeth Brown, aged 3 years 3 months and 19 days.

JACKSON.—In this city, Feb. 9th, of cancer in the breast, Diana Jackson, aged 47 years 11 mo and 26 days.

THOMAS.—In Washington City, February 5th, Charles E., son of James Thomas in the 18th year of his age.

RICE.—In Philadelphia, Jan 31st, 1861, Sophia, wife of George Rice, Senr. in the 68th year of her age.

Special Notices.

A REPORT

The committee of Ladies who gave the Calico Dress Ball at Mozart Hall, submit the following report to the public:

The total receipts were . . .	$308,69
" " Expenses " . . .	152,38
Excess of receipts over expenditures	$156,31

A full account of the disposal of this sum will be published with the receipt of the gentlemen in whose hands the money is to be placed. Great care will be taken to be sure that the amount shall go direct to the contrabands, who must know that they have friends of their own race at the North, who are proud to aid them.

The Ladies are a little disappointed in the amount of clothing received up to this date and again urge their friends to bestow any articles they can spare for that purpose. They will receive contributions at their residences until the 21st inst.

The ladies desire to return thanks to Messrs. Downing, Tyson and other gentlemen for valuable assistance, and to Mr. T. B. Voorhies for his able and gentlemenly management of the floor on the night of the Ball.

MRS. J. H. JACKSON.
MRS. PARKER.
MRS. P. WILLIAMS.
MRS. SHAD.
MRS. HOPEWELL.
MRS. ODELL.
MISS BRUCE.

The
FIRST ANNUAL CONCERT
OF THE
ST. PHILIP'S SUNDAY SCHOOL,
Will be given on MONDAY EVENING,
FEB. 24th, 1862,
At the ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,
In Mulberry street, between Bleecker and Houston,

The proceeds to be applied for the benefit of the Sunday School Library.

The school will be assisted by the following ladies and gentlemen;

Miss Rebecca Wake, Miss Kate Bowers, Miss Victoria Price, Pianista.

Messrs E. and H. Dias, Basso.

W. F. Sturgis, Conductor.

Doors open at 6½, to commence at 8 o'clock.

Tickets of admission 15 cts., children 10 cts. to be had of Miss Ursie Parker, 90 Wooster st. Miss Selina Jackson, 68 Sullivan st., Miss Clara Bruce, 60 Laurens st., Miss Roach, 87 Sullivan st., Mrs. Peters, 77 Laurens st., Mr. Curtis, 153 Thompson st., Mr. Guignon, Williamsburg, and at the door.

The piano is from the celebrated warerooms of Horace Waters, Broadway.

1.

GRAND OVATION
AND
RE-UNION DEMONSTRATION AND TEA,
BY FOUNTAIN UNION LODGE,
No. 1, I. O. of G. S. and D. of S.

The officers and members of Fountain Union, beg leave to inform the public, that they intend to celebrate their Second Anniversary in Zion's Church, corner of Church and Leonard sts., on

THURSDAY EVENING,
Feb 27th, 1862.

The following Lodges have been invited, and are expected to be present in full regalia:

Phenix Union, No 3, Hudson, N. Y.; Progressive, No 4, Williamsburgh, N. Y.; Rebecca, No 6, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Crystal Fount, No. 6, Newark, N. J.; Fidelity, No 1, D of S, N. Y.; Unity, No 2, D of S, N. Y.; Purity, No 3, D of S, N. Y.; Harmony, No 4, D of S, Newark, N. J.; Fountain Union of New Haven, No 7, New Haven, Conn.; Representatives of Perseverance Lodge, No 1, G. S., of Bermuda; Grand Degree Lodge of the City of New York; R. W. G. Lodge, of the E. District of the I. O. of G. S. and D. of S.; R. W. N. G. Lodge of the I. O. G. S. and D. of S. [First Branch.]

The following gentlemen have been invited, and are expected to be present:

Revd's David Stevens, J. D. S. Hall, R. H. Cain, H. H. Garnet, James Hamilton, Moses Manning, Daniel P. Seaton, John Peterson, Esq., Wm. C. H. Curtis, P. H. Reason, Dr Martin R. Delany, Rev Wm. H. Bishop.

Also the following Lodges, Tabernacles and Associations have been invited, and are expected to be present in full Regalia:

Grand Tabernacle of the State of N. Y., B. and S. of Love and Charity; Past Grand Masters' Council of the Grand United Order of O. F., Hamilton Lodge, No 710, United Order of O. F.; Terry Lodge, No 900, United Order of O. F.; Philomathean Lodge, No. 646, United Order of O. F.; Sheba's Court, No. 1, Ancient Order of Heroines of Jericho; The Benevolent Daughters of Conference of Zion's Church; The United Daughters of Conference of Zion's Church; The United Sons of Conference of Zion's Church; The United Daughters of Bethel Church; The Female Haytien Society of the City of New York; The Sons of Morgan; The Sons of Wesley. Charles R. Hornbeck, G. Marshal.

Immediately after the exercises are over, a Tea will be given in the basement, to which the Societies will proceed en masse.

Tickets to the Anniversary, 12 cents; Tea, 38 cents; to Anniversary and Tea, 38 cents.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.—Ellen Stevens, 48 Leonard street; Julia Holmes, 80 Nassau street; Mary L. Place, 95 Crosby street; Hannah Miller, 343 West 26th street; M. B. Coss, Williamsburgh; John D. Bagwell, 182 Suffolk street; Page C. Ridout, 25 Sullivan street.

Tickets may also be had of Julia Dove, 32 Pell street; Susan Church, 105 Park street; Mary Hopkins, 343 West 26th st.; George W. Spriggs, 17th street; Pleasant R. Smith, Ludlow street; Abram Jarvis, Marshall street, Williamsburgh; Abram Trower, 279 South 4th street, Williamsburgh; Geo. Smith, 218 Wooster street, and at the door.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; Exercises to commence at 8.

For order of exercises see circular.

MISS E. T. GREENFIELD,
THE BLACK SWAN,
Respectfully announces
A GRAND CONCERT
For the benefit of
THE ABYSSINIAN BAPTIST CHURCH,
No. 166 Waverley Place, near the 6th Avenue, on
WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEB 19, 1862.

On which occasion she will be assisted by Mrs. Brown, the American Nightingale, and niece of the late Frank Johnson. Prof. Kook will assist. Doors open at 7 o'clock—Concert to commence at 8, precisely. Should the weather prove stormy the concert will be postponed until the next evening. For full particulars see programme.

GRAND BANQUET,

And Masonic Demonstration, under the auspices of the Right Worshipful Grand Lodge for the State of New York, for the benefit of

THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS' FUND.

The members of the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, working under the jurisdiction of the R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, respectfully inform their friends and the public that they will give a Grand Banquet on the Evening of the 27th of February, 1862,

AT MOZART HALL, 663 BROADWAY.

The following Lodges will be present on the occasion in full Regalia:

Widow's Son, No 1. Celestial, No. 2. Meridian, No. 3. King Solomon, No. 4. Covenant, No. 7. Widow's Son, No. 10. Mount Olive, No. 11. Mount Calvary, No. 12. North Star, No. 14. Eureka, No. 15. Excelsior, No. 16. Jeptha, No. 17. Mount Moriah, No. 18. And Representations from Western Light, No. 6. Mount Nebo, No. 8, and Evening Star, No. 9. Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, will grace the evening by their presence.

Sheba's Court, No. 1, Ancient Order of Heroines of Jericho, is invited, and will be present on the occasion in full regalia.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14, Knights Templars of the City of New York, will be present by special invitation, and display that Magnificent Standard recently presented by Sheba's Court No. 1.

Grand Marshal, J. W. BROWN.

The Music will be under the direction of Prof. W. F. Sturges. The Supper will be in the hands of a competent Committee, who will pledge that they will spare neither labor nor expense in the perfection of their work.

TICKETS, (which are limited,) $1 Each.

And can be obtained at the following places:—Jacob Vanderbeck, 193 Church and 73 Thompson street; Henry Skinner, Leonard street; J. L. Hudson, No. 4 East Houston street; Francis Thompson, 41 Hicks street, Brooklyn; Charles E. and George F. Hodges, 51 Boerum street, E. Brooklyn; John Johnson, 128 West Fifteenth street; Charlotte Thompson, 55 President street, South Brooklyn; Spencer's Bowling Saloon, 154 Church street. W. S. Woddrop, Melrose, and at the door on the night of the Banquet.

GLASS, CHINA, AND EARTHENWARE MENDED,
BY A. ROBERTS,
120 Clinton Court, 8th st. New York.

A Supply of the EGYPTIAN CEMENT, for the above purpose constantly on hand. Price 25 cents per bottle.
29tf

BOARDING AND LODGING, at No. 3 Jersey street, by Mrs. Brown, (widow of the late J. W. Brown) who begs the patronage of *her friends and acquaintances.*
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PLANE ST. SELECT SCHOOL.
195 PLANE ST., NEWARK, N. J.
MRS HARRIET E. ROGERS PRINCIPAL.

The branches taught are Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography and History.

Plain Sewing, Ornamental Needlework, Worsted Embroidery and Fancy Knitting.

Piano Forte, Melodeon, and Vocal Music by Prof. John H. O'Fake.

A limited number of Misses between the ages of ten and fourteen may be boarded in the house on moderate terms. Healthy location, and a fine yard for exercise.

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NEWARK, N. J.
Rev. E. J. Adams, Jefferson Ellis,
Adam Ray, Abram T. Cook.
BROOKLYN.
Rev. J. N. Gloucester.
NEW YORK.
Rev. H. M. Wilson, Rev. H. H. Garnet.

All letters may be addressed to Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, 194 Plane st. Newark, N. J.
27 6t.

Elizabeth City, N. J. Feb. 8, 1862.

This is to certify that I heartily approve of the effort of Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers to establish a Select School for young misses. I have been acquainted with her for over twenty-five years, and am happy to recommend her and her enterprise to the patronage of the public in general.

DANIEL H. VANDERVEER,
Pastor of the 1st Colored Pres. Church, Eliz. City.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Wm. R. De Cordover, 419 South 7th st. is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Anglo-African. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

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N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
46 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 16 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St., and with G. Oton.
18tf

WASHBOARDS! WASHBOARDS!! WASHBOARDS!!!—of the celebrated "Hoagland Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

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REV. H. H. GARNET, MINISTER.
New York—corner of Prince and Marion streets near Broadway.
Hours of Worship:—
Prayer-meeting, 10½ A. M.
3 P. M.
7½ P. M.
Prayer-meeting Tuesday Evenings 7½ o'clock,
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Minister's Residence 174 W. 30th st. near the 8th Avenue.

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Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.
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HOURS OF WORSHIP
10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.
3 " P. M.
Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.
Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 56 West Broadway.
Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.
Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.
Hours of worship.—
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7½ P. M.
Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.
Residence of Pastor, No 7 Fair St., Brooklyn.
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UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
DeKalb, corner of Hudson Avenue.
REV. ELI N. HALL, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.
Hours of worship
10½ o'clock A. M.
" P. M.
" P. M.
10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,
28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby Pastor. Residence 69 Madison Avenue.
HOURS OF WORSHIP:
10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.
3 " P. M.
7 1 " P. M.
12-1y

SILOAM CHURCH,
Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue.
Hours of worship:—
3 o'clock, P. M.
7 1-2 " P. M.
Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.
LECTURE every Wednesday evening.
Rev. CHAS. H. THOMPSON, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
Second Street, between Avenues B and C.
HOURS OF WORSHIP
10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.
3 P. M.
7 P. M.
Rev. J. D. S. HALL, Pastor. Residence—223 Second St.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.
Sullivan St., near Houston.
Rev. JOHN T. RAYMOND, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.
HOURS OF WORSHIP
10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.
3 " P. M.
7 1-2 " P. M.
Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.
Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.
Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr. Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven, opposite the Railroad depot.

AGENT FOR WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

TROY AGENCY.—Mr. Henry Burke, 36 Fulton St., Troy, is the regular agent for that city and vicinity. Subscriptions and advertisements for the paper left with him, will be promptly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW MUSIC.—"The Lord doth now to this Nation Speak," "O, Let my People Go," Parody on "Song of the Contrabands," words by Moses, music by Baker. Price 35 cts. including "Contrabands' Song," or 4 pieces for $1, mailed free. Just published by

HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway.
24 6t.

THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS,
MELODEONS, ALEXANDRE ORGANS,
and
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are the finest instruments for Parlors and Churches now in use. A large assortment can be seen at the new Warerooms 481 Broadway, between Grand and Broome streets, which will be sold at extremely low prices. Pianos and Melodeons from sundry makers, new and second hand, to let, and rent allowed if purchased, as per agreement. Monthly payments received for the same. Also, second-hand pianos at great bargains, prices from $25 to $100. Sheet Music, Music Books, and all kinds of Music merchandise at war prices. A Pianist in attendance will try new music.

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BOARDING AND LODGING ON THE EAST Side. Mrs. Gant can accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen, either residents or [illegible], 12 Suffolk Street. Terms very moderate.

MRS. ANDERSON,
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Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 78 Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 6t.

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LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMMODATE a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Greene Street, in the rear. Terms moderate. 9 13

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired, by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 8

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Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate.

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waiters, and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country.

HENRY G. LEASK,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS AND FURS,
COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.
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MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

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Poetry.

For the Anglo African.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER.

[It is a beautiful conceit, that when a baby smiles in its sleep it is talking with the angels.]

Tell me, did the angels greet thee!
Greet my darling when she smiled?
Did they whisper softly, gently,
Pleasant words unto my child?
Did they whisper 'mid thy dreaming,
Thoughts that made thy slumbers glad,
Of the joy lighted city
Where the heart is never sad?

Did they tell thee of the fountains
Clear as crystal, fair as light,—
Of glory brighten'd country
Never shaded by a night.
Of life's pure pellucid river,—
Of the tree whose leaves do yield
Healing for the bruised nations?
Nations smitten, bruised, peeled?

Of the city ruby founded,
Built on gems of flashing light,
Paling all earth's lustrous jewels,
And the gates of pearly white.
Darling when earth's shadows deepen
O'er thy prison-house of clay,
May the footsteps of God's angel
Ever linger round thy way

"IT IS MORE BLESSED"

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give,
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing:
Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the summer showers pouring!
What if no bird thro' the pearl rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavish'd for thee!

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes;
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over!
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanish'd from friend and from lover:
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give, as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God, and the gift that he gave

THE SUBLIMITY OF THE PRESENT CRISIS.

The Church of the Puritans was last evening crowded more densely than on any previous occasion. Beside the usual mode of providing extra accommodations, the foot benches were handed out of the pews, turned up on end, and used as seats, this process making standing room for another set of eager listeners. Nearly a whole regiment of soldiers, now quartered in this city, were in attendance. The house was completely packed long before the hour for beginning service.

The Rev. Dr. Cheever preached on "the sublimity of the present crisis," taking for his text the following;

"O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into the scabbard, rest and be still. How can it be quiet, seeing the Lord hath given it a charge against Ashkelon and against the sea shore? there hath He appointed it.—Jeremiah, xlvii, 6, 7.

Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully, and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood.—Jeremiah, xlviii, 10.

There are wars that are of the Lord, and they cannot and will not cease, till His purposes are accomplished by them. This war is of mercy as well as judgment, for the deliverance of the enslaved. God waits for us to prosecute it according to His Word, with this grand and glorious object in view. This purpose on our part would be our salvation. This effort would be for us the immediate crushing of the rebellion—an immediate victory. We are in great guilt, calamity, and danger, and amidst it all, though thrown immediately on God, we do not feel it as we ought, do not pray as we ought, do not prostrate ourselves before God, Unless we conquer, we die. We cannot conquer but by God. We cannot have God with us till we acknowledge our guilt, and repent of it. I will go and return to my place till they acknowledge their offense and seek my face. In their affliction they will seek me early. But repentance is emancipation. To that, therefore, we are absolutely shut up. Is there any of that, and of its coming in season? A member of Congress, in a letter recently written, says:

"I am still of opinion that this war is to put an end to Slavery, but I do not know that it will do it before it puts an end to our Government. It is my solemn conviction that in less than ninety days our sun rises in glory, or sets in Egyptian darkness. We will pray on, hope on, work on, do our duty to our country, come what may."

This proposed reconstruction of Slavery, in the very midst of God's judgments against this crime, is a hardihood of impiety against God, and an extreme of treason against the country, never paralled. It is just as when the besotted Israelites, right under the mount of God, beneath the thunderings and lightnings of God's glory, and while the region was all on fire with the majesty of heaven, taxed themselves to construct an idol in the image of a beast. So are our leaders and our people, in the very midst of the array of God's forces against this iniquity, setting up this Dagon in his place again, and preparing to dance before it. Would to God we had some Moses to come down from the mount, and, in the name and with the authority of a God of Justice and Righteousness, burn this calf in the fire, and grind it to powder, and mingle it in the water, and compel every General, and every Cabinet officer, every clergyman, and every layman, whose voice has been for this reconstruction and worship, to drink it to the dregs. This infatuation, this madness of inveterate and doting attachment to Slavery even while its mailed hand is at our throat with a death grip, it is to be feared is a judicial curse. Nothing in all history can parallel so suicidal a futurity. And as to meanness and criminality, it is as if the Apostolic Church had made a saint of Judas, after he had betrayed Christ, and hanged himself. It is as if the Israelites had expelled Joshua from their camp, and taken Achan or Og, King of Bashan, to be their leader. It is as if after John the Baptist's murder, they had elected Herod to be their prophet and pastor in his stead. In reference to the expulsion of the Hutchinsons from the camps on the Potomac, Dr. C. said, What in all ages has ever inspired an army of freemen, but freedom? Instead of that, the gamut of our generals, the watchword of our patriotism is the Constitution and Slavery, and the very melodies of freedom are forbidden. If you suffocate these impulses you destroy the life, the quickening energy on which you must rely in battle. In the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington perceived a wavering of the 42d Regiment of Highlanders, and, on inquiring, found that some one had commanded the bagpipes to cease playing. He instantly ordered them to be played in full blast, and immediately the brave regiment rallied, and rushed with indomitable courage to the conflict. Suppose that Wellington had ordered all the Scotch musicians to be expelled from the army, because they would play Bruce's address, and that was offensive to the French taste in music; this would have been not so absurd a piece of meanness and insolence as the order of the American Commander forbidding melodies of freedom in the American camp, because they set the army against Slavery. That act was an insult to the whole people of the North.

He concluded by considering certain contingencies before us. In reference to the attempts of making a peace by quelling the agitation of the question of human freedom, he said, the agitation can no more be put down by a reconstruction of the Union and Slavery, than you could stop an eruption of Etna by building a summer-house upon its crater, or tie up a stream of its lava with red tape, or calm Vesuvius by the sight of Gen. McClellan's epaulets, or a letter from the Secretary of State.

He closed with the following appeal: Let us abolish Slavery, and then, even if the Confederate band of men stealers are received into friendly partnership by the European Powers, and we stand alone, we shall be stronger, with God and Liberty on our side, than all Europe and the South with Satan and Slavery on theirs. [Applause.] Let us abolish Slavery, and our progress, as an empire in prosperity and power, has only begun. We should roll on in our career of greatness, under the blessing of God, while the community of slave traders would continue to decline, withered morally and physically, and disintegrated, degraded and blasted at every step. Let us abolish Slavery, and, though defeated now, because the measure came too late, yet being baptized of God ourselves for this work, even in blood, and ourselves really redeemed, we should abolish it, even in the South. Let us abolish Slavery, and although it is possible that by the help of Europe they may gain this diabolical independence for a season, they will be forced to give up this iniquity in the end. God will give them over into the power of those whom they have so long oppressed. They cannot stand as a slave empire the moment the North fling off their Slavery in hatred and scorn, and stand beside them as a free nation, no longer pledged to act the part of slave-hunters and bloodhounds for them, but inviting every panting fugitive to freedom, and pledged to God and humanity to protect and bless in God's name the victims of oppression. Let us abolish Slavery; for so doing we obey God and save the South as well as the North from incalculable misery. Let us abolish Slavery, and employ the Slaves themselves to spare and protect our own soldiers, and gain their rights and our salvation.

Dr. Cheever, at the conclusion of his sermon, addressed himself to the soldiers present in a very affectionate and eloquent manner, urging them never to obey any mandate, from whatever source it might come, to catch and send back the poor panting fugitive from the hand of bondage.

The discourse was applauded at various points, particularly when the name of Fremont was mentioned, and at the close the Hutchinsons sang the John Brown Hallelujah Hymn, which the audience received with hearty demonstrations of applause.—N. Y. Tribune of Feb. 3d.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HOOKER'S DIVISION, near Budd's Ferry, Charles Co. Md., Feb. 6th, '62.

MR. EDITOR.—Since my last we have had quite a little snow storm, which hid the mud for once at least. The snow commenced to fall on the evening of the 2d instant, and on the afternoon of the following day when it ceased, it lay to the depth of four inches. You may judge what a charming relief this must have been to us. I expect you have been blessed with a like visitation. It never snows but I think of a beautiful snow song, published this winter a year ago in the Anglo. You know sleighing days are the gala days of hard, stern winter. How the boys dance and sing, the girls gambol, the women laugh, and the sleigh bells jingle when the snow falls thick and fast! For the first time in my life have I seen the ground covered with snow without hearing the sleigh bells ring. I cannot say, positively, that sleigh-riding is an institution unknown to Dixie's land, but there is at least no sign of it in this portion of Dixie's vineyard.

The whole division is now engaged repairing the roads. In a few days the teams will be able to pass to and fro with comparative ease. They can do nothing until the roads are corduroyed. If they are allowed to remain as they are, in a few days whole regiments might be in a state of starvation. This may seem incredible, when it is known that provisions lay in abundance at Liverpool Point, three miles distant, and Run Point, five miles; but it is nevertheless the most probable thing imaginable. You will remember that the allied army lost twenty thousand horses, when in the harbor of Sebastopol there lay, loaded with forage, ships whose crews threw it overboard to get rid of it; it could not be carried over the roads; not until they constructed a railroad which ran into their very trenches were they able to supply their army, and maintain that memorable siege. A lesson might be learned from this example. It would be cheaper to construct a railroad at once, for when the government comes to foot the wood bill, and the wear and tear of teams and wagons is accounted for, it would be found more economical than the corduroy road.

There was quite an exciting time in one of the camps this morning. The slave hunters did not come for "Jim, the negro spy," on last Saturday as they said they would do, but they put it off until this morning. I suppose they thought they would, by this little delay, put him off his guard; but no, no, it seems that these fellows who have serious objections to serving a master, have learned intuitively that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." When a man's limbs have been bruised by the galling chains, he knows how sweet it is to be able to step forth free and unencumbered, and he will run fast and kick hard should any one attempt to reinvest him with those chains. Well, about twelve o'clock three Maryland magnates—slave hunters—rode into camp, provided with abundant dingy looking papers. A crowd was of course assembled in double quick time, without any regard to either right or left dress. There stood James, looking on in calm dignity. One asked, "Why don't you take him!" "I want the officer to let me take him," stammered the frightened hunter.

"Why you fool, there is not an officer in this whole division that dare give this man to you as a slave."

"Put 'em out! put 'em out! Ride 'em on a rail!" went up from every quarter. In a twinkling of an eye they were in their saddles. Groans, hisses and snowballs were showered on their devoted heads, and the last that was seen of them was when they were making Maryland mud fly in ignoble style.

I noticed in the National Republican of Washington city, a short time ago, a statement to the effect that Mr. Redpath, the editor of the Haytien Emigration newspaper—the "Pine and Palm"—had proposed to the United States authorities to transport all the contrabands of war to Fortress Monroe, for the modest sum of $20 per head. I was amazed and startled; I hoped that this was a mis-statement, and have been waiting for a denial. The source from which it comes, and the denial not having been made, we must accept it as true.

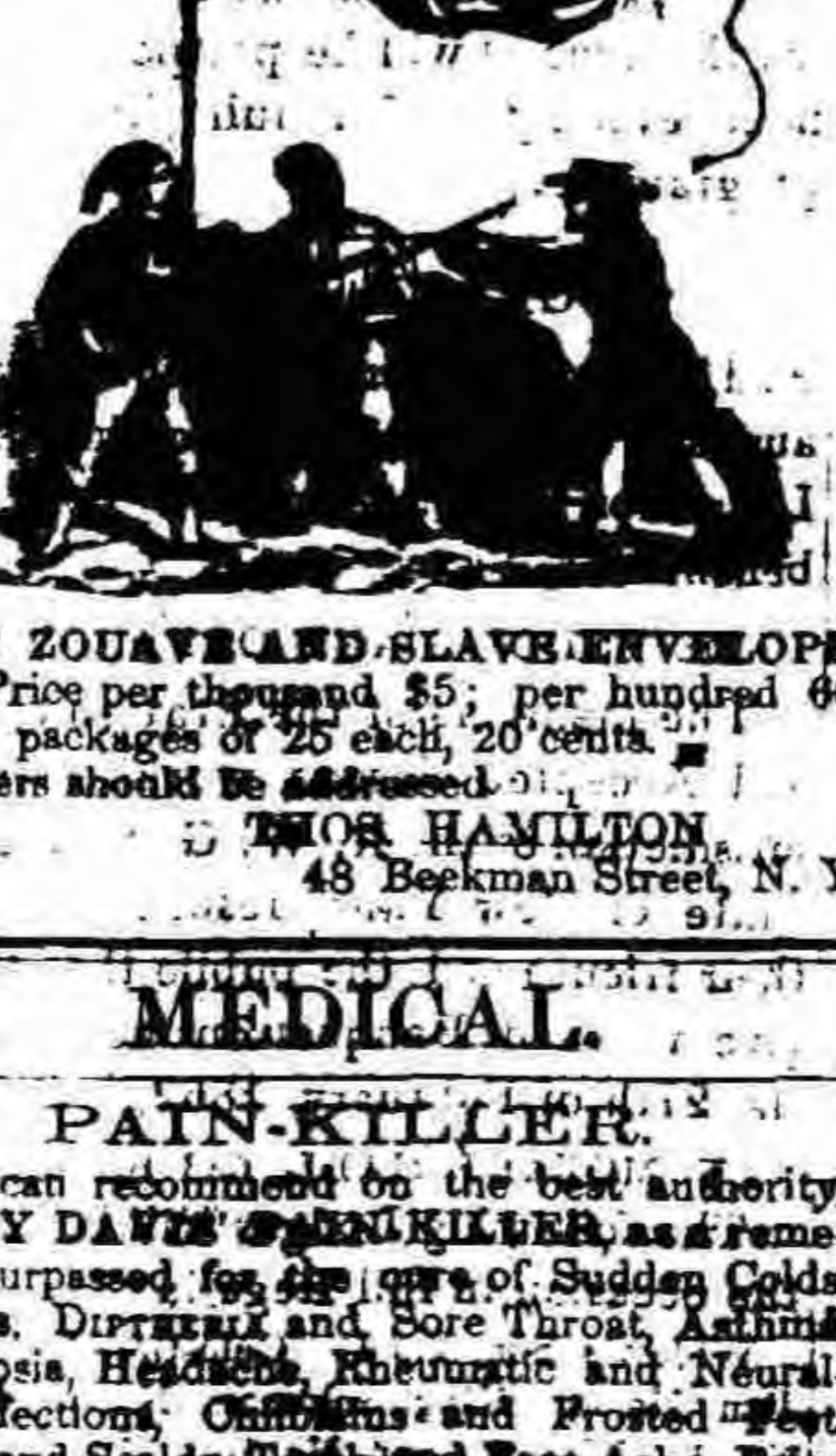
This last crowning usurpation compels us to pause and look around us, and see how we stand. About a year ago the announcement was made that an agency had been established at Boston with a white man at the head of it. A running contest was kept up by the agent and his aids with all who dared to dissent from the scheme. The foulest epithets were applied to those who had been foremost in the fight against oppression. The Anglo-African became the Pine and Palm, and the free discussion of the emigration question crushed. The only paper the masses could call their own was prostituted to the advocacy of a scheme which had already proved more disastrous to the colored people than anything in their history except slavery itself. I will venture to say that the amount of property sacrificed by the colored people of Philadelphia alone, in 1824, when citizen Granville and Frederick Hinton led them to emigrate to Trinidad and Hayti, would amount to millions of dollars. Large tracts of land were owned by colored people in the heart of our city, and are now worth millions, but it was all sacrificed upon the altar of emigration. I was confident that although Redpath might pay out Haytien gold lavishly, and shut his columns to every dissenting word that might be uttered against his scheme, would fail, not taking into consideration the course pursued by him and his parasites, which was overbearing and arrogant. To day sees Haytien Emigration stillborn on the hands of its fathers and progenitors, and, as if by some strange fatality to make its failure doubly sure, he dares to propose to trample in the dust all that is left of our liberties. No colonizationist ever dared to proceed to the length Redpath has, in his proposition to remove the freedmen at Fortress Monroe, regardless of their will or choice, to bind their hands and feet, if needs be, to make good his shipping contract.

Now that the slavery question is about to pass from the arena of political disputation, the question of expatriation will be thrust upon it. It can be seen looming up in mighty proportions in the distance. It is the next great barrier the enemies to human freedom, negro equality, and progressive civilization propose to build up. They have abundant and suitable materials to work with—these are the millions who have been schooled in that code of political ethics, the cardinal maxims of which are that the negro is inferior to the Caucasian, that he never can attain to equality with the dominant class in this country, and that his natural normal condition is slavery! They are determined to enslave or transport us if they possibly can, for they hate us cordially. Redpath has allied himself to these. It would be most disastrous to us at this stage of the contraband question to have the government do as he proposes. When I say us, I mean, of course to include the four millions of American slaves whose destiny is, to all appearances, suspended upon the decision of this question. Against these accursed ideas, these natural, moral, religious and political heresies, the anti-slavery men have waged an incessant war. Their only mission has been to give the lie to these infamous assumptions. My dear sir, if we look back to the past, and recall the struggles, the trials, and the triumphs of anti-slavery men, then turn to the noble words of Phillips and Sumner, hear Whittier sing, muse over the philosophy of Emerson, wonder at the genius of the lamented Parker, turn again to our distracted country, where war, bloody and merciless is precipitated by the slavery power, in a paroxysm of rage hoping thus to stay the overwhelming tide of public opinion, which this record of suffering and these noble words have created, can we look with any degree of allowance on any man or clique who indirectly calls this a farce? No, sir, we stand on the broad platform of the universal brotherhood of man. I expect to see the day when negro representatives unite in the halls of legislation. I believe, as a writer has beautifully said, that "the animosities are mortal but the humanities live forever." Redpath must be reckless, indeed, when knowing that he is repudiated by the colored population of the northern States attempts to take advantage of the dependence of those people who have been freed by the exigencies of this war. Just as they have been raised to the dignity of manhood, and a new life of hope and promise lies spread out before them, and are revelling in the exuberant joyfulness of a new life of freedom, Redpath proposes to expatriate them! If Haytian emigration was not already defunct, this act of Redpath would so completely annihilate it that it could never have a resurrection.

G. E. S.

'What is the meaning of 'lost' in French?' said a cab-driver to a foreign gentleman.—'Perdu,' answered the gentleman. 'Well, then, your trunk is perdu,' said the cab-driver.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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Great American Remedy for the Hair,
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Which has and is performing such wonders upon heads that have been, many of them, bald for years.

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The few following certificates will show that it is a standard remedy, and will so remain long after experiments with high alcohol shall have been forgotten.

CERTIFICATES.

New York, March 28th, 1861.

Mr. William Anderson—Dear Sir: That wonderful Hair Restorative that you sold here a short time ago, has become a favorite with the people. I have repeated calls for it—and here let me say that Mr. R——, who has been entirely bald on the top of his head for some three or four years, has, by using one bottle of your Restorative, produced a fine growth of hair. Please forward me one dozen bottles.

Yours Respectfully,
THOS. R. [illegible],
Fulton Fish Market.

New York, May 30th, 1851.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Sir: You may send me one dozen bottles of your Hair Restorative, which I will pay for on delivery. The two bottles I purchased from you have been of great service to Mrs. Ingersol.

D. W. INGERSOL,
(formerly in Pearl St.)

New York, May 12th, 1855.

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JAMES EDWIN [illegible],
193 Pearl St., N. Y.

I have used in my family "Anderson's Restorative for the Hair and cure for Nervous Headache," and found it [illegible] for the purpose specified, and recommend it to all who want a good and safe article.

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Warranted to cure diseases peculiar to the female sex

Warranted at all times safe and efficient.

Warranted for a gentle family physic not to have an equal in America, operating without pain.

Warranted not to contain calomel, aloes, gamboge colocynth, or other drastic poisonous drugs, which always do the system more hurt than good, and by their continued use are sure to cause a derangement of the liver, bring on costiveness, and its inevitable consequence, piles, and dyspepsia, and finally break down the constitution, and cause the victim to drag out a miserable existence. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wily poison. Your life is your own,—preserve it. Take a simple herb, sure in its effects, but safe and pleasant,—no wrenching pains, no ill effects, and made pleasant to take by a fine coat of sugar. Children love them, ladies admire them, fools and wise men cannot do without them, doctors prescribe them,—and every body takes them. Yes, every body; from the honest farmer and mechanic to the most learned philosopher. And why? Simply because they are good, excellently good; and will do you good.

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Hear the word!—who fight for freedom!
Shout it in the battle van!
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Christ the God, is Christ the Man!
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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE.

The Vulture like a monster was gliding and mounting the then increasing swells of the seas, Blake stood as if unconscious of the presence of those around him, reconnoitering the surrounding waters.

'Did you notice how that stout black fellow, and the handsome negro woman, looked at Blake in the hole?' remarked Paul: "You reckon he knows 'em?'

'Negroes all know each other, you know; all uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, and cousins,' replied the American. 'I never saw a negro yet, that was'nt acquainted with another negro you could name; negroes are all the same every where.'

'But how do you account for ——'

'A sail!' exclaimed Costello, interrupting Paul.

'A sail!' repeated Blake.

'A sail, a sail!' rang through the vessel, especially by the negroes, the blackness of whose faces seemed to glisten with emotion.

'North-east' remarked Paul elevating his glass; 'European I reckon.'

'Can't tell,' said Garcia following his example—'good way off yet.'

'Brig: I reckon she's a man-of-war,' continued Paul.

'Can't tell, sir!' replied Costello, exhibiting signs of fear.

During this time the approaching vessel was coursing from north-east to south-west, the Vulture from south-east to north-west, their lines of direction forming an X. Whilst every eye with fear was strained at the advancing seaman, suddenly she was seen to tack to the north-east, her direction being such as to have met the Vulture at a point in a given distance. All now stood in fearful silence waiting an expression from Garcia, who alone of the officers was an experienced slaver.

'Can't be after mischief, I reckon?' enquiringly said Paul, the first to break silence in the anxiously gazing group.

'An infernal fast sailor! replied Costello.

'No ide' what she is?' again enquired Paul.

'Some cussed thief of an Englishman I suppose,' said Royer; Garcia giving him a look of caution, to guard against the ear of the negroes.

The stranger was still advancing, but not near enough to determine what she was, as she carried no colors, and all still stood in fear waiting an opinion from the superior judgement of the Spaniard, when unexpectedly they were startled by a loud exclamation from Gascor'—

'Golly, but she come! De old Gull got nothin' to do but flap 'er wings, an' she pick up 'erself an' sails!'

'Shut up there, you black raven! Who asked you for your lip. Begone in an instant, or I'll lash you to the mizen-mast and give you a hundred!' ordered Royer; the boy making away quaintly saying:

'De raven goes; but he croak fo' he did go!'

Royer cast an eye at the blacks who stood on the forcastle quite aside from them—while the whites occupied the quarter deck—who smiled among themselves at the last repartee of their young fellow seaman.

'Curse the —!' said Royer scratching his head, but did not for prudential reasons finish the sentence.

All available canvass was given to the winds, strongly blowing from the north-east, and speed was now increased at least one fourth. It was evidently decided in the minds of all to be a chase, which could not be concealed, and every tack in nautical science was put to the test. On sped the Vulture dashing and splashing like a great living monster of the main, and on came the stranger in the distance riding and gliding the waves like a monstrous water fowl. The scene increased in interest as the vessels increased their speed, and the negroes were among the boldest of the crew. But the shades of evening were coming on, and the stranger which was to all appearance fast gaining on them, by illusion of the growing obscurity, seemingly fell back in the distance. The strictest watch was kept, and fearful anticipations troubled the whites during the entire evening.

Emboldened by what was now thought to be an Englishman, the negroes had determined to have a merry chaunt. So soon as Blake, who for a short time had withdrawn, made his appearance among them, they commenced in loud tones a glee:

We have hatred, dark and deep, for the fetter and the thong;
We bring light to prisoned spirits, for the captive wail a song!
We bring light ——"

'See!' interrupted Blake, as a vivid flash of lightning was seen in the distance, presently followed by a heavy rumbling of thunder.

The glee stopped, the blacks for the night, except those on watch, and the whites separated to rest till aroused in the morning to scenes of a more pleasing prospect, each party in hopes of the others disappointment.

CHAPTER XIX.

MIDDLE PASSAGE—CHASE CONTINUED.

A sail—a sail! a promised prize to hope!
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?
She walks the water like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
—BYRON

This morning ushered in a day of hope and cheerful promise to the mariner. The sun rose beautifully, overspreading by his reflections the expanded surface of the ocean, as if by the skill of some magic touch, changing at once the silvery to a golden hue. While the winds blew constantly—and occasionally moderate—a gale, there was not a cloud in the sky observable, to mar the prospects nor check the progress of a fair sail and passage to all appearance, during the remainder of the voyage. The spirits of all seemed in unison with the prospects of the day, cheerful and happy, all having assembled on the decks in anticipation of something decisive concerning the pursuing vessel the day before. And while thus standing in anxious expectation, the blacks had congregated together mooting a council regardless of their superiors who occupied another position on the same plane with themselves.

The whites were now quite desirous for a chant from the blacks, to divert their attention from the stranger which they expected shortly to make his appearance above the swelling seas. Passing by Gascor who stood alone, Royer desired to know what the blacks were doing so long together, and why they did not entertain the vessel with a merry sea song. Gascor made no reply but started toward the group wagging his head, which he occasionally touched on one side knowingly with the end of his finger, then stopping, looked back at the mate, then started again.

'What the deal does he mean?' said Royer.

'Headwork!' replied Paul, when there was a laugh at Royer's expense.

'At your old tricks again Captain Paul? You'll spoil negroes wherever you go!' retorted Royer; 'negroes should be kept in their place.'

'This is not the occasion for talking about "place" Mr. Royer,' rebuked Capt. Paul;' you had better think about fate!'

'I'll teach the black rascal how to behave to white men!" said Royer in reply.

'You'll find it a task, I'm thinking Mr. Royer!' said Paul.

'There we have it again! Give a nigger his own way and he's of no use to anybody,' rejoined Royer.

'May be so!' said Paul,

'I know so!' retorted Royer.

'This is no time for cross firing Mr. Royer, and the sooner you stop it the better!' rebuked Captain Paul in an authoritative tone.

Seizing a rope's-end, Royer, smarting under the rebuke of his superior officer, raised it over the boy, asking why he did not answer him when spoken to—to which the boy made no reply, but raised his head with a straining look over the sides of the deck toward the north-east.

'Answer me instantly!' commanded Royer.

'A sail!' replied the boy, pointing in the direction in which he was looking.

'A sail!' repeated Royer, dropping the rope.

'What is her course?' inquired Garcia, without his glass.

'Direct pursuit!' answered Costello.

'What flag?'

'Red ensign.'

'British then, as sure as the world!' exclaimed Garcia.

'Run up the Stars and Stripes,' commanded Royer.

'Off with the hatches there you black devils! Bring out the dead and dying; heave them overboard!' ordered the heartless Portugee.

The hatches, which had been for many hours closed, being opened, the blacks fell back, and retreated to escape the pestiferous fumes which met them.

'No running from dead niggers there you black wolves! Down in the hold like a gang of half starved hyenas into the grave of an executed thief!' exclaimed the reckless American.

Next came the heaves and sighs, wailing and cries, groaning and moaning of the thirsty, hungry, sick and dying, in tones of agony, such as to rend the soul with anguish to invoke Jehovah why

" Is there not some chosen curse—
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who gains his fortune from the blood of souls!"

'Bring out the dead, dying and damaged, an' we'll give 'em "a free an' quick passage" to kingdom come, in less an' no time. Out with 'em you black porcupines—out with 'em!' again roared the coarse American.

Then came a scene the most terrible. Men, women and children raging with thirst, famished, nauseated with sea-sickness, stifled for want of pure air, defiled and covered with loathsomeness, one by one were brought out, till the number of six hundred were thrown into the mighty deep, and sunk to rise no more till summoned by the trump of Heaven in the morning of the General Resurrection of all the dead, to appear before the Eternal Throne of God.

On casting them over, many of the sick and feeble begged in humble supplication to be spared, who, when clinging to the rigging or side of the vessel, had their hold broken by the foot of an officer, and when this was unsuccessful, a blow on the head with a handspike or capstan bar, sent the helpless victim trembling to a watery grave.

'Bear a hand at the pumps there—bear a hand!' ordered the surly Portugee, the water being directed in constant streams among them, when opening their mouths as before they caught at it to slake their parching palates and stay the perishing threat.

Among those remaining in loathsomeness was Abyssa, the Christian woman of Soudan, who so soon as the black seaman entered, burst into tears of grief, begging for relief from her disgusting condition.*

With glass in hand, standing upon the quarter deck, Royer declared in words of blasphemy and boasting, that the American flag, which had never grounded nor cowered before British colors, should not then become their prize. Before an event so humiliating should occur, he would consent to see her scuttled and all go to the depths of the ocean together. With lips pressed together, Blake looked on without an evidence of emotion, but a countenance and expression so determined, that Royer on passing turned about to look at him. Here, too, was Gascor as quiet as Blake was grave, but occasionally casting a look at Royer, which well might have caused him to suspicion the boy for some ill design toward him personally.

Meanwhile the Vulture dashed through the water at fourteen knots an hour, with American colors up and Spanish spirits down. All jesting among them had ceased, and even Gascor, who to them had always been a source of merriment, was now compelled to change his mood, which gave him the countenance of deep distress. Costello continued to pace the decks in silence, speaking only when spoken to, and though in reality the bravest man on board among the whites, submitted to his fate, though with grim reluctance.

The blacks were now under a new order of things, the destruction of the captives having frightened them, and all excepting Blake passed under the ordeal of Royer and Garcia's displeasure; with blasphemy ever on his lips, he was ready to abuse and insult the feelings of all to whom he spoke.

Calling them to duty, he abused them for delay in coming, and swore at them for coming when they knew that they had no duty to perform; this state of things continued till chance induced a change. The daring Briton seemed now to fall in the distance beyond the recovery of her former position, taking courage from which, Lawrence Spencer, on behalf of the Americans, raised a national air, joined by his party, to the words:

" The British shot flew hot,
But the Yankees answered not,
Till they got within the distance
They called handyo!
Says———"

'Three times three, for the American flag!' interupted Royer, when they became uproarous.

Thus escaping capture, by the speed of a superior Baltimore built slaver, rigged and fitted out in New York for the trade; with a favorable wind, on she sped, clearing the water, with nothing unusual occurring excepting every day to throw into the deep some half-a-dozen dead and dying captives taken from the hold, who had perished for want of sustenance in food, water, or air. The whites now were in high hopes and anticipation of a pleasant and profitable termination of the voyage.

CHAPTER XX.

STORM DURING MIDDLE PASSAGE.

The prospects of the day this morning at sunrise were promising, and the entire ship's company, black and white, were out upon the decks. The Spaniards still exhibited feelings of dissatisfaction, and Royer continued his overbearing assumption. On the quarter deck were standing the Americans, on the poop the Spaniards, the blacks occupying the forecastle.

While all thus positioned were enjoying the morning sun, looking out upon the ocean, a huge monster appeared in the water off the port bow of the vessel. The creature delighted in playing around and about the ship, diving on one side and coming up on the other, to the amusement and curiosity of the spectators. It was singular in shape, much larger than a grampus, and not so large as a whale. About it there was much cavil, some stating one thing, some another, when Garcia at once pronounced it a 'sign of trouble.'

The sky was clear—there were no fears of a storm; the cruiser distanced, no fears from her; they were approaching America, with no fears of the blacks. Then there was not to apprehend but the Spaniards, upon whom subsequently the eyes of the Americans were naturally turned.

But the weather suddenly changed; and the recently clear sky became decked with clouds and hazy, when the Americans more than ever became interested in the Spaniards. 'A sign of trouble' had impressed them, and kept ringing in their ears, till not but trouble could they imagine was before them. In the moment of a serious consultation among them, a voice was heard to cry 'a weather,' instantly succeeded by 'a sail.' Glasses were immediately leveled, when, just above the horizon, was a steamer to all appearance in direct pursuit. The prospect around had materially changed, the clouds gathered thickly and fast, lowering, seemingly, to the waters, while the steamer approached every minute nearer and nearer. Alarm now succeeded boasting; and fear, arrogant assumption. And whilst such was the case, on their part the Spaniards appeared unchanged by the surrounding circumstances.

This to the Americans was omenous, and caused them apprehension. The slaves at noon but the day before, had been well ventilated, fed and watered,* and the hatches ordered to be kept partially open, that nothing might occur to hinder their progress. But the steamer still advancing, was fast gaining upon them.

'Examine the hold, and see what them niggers is about!' commanded Royer with a stentorian voice.

'The slaves are restless, Mr. Royer,' replied Lawrence Spencer, who, to guard against the stench, had peeped into the hatch.

'What! I'll soon quiet 'em,' replied he, who, armed with sword and whip in hand, ordering the whites to follow him, entered the hold, commanding silence.

The slaves confined in the stalls, immediately turned their eyes toward Mendi, the athletic captive so abused by the mate, who then sat in the centre of the hold, loose and entirely out of place.

'I now see the cause of it,' remarked George Royer; 'he has worked himself out of place, and others want to follow.'

Mendi suddenly sprang to his feet, stood with eyes fixed, looking defiance at the whites, then casting a look around upon his fellow captives, he spoke to them in his native Congolese. Royer drew with a brandish his sword, shook with a threat his whip, then gave him a look of authority, and left the hold followed by his companions.

Gaining the decks, and looking up, the skies still angrily threatened a storm, but nothing in comparison with the angry threatening of the dusky faces below.

'Apprehend anything serious?' inquired Paul.

'No, not any,' replied Royer, supposing that the shake of his whip had intimidated the captive Mendi, though he, in reality, was alarmed.

'No danger of 'em gettin' loose, then?' continued Paul.

'None, sir, whatever. All the black rascals require to keep 'em in order is the shake of cowskin over 'em,' replied George Royer.

'I'm not so certain about that; but hark!' said Paul, as a crash was heard below decks, like the crushing of boxes.

'The slaves are dissatisfied, and in a muss below, Mr. Royer,' exclaimed Tom Hardy, an old American seaman.

'What under the sun is the matter with 'em?' replied the mate.

'They must want water, sir,' replied he, just returning from a peep where he saw them sucking the broken glass of wine bottles.

'Just as you might expect! a nigger is all'as after somethin' to eat or drink,' replied Royer in a passion. 'Give 'em water.'

Water was given which they drank, but still were thirsty; food they ate, but yet were hungry. They hungered and thirsted for liberty, heaven's great boon to man. Restlessness, with fierce demonstrations, pervaded the slave department, at which the whites becoming alarmed made serious suggestions to the commander.

'By the winds of Heaven, I'll subdue 'em or die! Follow me!' exclaimed Royer in a torrent of passion entering the hold, armed with sword and revolver.

Mendi on seeing him enter, advanced, stood boldly before him making gestures of the most serious apprehension.

'Rally, men, rally!' sternly commanded Royer, making a rush toward the unmanacled captive, when Tom Hardy stopping suddenly, shrugged up his shoulders and reached out his hand, which Mendi eagerly grasped.

'Are you dry, old fellow?' inquired the seaman, with suitable gesture, to which he shook his head. 'Are you hungry?' continued he, suiting an action to the word; when with a look of contempt the captive smiled. 'By daddy, cap'n, this chap seems bent on a muss, an' I'm kind a thinkin' he's able to get up one,' concluded he.

'Nonsense, nonsense!' contemptuously bellowed Royer; 'he's a nigger, an' I'll teach him his place.

'Ef 'e dont, cap'n,' comically replied Hardy, 'he'll mock devilish close the man that does.'

'Come, boys, come!'

'On deck!' was the stern command of Paul at the instant when the order was about to be given by Royer to rush upon the unmanacled bondman.

'Reef sails.'

'Aye, aye sir!'

'Lively, there, lively!' were commands, answers and orders given, all at the same time, by different voices, everything being in the utmost confusion.

A heavy sea now struck the vessel, followed by a blinding flash of lightning and deafening peal of thunder; the Vulture dashing, heaving, tossing, plunging, and again mounting the swells as if in defiance of the confusion, roaring of the storm and threatening danger around.

The contemplation of the scene had now become fearfully interesting. The black and frowning skies and raging hurricane above; the black and frowning slaves with raging passions below, rendered it dreadful without, fearful within and terrible all around. Whilst captain, mate, and crew were with might and main struggling against the fierce contending elements above, the master spirits of the captives seized the opportunity to release his fellow slaves from their fetters. Armed with a heavy weapon found in the hold, Mendi stood in readiness for the conflict; with which on crushing a box to pieces, bill hooks or sugar knives were strewn about the place. Arming his comrads they made ready for a charge.

Standing near to reconnoitre the hatch, an approach from above caused him to recede a pace or two from his position, as Spencer peeped down.

Here he descried the master standing in an attitude of determined resistance, boldly and fearlessly peering at the frowning clouds, as though to invoke the fury of the skies. A dreadful peal of thunder with a fearful flame of lightning just then burst in the elements, causing a glare deep down into the portentious dungeon illuminating his face, who starting stepped back a pace with face upturned to Heaven, falling upon his knees with hands extended in supplication to Jehovah, with great piercing eyes sparkling from under the heavy black brow, presented a sight which struck terror to the heart of the young American passed-midshipman.

Pale and trembling he turned away, with faltering speech to describe the scene. Terrible as they might have been, the storm and hurricane above, had not produded the trepidation in the young American, as did the storm of silent vengeance deeply concealed amidst the fires of the troubled soul of this outraged son of Africa.

'Heavens!' exclaimed Royer at seeing Spencer stand back from the hatch, pale and panic-stricken; 'What's the matter?'

'If the storm continues, we are lost!' replied Spencer.

'Death and destruction!' roared Royer; 'will you let a blast of thunder frighten you?'

'You don't understand me sir, the negroes, the negroes are' ——

'What?'

'Loose!' replied Spencer; when again the thunder pealed as if uttering Heavens indignation, while the lightning's forked streaks displayed the threatening of its wrath.

The storm raged, the waters dashed, while the vessel like a cork was tossed amidst the furies of the hurricane, and not a sound nor whisper heard but frightful antecedents. Then above the roaring storm might be heard the voice of Royer, with words of startling blasphemy, endeavoring to encourage on to battle, the seamen with the elements; when again it might be heard in tones of discouragement but not less blasphemous, calling upon the thunder and lightning to dash in pieces the vessel, rather than it should be taken by a gang of black devils.

'What did you see?' asked Royer when a moment again favored the enquiry.

'That big restless negro!' replied Spencer tremblingly.

'How did he look?'

'Like the devil just let loose!'

'Let us look again!' said Royer peeping into the hold; 'just as I expected! a nigger's always after something to eat or drink. See them drums of figs—yes, there's resons too, and look at the fruits and broken licker bottles scattered round. By the lightning its too bad!'

'Can you see nothing else? asked Spencer, closely peeping in.

'Stay!' whispered Royer, closely creeping up, laying down and peeping into the hold. 'Hark! still, still! Yes, there he is armed to the teeth, and all his niggers armed. See him, he peeps to see some one—only see his eyes!'

'The vicious devil!' added Spencer, 'that look!'

Dark and unearthly is the scowl.
That glares beneath his dusty cowl;
The flash of that dilating eye
Reveals too much of time gone by!
Though——

'Come, come, Mr. Spencer, this is no time for Shakespeare and nonsense! *I wish men was as good in showin' their bravery, as they is sometimes in showin' their learnin,' rebuked Royer. Spencer laughed at the mention of Shakspeare.

'Well, cap'n, 'bravery' or not, it aint no chile's play to go in the hold after yon black feller,' I'm told ye it aint,' suggested Tom Hardy.

Crash, again roared the thunder, as if shattering the skies to pieces, the lightning spreading flashes as though the clouds were in a flame. Startled at this potent mandate from above, captain, mate and all stood in silence at the scene.

'Yo ho! ho eyo!' could be heard above the winds and dashing spray, the seamen manfully contending against the tempest, being fearfully exposed to the raging, merciless blast above, and the restless and dangerous elements of passion below.

Such was the state of things, but twenty-four hour's sail from Matanzas.

Suddenly the winds changed, the clouds began to disperse, the thunder and lightning ceased to be seen and heard. Late in the afternoon a rainbow appeared above the horizon, telling in distant and silent eloquence as a harbinger of gladness, of a brighter prospect to all, as if conscious of the terror which pervaded the enslavers, and the future that awaited the enslaved.

The hatches being secured it was conceded that were it known that the slaves had been rebellious their value would be much depreciated, if not their sale prevented. The agreement was then made to suppress all information concerning their mutinous tendency, and dispose of the cargo as quickly as possible at the barracoons of Matanzas.

Blake during the entire troubles was strangely passive to occurring events below, strictly attending to the duties of his office in silence, except when speaking to a black, or spoken to by a white; but was suspicioned by the Americans as being the instigator of the plot, who under ordinary circumstances would have been executed at the yard arm of the vessel. But the Spaniards having accomplished their ends were satisfied, and showed pleasantness, becoming quite affable, they having at the start desired the cargo to be taken to Cuba.

Nothing could be seen of the daring British West India schooner, she having escaped the storm by putting into harbor. Nothing during the night occurred, and at daybreak next morning they hove in sight of the Island, and at six o'clock that afternoon the Vulture secured her moorings in the bay at Matanzas.

Scarcely had she landed than without waiting for the adjustment of his engagement, Blake went immediately on shore, and was soon lost among the gazing spectators who assembled on the quay at the arrival of the vessel.

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* The coarseness and ruthlessness of these persons on slavers are indescribable. Imprecations, blasphemy and [illegible], they seem to delight in mocking and sporting over the distresses of their victims, even when themselves alike in danger.

* Native Africans are very cleanly about their persons, bathing generally several times a day.

* A fact worthy of note, is that the captives in a slaver are only fed once a day, and sometimes watered only once.

* Some young officers at sea are full of levity in times of the greatest danger.

SPEECH OF JOHN S. ROCK, ESQ.

At the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society, Thursday Evening, Jan. 23.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am here not so much to make a speech as to add a little more color to this occasion. (Laughter.)

I do not know that it is right that I should speak at this time, for it is said that we have talked too much already; and it is being continually thundered in our ears that the time for speech-making has ended, and the time for action has arrived. Perhaps this is so. This may be the theory of the people, but we all know that the active idea has found but little sympathy with either of our great millitary commanders, or the National Executive; for they have told us again and again, that 'patience is a cure for all sores,' and that we must wait for the 'good time' which, to us, has been long a-coming. (Applause.)

It is not my desire, neither is it the time for me to criticise the Government, even if I had the disposition so to do. The situation of the black man in this country is far from being an enviable one. To-day, our heads are in the lion's mouth, and we must get them out the best way we can. To contend against the Government is as difficult as it is to sit in Rome and fight with the Pope. (Laughter.) It is probable, that, if we had the malice of the Anglo-Saxon, we would watch our chances and seize the first opportunity to take our revenge. If we attempted this, the odds would be against us, and the first thing we should know would be—nothing! (Laughter.) The most of us are capable of perceiving that the man who spits against the wind, spits in his own face! (Laughter.)

While Mr. Lincoln has been more conservative than I had hoped to find him, I recognise in him an honest man, striving to redeem the country from the degradation and shame into which Mr. Buchanan and his predecessors have plunged it. (Applause.)

This nation is mad. In its devoted attachment to the negro, it has run crazy after him, [laughter,] and now, having caught him, hangs on with a deadly grasp, and says to him with more earnestness and pathos than Ruth expressed to Naomi, 'Where thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' [Laughter and applause.]

Why this wonderful attachment? My brother [Mr. Remond] spoke ably and eloquently to you this afternoon, and told you of the cruel and inhuman prejudices of the white people of this country. He was right. But has he not failed to look on the other side of this question? Has he not observed the deep and abiding affection that they have for the negro, which 'neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor to come, can separate from this love,' which reaches to their very souls? (Renewed laughter and applause.)

I do not deny that there is a deep and cruel prejudice lurking in the bosoms of the white people of this country. It is much more abundant in the North than in the South. Here, it is to found chiefly among the higher and lower classes; and there is no scarcity of it among the poor whites in the South. The cause of this prejudice may be seen at a glance. The educated and wealthy class despise the negro, because they have robbed him of his hard earnings, or, at least, have got rich off the fruits of his labor; and they believe if he gets his freedom, their fountain will be dried up, and they will be obliged to seek business in a new channel. Their 'occupation will be gone.' The lowest class hate him because he is poor, as they are, and is a competitor with them for the same labor. The poor ignorant white man, who does not understand that the interest of the laboring classes is mutual, argues in this wise: 'Here is so much labor to be performed,—the darky does it. If he was gone, I should have his place.' The rich and the poor are both prejudiced from interest, and not because they entertain vague notions of justice and humanity. While uttering my solemn protest against this American vice, which has done more than any other thing to degrade the American people in the eyes of the civilised world, I am happy to state that there are many who have never known this sin, and many others who have been converted to the truth by the 'foolishness of anti-slavery preaching,' and are deeply interested in the welfare of the race, and never hesitate to use their means and their influence to help break off the yoke that has been so long crushing us. I thank them all and hope the number may be multiplied, until we shall have a people who will know no man save by his virtues and his merits. [Loud applause.]

Now, it seems to me that a blind man can see that the present war is an effort to nationalize, perpetuate, and extend slavery in this country. In short, slavery is the cause of the war; I might say, is the war itself. Had it not been for slavery, we should have had no war! Through two hundred and forty years of indescribable tortures, slavery has wrung out of the blood, bones and muscle of the negro hundreds of millions of dollars, and helped much to make this nation rich. At the same time, it has developed a volcano which has burst forth, and, in less number of days than years, has dissipated this wealth and rendered the Governmen bankrupt! And, strange as it may appear, you still cling to this monstrous iniquity, notwithstanding it is daily sinking the country lower and lower. [Hear, hear.] Some of our ablest and best men have been sacrificed to appease the wrath of this American god. There was Fremont, God bless him! [loud applause]—who, under pretense of frauds in his contracts, to the amount of several thousand dollars, was set aside for a Hunker kidnapper. If Fremont made a mistake of a few thousand dollars—which no one claims was intentional on his part—what do you think of the terrible delay which has cost, and is costing us two millions a day? Who is responsible for this great sacrifice of treasure? [Hear, hear.] Then, there was Mr. Cameron, the hem of whose garment was not soiled with anti-slavery, except what he got from his official position, as it was forced upon his convictions. But, standing where he did, he saw the real enemy of the country; and because he favored striking at its vitals, his head was cut off, and that of a Hunker's substituted! There is a storm in that cloud which, to-day, though no larger than a man's hand, is destined to sweep over this country and wake up this guilty nation. Then we shall know were the fault is, and if these dry bones can live! [Loud applause.]

The Government wishes to bring back the country to what it was before. This is possible; but what is to be gained by it? If we are fools enough to retain the cancer that is eating out our vitals, when we can safely extirpate it, who will pity us if we see our mistake when we are past recovery? [Hear, hear.] The abolitionists saw this day of tribulation and reign of terror long ago, and warned you of it; but you would not hear! You now say that it is their agitation, which has brought about this terrible civil war! That is to say, your friend sees a slow match set near a keg of gunpowder in your house, and timely warns you of the danger which he sees is inevitable; you despise his warning, and, after the explosion, say, if he had not told you of it, it would not have happened! [Loud applause.]

Now, when some leading men who hold with the policy of the President, and yet pretend to be liberal, argue, that while they are willing to admit that the slave has an undoubted right to his liberty, the master has an equal right to his property; that to liberate the slave would be to injure the master, and a greater good would be accomplished to the country in these times, by the loyal master's retaining his property, than by giving to the slave his liberty,—I do not understand it so. Slavery is treason against God, man and the nation. The master has no right to be a partner in a conspiracy which has shaken the very foundation of the Government. Even to apologise for it, while in open rebellion, is to aid and abet in treason. The master's right to his property in human flesh cannot be equal to the slave's right to his liberty. The former right is acquired, either by kidnapping, or unlawful purchase from kidnappers, or inheritance from kidnappers. The very claim invalidates itself. On the other hand, liberty is the inalienable right of every human being; and liberty can make no compromise with slavery. The goodness of slavery to the master can bear no relative comparison to the goodness of liberty to the slave. Liberty and slavery are contraries, and separated from each other as good from evil, light from darkness, heaven from hell. (Applause.) We trace effects to their cause. The evils brought upon the slave and the free colored man are traced to slavery. [illegible] doomed to slavery with its indescribable category of cruelty and wrongs —

> "Some times loaded with heavy chains,
> And flogged till the keen lash stains."

It may be an easy matter to apologize for slavery; but after applying the great test, —the Golden Rule,—of 'doing unto others as we would have them do unto us,' we must admit that no apology can be made for slavery. And of all the miserable miscreants who have attempted to apologize for, and extol, the happy condition of the slave, I have never seen one of them willing to take the place of one of these so-called 'happy creatures.' (Loud applause.)

To-day, when it is a military necessity, and when the safety of the country is dependent upon emancipation, our humane political philosophers are puzzled to know what would become of the slaves if they were emancipated! The idea seems to prevail that the poor things would suffer, if robbed of the glorious privileges that they now enjoy! If they could not be flogged, half starved, and worked to support in ease and luxury those who have never waived an opportunity to outrage and wrong them, they would pine away and die! Do you imagine that the negro can live outside of slavery? Of course, now, they can take care of themselves and their masters too; but if you give them their liberty, must they not suffer? (Laughter and applause.) Have you never been able to see through all this? Have you not observed that the location of this organ of sympathy is in the pocket of the slaveholder and the man who shares in the profits of slave labor? Of course you have; and pity those men who have lived upon their ill-gotten wealth. You know, if they do not have somebody to work for them, they must leave their gilded, salons, and take off their coats and roll up their sleeves, and take their chances among the live men of the world. This, you are aware, these respectable gentlemen will not do, for they have been so long accustomed to live by robbing and cheating the negro, that they are sworn never to work while they can live by plunder. [Applause.]

Can the slaves take care of themselves? What do you suppose becomes of the thousands who fly ragged and pennyless from the South every year, and scatter themselves throughout the free States of the North? Do they take care of themselves? I am neither ashamed nor afraid to meet this question. Assertions like this, long uncontradicted, seem to be admitted as established facts. I ask your attention for one moment to the fact that colored men at the North are shut out of almost every avenue to wealth, and yet, strange to say, the proportion of paupers is much less among us than you! (Hear, hear.) Are the beggars in the streets of Boston colored men? (Cries of 'No, no!') In Philadelphia, where there is a larger free colored population than is to be found in any other city in the free States, and where we are denied every social privilege, and are not even permitted to send our children to the schools we are taxed to support, or to ride in the city horse cars, yet even there we pay taxes enough to support our own poor, and have a balance of a few thousand in in our favor, which goes to support those 'poor whites' who 'can't take care of themselves.' (Laughter and loud applause.)

Many of those who advocate emancipation as a military necessity seem puzzled to know what is best to be done with the slave, if he is set at liberty. Colonization in Africa, Hayti, Florida and South America are favorite theories with many well-informed persons. This is really interesting! No wonder Europe does not sympathise with you. You are the only people, claiming to be civilized, who take away the rights of those whose color differs from your own. If you find that you cannot rob the negro of his labor and of himself, you will banish him! What a sublime idea! You are certainly a great people! What is your plea? Why, that the slaveholders will not permit us to live among them as freemen, and that the air of Northern latitudes is not good for us! Let me tell you, my friends, the slaveholders are not the men we dread! (Hear, hear.) They do not desire to have us removed. The Northern pro-slavery men have done the free people of color ten-fold more injury than the Southern slaveholders. (Hear, hear.) In the South, it simply a question of dollars and cents. The slaveholder cares no more for you than he does for me. They enslave their own children, and sell them, and they would as soon enslave white men as black men. The secret of the slaveholder's attachment to slavery is to be found in the dollar, and that he is determined to get without working for it. There is no prejudice against color among the slaveholders. Their social system and one million of mulattoes are facts which no arguments can demolish. (Applause.) If the slaves were emancipated, they would remain where they are. Black labor in the South is at a premium. The free man of color there has always had the preference over the white laborer. Many of you are aware that Southerners will do a favor for a free colored man, when they will not do it for a white man in the same condition in life. They believe in their institution because it supports them.

Those who say that the air of Northern latitudes is not good for us, that we cannot withstand the cold, and that white men cannot bear the heat, evince their ignorance of the physical capacity of both races. To say that black men cannot bear the cold, or white men the heat, is to assert that which is at variance with the truth. I do not deny that black men from hot countries suffer much from the cold when they come here. But a black man who comes from Cuba suffers no more from the cold than a white man from that country. A colored man born in Boston bears the cold quite as well as a white man who is born here. There has not been a greater proportion of deaths among the white men who have gone from the Northern States to the West Indies than with the colored men who have gone there from the same States. There has been a terrible mortality among the colored people from the North who have recently gone to Hayti. The people from all tropical countries suffer when they come here. Even those white men who come from higher European latitudes suffer from our unequal temperature. It is said that white men cannot bear the heat of the tropics. My answer to this is that they do bear it. I do not deny that God may have made the negro out of a little better material than he made the white man. (Laughter.) Perhaps he is physically his superior. I think you must admit that he has more fortitude. One thing we do know, and that is, white men don't like to work and earn their own bread, and will not, if the blacks will earn it for them. (Laughter.) In the Gulf States the average life of a field slave is from seven to eight years. Do you imagine that white men, if obliged to work, would die off faster than that? (Hear, hear.) You have been used to hearing but one side of this question. The lions have had no painters. (Hear.) When black men write and speak, you must expect to see both sides and the edges. (Laughter.) My experience is, that white men can bear the heat of the South, and we know that in the North they are firemen in our steamers, and in our factories and founderies, where they undergo a heat to be found no where in the tropics—subject also to the sudden alternations from heat to cold—a variation at this season of the year of from seventy-five to a hundred degrees; and yet they bear it, and no one thinks for a moment that the life of a white fireman on a steamer or in a factory is less than that of a colored man in the same situation. (Applause.)

I have no word to say against Liberia or Hayti. The people of those countries will compare favorably with those of other countries in a similar situation. The tropics are not favorable to activity and enterprise. The labor of the tropics has been chiefly forced labor. Those who have not been forced to labor have remained idle. Indeed, idleness is the child of the tropics. Black men in the South are without doubt almost as lazy as the white men there, and you would probably witness their aversion to labor as you do that of the whites, was it not that their labor is forced from them at the end of the cat-o-nine-tails and the muzzle of the musket. All men are lazy. No class of men would labor was it not for the necessity, and the reward that sweetens labor. But few men can withstand a torrid sun—all shrink from it; and in a hot day a man, whether black or white, goes as instinctively to the shade as a rat to the best cheese. (Laughter and applause.)

Other countries are held out as homes for us. Why is this? Why is it that the people from all other countries are invited to come here, and we are asked to go away? [Hear, hear.] Is it to make room for the refuse population of Europe? [Hear, hear.] Or why is it that the white people of this country desire to get rid of us? Does any one pretend to deny that this is our country? or that much of the wealth and prosperity found here is the result of the labor of our hands? or that our blood and bones have not crimsoned and whitened every battle-field from Maine to Louisiana? Why this desire to get rid of us? Can it be possible that because the nation has robbed us for nearly two and a half centuries, and finding that she can do it no longer and preserve her character among nations, now, out of hatred, wishes to banish, because she cannot continue to rob us? Or why is it? Be patient, and I will tell you. The free people of color have succeeded, in spite of every effort to crush them, and we are to-day a living refutation of that shameless assertion that we 'can't take care of ourselves,' in a state of freedom. Abject as our condition has been, our whole lives prove us superior to the influences that have been brought upon us to crush us. This could not have been said of your race when it was oppressed and enslaved! Another reason is, this nation has wronged us, and for this reason may hate us. [Hear, hear.] The spanish proverb is, '*Desde que te erre nunca bien te quise*'—Since I have wronged you, I have never liked you. This is true not only of Spaniards and Americans, but of every other class of people. When a man wrongs another, he not only hates him, but tries to make others dislike him. Strange as this may appear, it is nevertheless painfully true. You may help a man during his lifetime, and you are a capital fellow; but your first refusal brings down his ire, and shows you his ingratitude. When he has got all he can from you, he has no further use for you. When the orange is squeezed, we throw it aside. [Laughter.] The black man is a good fellow while he is a slave, and toils for nothing, but the moment he claims his own flesh and blood and bones, he is a most obnoxious creature, and there is a proposition to get rid of him! He is happy while he remains a poor, degraded, ignorant slave, without even the right to his own offspring. While in this condition, the master can ride in the same carriage, sleep in the same bed, and nurse from the same bosom. But give this same slave the right to use his own legs, his hands, his body and his mind, and this happy and desirable creature is instantly transformed into a miserable and loathsome wretch, fit only to be colonized somewhere near the mountains of the moon, or eternally banished from the presence of all civilized beings. You must not lose sight of the fact that it is the emancipated slave and the free colored man whom it is proposed to remove—not the slave: this country and climate are perfectly adapted to negro slavery; it is the free black that the air is not good for! What an idea? A country good for slavery, and not good for freedom! This idea is monstrous, and unworthy of even the Fejee islanders. All the Emigration and Colonization Societies that have been formed, have been auxiliaries of the Slave Power, and established for this purpose, and the grand desire to make money out of our necessities. [Loud applause.]

It is true, a great many simple-minded people have been induced to go to Liberia and to Hayti, but, be assured, the more intelligent portion of the colored people will remain here; not because we prefer being oppressed here to being freemen in other countries, but we will remain because we believe our future prospects are better here than elsewhere, and because our experience has proved that the greater proportion of those who have left this country during the last thirty years have made their condition worse, and would have gladly returned if they could have done so. You may rest assured that we shall remain here—here, where we have withstood almost everything. Now, when our prospects begin to brighten, we are the more encouraged to stay, pay off the old score, and have are construction of things. There are those of us who believe that we have seen the star of our redemption rising in the east, and moving southward. [Applause.]

The government is now trying to untie the knot which it must cut. Here you perceive it is mistaken. The North is in error. She has suffered the South, like a wayward child, to do as she would, and now, when she would restrain her, she finds trouble. If you wish to prevent a pending evil, destroy the source at once. If the first sparks were quenched there would be no flame, for how can he kill who dares not be angry? or how can he be perjured who fears an oath? All public outrages of a destroying tendency and oppression are but childish sports let alone till they are ungovernable. The choking of the fountain is the surest way to cut off the source of the river. The Government has not had the courage to do this. Having sown the wind we are now reaping the whirlwind; but in the end I think it will be conceded by all, that we have gathered in a glorious harvest. [Loud applause.]

I do not regard this trying hour as a dark one. The war that has been waged on us for more than two centuries has opened our eyes and caused us to form alliances, so that instead of acting on the defensive, we are now prepared to attack the enemy. This is simply a change of tactics. I think I see the finger of God in all this. Yes, there is the hand writing on the wall: "I come not to bring peace but a sword Break every yoke and let the oppressed go free. I have heard the groans of my people, and am come down to deliver them!" [Loud and continued applause.]

At present it looks as though we were drifting into a foreign war; and if we do have one, slavery must go down with it. It is not the time for me now to discuss the relation of the black man to such a war.—Perhaps no one cares what we think, or how we feel on this subject. You think yourselves strong now. The wisest man and the strongest man is generally the most ignorant and the most feeble. Be not deceived. No man is so feeble that he cannot do you an injury! [Hear, hear.] If you should get into a difficulty of this kind, it would be to your interest that we should be your friends. You remember the lion had need of the mouse. [Applause.] You have spurned our offers, and disregarded our feelings, and on this account we have manifested but little interest in, and have been apparently indifferent observers of this contest; but appearances are deceitful—every man who snores is not asleep. [Applause.]

I believe the conduct of both the bond and the free has been exceedingly judicious. It is times like these that try men. It is storms and tempests that give reputation to pilots. If we have a foreign war the black man's services will be needed. Seventy-five thousand freemen capable of bearing arms, and three quarters of a million slaves, wild with the enthusiasm caused by the dawn of the glorious opportunity of being able to strike a genuine blow for freedom, will be a power that "white men will be bound to respect." [Applause.] Let the people of the United States do their duty, and treat us as the people of all other nations treat us—as men; if they will do this, our last drop of blood is ready to be sacrificed in defence of the liberties of this country. [Loud applause.] But if you continue to deny us our rights, and spurn our offers except as menials, colored men will be worse than fools to take up arms at all. [Hear, hear.] We will, stand by you, however, and wish you that success which you will not deserve. [Applause.]

This rebellion for slavery means something! Out of it emancipation must spring. I do not agree with those men who see no hope in this war. [Hear, hear.] There is nothing in it but hope. [Applause.] Our cause is onward. As it is with the sun, the clouds often obstruct his vision, but in the end we find there has been no standing still. [Applause.] It is true the Government is but little more anti-slavery now than it was in the beginning of the war; but while fighting for its own existence, it has been obliged to take slavery by the throat, and sooner or later MUST choke her to death. [Loud applause.] Jeff. Davis is to the slaveholders what Pharaoh was to the Egyptians, and Abraham Lincoln and his successor, John C. Fremont, [applause,] will be to us what Moses was to the Israelites. [Continued applause.] I may be mistaken, but I think the sequel will prove that I am correct. I have faith in God and gunpowder, and lead, [loud applause,] and believe we ought not to be discouraged. [Applause.] We have withstood the sixth trial, and in the seventh our courage must not falter. I thank God I have lived to see this great day when the nation is to be weighed in the balance, and I hope not fonnd wanting. [Applause.] This State and the National Government have treated us most shamefully, but as it is not the first time, I suppose we shall live through it. In the hour of danger we have not been found wanting. As the Government has not had the courage to receive the help that has been standing ready and waiting to assist her, we will now stand still, and see the salvation of our people. Applause.]

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

☞ Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.

☞ Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.

The Doctrine of Limits.

There is an argument in favor of the existence of an omnipotent being—God—that we do not remember to have seen fairly urged. We mean the argument which may be drawn from the finite capacity or limits of the human intellect. In the overweening pride of his intellect, in his boastful comparison of his mind with that of the savage man or the brute, our christian philosophers are apt to hold up the human capacity as capable of infinite development, as of a material so like the Divine Soul as to present a difference in degree only, not in kind. Man is regarded—especially the Anglo-Saxon man—as having relations not to his planet only, not to the solar system only, but to the universe—relations in which he holds a dominant position.

Hence we find, not only in the pulpit of the ranting preacher but also in the closet of the speculative christian philosopher, a sort of hail-fellow-well-met-style of speaking of the Deity, which shows a puffed up and extravagant view of their own grace and accomplishments rather than an adequate conception of Him who is the Almighty. These men, whose knees would feel shaky in the presence of a great earthly potentate, speak of and call upon God quite as freely as if He were their neighbor and equal.

In the earlier and cruder states of society, reverence for the Deity, growing out of a conception of his relative greatness and power, is more frequently seen. What is grander than the noble sentiment of the Psalmist—"When I consider the Heavens which thou hast made," &c.

We do not propose now to state this argument, but simply to give one of to-day's illustrations of it. At Washington, until within eighteen months, men of ordinary capacity were quite equal to the labor of "handling the government." At Washington to-day, we firmly believe it is beyond human capacity to do the same thing. And this should be remembered in mitigation of the shortcomings of the men in power. The sturdy intellect of General Scott was soon used up. The vigor and endurance of the young and iron-framed McClellan was overcome and shattered more badly than the authorities are willing to admit. A few weeks work and Secretary Stanton is smitten down as a felled ox. Lincoln, the wiry and enduring, is worn to a mere shadow of himself. Seward is a mere receptacle of snuff and—it has been found necessary to relieve him of one of his most important duties. If the rebellion lasts a year longer, Chase won't.

In other words, the management of three quarter of a million of soldiers for a year, scattered over a region of two thousand miles, exceeds the limits of one, two or three human minds of beyond the average capacity.

Let us compare this shortcoming intelligence with the August Power which through untold myriads of ages has created, endowed with life, and governed and regulated in perfect order, untold myriads of worlds all peopled with living and intelligent beings as great if not greater than the dwellers upon our planet. "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

The Event of The Week

In our city, was the able and eloquent lecture of Frederick Douglass at the Cooper Institute. The evening was fine, the audience about one thousand five hundred strong, and in full sympathy with the lecturer. Theodore Tilton, a competent judge, was heard to declare this lecture to be the best of the Anti-Slavery course delivered this winter in the same place. As black men, we sincerely thank Mr. Douglass for so bold and adequate a statement of our "say" at the present crisis.

It was a full and elaborate statement of our position and of the reasons which should urge the powers that be to treat the black men found in the South as men. At **the same time there were bursts of eloquence, keen bits of sarcasm, and well told anecdotes which vividly brought to mind the Frederick, Douglass of former years.**

No one seemed more delighted, nor to applaud more frequently, than Superintendent of Police Kennedy, who, if rumor tells truth, sat directly in front of the orator to restrain his extravagances, but who, on this occasion—for once't—was "taken" himself. The superintendent has improved since he tried to break up the colored war meeting in May.

The lecturer was introduced to the audience by Rev. H. H. Garnet, in a few happy remarks.

At an allusion by Mr. Douglass to Fremont the cheers of the multitude threatened an upheaval of the building.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HEAD QUARTERS, HOOKER'S DIVISION. near Budd's Ferry, Md.,
Feb. 13th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Doctor Bell the Division surgeon died in camp, the 11th inst., of pleurisey. His remains were conveyed with military honors to Rum Point for transportation eastward. Of the biography of Dr. Bell I know nothing. Last October when Gen. Hooker was assigned to the command of this Division, the Doctor received the appointment of Division Surgeon. At the time of his promotion he was Surgeon of the 1st Massachusetts Regiment, and was with this Regiment at the battle of Bull's Run, and gained the highest encomiums for his courage and attention to the wounded in that remarkable contest. It is related that a wounded rebel was brought into the hospital to have his wound dressed, when supposing that the doctors animositie's were as great as his own, plaintively cried, "Dr. I am your enemy, I am your enemy!" The Dr. straitened himself to the fullest extent of his lengthy proportions, looked on to the bleeding rebel benignly, and answered: "You were my enemy, you are now my patient." He was a man of large and varied information and stood among the highest in his profession. No man in the Division had a larger influence or commanded more respect in it than Dr. Bell.

While I write, the news of the capture of Roanoke Island by Gen. Burnside and the defeat and capture of the rebels is going around the camps. Ten o'clock tattoo has already sounded—the soldiers are in a delirium of joyful excitement—the bands are playing the National Songs. It does one's heart good to hear the Massachusetts boys cheer

I would give the world if I could cheer, if my heart unclouded by the thoughts of my bondage would be free and buoyant and swell with patriotic fervor. I cannot, I will not cheer at the success of any man or nation that sanctions human bondage. Suppose Belzebub and Belial should engage in mortal combat, which victor would Gabriel cheer? Would he not turn from the combatants and pray to that God against whose people they have jointly warred, and whose laws they have mutually violated; that they, these personifications of disorder and ruin, perfidy, and deceit, might like wounded and envenomed serpents sting each other to death!

Since my last the officers referred to by young Barnes in his statement, have both resigned. The first named is one of the most despicable scoundrels that ever disgraced human kind; the other cannot read or write, yet he was commissioned as 1st Lieutenant in company I, 26th Regt., P. V. The first named was a companion of Walker's in Nicarauga, as was also Lieut. Col. Vandyke, which recommendation, however potent in its claims upon the Federal administration, will not insure to the possessor of it an entrance into the third Heavens.

Here is a little circumstance to which I would call special attention. It is well known that there are among the officer's of the Excelsior Brigade as grand villians as ever went unhung, but little did I think that even the clergy were tainted with corruption and meanness. Of the five Regiments composing this Brigade, there is one that has a Roman Catholic Priest as chaplain. I do not know the reverend father's cognomen. A fugitive slave entered the camp where this notable exercised spiritual jurisdiction—the slave, like a great many in this region, was also a Roman Catholic. Well, true to the practice of the religion, he went to confessional, and while there the Reverend villian wrung from the slave the fact that he had left his master, and also the name of the master and where he lived, made the slave promise that he would return, and sent a letter to the master instructing him to come and get his slave. The poor fellow, when telling this, by his manner and tone, revealed the conflict that was going on in his mind between his religous superstition and his sense of right and justice. I asked him "why did you confess to a thing that should have been kept secret in your own bosom?" "My dear sir," said he "I thought it was a sin to tell a lie." "Yes it is a sin," said I, "to tell a lie; but when you found that the truth would harm you, why did you not refuse to answer?" "We are not allowed to keep any thing secret." I asked: "do you think you would have violated the laws of God had you refused to answer the priest?" "No sir, no sir!" But when this poor fellow found that the priest was about to sacrifice him he made good his retreat and I have no doubt that he is now convinced that a clerical garb does not always cover a pure, honest or christian heart. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to find a christian negro in the South. They go to church, participate in the excitement of their grotesque religious gatherings. But they have no ideas of the sublime principles of christianity and its bearings on human actions. Of course the master does not permit the christain religion to be preached to his slaves. I will guarantee that the bulk of the slaves in the Southern States are infidels—they believe that their freedom is to come. This is universal. The christianity they are taught teaches that slavery is their natural lot and condition, and that obedience to the master is obedience to God. Their liberty is first and their religion second, and sooner or later they will show to the world another lesson. Religion, if its advocates would have it cover the earth as the waters of the great deep, must be so comprehensive, so pure and unsullied, that liberty and justice can become its hand-maids. It is hard to be a christian if we stop to look around us and note to what infamous depths the expositors and representatives of religion sink themselves. If we we could find the majority of them on the side of truth and right, we might pass their great derelictions of duty by and hope for better things in the future; but the majority to-day of clergymen, if they are not on the side of slavery, they are not on the side of freedom, and this sin of omission at this moment of peril is as deep and damning as though they were on the side of slavery. It is not a difficult matter to convince men that religion is a farce, but it is impossible to convince men that liberty is a chimera and not worth loving above all else known to rational beings.

General Hooker is again at his post. The rumor is floating around that a movement will take place some time next week. The rebels are evidently frightened, they are firing continually. Five sloops ran the blockade the other night, and although twenty-five or thirty shot were sent after them they passed unharmed.

I see that Mr. Edward M. Thomas is still at work encouraging art and artists amongst the Anglo-Africans. I have the honor of an acquaintance with several gentlemen in Philadelphia, possessed of artistic skill of no mean order. Mr. Wm. Dorsey, Mr. A. Burr, one of the descendants of Aaron Burr of U. S. history, and Mr. David B. Bowser. There are others not now in my minds eye who are struggling manfully to become proficient with the pencil. Mr. Dorsey is now revolving in his mind the project of joining a company of young men in a business trip to Africa. He thinks that original sketches of life and landscape in that interesting country would be rare and valuable. Indeed I had myself some notion, if I could raise the "wind," to join the party, but my dear sir I find the "wind" to be the hardest thing in the world to raise. G. E. S.

LETTER FROM REV. J. T. HOLLY.

Rev. Mr. Berry has kindly sent us for publication the following affecting letter from Mr. Holly:—

Drouillard, Haiti, Jan. 15th, '62.

REV. S. V. BERRY—REV. AND DEAR BROTHER: I write now to say that on Christmas morning last, at half-past 4 o'clock, my dear wife went into the world of departed spirits. She was accouched Sept. 26th, when a son, Joseph Geffrard, was born. She continued in child-bed until death. Disease—consumption of the bowels, growing out of a diarrhœa that nursing may produce. She had calculated to receive communion on Christmas day, saying that it was the anniversary of her last communion which she received at your hands. But before preperation could be made God took her to drink the wine with His Son Jesus Christ, now in His Heavenly Kingdom. She passed from the communion of the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant.

The day that the Church Catholic celebrated the birth of Jesus Christ in the natural world, she was born in the spiritual world. Her last audible prayer was, "Oh, sweet Lord Jesus, come quickly and take my poor soul out of this suffering world."

Dec. 31st inst., not quite one week after the death of his mother, Joseph Geffrard followed his mother into the spirit world.

I have now lain four of my family in their silent graves: 1st, my venerable mother; 2d, my little Cora; 3d, my dear wife; and 4th, my little son. From out of seven, 3 remain: myself, Faustin and Augustine; and here we shall remain until the time of our sacraficial offering. I am resolved to die here, in obedience to my highest convictions of duty, and my clearest intuitions of the Divine will. Haiti is dearer to me than ever, because here repose the ashes of those nearest and dearest to me. I covet the happiness of laying my ashes beside them. Here God has afflicted me terribly to assure me how much he loved me; and here, according to his word, he must yet bless me as a proof of that love. I will hang on to the horns of the altar and wrestle there with the energy of a Jacob until he does bless me.

Mr. Lloyd Harris arrived here two weeks since in good health; he is preparing to take his sister home; she is not well. They will sail in a week or so; their vessel may carry this letter. J. W. Duffin, of Geneva, has arrived at St. Marks. George Carey, of Dresden, is here.

Your brother in Christ,
J. T. HOLLY.

FUNERAL SERMON OF MR. PETER WILSON.

The Abyssinian Baptist Church last Sabbath was packed to its utmost capacity by our citizens, to hear a discourse upon the life and character of the above named gentleman who departed this life recently.

The Rev. Sampson White opened the meeting by reading a portion of the Scriptures, and the hymn commencing "Why should we start and fear to die;" after which he made a short prayer.

The hymn "When I can read my title clear" was then sung; after which the Pastor of the Church, the Rev. Wm. Spelman, taking for his text the 7th verse of the 22d chapter of Genesis, preached a discourse which was listened to by that vast assemblage with the deepest interest. After calling attention to the unbounded faith which Abraham had in the promises of God, as illustrated in the case of his son Isaac, he proceeded to show the faith possessed by the deceased in his last illness. Mr. Wilson was, for a few days, greatly concerned about the temporal and spiritual welfare of his family; his affection for them making him rather tenacious of life; but God, in a vision, giving to him a sight of his everlasting resting place beyond the waves of Jordon, he quickly arose far above all fear concerning them, well-knowing that He who had promised so much to the widow and the fatherless is faithful to perform His vows. The speaker said that it was not without a great struggle that he had given Brother Wilson up, so strong was his love for him because of the beauty of his christian character. The Reverend gentleman closed his sermon by a few earnest remarks to both church and congregation, inviting the former to a closer communion with God, and the latter to "seek Him while He may be found," and to "call upon Him while He is near." The Rev. Mr. White made a few remarks, and closed with a prayer; after which the pastor called upon Deacon Asa Francis to sing the hymn, commencing

> "O! my Preacher, will you help me, help me to
> watch and pray,"

and ending with the words

> "When my poor body lies mould'ring in the clay
> My soul is marching home."

This hymn being a favorite one with the deceased, everybody was invited to join in singing.

At the conclusion of this hymn, which was grandly sung, the congregation was dismissed.

Now although the presence of that vast assemblage was a sufficient testimony to the character of the deceased, yet the writer cannot close this article without testifying to the loveliness of his example as a christian and a man. His acquaintance with the colored people of this city has been, and he believes is, equal to that of any other person in it, and yet he has never heard one word uttered derogatory to the christian character of the deceased.

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 18, 1862.

DEAR ANGLO: Since we last wrote, there has been so little news of any interest that we write now more for the sake of showing that you are not forgotten than to tell of any news.

The prevailing bad weather has kept us completely under a cloud for some time, in fact almost the whole of this year. We have some such programme as this, with slight variations: Monday, snow; Tuesday, hail; Wednesday, drizzle; Thursday, rain; Friday, fog; and Saturday, a hash of the weather of the preceding days. Fine weather for young ducks! but we poor sinful mortals do not appreciate it as we should. Our Sabbaths, however, are generally clear and beautiful, for which we are duly thankful. Some three weeks since we were present at a pleasant little affair which took place in Davis' Hall, adjoining Bethel Church, Saratoga street. The occasion was a presentation by the choir of said church to Mr. Benj. Murphy, who has been for the last ten years, we believe, the leader of that choir, and is beloved and respected by all. The presentation address was delivered by Mr. Joseph Wheeler, assistant leader, on behalf of the choir, and responded to by Mr. Jas. R. Frisby on behalf of Mr. Murphy. Both gentlemen acquitted themselves very creditably, and were followed in speeches by other members of the choir; after which refreshments in abundance were handed around to the members, and to the favored few who were so fortunate as to have received an invitation, of which number we happily chanced to be.

On Monday evening, 10th inst., Mrs. Maria W. Stewart, well-known in New York, gave an exhibition of the pupils attached to her school, at St. Thomas Church, Chesnut street; during the course of which, Mrs. S. gave an interesting account of her early life. We believe she has now left for Washington. On the following evening we listened with much pleasure to a debate of a (to us) somewhat unusual character, between Miss Adelia Davidge and Mr. R. B. Throckmorton, both members of the Baltimore Lyceum. Question:—Have women a right to learn and practice the art of public speaking? Miss D., affirmative; Mr. T., negative. After a sharp and interesting discussion, the judges rendered a decision in favor of the affirmative.

On the same evening, the Lone Star Lyceum held a public demonstration at Murray's Hall, Forrest street, of quite an interesting character, there being quite a display of literary talent participating of their own members, and from the Galbreath and Excelsior Lyceums. Should our weather ever conclude to settle again, we propose making a tour of the various Lyceums in our city, and will send a slight report of the same.

As you have already been informed how the Sharp street Bull has been "goring" among his people, we need not refer to that. Having made such use of his horns in tossing out Nickerson, we may next look for a display of the cloven foot.

Rev. A. W. Wayman, widely and favorably known by all, is having a protracted meeting at Bethel Church with encouraging success. He has also introduced a series of afternoon prayer meetings for relatives and friends. His heart and soul seem to be in the work, and may God reward him by the conversion of his own children.

Having now written a much longer letter than we thought to on commencing, and not wishing to weary you, we bid you adieu. MAJOR.

AMUSEMENTS.

ONE WEEK IN NEW YORK.

On Tuesday evening of last week the Rev. H. M. Wilson's church was crowded by our citizens to listen to an exhibition and concert given by the Sabbath School attached to the church.

The vocal music was conducted by Mr. Thos. Williams, the instrumental by Mr. Bogert, the speaking by Mr. Samuel Vanhorn.

The pianists, Misses Johnson and Williams acquitted themselves with much credit, and were greatly applauded, as were also many of the children, but the gems of the evening were the singing of Miss Cary and one of Mrs. Caudle's lectures as recited by Miss M. Day. These performances were received with tremendous applause.

The whole perfomance passed off with much spirit, affording much satisfaction to the assembly.

At the conclusion of these exercises, we repaired to the Great Contraband Festival at Continental Hall. The number of persons present could not have been less than four hundred. The charge for admission was 10 cents, and the refreshments, of which a very large quantity were sold, brought the very best prices, consequently there must have been quite a respectable amount realized from the affair.

On Thursday evening we attended,

THE REUNION OF PURITY LODGE, NO. 3 D. OF S. I O. OF G. S.

This exceedingly pleasant assemblage of the members and friends of this Lodge took place on the evening of the 13th, in the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, Prince street. The hall was very tastefully decorated with evergreens and miniature American flags. The music was under the direction of Mr. A. Hardy, whose fine playing and splendid selection of polkas, waltzes, &c., enticed many into the mazy dance. The floor was under the management of

Mr. James Jordon, and so quietly was his duties performed that it was sometime before we discovered to whom this department had been confided. As our female friends always desire to know how their sex appear on these occasions, we would say that the ladies were fashionably clad.

Madam V. of Cornelia st., wore white skirt and black velvet Zouave Jacket; Madam K——g of 10th st., blue plaid silk, very neatly trimmed; Madam W——e, bride, wore a stone colored silk, pointed through the centre with black velvet and lace, her head being wreathed with flowers; Mad. S—n of Elizabeth st., white Mull, very neat; Mad. E. B—n, Houston st., black Barege; Miss E. D——s of West Washington Place, blue silk, infant sleeves, black trimming; Madam R——y of Broadway, green silk; Madam A——s of West 26th st., Ottoman plaid, new style; Miss C. C——o of Varick st., black silk, with lace trimming. The petite Madam J——n of Green st., black crape; Madam D. D——s of Sullivan st., blue silk trimmed with velvet; Madam H——s of Nassau st., figured lawn and bertha, exceedingly beautiful; Madam E——s of Thompson st., black silk, very rich; Miss G. P——e, dotted Taalton, puffed to the waist: Madam C——h of Park st., Brocade silk, very costly. There was a large number of finely dressed ladies present, but the above names are all we can give at present. Every thing being conducted with the utmost decorum, the time while we were there passed off very pleasantly. At 2 o'clock A. M., we took our departure for

BETHEL CHURCH,

where a committee of ladies had gotten up a Tea for the benefit of the Pastor, Rev. J. D. S. Hall. As they had made large promises we were quite anxious to see how they had performed them, and we were pleased to have the testimony of those who were there early that they kept their word. The speakers for the occassion were the Revs. Messrs. H. H. Garnet, R. H. Cain and the Pastor. The singing was executed by a select choir, led by Mr. N. R. Ashby, and Madam Ashmore. The tables formed three sides of a square, while in the centre a small one was prepared for the ministers and their wives. They were supplied with a lavish hand, the ladies sending to them hot biscuit, and home-made cake of the most delectable kind. Our eastern belles, believing this to be a *recherche* affair, prepared themselves accordingly, and a more elegantly dressed company we do not remember to have seen any where. The committee have great reason to congratulate themselves on the success of their entertainment.

A GREAT SURPRISE BY THE MEMBERS AND CONGREGATION OF SHILOH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NEW YORK.

At 10 o'clock on Tuesday night, the 18th inst, one-hundred and twenty-five ladies and gentlemen of Shiloh church, greatly surprised the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet and his lady, at their residence in 174 West 30th street. At that late hour, when the Reverend gentleman was about to retire, after a hard day's work, he was startled by a serenade in front of his "Pilgrim's Cottage"—the serenaders singing "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave," while his door-bell was snatched to the time of the popular song. On opening the door, the joyful crowd rushed in, and in a few minutes every room in the house was jammed, all the guests' laden with baskets, or bundles. Mrs. Garnet had retired, but the ladie's finding her chamber, took her from her bed, and by gentle force compelled her to comedown. Messrs. Henry Montgomery, Wm. L. Thompson, Samuel Hardy, and I. D. Johnson, acted as secretaries, and the guests began to unburden themselves of their donations, consisting of mutton, hams, sugar, tea, coffee, confectionaries, fruits, stationery &c, to the amount of one $100, and forty-two dollars in hard cash. Speeches were then made by Mr. G. H Hurd, Henry Montgomery, Wm. L. Thompson, and Deacon Stackhouse, and a splendid address by Elder Jacob Butler; and also an address by Mrs. Caldwell. All of the speeches were enthusiastically cheered. Little Isaac Thompson, son of Mr. Wm. L. Thompson, a child of six years, said: "silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee," and presented the pastor with a large and valuable bundle of stationery. Besides the congregation of Shiloh church, there were present representatives of all the churches in New York.

The excellent music was conducted by the SAINT AUGUSTINE SOCIETY.

After the conclusion of the speeches Mr. and Mrs. Garnet returned their grateful thanks, and the ladies then served a most abundant supply of choice refreshments, and left many baskets full of fragments. Every age, and section of the church was represented, and the sons and daughters of Shiloh solemnly pledged themselves to stand by their pastor and to hold up his hands. The company enjoyed themselves, and held the fort until 1 o'clock A. M, when they retreated.

ONE OF THEM.

THE HERALD COME TO GRIEF.—It was hard enough on the "Herald" to have two of its Washington Correspondents (one of them an editor) sent to prison in one week. But the *coup de grace* came the same week, with the announcement—long since prophesied by Gerrit Smith—that Slidell and Mason had offered Emancipation of slaves as a bid for European interference in the war. No wonder Bennett says, with tears in his eyes—

"This rebellion is falling to pieces. The 'old Union' will be restored, and Southern Slavery will be left to take its chances under the pressure of free labor and the non-intervention guarantees of the Constitution of the United States."

He might as well have added—

"Farewell the negro boot, and the big lies
Which made loud braying virtue!" * *
"Old Bennett's occupation's gone."

ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE NEW YORK DISTRICT.

Poughkeepsie, Feb. 11th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR.—Pursuant to a call of Rev. W. H. Bishops, Supt. of the Frst District, the members of the official Board of the M. E. Zion Church, of this city, met for the purpose of giving the Superintendant an account of the temporal and spiritual condition of the the church, which was satisfactory to him; after which the question was asked, whether the Annual Conference of this District could be held in this city. The question being fully discussed by the members, it was resolved, that notwithstanding we would be pleased to have the Conference here, and would do all we could to sustain it, yet, under the present circumstances, we think it would not be advisable, as we have just finished our new church and arranged the financial affairs of the same, which leaves us a large amount of money to raise and pay this year. So that we fear we could not be able to bear the additional burden of the conference upon us this year.

Signed in behalf of the official Board.

JACOB THOMAS, Elder in charge.
JOSEPH P. THOMHSON,
Hudson, N. Y.

AN APPEAL.—Rev. John G. Urling on his passage from Nova Scotia, where he had labored as a Missionary for twelve months, to his church and family in Demarara, was shipwrecked in the Gulf Stream on Saturday Jan 18th. He was taken off the wreck by the American ship Calhoun, Capt. Trueman, and brought to this city. As Mr. Urling is in distressed circumstances, and is anxious to proceed to his destination, we trust a christian public will respond to this appeal and help him on his way.

Rev. Messrs. Christopher Rush, Wm. H. Bishop, David Stevens, and H. H. Garnet have joined in recommending Mr. Urling to the sympathy and benevolence of our christian churches.

LETTER FROM J. W. DUFFIN, ESQ.

We have been permitted to make the following extract from a letter from Mr. Duffin to a clergyman in this city. Our readers will recollect that Mr. Duffin left this city last fall for Hayti. His letter is dated "St. Mark, Dec, 16th 1861."

"We have been here two months, have got our land and are at work on it. We brought four children wiih us and left the three oldest boys in the States. I am not prepared as yet to say that our coming to this country is a good move for things work hard. My wife is sick a bed, and is very much dissatisfied with the country. Every thing being so new and strange and not having anything as yet growing for ourselves, she cannot feel contented. I hope, however, for the best. Hayti is a delightful country, but to us emigrants it seems hard to get a start. I was in hopes that you were coming here and I wrote to you to that effect We want you here for we have not a strong leading man here, not one. The emigrants here do not compare with our men in the States. They seem to be second rate colored men, hence the Agents of the Government do not treat them as I think men ought to be treated. A few leading spirits could reform many abuses of the agents. If you were here, I would join you in building up one of our old fashioned churches. I would go with you but would not with any one else that I know of. * * *

We want the men for the times. Hayti has once had her 'hour and the man.' God now wants the man for the hour. The moral desolation that reigns here is enough to make the christein's heart ache. Crime of every kind stalks abroad at noon day, and no one seems to care for any of these things."

A NEW BARBARIAN STATE. — "The Evening Post," announces, under the head of "A new Free State," that the Western Virginia State Convention has adopted as an article of its Constitution the following:

"No slave nor free person of color shall hereafter come into this State for permanent residence."

As slaves seldom come into a State, this clause is of little or no force against such as may be brought into the State. The barbarous exclusion of free blacks should bring a curse on the State, and all who aid and abet it by miscalling it a "free State!"

DIED.

BONNETT, THOMPSON.—In this city on Wednesday morning, Feb. 19th, by the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, Mr. David J. Bonnett of New Rochelle, and Miss Sarah E. Thompson of New York.

LEWIS.—In Brooklyn, L. I, of old age, Mrs. Rosanna Lewis, aged 99 years and 6 months.

Mrs. Lewis was born in this city, where she reared a large family of children, all of whom now living are highly respectable. She died in full possession of all her faculties, conversing freely until she gave up the ghost. She leaves four daughters, Mrs. Rosanna Williams, of Brooklyn, at whose house she died, Mrs. Rebecca Conner of New York, Mrs. Rachel Thompson wife of Rev. Wm. Thompson, of Boston, Mass., and Mrs. Virginia Hewlet, the wife of Prof. Hewlet, of Cambridge College, Mass. She also leaves two sons, Messrs James and Lewis Barnett, the former of whom has long conducted the business of a [illegible] in this city, and the latter is now an officer in the Siloam church, Brooklyn.

Special Notices.

GRAND RE-OPENING
OF THE
CHELSEA MUSICAL CLUB,

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 25th, 1862, at Continental Hall, cor. 34th st., and 8th avenue. Music under the direction of Prof. Jno. Douglas. Admittance 25 cents.

J. H. WESTBROOK, Pres.
M. A. EDWARDS, Sec.
JNO. E. JESSOP, Treas.
J. E. SEAMAN.

A GRAND CONCERT AND EXHIBITION.

Will be given by the Shiloh Church Sabbath School, on Tuesday evening, March 4th, 1862, at the church, cor. of Prince and Marion sts. The music will be conducted by Mr. Ezekial Dias, Chorister of the church.

Tickets 12 cents, children 5 cents.

Doors open at 6½, to commence at 7½.

ELYMUS REEVE, Superintendant.

A CARD.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Highland Garnet most gratefully acknowledge the receipt of One Hundred dollar's worth of groceries, and Forty-two dollars in money,—the amount presented to them at the Surprise Party given at their humble cottage by the ladies and gentlemen of Shiloh church and other friends, on Tuesday evening, the 18th inst. They also thankfully acknowledge the kind assurances which they received of the determination of their friends to sustain them and our beloved church.

HENRY HIGHLAND GARNET.
JULIA W. GARNET.
174 West 30th st.

Grand United Order of Odd Fellows.

The Officers, and Members of Philomathean Lodge, No. 646, Hamilton Lodge, No. 710, and Terry Lodge. No. 900, of the above Order, have the pleasure of announcing to their friends and the public, that they will give a

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT AND FESTIVAL,

On Monday Evening, March 10, 1862,

In the City Assembly Rooms, 446 *Broadway*

The Celebration is in commemoration of the 29th Anniversary of the introduction of the Order in America.

The Committee design making this entertainment equal to the Great Crystal Palace Celebration of the Order, of 1856; and with this view have, at very great expense, secured for their guests the CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS. The Grand Ball Room is too well known to need recommendation, it stands unapproached for size and beauty; the DANCING FLOOR surpasses anything of the kind on this continent. The other conveniences are in every respect ample and beautiful. Connected with the Ladies' Cloak and Dressing Rooms, (which will be attended free of charge (is a magnificent Ladies' Parlor, illuminated by Chandeliers.

A FULL BAND of music is engaged and will be under the direction of Professor Oton.

The SUPPER will be provided by, and be under the exclusive management of the Maitre de Cuisine of the City Assembly Rooms, and will be furnished at 50 cents extra.

Tickets of admission 75 cents. Supper 50 cents.

Tickets of Admission can be procured of either of the Committee, and parties are requested to secure their tickets before the evening of the Festival, as only a limited number of tickets will be for sale at the door.

Doors open at 8 o'clock. No postponement on account of weather.

PATRICK H. REASON
Chairman, 353 Bowery.
JAMES H. LEWIS.
Secretary, 207 Wooster.
WM C. H CURTIS,
Treasurer, 153 Thompson.

For further particulars see Circulars enclosed in this week's Anglo-African.

CLEAR THE TRACK!

The parents of a number of the children of New York and Brooklyn having kindly consented to permit them to sing for the benefit of the

WEEKLY ANGLO-AFRICAN

they will on

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 3d 1862,

GIVE

A GRAND CONCERT

IN

SHILOH CHURCH,

corner of Prince and Marion sts.

It will be impossible to publish a programme of the Concert, so numerous will be the singers and the selections of music for the occasion, but we have the pleasure of announcing the appearance of the

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOL, NO. 2,

also youth from

PUBLIC SCHOOL, NO. 1,

and a young lady from

PUBLIC SCHOOL, NO. 7.,

Young ladies and gentlemen from

PROF. WILSON'S SCHOOL IN BROOKLYN

will also be present. A portion of the subscriber's own family will take part in the exercises.

PROF. WALDRON will preside at the piano and organ, and some of the songs and choruses to be sung, will be of the most patriotic and soul-stirring character.

Single Tickets 15 cents; Two Tickets for 25 cents; Children under 12 years of age 10 cents.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

ROBERT HAMILTON, Conductor.

☞ No postponement on account of the wther.

The FIRST ANNUAL CONCERT
OF THE
ST. PHILIP'S SUNDAY SCHOOL,

Will be given on MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 24th, 1862,

At the ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,

In Mulberry street, between Bleecker and Houston,

The proceeds to be applied for the benefit of the Sunday School Library.

The school will be assisted by the following ladies and gentlemen:

Miss Rebecca Wake, Miss Kate Bowers, Miss Victoria Price, Pianists.

Messrs E. and H. Dias, Basso.

W. F. Sturgis, Conductor.

Doors open at 6½, to commence at 8 o'clock.

Tickets of admission 15 cts., children 10 cts. to be had of Miss Ursie Parker, 90 Wooster st. Miss Selina Jackson, 68 Sullivan st., Miss Clara Bruce, 50 Laurens st., Miss Roach, 87 Sullivan st., Mrs. Peters, 77 Laurens st., Mr. Curtis, 135 Thompson st., Mr. Guignon, Williamsburg, and at the door.

The piano is from the celebrated warerooms of Horace Waters, Broadway.

GRAND OVATION
AND
RE-UNION DEMONSTRATION AND TEA,

BY FOUNTAIN UNION LODGE,
No. 1, I. O. of G. S. and D. of S.

The officers and members of Fountain Union, beg leave to inform the public, that they intend to celebrate their Second Anniversary in Zion's Church, corner of Church and Leonard sts., on

THURSDAY EVENING,
Feb. 27th, 1862.

The following Lodges have been invited, and are expected to be present in full regalia:

Phenix Union, No. 3, Hudson, N. Y.; Progressive, No. 4, Williamsburgh, N. Y.; Rebecca, No. 5, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Crystal Fount, No. 6, Newark, N. J.; Fidelity, No. 1, D. of S., N. Y.; Unity, No. 2, D. of S., N. Y.; Purity, No. 3, D. of S., N. Y.; Harmony, No. 4, D. of S., Newark, N. J.; Fountain Union of New Haven, No. 7, New Haven, Conn.; Representatives of Perseverance Lodge, No. 1, G. S., of Bermuda; Grand Degree Lodge of the City of New York; R. W. G. Lodge, of the E. District of the I. O. of G. S. and D. of S.; R. W. N. G. Lodge of the I. O. G. S. and D. of S. [First Branch.]

The following gentlemen have been invited, and are expected to be present:

Revd's David Stevens, J. D. S. Hall, R. H. Cain, H. H. Garnet, James Hamilton, Moses Manning, Daniel P. Seaton; John Peterson, Esq., Wm. C. H. Curtis, P. H. Reason, Dr. Martin R. Delany; Rev. Wm. H. Bishop.

Also the following Lodges, Tabernacles and Associations have been invited, and are expected to be present in full Regalia:

Grand Tabernacle of the State of N. Y., B. and S. of Love and Charity; Past Grand Masters' Council of the Grand United Order of O. F.; Hamilton Lodge, No. 710, United Order of O. F.; Terry Lodge, No. 900, United Order of O. F.; Philomathean Lodge, No. 646, United Order of O. F.; Sheba's Court, No. 1, Ancient Order of Heroines of Jericho; The Benevolent Daughters of Conference of Zion's Church; The United Daughters of Conference of Zion's Church; The United Sons of Conference of Zion's Church; The United Daughters of Bethel Church; The Female Haytien Society of the City of New York; The Sons of Morgan; The Sons of Wesley. Charles R. Hornbeck, G. Marshal.

Immediately after the exercises are over, a Tea will be given in the basement, to which the Societies will proceed en masse.

Tickets to the Anniversary, 12 cents; Tea, 38 cents; to Anniversary and Tea, 38 cents.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS—Ellen Stevens, 48 Leonard street; Julia Holmes, 80 Nassau street; Mary L. Place, 95 Crosby street; H[illegible] Miller, 343 West 26th street; M[illegible] Williamsburgh; John D. B[illegible] Suffolk street; Page C. [illegible] street.

[illegible] may also be had of Julia Dove, 3[illegible] street; Susan Church, 105 Park street; Mary Hopkins, 343 West 26th st.; George W. Spriggs, 17th street; Pleasant R. Smith, Ludlow street; Abram Jarvis, [illegible] Williamsburgh; Abram [illegible] street, Williamsburgh; [illegible] Wooster street, [illegible]

Doors open at 7 o'clock; Exercises to commence at 8.

For order of exercises see circular.

GRAND BANQUET

And Masonic Demonstration, under the auspices of the Right Worshipful Grand Lodge for the State of New York, for the benefit of

THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS' FUND.

The members of the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, working under the jurisdiction of the R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, respectfully inform their friends and the public that they will give a Grand Banquet on the Evening of he 27th of February, 1862,

AT MOZART HALL, 663 BROADWAY.

The following Lodges will be present on the occasion in full Regalia:

Widow's Son, No 1. Celestial, No. 2. Meridian, No. 3. King Solomon, No. 4. Covenant, No. 7. Widow's Son, No. 10. Mount Olive, No. 11. Mount Calvary, No. 12. North Star, No. 14. Eureka, No. 15. Excelsior, No. 16. Jeptha, No. 17. Mount Moriah, No. 18. And Representations from Western Light, No. 6, Mount Nebo, No. 8, and Evening Star. No. 9. Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, will grace the evening by their presence.

Sheba's Court, No. 1, Ancient Order of Heroines of Jericho, is invited, and will be present on the occasion in full regalia.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14, Knights Templars of the City of New York, will be present by special invitation, and display that Magnificent Standard recently presented by Sheba's Court No. 1.

Grand Marshal, J. W. BROWN.

The Music will be under the direction of Prof. W. F. Sturges. The Supper will be in the hands of a competent Committee, who will pledge that they will spare neither labor nor expense in the perfection of their work.

TICKETS, (which are limited,) $1 Each.

And can be obtained at the following places:—Jacob Vanderbeck, 193 Church and 73 Thompson street; Henry Skinner, Leonard street; J. L. Hudson, No. 4 East Houston street: Francis Thompson, 41 Hicks street, Brooklyn; Charles E. and George F. Hodges, 51 Boerum street, E. Brooklyn; John Johnson, 128 West Fifteenth street; Charlotte Thompson, 55 President street, South Brooklyn; Spencer's Bowling Saloon, 154 Church street; W. S. Woddrop, Melrose, and at the door on the night of the Banquet.

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

Written to be sung at the Concert to be given by the children of New York and Brooklyn, March 3d, 1862, for the benefit of the "ANGLO AFRICAN."

John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on!
O glory hallelujah!
O, glory hallelujah!
O, glory hallelujah!
His soul is marching on!

On a gibbet high Virginia hung him,
On a gibbet high Virginia hung him,
On a gibbet high Virginia hung him,
His soul went marching on.
O glory hallelujah, &c.

His life was offered to redeem the hapless slave,
His life was offered to redeem the hapless slave,
His life was offered to redeem the hapless slave,
But freedom is marching on.
O glory hallelujah, &c.

When to death the tyrants led him,
When to death the tyrants led him,
When to death the tyrants led him,
His soul was marching on.
O, glory hallelujah, &c.

See that lowly mother weeping,
See that lowly mother, weeping,
See that lowly mother weeping,
When he was marching on.
O, glory hallelujah, &c.
His soul was marching on.

Her child, though black, he gently kissing,
Her child, though black, he gently kissing,
Her child, though black, he gently kissing,
His great soul marching on.
O, glory hallelujah, &c.

Fearless the scaffold he ascended,
Fearless the scaffold he ascended,
Fearless the scaffold he ascended,
For his soul was marching on.
O, glory hallelujah, &c.

Kagi, Copeland, Leeman, we'll remember,
Thompson, Leary, Hazlett, we'll remember,
Stevens, Green, and Coppoc, we'll remember,
Their souls are marching on.
O, glory hallelujah, &c.

God, now in majesty descending,
Speaks! and captives lowly bending,
Know their manacles are rending,
And that freedom is marching on.
O, glory hallelujah, &c.

BOARDING AND LODGING, at No. 3 Jersey street, by Mrs. Brown, (widow of the late J. W. Brown) who begs the patronage of her friends and acquaintances.
29tf.

PLANE ST. SELECT SCHOOL.
195 PLANE ST., NEWARK, N. J.
MRS. HARRIET E. ROGERS, PRINCIPAL.

The branches taught are Reading, Writin Arithmetic. Grammar, Geography and History.

Plain Sewing. Ornamental Needlework, Worsted Embroidery and Fancy Knitting.

Piano Forte, Melodeon, and Vocal Music by Prof. John H. O'Fake.

A limited number of Misses between the ages of ten and fourteen may be boarded in the house on moderate terms. Healthy location, and a fine yard for exercise.

REFERENCES.
NEWARK, N.J.
Rev. E. J. Adams, Jefferson Ellis,
Adam Ray, Abram T. Cook.
BROOKLYN.
Rev. J. N. Gloucester.
NEW YORK.
Rev. H. M. Wilson, Rev. H. H. Garnet.

All letters may be addressed to Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, 194 Plane st. Newark N. J.
27 6t.

Elizabeth City, N. J. Feb. 8, 1862.

This is to certify that I heartily approve of the effort of Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers to establish a Select School for young misses. I have been acquainted with her for over twenty-five years, and am happy to recommend her and her enterprise to the patronage of the public in general.

DANIEL H. VANDERVEER,
Pastor of the 1st Colored Pres. Church, Eliz. City

GEORGE OTON'S
QUADRILLE BAND
BALLS, PARTIES, &c., furnished with MUSIC at the shortest notice.
MR. GEORGE OTON,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Piner, 39 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 361 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St., and with G. Oton.
19tf

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

SHILOH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
REV. H. H. GARNET, MINISTER.

New York—corner of Prince and Marion street near Broadway.

Hours of Worship:—

Prayer-meeting, 10½	A. M.
3	P. M.
7½	P. M.

Prayer-meeting Tuesday Evenings 7½ o'clock,
Lecture Friday Evenings, 7½ o'clock.
Minister's Residence 174 W. 30th st. near the 8th Avenue.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,
(PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL)

Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

Rev. WM. J. ALSTON, Pastor. Residence—70 Sullivan St.

R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.

10 1 2 o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.

Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 58 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—

10½	A. M.
3	P. M.
7½	P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn.
13-1y.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

DeKalb, corner of Hudson Avenue.

REV. ELI N. HALL, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:

10½ o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7½ "	P. M.

10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:

10 1-2 o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7½ "	P. M.

12-1y

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue

Hours of worship:—

3 o'clock,	P. M.
7 1-2 "	P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

LECTURE every Wednesday evening.

Rev. CHAS. H. THOMPSON, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

Second Street, between Avenues B and C

HOURS OF WORSHIP.

10 1-2 o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7 "	P. M.

Rev. J. D. S. HALL, Pastor. Residence—223 Second St.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sullivan St., near Houston.

Rev. JOHN T. RAYMOND, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.

10 1-2 o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7 1-2 "	P. M.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.
Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.
Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

AGENT FOR WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

TROY AGENCY.—Mr. Henry Barke, 35 Fulton St., Troy, is the regular agent for that city and vicinity. Subscriptions and advertisements for the paper left with him, will be promptly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"O LET MY PEOPLE GO," and "THE NEGRO BOATMAN'S SONG," may be had of Miss E. H. Case, No. 174 W. 30th st., New York. Price 2 cents per copy.

THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS,
MELODEONS, ALEXANDRE ORGANS,
and
T. Gilbert & Co's. Celebrated Æolian Pianos,

are the finest instruments for Parlors and Churches now in use. A large assortment can be seen at the new Warerooms 481 Broadway, between Grand and Broome streets, which will be sold at extremely low prices. Pianos and Melodeons from sundry makers, new and second hand, to let, and rent allowed if purchased, as per agreement. Monthly payments received for the same. Also, second-hand pianos at great bargains, prices from $25 to $100. Sheet Music, Music Books, and all kinds of Music merchandise at war prices. A Pianist in attendance will try new music.

HORACE WATERS, AGENT.

BOSTON HOUSE,
MRS. CHURCH, PROPRIETRESS,
105 *Park Street, near Mott*,
NEW YORK.

This is the oldest Colored Boarding-house in the city, having been

ESTABLISHED IN 1841.

It is centrally located, being within fifteen minutes' walk of the steamboat landings, and of all the principal colored Churches. 19 26t

MRS. ELIZA LEWIS' SALVE,
ANDERSON'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.
(New London,)
SPANISH OIL, (For the Hair,)
WHITE'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT,
BRANDRETH'S SUGAR COATED PILLS.
For Sale at the
Drug Store 55 West Broadway
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SOMETHING NEW.

The best washing preparation in the world No boiling, pounding or rubbing required, but all done in simple warm water. Full instructions concerning its use and manufacture sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents

Address
RUFUS STRICKNEY,
[illegible], Mass.
26 4t

N[illegible]
[illegible]
including "Contraband's [illegible]"
HORACE WATERS, [illegible]
24 6t.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen if you want a [illegible] well-fitted Splendid and Stylish Suit at a Much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this in any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,
BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS. WILLIAMSBURG

Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTINGS

of every description. Also constantly on hand a well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

DON'T FORGET,
168 EWEN ST.,
Williamsburg.
9 1y.

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,
EMPIRE STATE HOTEL
AND
UNION HOUSE,
541 BROOME STREET.
Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T. L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. RAMSEY.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Please call and see for yourselves.

HATS CAPS & FURS
IN THEIR VARIETY.
First Premium for Misses and Children's
HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS.
The Clergy supplied at a discount.
KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

AGENTS WANTED.

SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand sewing; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal oil lamps; Egyptian Cement, for mending furniture, crockery, &c.; Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) P. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y. 19 13t

MRS. M. E. EDY,
EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE.
RESIDENCE—134 Christie Street, N. Y.
26 26t

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E. 13th St., on door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
10 5t

MRS. ANDERSON,
CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS
Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 74 Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn. 10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street. 11—3m

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMODATE a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 1[illegible] Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate. 9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tt

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTEN, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 199 SOUTH STREET, N.Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

WANTED AT TILMON'S AGENCY, NO. 70 East 13th Street, one door east of 4th Ave., first class colored help, and none else. Cooks, house-workers, chambermaids, waitresses and laundresses, coachmen, waiters, &c. Now is the time; fall is near and good help wanted for city and country. 5—4t

HENRY G. LEASH,
HATS. CAPS, STRAW GOODS
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COR. PEARL & CHATHAM, STS., N. Y.
Shipping Furs Bought. 12-tf.

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) Respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

MRS E. LEONARD,
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25 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK.
Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.
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By MRS. MARY JOHNSON, [illegible] West 30th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies	$2,50
" " Gents,	3,00
Lodging per week,	75

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
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MRS. SARAH A. TILMAN,
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In all its branches, such as
BRACELETS, EAR-RINGS, WATCH GUARDS, [illegible] ETC.
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POCKET WATCH [illegible]
[illegible]

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

CONTRABANDS IN KANSAS.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD REGIMENT K. V.,
CAMP DEFIANCE, Jan. 21, 1862.

The reluctance with which our military authorities touch the institution of Slavery cannot, I think, result from any peculiar love they have for the thing itself, but from an apprehension that no satisfactory disposition can be made of the slaves when freed. Having had a hand in the delicate business of procuring homes and employment for some hundred of them in Kansas, comprising all ages and conditions, I propose, with your permission, to give the results of my experience to the readers of the "Tribune"

The Kansas Brigade had not been long in the field before it became evident to Gen. Lane and in fact to the whole army, that the slaves had a practical knowledge of the object and tendency of the war. Scarcely a day or a night passed that one or more did not come to our camp, or to the command when on the march. All received the kindest treatment, and were made to feel that they were among friends and at home. Most of them brought valuable information to our officers, either of the enemy, or of the state of affairs in the neighborhood they left As many as were needed as cooks, teamsters, servants, &c., were employed in camp, and paid wages such as were mutually agreed upon by the parties. The remainder were allowed to go into Kansas and find employment for themselves. These things commenced immediately after the Brigade took the field in August last, and they were encouraged by Gen. Lane, Col. Montgomery, Maj. Williams, and others, not only from motives of justice and humanity, but as being the best war policy that could be adopted.

It was found that the killing of a soldier in arms had not half the effect upon the realm of Secessia that the escaping of a slave had. The case was reasoned thus: If restoring to slaves their natural rights, especially when they are making honorable efforts to attain these, deals the heaviest blows upon this hydra-headed rebellion, and at the same time saves life, also much property from destruction, does not every consideration of justice, humanity, and expediency require that such policy be adopted? The war was begun by the rebels to sanction, fortify, and extend slavery. As soon as it is effectually made the engine for slavery's destruction, the rebels, unless blinded and maddened by judicial wrath, will lay down their arms.

Wherever the enemy could be found we fought him. When no such work was on hand some little attention was given to the cause of the war and to its removal. If the campaign was a success—if we met with no disgraces or disasters—if it has made Gen. Lane one of the most trusted and popular officers in the army, the whole may be attributed to the policy adopted.

When near the border these self-freedmen were leaving camp every day, to begin on the free soil of Kansas their new life in the world. How many thus left I have no means of knowing, but probably some hundreds. Loyal citizens were allowed to come freely into camp, and persuade, if they could, their slaves to return with them. This was frequently attempted, but in no case with success. Had not the rebels run off large gangs of slaves to Arkansas and to the other parts of the South, the number that fell into our hands would have been largely increased. On the march from Kansas City to Oseola hundreds came within our lines. While the brigade was within striking distance of a place of safety they were allowed to go on and take care of themselves. On our arrival at Oseola, or what was once Oseola, udwards of a hundred refugees were connected with the command, and all their troop were gathered together, and, under the protection of a suitable escort, they were sent to Kansas.

It was not till we reached Lamar, on our return from Springfield, that I had anything to do in particular with this business. At Lamar, our camp was pretty well thronged with all sorts, sizes, and ages of colored refugees. Gen. Lane issued an order to Chaplain Moore, Fisher, and Fisto, to take them in charge, togethor with their property, conduct them directly to Fort Scott, and furnish homes and employment for them in Kansas. They were also ordered to make for them the best disposition possible of their effects. Their property, of all kinds, constituted a respectable outfit. It was generally acquired as follows: Slaves, with horses, mules, oxen, wagons, carriages, &c., in charge, were sent by their masters into the brush for safe-keeping. The slaves had been taught that the army was made up of Jayhawkers, and that they either killed or sold all the slaves they could get hold of. Their minds were filled with a multitude of bugbear stories of this kind. But the game did not win. Large numbers would come out of the brush as soon as an opportunity was presented, and bring their entire charge into camp. Many single men have traveled thirty, forty, and fifty miles, mostly by night, before reaching our lines. When, therefore, we got ready to leave for Kansas, our means of transportation was almost equal to the demand. About 4 o'clock p. m. the train was ready and in line. After leaving in camp all that were needed as laborers, we counted as pilgrims to a land of freedom 216, and the train was about one mile in length.

I venture to say, that so large a caravan of the kind had never been seen before in this land of mixed slavery and freedom. Could old John Brown have left Virginia as we left Missouri, his great heart would have beat with all the strength and vitality of youth. As the chief command of the Black Brigade (as it is called) was given to the writer, he felt that the honor more properly belonged to parties now sleeping with the dead.

No escort was allowed us, and we had a journey of 40 miles to make through the enemy's country. We formed our train on Main street in the village of Lamar, and as we had with us a small wagon-load of condemned muskets which Col. Nugent was forwarding to Fort Scott, I distributed them among the men to be carried, at least till after dark, that the maddened lookers-on might not be too strongly tempted to pursue us. Not a gun was loaded, nor had we a cartridge; but that made no difference, as the enemy did not know it. The young and single men, all mounted and thus armed, formed our rear guard.

That night we made about 17 miles and encamped, fed our teams from the cornfield of a Secesh who was wounded in the battle at Carthage, took supper or breakfast, or both, at 1 o'clock, and a few slept. That was one of the most pleasant journeys I ever made. The moon was just entering upon its second quarter, which gave sufficient light; the night was warm for November, scarcely a breeze was stirring, and for miles not a sound could be heard except the noise of the wagons, the tramp of horses, and, occasionally, the voice of a teamster. The tinge of melancholy which all nature wore that night was favorable to reflection, and seemed to hush to stillness our entire motley train, which only added to the enjoyment of all.

After the moon had gone down the darkness was such that we could not safely travel, and as patiently as possible we waited for the first approach of light. Our teams had been in readiness for starting at least an hour when one of our most intelligent women said to me, fronting to the east, "See there, the day is breaking, those are streaks of light." Not being so familiar with that early hour, I said, "Are you sure of it." Her emphatic reply satisfied me, not only that she knew what she said, but that a lively fear of pursuit by the Secesh was at work in her mind. An advance was immediately ordered, and about 8 o'clock we crossed the line into Kansas. When informed that they were truly in Kansas—a land of freedom, where human beings can't be held as slaves, such shouting, hurrahing, as came from men, women, and children along the whole line one may not expect to hear twice in a lifetime. Three cheers for Jim Lane, "The Liberator," wound up the grand chorus. What a contrast does this scene present to that which would have been witnessed had these same persons been on their way to the slave pens of New Orleans!

That night we reached Fort Scott and were kindly received by our military authorities and the citizens generally. Next morning villagers—men and women, and farmers from the country came in to see us. One wanted a family to occupy a vacant house; one a girl to educate and train generally, to her liking; another a boy to dress like her own; another a good farm hand, &c., &c. As Fort Scott is near the border, we complied with these requests very sparingly. About 40, however, of our charge were left in this place. In parting with one we gave him or her a surname, took the age, the name of the man to whom the party formerly belonged, and a written pledge from the ward or guardian that he or she should be paid for services a sum agreed upon, and be used well. In this way the rest were scattered throughout the country between Fort Scott, Lawrence, and Topeka. No difficulty was experienced in finding homes and ready employment for every one All, however, desired to go to Lawrence, but former trains had supplied the demand in that place. Most of them parted from the train with reluctance. We could not persuade parents to part with their children in any case. Indeed, the feeling of nationality was a bond which it was hard to break. Our train was disposed of in less than a week, and a thousand could have been provided for as well.

This was in November, and since then I have had an opportunity of seeing or hearing from nearly every family and every person. The reports are quite uniform that they are industrious, steady in their habits, and doing well. In Lawrence, two churches have been organized, two Sabbath-Schools, and a day-school of about ninety scholars. From citizens, we hear but very little complaint. We have, in fact, received applications for large numbers of colored people that we had not the means of filling.

A NOBLE ACT.

MR. EDITOR.—I feel it was due to Mr. Grinnell, and to Mr. Miller, to have published this letter sometime since. But your burdened columns I was unwilling to further tax, until you could well spare the room.

Please then to insert, and let me add my testimony to Mr. Grinnell's exceedingly christian liberality, for he has not only done what has been attributed to him by Mr. Miller, but much more has been his public and private benefactions.

He interred this young man handsomely at his own expense. Mr. Miller's funeral took place, Dec. 21st, from Shiloh church—Mr. Grinnell and lady attending. And then as a further evidence of his genuine sympathy sent me ten dollars, and it was received and thanked for as such.

May the prayer of our esteemed friend, Mr. Miller, be realised in the future, of this honorable and publicly esteemed family, for their christian efforts in behalf of the poor and the outcast. J. N. G.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21st 1861.

REV. JAMES N. GLOUCESTER.—DEAR SIR:—I address you in regard to the death of Charles J. Miller, a native of Ulster County, State of N. Y. The event took place at the residence of Henry Grinnell, Esq., No. 17 Bond St., N. Y. city, on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock; his age we understand was 32 years. I have been personally acquainted with him for seven years, and as far as I know and heard, he was an exemplary young man, kind and respectful in his manners. His employers, Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell, had the greatest confidence in him. When they left home for the summer, they would leave the house in his charge, which unusual confidence they felt was due to his integrity. He lived with Mr. Grinnell five years. His health had been on the decline for the past year, so much so as to require assistance in the performance of his duty. Mr. Grinnell would not discharge him or cast him on the cold charity of the world, (for he had no relatives) but rendered him all the assistance required as cheerfully as though he had been his own son. Too much praise cannot be given to that family—they have been to him the good Samaritan.

This is not the first act of kindness of this noble family, for it has long been their custom to visit those who were in need. Scarcely two years ago Mr. Grinnell had in his employment a man by the name of Simmons who died while bathing. All the assistance that could be rendered was given to save his life, and his loss was much regretted. Whenever Charles Miller was with his associates and in conversation, he would speak in the highest terms of his employers. He regarded the house of Mr. Grinnell as his home—his heart was there.

May the blessing of God rest with that noble family who in the hour of trial and affliction stood by him and administered every earthly comfort, and paid their respect to his memory on his burial. May their names be recorded on the Lamb's book of life.

"In as much as you did it unto the least of these, my little ones, you did it unto me."

JAMES P. MILLER.

INQUEST.—Yesterday afternoon, Justice Johnson, for Coronor Woodward, held an inquest in view of the body of John Hughes, colored, whose sudden death at the corner of New Jersey avenue and L street was mentioned in the Star yesterday. The verdict of the jury was that he came to his death by intemperance and exposure. He was the father of several idiot sons. The youngest of them, about eleven years of age, was alone with him when he died, but being an idiot he was not sworn, though his statement, unexpectedly was intelligent, and corroborated by circumstances. He said that his father died about 4 a. m., and he sat by his body till the day broke and then aroused the neighbors. One of the jurors inquired "Bobby, what did your father say before he died?" The poor idiot replied, "He got up on his knees and said, 'Oh, Lord, Bobby, I'm gone!' and fell right over and died." The family were in the most abject poverty, and not a spark of fire or bit of candle in the house.

—Washington Star, Jan. 25th.

A CENTURION and a QUARTER.—Ohio papers announce the death of a negro named Micajah Philips, at the great age of 125 years. He came to the West in 1796 with Herman Blennerhasset, as his slave, and continued with him till he fled. He was never freed. He came to Ohio soon after, and resided in Harmar some years. He afterward came to Watertown, where he resided for over 50 years. Micajah (Cajoe) was the slave of Colonel Borrel, of York, Gloucester County, Virginia. At the death of Col. Borrel he went to his son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Fountain, with whom he lived at the time of the battle of Yorktown, and was then a waiter in the army. His descriptions of the battle were vivid and are presumed to be true. There are persons living who have known him for sixty years, who place his age at fully the above. His exact age is not recorded. Micajah could read and write, having been taught by Mrs. Blennerhasset, of whom he always spoke in high terms of respect. He belonged to the Baptist church, and preached to the colored population of Parkersburgh in early times. He ever sustained a fair, consistent character, and was respected by his neighbors.

AN INFAMOUS PROPOSITION FROWNED DOWN.

The bitter prejudice against the blacks which prevails throughout the Western States has just had a striking manifestation in Illinois, in the form of a resolution, started in the State Convention, to banish all negroes from the State. The discreditable proposition was put down by a vote of 21 ayes to 46 nays; but that, in the Convention which is preparing the fundamental law that shall be to all the world the embodiment and the index of the civilization of Illinois, twenty-one men—the representatives of two-sevenths of her people—should be found willing to record themselves as favoring a decree driving from her soil the members of a wronged race, in face of law, Christianity and common humanity, is a notable example of how powerfully prejudices interfere with men's sense of justice. The noble, free State of Illinois already stands under the dishonor of having a series of despotic black laws on her statute-book; but the proposition which the Convention had the sense of morality to frown down, is more tyrannical than any despotic excess for which Austria or Naples has been held up to the execration of mankind. The proposed expulsion of all free colored persons from the State is the more disgraceful in that it has its origin in no danger present or prospective, public or private, to be apprehended from the black population—for Illinois happily has no slaves whose good manners might be corrupted by the presence of free individuals of their own race. It is, in fact, simply the offshoot of the bitter prejudice against negroes common in the Western States, arising from various geographical, political and social causes. The vote negativing the proposed measure is sufficiently emphatic to inspire hopes that a more tolerant spirit will ere long prevail.—N. Y. Daily Times.

ANGLO-AFRICAN EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY AND ART.

MR EDITOR.—Seeing a communication in your paper of this week from Mr. Edward M. Thomas, of Washington city, in reference to an Anglo-African Exhibition of Industry and Art, brings to mind a conversation I had with a gentleman of Worcester Mass., and another one of Boston, upon the same subject something over a year ago. I promised then to write to your paper the next week, but about that time your paper changed editors, and not favoring the change I did not send the communication. Our proposition was that this Exhibition should be held on the 1st of August, and we should invite all the negro race to contribute without any geographical limits.

The gentlemen to whom I allude were Mr. Brown, machinist, of Worcester, and Mr. E. M. Bannister of Boston, photographist, and portrait and landscape painter, both of whom would be valuable contributors. I am happy to see this project coming before the public, and instead of our feasting and speaking on that day, let us come up and show our artistic and mechanical industry. I hope we shall as ladies emulate our white sisters of this country in producing works of art and industry.

We could also have some of our talented speakers present every evening to give us words of encouragement. I remember some years ago the Rev. Daniel A. Payne had such an exhibition, on a small scale, in Baltimore, which was very successful. There is a great deal of talent in that city among our people. Mr. Payne told me that he had no idea of the talent among them until that exhibition; so also of other places. I would have specimens of music and poetry contributed.

Your paper has again become a welcome visitor to our family circle; long may it continue to grow and thrive.

QUADROON.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 8th, 1862.

LETTER FROM MONTROSE.

Montrose, Pa., Jan. 28th, 8162.

MR. EDITOR.—"The Sundays of man's life when threaded on a string, make bracelets to adorn the wife of the Eternal King." Thus said an old prosy writer a long time ago, and we endorse it when those Sundays are well spent, but if not they are Bull's Run failures. Last Sabbath, when the rosy light streamed across the grey old mountains, making them look, we fancied, like indignant puritans, we obeyed the summons of the sacred chime and wended our way to a humble little church in the valley, where the "meted out" ones worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences. We listened to a most eloquent and touching sermon by Rev. Albert L. Post. In these times when most white abolitionists are strong Union men, and stronger haters of England, it is really refreshing to find staunch friends, even though they be "like angel's visits few and far between," who will speak to us words, words of sympathy—I had almost added of cheer—but there is little to cheer the observer of the national horizon, darkened as it is by the midnight pall of slavery, lighted by not a single fleecy cloud through which gleams of future light may shine.

Mr. Post took as the foundation of his address these words, "It is impossible but that offences come, but woe unto him by whom they come." He made such a clear, apt application of his text to to the American history, that we felt as if the inspired words were meant for us. He spoke of the slave power as that which in a biblical sense had offended "God's little ones," and of this war as a fulfilment of the prophesied "woe" upon the offenders. He has been firmly convinced, he affirmed, ever since the beginning of the contest that either slavery or this nation would perish." He concluded with a most touching appeal to his "trodden down brethren" to remain faithfully trusting in God; assuring us that all things will work together for good for those who love the Lord."

Mr. Post is perhaps too well known as a speaker, and as one who "lifteth up his voice for the oppressed, for us to begin to describe his style. He is naturally a slightly built man, and his ill health and financial reverses have tended to make his appearance more delicate, even spiritual, which impressed his auditors that his words came from the heart, and went to other hearts.

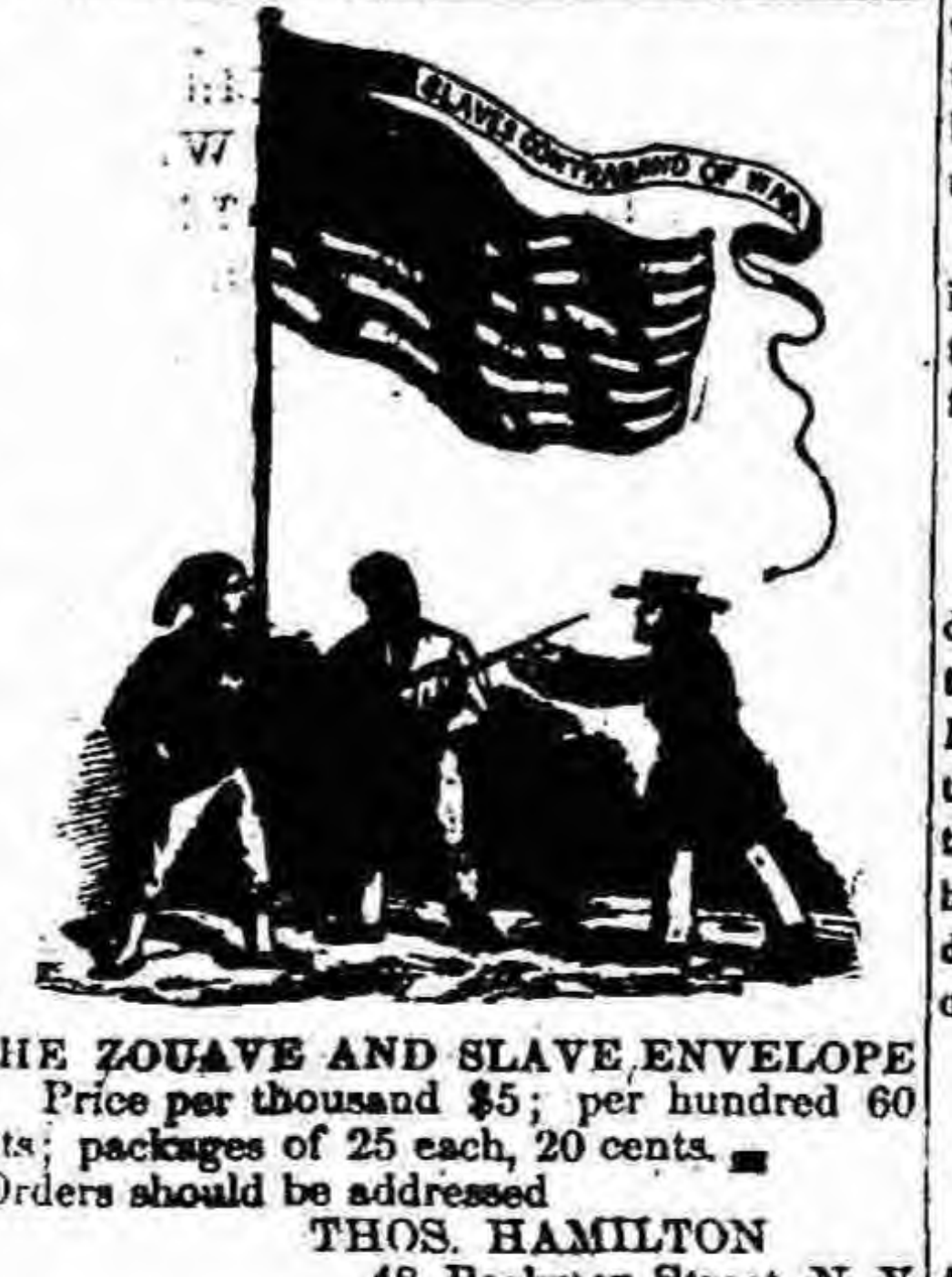
We have organized a debating society here, of which you may hear more "not a hundred years hence."

"JACKO."

"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite dry goods clerk to a pretty girl from the country. "Yes, sir," said the blushing girl; "that's my fellow outside. He wouldn't come in."

"Henrietta," said a landlord to his new girl, "when there's bad news from Washington, or any bad news, particularly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange, Henrietta, but such little things make a great difference in eating in the course of a year."

MISCELLANEOUS.



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Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

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Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent linament for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

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The few following certificates will show that it is a standard remedy, and will so remain long after experiments with high alcohol shall have been forgotten.

CERTIFICATES.

New York, March 28th, 1861.

Mr. William Anderson—Dear Sir: That wonderful Hair Restorative that you sold here a short time ago, has become a favorite with the people. I have repeated calls for it—and here let me say that Mr. R——, who has been entirely bald on the top of his head for some three or four years, has, by using one bottle of your Restorative, produced a fine growth of hair. Please forward me one dozen bottles.

Yours Respectfully,
THOS. R. CROCKER,
Fulton Fish Market.

New York, May 30th, 1851.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Sir: You may send me one dozen bottles of your Hair Restorative, which I will pay for on delivery. The two bottles I purchased from you have been of great service to Mrs. Ingersol. D. W. INGERSOL,
(formerly in Pearl St.)

New York, May 12th, 1855.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Dear Sir: Having lost my hair, I was recommended to try your Restorative, and have done so with great and good results. I have now a fine head of hair, when four months ago I was quite bald. I would say to those in the same predicament, that they should try your remedy, feeling satisfied that they will reap a benefit from so doing. Yours, &c.,

JAMES EDWIN HALSEY,
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I have used in my family "Anderson's Restorative for the Hair and cure for Nervous Head ache," and found it valuable for the purposes specified, and recommend it to all who want and safe article.

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Warranted not to contain calomel, aloes, gamboge colocynth, or other drastic poisonous drugs, which always do the system more hurt than good, and by their continued use are sure to cause a derangemen of the liver, bring on costiveness, and its inevitable consequence, piles, and dyspepsia, and finally break down the constitution, and cause the victim to drag out a miserable existence. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wily poison. Your life is your own,—preserve it. Take a simple herb, sure in its effects, but safe and pleasant,—no wrenching pains, no il effects, and made pleasant to take by a fine coat o sugar. Children love them, ladies admire them, fools and wise men cannot do without them, doctors prescribe them,—and every body takes them. Yes, every body; from the honest farmer and mechanic to the most learned philosopher. And why? Simply because they are good, excellently good; and will do you good.

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BLAKE: OR THE HUTS OF AMERICA.

A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R DELANY

PART II.

> Hear the word:—who fight for freedom!
> Shout it in the battle van!
> Hope! for bleeding human nature!
> Christ the God, is Christ the Man!
>
> H. BEECHER STOWE

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CAPTIVES.

Next morning at the earliest dawn, when the song of animated nature, birds, reptiles and insects—which in Cuba generally enliven the night and cheer the spirits with varied tones of discordant harmony—gave way for the noise and clamor of the designing inhabitants of the port; among the first few who appeared on the quay was a mulatto gentleman.

There was nothing very remarkable about this, because were Cubans classified according to their complexion or race, three out of five of the inhabitants called white, would decidedly be claimed by the colored people, though there is a larger number much fairer than those classified and known in the register as colored. To this class belonged the gentleman in question.

Blake, regardless of the injunction of secrecy, had made known the mutinous spirit of the captives, which Placido managed to get into the hands of the hawkers and gossipers of news in Havana. The sales were delayed till late in the day, which brought a large number of human speculators, the design of which was to enhance the price by the competition on change.

To guard against all such contingencies, and prevent a recurrence of the scenes among them at sea, the most restless spirits among the captives were disposed of as soon as possible; the better to ensure which, a private sale had been effected, through a secret agent of Placido, affecting concern for the interest of the traders. But the poet still continued on the ground covertly depreciating the value of the slaves by the circulation of "postscripts" from the "press," giving full particulars of the mutiny at sea.

This reduced the captives to a minimum price, which placed them in the reach of small capitalists, for whom they were purchased by agents, who pretended themselves to be spectators. These agents were among the fairest of the quadroons, high in the esteem and confidence of their people, the entire cargo of captives through them going directly into black families or their friends.

The great scheme through this medium being much enhanced, though the mutiny was unsuccessful, with a cheerful heart and lively spirits, Placido with his choice two, Mendi and Abyssa, left Matanzas directly for Havana

CHAPTER XXII

THE SEELEYS.

Blake, from Matanzas, had gone directly to Havana, where to meet and greet his wife and little son, and the poet, his cousin, still concealing from his father's family his identity, all of whom gave him a hearty welcome

During his absence Placido had been busy, industriously disseminating the great principles implied in the silence, designed to be put in operation. Both tongue and pen in unison had been mutually engaged, eloquently impressing what the heart and mind conceived. Privately he whispered them in accents softly, meaningly, and continuingly. In poetry, he wrote them in sentiments of song, enigmatically, though comprehensively. These words, though softly and fearfully spoken—as if in thunder tones—were indelibly impressed on every heart, while the sentiments of song, like a lightning flash, ran through every mind the length and breadth of the Island.

The first care of Blake in his interview with the poet was the release of the captive Mendi, and Abyssa. Mendi was expected to be a powerful accession to their forces, as, being a native chief, he would meet with many of his race whose language he understood, and was thereby better suited to them than many others among them The mere slave, as such, was deficient in discipline, except that which unfitted him for self-reliance That was the curse which blighted his moral prospects, the blow which riveted upon him the links of an unyielding chain; the burden which, with mountain weight, pressed his mind to the earth, only to be thrown off by the force of an extraordinary self-exertion, verified the sentiment that—

> The day that makes a man a slave,
> Takes half his worth away

The Seeleys had returned from America, after faithfully discharging their trust, bringing with them Charles and Polly, little Joe Blake, and Tony. After his interview with Placido, taking his wife and child, Blake rode out to the residence of the Seeleys, situated some ten miles distant. Mr. Seeley had purchased a fine country seat called Homewood Grove, and entered in a lucrative shipping business in the city.

The shrubbery and grounds of the place were beautiful, affording ample residence for insects and birds The meeting and greeting also here were affecting, mutual tears being shed for each other, Polly fell upon her knees with outstretched arms to Blake, and Charles embracing Maggie, laughed and cried, while Tony alternately kissed little Joe and hugged his father around the legs. Nor was Madam Seeley a passive spectator to the touching scenes around her.

The little son of Blake on arrival was received and taken to his mother by Placido, the party who accompanied the Seeleys not having met them till then. Mr. Seeley on going out in the evening to his place, was not remiss in sympathy to the party; Charles, Polly, and the boy remaining with the Seeleys until duties required a change. Blake and family left the seat of Homewood Grove for their residence in Havana.

Tony was becoming a very useful boy as an aid to Madam Seeley, whose attention had been turned to animated nature; the securing of specimens for the cabinet, being the function assigned the boy. No naturalist was more assiduous than he, as far as his vocation extended; not a bird nor insect seeming to escape his notice, nor fail to receive his most earnest gaze; some of which underwent a much closer examination, by an almost unerring direction of a stone from his hand, or a crush under the weight of his great palmleaf hat.

The first day he started on his mission of research, two hours was the time assigned him, with the promise of reward for the faithful discharge of his duty. The time allotted him was now half an hour over due, but with the delinquency came Tony, who, as a proof of his claim to the reward and ample satisfaction for his tardiness, tumbled at the feet of Madam Seeley a hatfull of insects of every kind he met, and an orange sprig well strung with a variety of birds; many among them of the choicest warblers.

'Oh, cruel, cruel!' exclaimed Madam Seeley as the heap was placed at her feet; 'Tony, why did you do so? what made you kill so many? How did you manage to kill those beautiful birds—and oh! these lovely insects? Look, too, at the butterflies—poor little creatures!'

'Da was singin' an' did'n see me,' replied Tony, referring to the birds; 'an' I jis sneaked up an' popt 'em.'

'Oh, you cruel boy!' said the Madam.

'Oh, Miss Seeley, dat aint nothin' to kill a bird! an' dese bugs, I could jis' take an' mash 'em!' replied the boy, looking at the pile of insects, as though he was anxious to jump upon them with both feet.

Madam Seeley, as encouragement, admitted his dexterity and skill in the art of killing, when the boy sauntered away toward the pantry to refresh himself, being well satisfied with his reputation as a naturalist.

CAAPTER XXIII.

ANTICIPATION.

'Just in time Henry!' said Placido, as he entered the house of Junius Blacus the father of Henry, who had just come from Homewood Grove, taking him by the hand; 'I was fearful you would'nt get here!'

'Why Placido what is the anxiety?' enquired he.

'I will tell you—come aside—to-morrow is gala day, the celebration of the nativity of the Infanta Isabella, by a grand national Fete at the palace of the Captain General.'

'Thank God! Not only do the heavens, but the earth seems to declare his glory! How singularly He willed it, that I should return just at so auspicious a moment, to be with you in council Placido!'

'God wills what's best Henry!' said Placido.

'Then we would what God wills!' replied he.

'Let God's will be done then!' responded the poet.

'Can we not turn the day to our advantage Placido?'

'Certainly! there's wherein consists the importance of your return from sea at this time. Could we have had the appointment, it could not have been better suited.'

'Let us then get ready, the sooner, the better,' said Henry What have you done?

'Seeds have been planted in good ground, the hulls bursted, and kernels already sprouted!'

'Then but little time is required to mature the crop for the sickle of the reaper.'

'I hope much from to-morrow, suggested Placido.

'We must make much of to-morrow!' replied Blake.

'We can if we will!' added Placido.

'Then we will!' decisively concluded Blake.

'That's just what I desired to hear, cousin Henry I suppose I may now leave you, and repair to other quarters in the city, that they may be advised fully of the arrangements'

'Have you already made arrangements, cousin?'

'Certainly, did I not tell you?'

'Certainly, you did not! I was expecting to hear something of the kind, but was disappointed.'

'Pardon me General! I ——'

'Come, come, Placido! you should not deal in jests of that kind, the thing is too serious for merriment!' interrupted Blake as Placido was about to compliment him.

'I beg your pardon cousin Henry. I am not jesting, nor can I jest on such a subject, at such a time. And now let me inform you, that we have had our gatherings, held our councils, formed our legions, chosen our leaders, and made Henry Blake General-in-Chief of the army of emancipation of the oppressed men and women of Cuba!' explained Placido.

At the announcement, bracing his arms across his breast, dropping his head, looking down on the floor, Henry stood for some minutes, his wife who entered the room at the moment, throwing herself upon the poet's neck, weeping audibly

'I only wish I thought myself worthy and competent, but I much doubt my ability, cousin!' replied Blake with much depression of spirits.

'We have examined every point, and weighed the whole matter, cousin Henry Blake is the man!' rejoined Placido.

'In bondage again! Well I suppose those who are bound, especially when they seek it, must obey,' replied Blake.

'Indeed Henry, I would'nt undertake it, so I would'nt! I would leave that for cousin Placido or some other gentleman here to do. I'm sure you know nothing about such things!' advised Maggie, at which pressing his hand on her cheek, Placido laughed.

'Wife, I must in this, submit entirely to others,' said Blake

'I suppose then I may give up all hope of ever having you with me at all!' she replied with renewed sobs.

'Stop cousin!' admonished Placido; 'you must remember that there's a great difference between Frank's slaves and General Blake and wife. As the former, you were irresponsible, the latter responsible; that was a life of trouble and sorrow, this of care and pleasure. One shuns adventure, the other seeks it; the slave feels an issue, and the freeman makes it. A slave must have somebody to care for him; a freeman must care for himself and others. The position of a man carries his wife with him; so when he is degraded, she is also, because she cannot rise above his level; but when he is elevated, so is she also; hence, the wife of Henry the slave was Maggie the slave; but the wife of Mr. Henry Blake, will be Mrs. Maggie Blake; and the wife of General Blake, will be Mrs. General Blake. What objections have you to this cousin?'

'You must make every allowance for me cousin Placido, as I have net been long enough in the enjoyment of freedom to have considered these things but I do assure you, that I now understand and appreciate all that you say;' replied Maggie with a smile of gratification at the thought.

'Then cousin, grieve not!' solaced Placido, as he observed the tears stealing down her cheeks:' your husband is our leader, and as you see the Legions advancing, fear not, as you shall hear this song to comfort you, and encourage on the portentions Army of Emancipation:

> "Be patient in your misery, be meek in your despair,
> Be patient, oh be patient, suffer on, suffer on!
> We are all for freedom, we are all for feedom,
> We are for liberty and justice—
> And for freedom through the land!
> We have hatred dark and deep for the fetter and the thong,
> We bring light to prisoned spirits, for the captive wail a song;
> We are all for freedom, we are all for freedom,
> We're for liberty and justice,
> And for freedom through the land!
> We are coming, we are coming, and no league with tyrant man,
> Is emblazoned on our banner, while Jehovah leads the van!
> He is coming on to lead us,
> And he never means to leave us,
> Till he gains us our liberty,
> And freedom through the land!"

'God grant!' responded Maggie; 'that he may be equal to the task.'

'God grant it!' replied Henry.

'What is the policy among us to-morrow in assembling with the public?' enquired Blake.

'To assemble promiscuously among the whites, and segregate as usual in groups by accident.'

'That's the idea,' concluded Henry, who smiling explained it to his wife, who acknowledged that freedom developed many things she had never before thought of; when Placido hurriedly left them to send the tidings through the city.

CHAPTER XXIV

GALA DAY

This morning was ushered beautifully in, the West India sky being unusually clear, the morning star in its brilliancy adorning the cloudless horizon.

The evening before there was little rest, in consequence of the general noise, hum and din, by passing to and fro of the vehicles, and chatting of the busy people during the night. The hotels too were kept open for the accommodation of the officers of government, and the musicians from Moro Castle, and other bands of music, which from the porticos and corridors, almost incessantly assembled through the night, discoursed to the cheering crowds who continually in honor of the Infanta Sovereign of Spain.

The morning brought with it contemplated joy to the minds of the elevated, and sadness of heart to the crushed and oppressed people on the Island Business on such occassions is usually suspended, the soldiers parading with attracting display, are inspected and commanded by the Captain General in person, surrounded by a brilliant and haughty staff of cavaliers. Moro Castle was on this occasion proudly decorated with all the national colors: the Spanish Protective, merchantman, man-of-war, and Spanish flags. From the British and American flag-staff also waived their national pendants.

The Palace of the Captain General was richly decorated with many curious and highly ornamental designs, all having some allusion of historic or political import. The slaves throughout the Island were as is customary on such occasions, given a general holiday, and all within ten leagues of the city poured in from every direction, like the gathering of black and threatening clouds, necessary to a fearful storm; while the cannon from the castle roared in tones as thunder preceding a tempest.

Floating over the surface of the bay with liveliness and gaiety, were numerous pleasure boats kept in constant transit, and among the most exciting of the water pleasures was the regatta, when the quay was thronged with the multitude who bet and bantered various sums, much mony being lost and won. Sports of almost every description during the day occupied the attention of the people. In the courts, narrow alleys and byways, might have been seen squads of idle slaves, or trifling wayward creoles and Spaniards, playing at chicken-hazard, pitching quoits on bets, or betting silver at a toss. At many corners of the streets might have been seen crowds in the centre of which was a ring, surrounding a dog-fight on heavy bets The bull-fight too was in high requisition the day of this national *fete*.

The next amusement succeeding, was the sport of the chase, which consisted in training the bloodhounds exhibited on the parade ground. This sport is such that in the training the slave is sometimes caught and badly lacerated, which produces terror in the black spectators, theobject desi gned by the custom.

Never before had the African race been so united as on that occassion, the free negroes and mixed free people being in unison and sympathy with each other. During the sport of the chase, it was generally observed by the whites, that in the event of a slave being caught, instead of as formerly, indifference on the part of the blacks, or a shout from a portion of the free colored people present; there were gloomy countenances, sour angry, expressions and looks of revenge, with general murmuring, which plainly indicated if not a preconcerted action, at least a general understanding pertaining to that particular amusement. There was a greater tendency to segregation instead of a seeming desire to mingle as formerly among the whites, as masses of the negroes, mulattoes and quadroons, Indians* and even Chinamen, could be seen together, to all appearance absorbed in conversation on matters disconnected entirely from the occassion of the day.

The National Parade came next in order, being the only exhibition in which the African race took pleasure, they being desirious of winessing the display of the troops to learn something of the character of the soldiers that might be brought against them. Though not so exciting particularly to the blacks, this was the most grand and imposing scene of the day.

At the sound of the reveille, the troops assembled in military array presenting a formidable front, the field officers being richly dressed and elegantly mounted on splendid caparisoned, grand and dashing steeds. Here and there through the field they were flying, inspecting the lines without giving orders, intending it would seem to anticapate by intimidating the negroes from action. Now and again as though to show the blacks their chance of escape in an attempt at retreat, came an isolated soldier running at the best of speed, who had been loitering away his time in idle gossip, or in a booth regaling a whetted appetite, and thirst with ardent spirits.

In a short time after the reveille, every soldier was in his place, soon after which the salutes from Moro Castle caused every one to turn in the direction of the city. The Captain General and suit were now approaching, and the populace were frantic to get a sight of his Excellency. With pomp and splendor he entered the parade ground, amidst the deafening shouts of the multitude, his inspection and exercising of the troops consuming the time allotted for his stay.

The troops as an escort to the Governor, entered the city late in the afternoon, leaving his Excellency at the Government palace, the thousands who crowded the thorough fares dispersing in every direction, repairing to their homes early to return in the evening, many to gaze upon the splendid illumination by chandeliers of the interior of the residence, others to the Castle to witness a grand display of fireworks, and the various amusements and entertainments throughout Havana that night.

Of the thousands thus dispersing, various feelings existed. Some were merry, others sad—some joyful, others mad; some discouraged, others encouraged—some hopeful, others despairing. Among the disappointed should be considered the restless American part of the inhabitants known as 'patriots,' the sad and hopeful were the black and colored people who had determined to manage in future their own affairs; there were among this portion of the inhabitants those who determined that for the last time they had looked with passiveness upon the sad scene of training bloodhounds upon the living flesh of their kindred and sporting in luxury on the misfortunes of their race Whilst reflecting upon these scenes with a sad and heavy heart, they could only discern before them a dark and gloomy pathway, which but now and again was lighted up by the sudden outbursting of a concealed flame, deeply hidden in their breasts, flashing as they passed along But they had one encouragement—a faint, steady light away off in the distance—discernable through the obscurity of space—the Star of Hope—whose cheering rays had reached them, encouraging them onward in their slow but steady march.

To this end this portion of the population returning to their homes, prepared for an occasion quite different in its bearing to that which would call together the brilliant and imposing assemblage, soon to crowd the splendid apartments in the Palace of the Captain General.

CHAPTER XXV

NATIONAL FETE

The feature of attraction for the evening among the higher classes was the Palace of the Captain General, and while a selection from the *elite* were alone to be the guests, yet the avenue leading to, and the space in front of the mansion, were thronged by the common people who crowded the passes to get a peep at the rich costumes, and gaze in at the windows and doors of the brilliantly illuminated apartments.

At the hour of nine the company commenced to gather, when all that beauty and grandeur could effect, certainly was on the occasion accomplished; by ten o'clock the spacious apartments being crowded with an assemblage that might have graced the palace of an European monarch

The servants thronged not only their own, but lined the piazzas and walls around the dancing hall; and besides these, the visiting domestics about the palace were also numerous.

There was evident anxiety concerning absent guests, which seemed to be mutual through the assemblage; and the negro servants on this occasion appeared more than usually observing.

That day was seen on parade several fine looking mulatto officers, the confidants of the Captain General and *incog.* members of his staff; men upon whom he depended in the event of an outbreak of the American party in Cuba. Juan Montigo, Ferdinand Ricardo, Pedro Castina, Stephen Rivera, and the poet Placido were among the foremost of these persons. There were still others of the fairest complexion among the quadroons, who were classed as white, that faithfully adhered to the interests of the African race,* and were ready at any moment to join them. Of the delinquent guests at the Palace, besides the wives and female relatives of many of the gentlemen, there were other ladies expected who failed to appear, of whom may be named Madame Cordora and daughter; Madame Barbosa, and Madame Sebassian, educated, wealthy ladies.

Placido was Poet Laureate to His Excellency, and Pino Golina a black surgeon, the leading amateur musician, banjoist extraordinary, being the most accomplished banjoist and guitarist in the city.

In a group stood Count Alcora, the Captain General; Lady Charlotte, the Countess, and several foreign officials and their ladies, in close conversation. Presently a servant hastily entered, looked around the room in a meaning manner to others, then suddenly left. There being in this nothing to cause suspicion, as it might have been a summons to domestic duty, no particular attention was thereby elicited.

In the hall directly opposite this group stood the servant of an American, intently looking at the company; his wife, the maid servant to her mistress, standing at his side. A servant of the palace was observed to step up, tap him on the shoulder, and was off in an instant, the American servant following; when, after a short interview in the palace park with a concealed group of negroes, returned and took his wife from the room. At the head of this grave gathering stood the caterer of the police cuisane, Gofer Gondolier. This person was a black, who in boyhood had attended a Spanish grandee to Genoa, where during his stay, his principal recreation was aquatic sports on the gulf, the lad being his principal oarsman—hence the name of Gondolier. The Christian name of the lad was Godfrey, but by a singular corruption he was called Gofer—thence Gofer Gondolier became his fixed name. After a hasty counsel, the caterer returned to duty, and the rest of the servants to their places in the room.

Whilst the palace was the scene of life and gaiety, thronged with those in the highest enjoyment of their rights, free to go and come when and where they pleased, all fondly uniting in loyalty and deference to do homage to the sovereign demands of Spain, little dreaming of serious contingencies or trouble, there was at the same time, going on in another part of the city an affair, though if not so grand and potent, at least it may have been, equally as interesting, and in all probability much more portentious than the elevated assemblage at the seat of government of Count Alcora, the Captain General—the proud and hauty military Chief of Cuba.

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*For many years the ucatan Indians taken in war by the Mexicans, were sold into Cuba as slaves.

* The term "African race" includes the mixed as well as the pure bloods.

Never judge altogether by appearances. The camel is a good-natured animal, though he has his back up pretty well.

For the Anglo-African

THE LESSON OF LIFE.

By J. H. B.

I have been looking at a small collection of flowers taken from the greenhouse; fresh from the nursery with their health and vigor perfect. They are beautiful to behold, with every little leaf symmetrically formed, and color that defies imitation. You are lost in admiration. You hesitate to touch their tender forms; admiration repels the thought—they are *too frail, too* pure and beautiful. You are happy and delighted to sit and dream in their beauty. I was delighted to sit admiring their beauty, and suck in their odor—yet they suggested even amid the pleasure, the "lesson of life."

The flowers have been carried away. I will no doubt see their beauty no more—*no more!* Is this not painful in itself? Does not the heart feel a sadness when we write? We are losing forever, and yet this is the "lesson of life." The flowers will soon fade; cold chills will steal through their arteries of life. The leaves will lose their beautiful symmetry and the bright pure color will fade away. This, too, is the "lesson of life." How true does the admiring heart compare its love, the object of its terrestrial adoration, to these beautiful flowers. Do we not see lovely woman, beautiful as the flower, as tender and pure, leave us in the same way? She blooms for her day, is plucked from her nursery, and carried away to fade and wither; and such is the "*lesson of life.*" Oh what a lesson if learned! Should we not study it? The flowers are going, and I shall see them no more; a few hours and they will fade away; their little leaves droop, and their hearts, (if hearts they have) feel cold and strange. They have bloomed for their day, fulfilled their appointed lot, delighted our senses and left us the "lesson of life."

The flowers are gone, we are going too? They bloomed in purity and beauty, shall not we? They have faded and died in innocence, without fear—oh, shall not we also?

But we will see them again, when their leaves will be more perfect and their colors more bright. They will have learned the "lesson of life," and will fade and droop *no more!* We will then be home in celestial heaven, where we will be taught no more the "lesson of life," and will admire their beauty and even touch their leaves, for we will be alike, and glory in His wisdom who gave us to learn the "lesson of life."

LETTER FROM THE GULF OF MEXICO.

U. S. FLAG SHIP NIAGARA, OFF
SOUTH WEST PASS, MISSISSIPPI
RIVER, Monday, Feb. 3d 1862.

DEAR ANGLO:—We arrived here on Saturday afternoon, having left Ship Island Thursday night, stopping at Pass L'Outre and South East Pass. The U. S. steamer, Mereiditi, and Gunboat Winona, is blockading Pass L'Outre, and the Vincennes, South Pass. The French Corvette Lavoosire is at Pass L'Outre. The Vincennes has been quite unfortunate since her arrival on the blockade; her First Commander having disgracefully abandoned her at the memorable attack upon our fleet at the head of the Passes by the Ram Manassas, and Hollins fire ships. She has sustained, as well as the government and the Naval service, another loss that of her newly appointed Commander, Lieut. Samuel Marcy, of New York. He was wounded in an attempt to cut out a barque loaded with cotton, then lying in the Pass waiting an opportunity to run the blockade. Lieut. Marcy's wounds were of a very severe nature, having been struck by the gun, (a 12 pound boat howitzer) in its recoil, breaking his leg and otherwise injuring him internally. As a *gentlemen*, he was highly esteemed. In the service he was also almost universally known, and fewer men perhaps had a larger circle of friends. Since our cooperation with Fort Pickens in the bombardment of Forts McRae, Barrancas, and Warrington Navy yard, there has not been anything worthy of note. Very few contrabands make their appearance on board of any of the ships here, from the fact that the majority of them are carried far into the interior of the State. There are several however, on the prize steamer Lewis, where they are employed as firemen, oilers, &c. We have three on board that made their escape from Paseagoula in a small fishing-boat. They were two days getting to us, during which time they had nothing to eat. Their names are Edmund, William, and Alexander Capers. William and Alexander are much thought of by the officers of the ships. The former is a waiter for the Engineers steerage, and the latter for the ward room. Alexander is very intelligent, and often gives us a sketch of his life, when a slave, which in some points is quite interesting and amusing

Since our arrival here the Colorado has captured a very valuable prize The steamer Calhoun, in attempting to run the blockade, grounded. The officers and crew, after setting fire to her, abandoned her. A boats crew from the Colorado boarded her, and succeeded in extinguishing the fire. Her cargo consists of powder, jewelry, and dry goods. This same steamer was the flag-ship of Hollin's mosqueto fleet at the attack upon the Richmond, at the head of the Passes. How, or when she run the blockade we have not been able to ascertain, as all hands on board succeeded in making good their escape. Whilst I write there is a bark coming in with the United States flag at her fore, and the Spanish ensign at her peak, also a schooner with the U. S. Eusign at her main, and the rebel flag beneath it. The mail steamer leaves in a few moments. We leave this afternoon for Galveston, in the mean time, should any thing turn up, you shall be duly posted. G. W. S.

[We would be pleased to hear from this correspondent again. Ed.]

Statement of a Returned Emigrant to Hayti.

MR. EDITOR. I sailed on the 1st of May, 1861, from New Haven to Hayti with Mr. Holly's colony. We arrived at St. Marks on the 25th, and from there embarked for Port au Prince, reaching the Emigrant's House on the 27th. After remaining there five weeks we started for Drouillard, about three miles from Port au Prince. We had been there about five or six weeks, when our colony commenced suffering from the acclimating fever, which during the months of July and August reached its highest degree. The death of two or three persons within twenty-four or thirty-six hours was not an unusual occurrence. At one time there were only three males of the colony that were able to go about. Some may suppose that this suffering and death were the result of imprudence and exposure, but I will assure your readers that such was not the case. Many who emigrated to Hayti were persons of weak or sickly constitutions unable to withstand a tropical sun: beside, the water we were compelled to drink was very unclean. It was a common thing to see the Haytian women washing their clothes, men and boys bathing, and horses being washed, in the very stream that we drank from. This alone, was enough to create sickness, but we had in addition, during the aforesaid months, continual land breezes and constant rain. We were in contact with poisonous bushes, and were affected by the mineral substances of that tropical region. The manner in which the emigrants were made to live, also operated against us. The building that we occupied was about 300 or 400 feet long, and was made into apartments by canvass partitions running half way to the roof; it had no windows for ventilation. With this sugar house filled with sick persons and containing a large quantity of bilge water, you may judge whether their death was caused by exposure and imprudence or some other cause or causes.

It is true that some manifested great imprudence in venturing through the burning sun and eating fruit, but the number of such was small compared to that of those who died from the want of proper nourishments, care and attention: There were many of the emigrants too old to undergo the acclimating process, and many also who had heard so much of the island, that they left their homes with families and without means expecting to reap a great harvest, but on arriving there found that they had been deceived by lecturers who told them of great prospects to be realized in that distant country. I admit that the country is fine, rich, beautiful, but for all this I would say that I am not in favor of men going there who have passed the age of 36 or 38 years. I would not have women go there at all for reasons which I would prefer not giving in this communication. If men will emigrate I hope that they will be young men of means and possessing a good trade which they will find of great advantage to them.

In reference to President Geffrard I would say that he possesses a noble and generous character. All who come in contact with him, find him to be a gentleman in the strictest sense of the term. He has accomplished more for his country than any of his predecessors and the improvements made during his administration evinces that he loves his country better than he does his pocket.

In conclusion I would say that with all due respect for my reverend leader, I do not agree with his doctrine that we should be willing to sacrifice 400 out of every 1200 persons going to Hayti; neither do I wish them to die there that the soil may be enriched for the growth of cotton.

I would say to those who will emigrate, count well the cost before you start

JOHN C. SANCHEZ.

Fashion is the race of the rich to get away from the poor, who follow as fast as they can.

NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

THE HANGING OF GORDON FOR MAN-STEALING.

The deliberate murderer of hundreds of his fellow men has met, in turn, with a violent death, and sleeps in a felon's grave. Had he manifested fortitude, courage, or even bravado in his last moments, the lesson of his life would have been less complete, and he would have found some of the sympathy which mankind are apt to accord to bold bad men in their extremity. But his life and the business of it had a fitting end. He lived a hired robber and assassin, he died a coward and a liar. The only parties who had any sympathy for him were they who had been his employers, they who had coined money out of his deeds of blood, who grew pale and terror stricken as his doom approached, and who in the endeavor to avert that doom poured forth from their strong boxes a stream of ill-gotten gold yet with the stamp of hell.

Had the public mind been less occupied with other events, it would have received a shock of surprise, to say the least, at the execution of Gordon. It would have felt, perhaps that the entire American people are not wholly guiltless of the crime for which he suffered. The American church too, and more especially that portion of it in which this pirate had been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, would or at least, should have felt misgivings as to certain of its usages and ministrations. We are told that Gordon's mother yet lives in the State of Maine, an exemplary member of the Presbyterian church. Now do any accounts of his childhood or youth state that he was otherwise nurtured than are the children of evangellical parents in the New England States: his early prayers by his mother's knees, his Sunday School attendance were all gone through with, and his boy-hood listened to those doctrines, including the divinity wherewith Southern slavery is hedged about, where the hot blood and wayward impulses of youth carried him down to the sea in ships, and the sure and sudden gain of the slave-trade opened its golden opportunity, what barrier did his early religious culture raise up against it in his mind?

It was only by ranting abolitionists, the insidious meddlers with sacred rights guaranteed by the Constitution who had condemned slavery, what harm could there be in the slave-trade. *His minister had told* him over and over again that slavery was a blessing to the benighted Africans by bringing them under the happy influence of American christanity. Was not the slave-trade also a blessing? How could the means be accursed when the end was holy?

These were laws, to be sure, but they were a dead letter, and would never be enforced, because they were unjust inasmuch as they stood in the way of the African and his enlightenment. There were war-ships also on the coast, to prevent the slave-trade, *the more merit in the daring cruiser* who could outsail or elude them. As to the loss of life in the passage, why, did not the christian slave system decimate the slaves on the sugar plantations of Cuba and Louisiana? Did not christianity and the Constitution uphold these life-destroying plantations, why should they be hard upon the losses by his vessel for which also the ships of war and the governments which sent them to the coast of Africa were responsible?

We say therefore that the American church is responsible for the crime of Gordon. The church which in one and the same breath upholds slavery and condemns the slave-trade, is an active fomenter and encourager to the slave trade whose better logic can see no difference between the slave-trade in Africa and the slave-trade in Virginia. The doctrines of the American church, on this matter are thus set forth by Dr. Samuel Seabury, one of the ablest of our divines of the Episcopal church, in his essay on "American Slavery Justified by the Law of Nature:"

"But if the Constitution and laws of our common country are really founded, as I believe them to be, on the enduring principles of justice, liberty, and human rights; if they protect the limited slavery that is already established among us because it is consistent with these principles; and if they denounce the African slave-trade because it is a gross and wanton infraction of these principles, then indeed we may have faith in their permanance; for then the Constitution and laws of our Union are settled on foundations more durable than the everlasting hills; and all who live under them, North, South, East and West, may, as men, citizens and christians, unite as one man in their triumphant vindication and support.

"In all that I have advanced in defense of slavery, as it is established under the laws of our Southern States, I have regarded the slaves as men, made in the image of their Maker, and I have insisted on man's natural right to the use of his liberty, and on the injustice of depriving him of it by violence, and without some act* or acts of his own that involves a surrender of it. From this theory of slavery, it is manifestly impossible to draw any valid argument in favor of the violent seizure or purchase of native Africans with a view to their transportation, sale, and enslavement in other countries. The two things are utterly unlike; the one being, as I have endeavored to show, a fulfilment of the laws of nature, and the other being, as is plainly manifest, an unmitigated violation of those laws."—pp. 263—4."

Arch-bishop Hughes, better read than Dr. Seabury, in his letter to Dr. Brownson, affirms, "that the slaves shipped from Africa, were already enslaved before sold to the traders," and justifies the slave-trader on the African coast on grounds which logically follow Dr. Seabury's own views. If the teaching, the religious teaching of American youth are entrusted to men holding and avowing such doctrines, is not the American church responsible for the crime for which Gorden was hung?

But besides affixing the stigma where it belongs, there are other reflections growing out of this first effectual branding of the slave-trade as PIRACY. If infamy rightly attaches itself to the church for the commission of this crime, then merit should be awarded to those who have labored to secure condign punishment to the criminal. A few months ago we met accidentally a young man formerly a neighbor, now an assistant to the United States District Attorney. He had won his appointment by his eloquent and effective advocacy of the republican principles during the campaign of 1860. As he had not long since been married we congratulated him on that matter, but something else seemed to have entire possession of his mind: soon the case of Gordon came up and he fairly flashed out with earnest impetuosity, speaking of the hindrances which had been and might be put in the way of the prosecution, and he concluded with saying "we will and must have a verdict, and then, if the authorites interfere between him and just punishment, I will resign my office!" Such was the spirit which influenced the U. S. District Attorney himself, the U. S. Marshall and the entire prosecution. How it contrasts with the imbecile or guilty laugh with which the New York Diocesan convention welcomed or rather rejected John Jay's resolution about the slave-trade! These ministers of justice were infinitely truer to *their abstract Goddess, than these ministers* of Christ to the Living Jehovah! We do not know, and never will, the influences, the threats and the bribes brought to bear upon the prosecution, but we may form some faint idea of them from the fact that Governor Morgan was induced to blast what was left of his reputation by praying for a respite of Gordon on the very day of his execution.

The firmness of President Lincoln in this affair is the most solid indication of character he has yet manifested. Whatever, in the coming hours, he may do to put down slavery, it is enough for the present that he has planted his broad foot squarely down upon the slave-trade; he need not move that foot, but only heft it a little more, and slavery already pale and trembling and laboring under self-induced convulsion will be squelched out also. God give him the grace, and keep away Kentucky advisers from him. It has pleased God at this hour to take from his household one little one who was the light and life thereof. O may the same power grant him to see and feel and alleviate the multiplied agonies of the millions to whom slavery says "you have no rights—your children are mine!"

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*One of these "acts" adduced by Dr. Seabury is the assumed contract made by a slave-baby just born, "that if his master will support him till he is big enough to work, he will work for master all his life time." This is the Doctor's own statement. God help him!

From the N. Y. Tribune.

AID FOR THE CONTRABANDS.

MEETING IN THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

The great hall of the Cooper Institute was densely filled last night by a gathering, the object of which was to inaugurate some measures for the benefit of the contrabands at Port Royal and Fortress Monroe.

The Hon. C. C. Leigh called the meeting to order at 8 o'clock. He said, on behalf of the Committee, that they had waited on the Mayor, who entered most cordially and sympathetically into the objects of the meeting as every generous man and woman could not but do, and he promised to be present and preside this evening. But late last night they received the following note from him:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, N. Y. Feb. 19, 1862.

C. C. LEIGH, Esq.—Dear Sir: As I shall be obliged to be absent from the city to-morrow (Thursday) evening, I will be unable to preside at the meeting then to take place.

Very truly, yours,

GEORGE OPDYKE.

But they had a gentleman with them who was familiar to New York, as well as to the nation and the world. He had the pleasure to introduce their beloved and honored and respected friend, Wm. Cullen Bryant. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Bryant on taking the chair, said: I am sure that I share sincerely in the regret you must feel that our excellent Mayor has been prevented by an unavoidable engagement from presiding as was expected at this meeting, and that our philanthropic friend to whom you owe the erection of this hall is also prevented from presiding by indisposition, and that the committee called on me a little while since as a substitute. That, I hope, will not affect the object of the meeting. That object is to consider what we shall do for a multitude of blacks and colored people on the coast of South Carolina suddenly set free by the events of the war. (Applause.) The social structure, my friends, of which they formed a part, has been suddenly broken, and they find themselves in a condition to require our sympathy, our counsels, and our aid. Those, I am sure, will be freely given. A noble task is set before the lover of his kind to mold this mass of human beings, unformed and chaotic as yet, into a regular community, and impress upon it a character which shall call forth and cultivate and highten the better qualities of the African race. The story of their condition and their wants will be set before you by authentic witnesses. Before hearing them, the Rev. Mr. Sloane will offer a prayer.

The Rev. J. R. W. Sloane offered a prayer.

Letters from Gen. Sherman and Com. Dupont were read, indorsing Rev. Mr. French, and stating the great need of the work which he proposed to do.

The Rev. Mr. French then said that he first visited the contrabands at Fortress Monroe, who were much better cared for than those at Port Royal. There are now 10,000 ex-slaves within the lines of Gen. Sherman, and when Savannah was taken, which would be soon, there would be 10,000 more. The great mass of these 10,000 slaves were out on the plantations, living in cabins. With the agents of the Treasury Department, Prof. Lindsey and he went over some twenty plantations. Few of these cabins had more than one room. At one of these they asked for refreshments, and the generous old woman gave them a few sweet potatoes, and some hominy and meat, in three plates all of different sizes and colors. None of these people had more than one suit of clothing, and that was given them a year ago last Christmas. Those which had fled from the main land were still worse off. They had traveled so far through the bushes, hiding by day, that many of them had worn off their clothes, and could not appear. There was sickness among them. None of them could leave their plantation for a physician without a pass from headquarters, and a whole regiment of pickets were placed on Port Royal Island to keep them at home. At a meeting on Sunday a black man told him that there would be many more there but they could not come—they had not clothing. The reverend gentleman told an affecting story of a young woman who, in the Government house, where 300 women were kept, had given birth to a babe, which had died for lack of care and wamth. But he believed that cases of extreme suffering were rare. These people believed that the day of their deliverance had come. He saw a company of forty-eight who had been taken by their black driver in a flatboat from the main land, and rowing by night and landing and hiding in the woods by day. They were a picturesque sight as they met them, some six miles from the Government post. One little girl had her old master's hat on, one had three or four bedquilts on her head, two women had their babies in their arms. He asked the driver how he dare risk it. The answer was, "the Lord was our helper, and he 'sured us de time was come, and he'd take care of us." They had eaten nothing for a whole day. A little piece of a cracker he had given to one of them was immediately divided between two women, who were nursing their children. They had had an idea, in spite of the lies told them by their masters about the d—d Yankees, that we were all angels, and when they heard the profanity of our troops, and witnessed the terrible drunkenness of our army, and saw the frequent outrages upon their women, they were stupefied. It was said that the colored man could never be anything but a nigger. But now, in this new condition, they seemed to be reaching out after something more than they had been. Husbands were now hunting up wives, long ago sold from them, and they were finding them. So, too, parents were finding their children. Sacred sights he had seen of families long separated, and now reunited. If the Government thought of reconstruction, it would be one of the hard things to cut these knots; they would find God Almighty in the way. There was a disposition to learn. Dr. Peck had set up a school of 50 or 60 children, and they were smart children. At making cotton bags, at three cents each, the women employed by the Government earned 30 to 40 cents a day. The gentlemen who superintended that room held an evening school, and he himself had seen a class learn the whole alphabet in an evening. There was great need of aid. Our army had taken their corn and cattle. They needed clothing. Some asked, why do anything for these people; we do not know what their future status will be. He thought nothing better could be done to determine their futnae status than to feed, and clothe, and educate them. He was asked again, would it pay? He did not think that the Good Samaritan stopped to ask whether it would pay when he poured in the oil.

Prof. Lindsey was then introduced. He said that in their journey through these 20 plantations they did verily go to spy out the nakedness of the land. The condition in which they were was the best evidence of the disastrous effect of the system to which they had been subjected. But their answers were remarkably consistent and agreed very well on the aggregate with the statistics of the census. When they visited Dr. Peck's school he was astonished that he should defy the local law of the State of South Carolina. Dr. Peck had some assistants; he asked one of them if they ever thought that such a day as this would come. She answered, "Yes, if you could have seen the women cry when their children were sent away to Charleston to be sold, you would have thought so too," and she told him a very touching story of her own children. Those of the blacks who were employed by the General Government worked well; the others did not work at all now. The allowance of food, a peck of corn a week, was served out to them now as before. They received it cheerily. They asked them in one case to sing a song. They answered that they were church members, and did not sing songs, but they sung hymns. The Constitutional guardians of these people had abandoned them, and the commanding officers there looked to the philanthropy of the North to take care of them while they took care of the rebels. People might say, "I told you so; the negro can't take care of himself." Of course, he could not support his master and the army and himself too. The master had carried off the medicines, the army carried off the corn, the negro got but one cent a pound for putting the cotton in the bags. There was generous sympathy among the officers of the army and navy, but the problem was to be solved, as nearly all others were, in the city of New York.

Mr. Charles Gould read the following resolutions, and they were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in view of the statements made this evening, it appears that the number of men, women and children recently in slavery, near Fortress Monroe and Port Royal, already amounts to about 15,000, and that a large portion of them, especially at Port Royal, are destitute of sufficient clothing and other necessaries; and in view of the facts set forth by General Sherman in General Orders of Feb. 6, that "the helpless condition of the blacks inhabiting the vast area in the occupation of the forces of this command calls for immediate action on the part of a highly-favored and philanthropic people," and that, "as the blacks are now in need of suitable clothing, if not other necessaries of life, which necessity will probably continue, and even increase," until a system of relief be organized under the authority of Government, "the benevolent and philanthropic of the land," to use the words of Gen. Sherman, "are most earnestly appealed to for assistance in relieving their immediate wants, as there never was a nobler or more fitting opportunity for the operation of that considerate and practical benevolence for which the Northern people have ever been distinguished."

Resolved, That a Committee of twelve citizens be appointed to make a special appeal for durable and cheap clothing, a fair proportion of the articles to be for women's and children's wear; also, for money to be expended for useful articles and for necessary expenses; that Joseph B. Collins, Esq., be requested to act as Treasurer of said Committee; and that, as Warehouse No. 320 Broadway has been offered for the reception of clothes, goods and other articles, the public be requested to send donations to that place.

Resolved, That it is earnestly desired that competent instructors be employed to teach the ex-slaves, both young and old, the common industrial and mechanical arts, the rudiments of education and the principles of Christianity, their accountability to the laws of both God and man, their relation to each other as social beings, and all that is necessary to render them competent to sustain themselves in social and industrial pursuits; and that the Committee to be chosen at this meeting be requested to ask permission of Government to co-operate with it in carrying out these wise and benevolent objects under the agency of discreet, upright, and faithful men.

Resolved, That the Committee above named be considered a National Committee, and that Committees, raised or to be raised in other cities and towns throughout the Free States, be invited to become auxiliaries to the Committee organized in New York, to correspond and co-operate with said Committee, and in all suitable ways to *promote the important object in view by* speedy and efficient action, and that the Committee have power to add to their number and to fill vacancies in their own body.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the Societies, Churches, and individuals, that have interested themselves for the temporal and spiritual necessities *of the ex-slaves at Fortress Monroe,* Port Royal, and other places; also to the commanding officers, and other persons in the employment of Government, who have co-operated in carrying out these benevolent objects; and that the early and continued exertions of the "American Missionary Association," in sending missionaries, Sunday-School and week-day teachers, with suitable school books, &c., and large supplies of clothing, to the "contrabands," merit the approbation and support of the Christian community.

Mr. Richard Warren nominated the following gentlemen as the Committee called for in the resolutions, and the nomination was indorsed by the meeting:

Rev. S. H. Tyng, Chas. Gould, C. C. Leigh, Francis George Shaw, J. W. Edwards, Edgar Ketchum, Wm. Allen Butler, George Cabot Ward, William Cullen Bryant, B. C. Wandell, Rev. Mansfield French, Jos. B. Collins.

The Rev. Mr. French announced that the Secretary of the Treasury had made arrangements for a free passage of teachers and missionaries, and ladies who should go to superintend the distribution of the clothing; they would receive free passage there and back, and subsistence while there. They hoped to get the expedition ready within a few days. The Government agent, Mr. Pierce, was authorised to purchase plows and seed, and so put in the crop for the present year, and while this was done, the good work of civilizing these poor people should be going on.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows thought that we ought to deal with the negro as a man, and this should guide us through the difficulties and intricacies which seemed to perplex the negro question. Were these slaves white instead of black, and had they been living under the circumstances under which they had been living, we should have the same difficulties. They were like us less than a quarter of an inch down. The Government perhaps were anxious to evade this question, in order that they might not in any way recognize Slavery, even in ending it. He had in his hand a bill by Senator Foster which provided for the employment of the slaves on the plantations which their masters had left. It was a sneaking doctrine that the black man could not take care of himself. He honored Fred. Douglass for saying that the black man asked only to be let alone. He himself had lived in the South, and he knew that some of the best geniuses and best care-takers he had ever known were black men. Some of them took care of very large plantations. We must not suppose that they required very much care. If this Society would direct and guide these people for three months, as soon as they began to earn money, and trade was opened with the North, they would take care of themselves and build houses, and some of them would become well to do in the world. The simplest way to solve the matter was to plant ourselves on the principles of truth and rectitude. The exercise of justice and righteousness was the easiest thing to do in the world. Instead of speculating and doubting whether it was best or expedient to do what was right, let us do what was right, and trust the result with God. It was of the utmost importance that the 200,000 acres which we had now in our possession of the best cotton land on the globe should be cultivated. Give the negroes the natural stimulus and motive of being sure to eat the bread they earn, and that would settle the matter. Dr. Bellows concluded by reading a petition calling upon Congress to take immediate measures to secure the working of the agricultural lands which our arms have taken.

The Rev. Dr. Tyng was then introduced. He said that whether the blood of the negro came from Ham or from Japhet, he did not care; they all came from Noah. They were our black fellow-citizens immortal persons, made to live with God forever it they served him right. He did not know whether he was an Abolitionist or not, but he was an out-and-out defender of human rights. The earthquake which had come upon the South had made master and slave equal. You could more easily put a chicken back into the egg-shell than all the nabobs of South Carolina could catch one of these black men and force him back into Slavery. The question was, what should we do with these men? What did we do with our Irish fellow citizens, with our German fellow-citizens? We helped them when they needed it, and that was not often. And he thought the less help they could get along with the better. But all the suffering which was brought upon these suffering friends of the Goverment resulted from the Government having taken away the corn which they had raised. If we gave them half a chance, they would take care of themselves. Dr. Tyng concluded by reading the poem of Whittier in the Atlantic, which contains the song of the Contrabands. It was received with great applause. He said it was impossible to stem the avalanche of emancipation which was sweeping down from the Potomac and the Ohio to the Gulf. Let us no longer call them contrabands, call them freemen. [Loud applause.]

The meeting then, at 10 1-4 o'clock P. M., adjourned.

Personal.

The African Roscius, Ira Aldridge, K. S., has just finished an engagement at Odessa, where he played King Lear and other of Shakespeare's drama with an extraordinary success, and amidst showers of bouquets and articles of still more value.

Rev. J. Sella Martin reached this city on Saturday, Feb. 15, in the steamer Asia, from a short but successful tour through England. We had the pleasure of an interview with him, at which he informed us that he had addressed large and intelligent audiences, to the number of forty-seven, during his brief sojourn in aforesaid country. Mr. Martin remained here only a few hours, leaving for Boston in the afternoon of the same day. On the following Monday evening he was greeted by a large reception meeting at his church in Joy street, where interesting exercises were had. The Boston 'Traveller' says that Mr. Martin accomplished more for the Union cause in England than any white American.

The eloquent Wm. J. Watkins, in a circular *to his friends and the friends of* Haytian emigration, startles us with a declaration of his intention to leave this country. He says: "I propose to go to Hayti with my family in the early part of May next. It is my desire to go at that time as the leader of a colony of men and women of the right stamp." Before friend Watkins finishes the sentence, however, he gives us an opportunity to breathe freer by adding, "remain some six weeks in the Republic, and after visiting the various points of interest, return, God willing, to this country, and give the people who desire to hear the result of my experience and observation." Will Mr. W. promise to bring back the colony with him?

Dr. M. R. Delany is now on a lecturing tonr through New England. The 'Springfield Republican' of Feb. 19th, says:

"Dr. Delany's second lecture, delivered at the First church, Tuesday evening, was well attended, and afforded many new and valuable facts relative to the 'susceptibility of the African race to the highest civilization.' A vote of thanks was passed, on motion of Rev. Dr. Ide, and the speaker was invited to deliver at an early period, his lecture on the commercial relations and prospects of Africa. He is original, polished, and completely master of his subject, from extensive travel in interior Africa. His labors in behalf of the African civilization society, with those of Rev. Mr. Constantine, the secretary, are calculated to shed much light on the questions so vital to our Union, touching the lot of the 'contrabands.'"

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Rhinebeck, and troupe are give concerts in the river towns. Of a recent concert in Poughkeepsie, the 'Telegraph' of that place says:

"Mr. Wm. Johnson and his vocal company, including three female voices, entertained a limited audience at the Universalist Church on Wednesday evening. It was one of the best Concerts we have listened to for a long time, and deserved a large audience. The misfortune of this company seems to be that they belong to the colored race. They had a right to suppose, even if their songs had been far less meritorious, that the professed sympathy for the colored people, in this latitude, would have drawn out some expression of interest. A 'burnt cork' troupe with their mountebank antics and stale jokes, find no difficulty in creating a paying sensation, while a respectable and intelligent party, to the color born, possessing good musical talent, are left to sing to an audience of less than a dozen white attendants.

"We are not informed what the future intentions of Mr. Johnson and his company are, in the Concert line, but wherever they do put out a card for that purpose, we can assure the community they will have a real satisfaction in listening to their well-timed, well selected and harmonious songs."

Mrs. Sarah M. Douglass, we learn from the "Christian Recorder," delivered the fifth of the course of lectures, at the Institute of Colored Youths, on the evening of the 13th ult. We would be pleased to learn that an invitation had been sent to Mrs. D. to give one or more lectures in this city during the Spring.

Rev. Jeremiah Asher, pastor of the Shiloh Baptist Church in Philadelphia, is about to publish his autobiography.

[illegible]ETTER FROM [illegible]N.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., Feb. 25, [illegible]62.

MR. EDITOR: Knowing [illegible] feel a deep interest in anything [illegible] to the welfare of our abused race, I send you this little missive. In order to elevate ourselves, it is extremely necessary that we should lay a firm foundation, and to do this what better way could we choose than by social intercourse? The National Government owes its stability to harmony of all the minor parts of which it is composed; and why cannot we rear a monument that will gain for us that respect which we are now denied, if we commence properly? I have been prompted to these prefatory remarks by the fact of our having one of the pleasantest times in our borough that it has ever been my lot to witness. I refer to a party given by the "Lone Star Assemby, No. 1," of this place, which was numerously attended by persons from various places. The very best feeling existed throughout the evening; dancing, singing, playing, and everything else incident to such an occasion, were the order of the evening. Refreshments of the best quality were plentiful, and good use did the gay company make of them. Among those that attracted most attention because of their rich and tasty attire, were Miss J. B——n; Miss R. E——n, of this place; Miss E. T. W——y, Miss M. W——y, of Crosswicks; Miss M. B——n, Miss A. R——r, of Trenton; Miss M. F. H——y, of do.; Miss L. P——e, of Burlington; Miss M. C——n, of do.; Miss M. M——s, of do.; Miss R. J——n, of do.; Miss R. and M. D——s, of do. Hoping that I have not imposed upon your liberality, in thus intruding a notice of our happy affair, I remain yours, respectfully. MAHLON H. KENNARDS.

EMANCIPATING SLAVES.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from Roanoke Island, Feb. 20th, says:—"The slaveholders in these eastern counties are, we learn, desirous of getting rid of their slaves; they will liberate them if the Government will only take them off their hands. With all the slaveholders with whom I have conversed, I find that they all recognize slavery as the real cause of the war, and the only bone of contention between the North and the South, and now the Union men who own slaves are anxious to set the example by liberating this troublesome property.

One extensive slaveholder living near Elizabeth city, who owns some 500 slaves, gave them all their freedom, I am informed, some time since, and told them to look out for themselves; all the slaveholders will follow suit all through this section of the country, for this war, says the slaveholders here, has entirely broken up the institution, and made the slave so insubordinate and ugly that they will never be brought back to subjection.' It is the only way to prevent an insurrection, and I am informed that planters are informing their slaves that they all shall be free, in order to prevent this very thing which they so greatly fear."

CLOSING OF THE EVENING SCHOOL IN SCHOOL NO. 7.

This school located in 17th st., closed for the season on Wednesday evening Feb. 19. The faithfulness of the teachers had brought it to a high state of prosperity, and they had the satisfaction of receiving the testimony of the trustees, that the average attendance had been as good as that of any school under their jurisdiction. The arrangements showed that the principal of the school, Mrs. Charlotte S. Smith and her assistants, Mesdames Williams and Douglass and Miss Ogden are fully alive to the requirements of the age. A large number of the scholars of the day school were present, and by their speaking and singing, together with the instrumental performances of Professors Brown and Waldron and Madam Williams, gave the audience a rare treat.

The average attendance has been between 70 and 80, and if the number of certificates given out be an evidence, then we must believe the scholars to have been very faithful in their attendance.

The evening was exceedingly stormy, the rain falling in torrents, making the walking very "slushy," nevertheless the Hall was crowded, many standing through the exercises.

THE PROGRAMME

contained some very fine selections which were well sung, especially the anthem, "O ye Nations," and the chorus "Beautiful Star." The Duett on the Piano by two young ladies; and the solo singing of Miss Emily L. Brant showed much latent ability which ought to be cultivated.

The appearance of the scholars was very neat, showing that they took great pride in the affair.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED!

"Words," said Mirabeau, "are things." They hold true to this definition, in the events now happening. The terminology applied to slaves indicate a daily advancing state of public sentiment. First of all—"Slaves." Then—"fugitive slaves" came within our lines. Next, thanks to bluff Ben. Butler—"contrabands:" his term, was marked and expressed the relation of slaves of rebels, as slaves, to the Federal Government. Then General Wool tried his hand calling them "vagrants;" this was ungracious in sound yet indicated that they bore [illegible] relation were somehow part and parcel of the American people. Last of all, the [illegible]ent highly respectable meeting at [illegible] Institute announces a still better [illegible]NATIONAL FREEDMEN."

[illegible] we have the complete history of the growth of an idea expressed in a series of terms. Ideas, in times like these do not grow backward. Hence that these men *cannot become slaves again* may be safely affirmed on the laws of ideaology.

These "national freedmen" fairly thirst for instruction. They wish to learn how to read and write. We believe they can best be taught how to read and write, as well as some other things by colored men and women. Who will volunteer, to go and teach them? It is a noble field of labor and of duty. If such as feel called to this labor, will send their application to this office, we will be happy to lay them with their certificates, before our old friend Joseph B. Collins, a leading member of the National Freedman's Relief Association, and who moreover from his long acquaintance with our colored schools and schoolmasters is able to judge of our ability to teach.

A SURPRISE.

MR. EDITOR: Next to the question, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" is the one, "Can a woman keep a secret?" to which I am happy to say she can. Here is the evidence:—For some time there had been much whispering among the ladies of Zion Baptist Church, the Rev. J. T. Raymond, Pastor—and bless their lovely souls! excuse me, Mr. Editor; but I know you will say Amen when I am blessing the ladies, on the night of the 20th of February we had a solution of the question, "Can a woman keep a secret?" for they met in the basement of the church, and had a table groaning with edibles of the choicest kind. A committee of one was sent to the pastor's residence to bring him to the church, but the call being so unusual that it was difficult to get him to go; but thinking that there might be a meeting, or some one to be prayed for, he started with the sister, and when he got in, being blind, he could not tell how many were there or who they were. The ladies seated him at a table, and then formed in single file and marched around him, and as they passed, the way the dollars rolled out was pleasant; it made me feel as if I should like to be a minister myself.

The ladies of the church deserve great credit for the surprise, and I am sure that there is none more deserving of their kindness and their liberality than the Rev. John T. Raymond. C. G. B.

A SUGGESTION.

MR. EDITOR: As I have heard many of my friends, who are church members express a desire to hear Miss Greenfield sing, but who are opposed to going to the house of God when it is desecrated by having a parquette and a gallery the same as a theatre, I hope that the lady will take this hint, and give a concert on her own account, and charge a uniform price, say 25 or 50 cents; for I hold that this is no time for colored men to be drawing a line of demarkation between themselves, but if any of us have more money than we know what to do with, and have a poor but honest neighbor, give him a helping hand, and try to stand him on the same platform with ourselves; in so doing we will not only command their respect, but all of those with whom we come in contact. O. B.

ASTOUNDING RUMOR!—It is said that General M'Clellan has ordered General Grant to be arrested for disturbing the quiet of the lines along the Potomac!

For the Anglo-African.

ODE.

By whom shall Jacob arise?

It may not be—it may not be
A marshalled world in arms shall rise;
Heaven marks its hour of destiny
With signs oft hidden from our eyes.
The whirlwind's sweep
Is hushed to sleep
Oft in the calm unclouded skies.

Say not in fear, "The broad Red Sea
Before us spreads impassable;"
Some unexpected rod shall be
The means its mighty waves to quell.
A pathway new
Shall open through
From thraldom into liberty.

Cheer on! the standard that ye raise,
Here, in the regions of the North,
Perchance shall float where Afric's rays
Send all their genial fervor forth;
The song ye sing
Shall onward bring
The day that gives a nation birth.

What though no bard embalms to thee
The name of Anglo-African?
The smallest cloud thine eye can see
May swell beyond the broadest scan,
And trumps of fame
May yet proclaim
Thee, "Champion of the rights of man."

Jacob shall rise, but not by might,
But by the Spirit of the Lord;
As to the dark of Egypt's night
The first-born fell beneath His sword.
Cheer on! each chain
Shall snap in twain,
By His unchanged, almighty word.

Let children in prophetic glee
Chant the hymn of Africa;
Let aged Simeon bow the knee
And all the prophets of the day
Proclaim the hour
Of Afric's power
Hath dawned, and who its course shall stay

H.

For the Anglo African.

THE EDITORIAL REGATTA OF 1862.

BY MELVIN F. JACKSON.

A gallant craft is on the sea,
The breeze is fresh and fair;
And banner's brave are waving free
As autumn leaves in fall.
The veteran Godey leads the way,
With Bonner following near;
And Harper strives to win the day,
So bravely does he steer
Leslie, with flowing sheets and sail
Holds gaily in the race:
And Peterson, who's just in hail,
Comes dashing on apace.
A hundred craft of lesser note
For public suffrage strive,
And rare's the prize to favored boat,
That shall the first arrive.
Sail ho! look out to windward there!
A gallant craft's in view;
Her clipper rig is rich and rare,
Her helmsman bold and true.
'Tis "Hamilton," with his noble craft—
His "ANGLO," sure to please,
Her silken sails are fore and aft,
Flung boldly to the breeze.
From every bark a welcome comes
"God speed her onward!" all repeat,
A voice from many thousand homes
Welcome the favorite of the fleet.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE GRAND CONCERT given by Miss Greenfield, the Black Swan, and Madam Brown, the Nightingale, in the Abyssinian Baptist Church, on the 20th inst. was an affair of the most agreeable kind. The singers were in splendid voice, and having the assistance of a master of the piano, in the person of Prof. Cook, could not well fail to render that unalloyed satisfaction which they did on the occasion.

We have had the pleasure of listening to the singing of the "Swan" on various occasions during many years, and we must say that we cannot perceive the least diminution, either in the purity of tone, or volume of her voice. Her singing is more like the floating of some water-fowl down a placid stream, than anything else it could be compared to; and if it may not be considered superserviceable in us, we would advise her to leave the placid stream as seldom as possible, for we do not believe it possible for a Swan ever to become a Nightingale. We may be entirely mistaken, but, judging from what we have heard, we are inclined to the belief that she is incapable of either very rapid vocalization or of sustaining a long trill. But all this is more than compensated for in the wonderful purity of her voice and in her ability to sing in the baritone key.

Barnum lately had a woman at his Museum who could sing both soprano and tenor. This the public thought was wonderful; but this woman's performances fell infinitely short of those of the "Swan." We believe that in this respect Miss Greenfield stands alone. The singing of Mrs. Brown was very much admired; indeed there were those present who preferred her singing to that of the "Swan." It was in fact more elaborate than that of the latter, but her voice is neither as sweet or as full as that of Miss G.; nevertheless the songs selected for this occasion were most exquisitely rendered, and her trilling and chromatic passages were all that could have been desired by the most fastidious.

The programme consisted of some of the most celebrated songs extant, many of which were honored with an encore, which the "Swan" kindly acknowledged. We trust that Mrs. B. may be induced to do as much when she next appears in our city. We were sorry to see so few persons present. The gallery of the church was crowded, but there were but few persons on the first floor. This may have been owing to the price charged for admission (50 cents) to that part of the house; or it may have been caused by bad policy of changing the concert night in consequence of the storm; but be the case what it may, we trust they may have a better house when they next appear, for we know they deserve it.

THE CONCERT OF THE SABBATH-SCOOL ATTACHED TO ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Notwithstanding the violence of the wind, an immense audience assembled on Monday evening last to witness the performance of the children of the above named school. From the fine appearance and spirit of the assemblage, it was manifest that they expected to spend a pleasant evening, and be richly compensated for their trouble in coming out on such a night.

A stage of ample dimensions was erected in front of the pulpit, giving the conductor a good opportunity to make a proper disposition of the children.

The appearance of the scholars was all that could be desired, most of the young ladies being clothed in white, and wearing wreaths of flowers on their heads.

Before the commencement of the concert the Rev. Mr. Alston made some remarks, reminding the audience that that was a house of prayer; and that, therefore, any outward manifestation of approbation would be improper; but no more respect was paid to his request than if he had not made it.

The programme was a very good one, and showed good judgment; and the performance of the children reflected much credit on their instructor and conductor, Mr. W F Sturgis The pianists, Misses Victoria Price, Kate Bowers, Rebecca Wake, Virginia Magnan, and Master Robert Williams performed their parts admirably, and were loudly applauded. The solos and duetts were also much applauded, those of Master Edward Thorne and Miss Lydia Dangerfield being honored with an encore. We believe we but give utterance to the general judgment when we pronounce Miss D.'s singing to be the best of the evening. We think that the determination manifested by this child was as pleasing to the public as her singing. Master Wm. Ball will make an excellent singer if he will but persevere to become such. The Misses Hageman sang the duett, "Murmuring Sea," in excellent time; as did also Misses Rodgers and Dangerfield the duett, "Sadly Now." The chorus, "Evening Bells," was very beautifully sung, and was encored with great applause.

The solo of the chorus, "Why have my loved ones gone," was sung by Mr. E. Dias in proper time; but the chorus was entirely too rapid. We offer our congratulations to our friend Mr. Sturgis on the success of his efforts, and trust that it may inspire him with renewed courage to persevere in the pleasant path which he has chosen.

DIED.

BURNETT.—In this city, Feb. 22d, of consumption, Wm. Burnett, aged 47 years.

An immense congregation assembled in Zion Church, corner of Church and Leonard streets on Tuesday last, to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of the above named deceased, who had been a member and trustee in said church for many years. The Society of the "Benevolent Sons of Wesley," of which he was a member, had their banner draped in mourning, and hung before the pulpit. The corpse was laid before the altar in a splendid silver mounted mahogany coffin, having a silk collar with the silver shield of the above Society on his left breast. The body of the church was occupied by the following: The family of deceased; the "class" of which he was leader; "The Sons of Conference;" "The Benevolent Daughters of Conference,"

Fidelity Lodge,	No. 1,	Daughters of Samaria
Unity "	No. 2,	" "
Purity "	No. 3	" "
Fountain Union,	No. 1	Good Samaritans.
Rebecca "	No. 5.	" "

Right Worthy Grand Lodge, E. D., and the Sire and Secretary of the National Grand Lodge.

Mr. Burnett was a past Worthy Chief of Fountain Union Lodge, and Treasurer of Grand Lodge. His Regalia for the offices were placed upon his coffin.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES

Were opened by the Rev. David Stevens, who read the hymn "*How happy every child of grace*," the singing of which was followed by a prayer by the Rev. Christopher Rush. The elder of the church then made a few very feeling and pertinent remarks to the church, the Societies and the widow of deceased. He said he would not say anything at that time, but would at some future time try to do justice to the memory of deceased. *He would say, however, for the gratification of the church, that the last words of* Br. Burnett were "Glory to God," After singing the hymn "Rejoice for a brother deceased," the elder resigned the concluding ceremonies into the hands of the "Samaritans." The burial service of this Order, which is very beautiful, was conducted by the G. W. C. Moses B. Coss, assisted Br. Marrs, *the responses being made by the whole* Order. After this the body, surrounded by the trustees of the church, as pall bearers, was borne away to its last resting place in Greenwood Cemetry

DOWNING.—At Providence, R. I. on 26th inst. Caroline, daughter of Peter W., and the late Caroline Downing.

Her funeral will take place on Sunday, the 2d of March, at 1 o'clock, P. M. from the residence of her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Halleck Green, 54 Johnson street Williamsburgh. The friends of the family are invited to attend.

Special Notices.

THE LAUNDRESS' SECRET.

The most Invaluable Preparation known for rendering clothes white and clean, without rubbing or injury to the fabric.

The above recipe, together with over one hundred other items of information, sent free on the receipt of 5 red stamps.

A liberal discount to peddlers. Address,
JOS. ADAMS,
83 Nassau street.

"HELP THOSE WHO STRIVE TO HELP THEMSELVES."

GRAND CONCERT IN AID
OF THE
"ANGLO-AFRICAN."

The proprietor of the Weekly Anglo-African, having laid his plans for the establishment of a printing office in connection with the paper, where colored youth may be instructed in the Art of Printing, before the children of New York and Brooklyn, is happy to announce that they will assist him in this object by singing at

A GRAND CONCERT,

Which will be given on MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 3d, in

SHILOH CHURCH.

Corner Prince and Marion streets, New York.

Professor Waldron will preside at the Organ and Piano, and the following young Ladies and Gentlemen, whose singing has been received with rapturous applause, will appear.

Miss Caroline Brown,	Brooklyn,
" Pauline Green,	New York
" Sarah E. Cary,	" "
" Letitia Smith,	" "
" Alice Taylor.	Brooklyn,
" Cynthia Wilson,	"
" Bertha Burnett.	Freehold, N. J.,

and Master Wm. Bronaugh, of Brooklyn,

He has also the pleasure of announcing that through the kindness of Miss Sarah Ennals, Principal of the Primary Department of Public School, No. 2, and Mr. John Peterson, Principal of Public School No. 1., upwards of ONE HUNDRED SCHOLARS from the Schools will sing on this occasion. A portion of the subscriber's own family will take part in the exercises.

The subscriber finds it impossible, in consequence of the many singers offering, to publish a programme, but trusts that the songs to be sung may be satisfactory to the public.

Fellow citizens, at the earnest solicitation of many of you, but without adequate funds, I commenced the publication of the paper, and, through many privations, I have thus far kept it afloat. I am happy to inform you that its success is now certain. It can be sustained under present arrangements; but by the completion of the plan indicated in the former part of this circular, we will not only save greatly, but be enabled to carry out an object long desired by us. Will you not lend us your aid?

The price for admission will be 15 cents for adults,—and for children under twelve 10 cents.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

No postponement on account of the weather.

SOMETHING NEW.

A GRAND JUBILEE.

The Ladies of the Sinking Fund Association, attached to the Zion Church, (Branch) situated between 7th and 8th Avenues, will give a Grand Jubilee on Wednesday evening, March 5th, 1862, at the above place. The Ladies assure the public that *this will be one of the most* agreeable REUNIONS of the season. Madame Green has kindly volunteered and will sing some of her choicest songs. She will be assisted by others.

Several distinguished speakers will be present.

Come one, come all! Come and see!

Tickets only 20 cents.

For full particulars see small bills.

Office of the R. W. G. Sec.
70 Grove st., N. Y. C.

The officers and members of the R. W. E. D. Grand Lodge of the I. O. of G. S. and D. of S. together with the subordinate Lodges, under its jurisdiction, are hereby notified to meet on Sunday, March 9th, at 1 o'clock, P. M., in the basement of Zion Church, corner of Church and Leonard streets, in full regalia, for the purpose of attending the funeral sermon of sister Adrine Ferguson, member of Fidelity Lodge, No. 1, D. of S. and representative in the E D Grand Lodge.

By order of the Chief.
John R. Porter, G. S.

PROCLAMATION.

To the Colored People of North America:

The colored people of this country, knowing that we cannot take any part in this war under the issues waged, and believing that the time has come when we must act within ourselves, taking God alone as our helper, would call upon every sound hearted man to respond to the call when given. Let the army of the living God come forth! God will lead His army on.

GEO. P. SMITH.
Major in Command of the Colored Military in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

31 1t

ATTENTION!

The members of the N. Y. African Society for Mutual Relief, are earnestly requested to attend the regular monthly meeting of the Society on Monday, March 10th, at their Hall, 42 Baxter street, for the purpose of making preparations to celebrate the Fifty-first Anniversary of the Society.

J. J. Zuille, Secretary.

ZION CONFERENCE.

☞ Notice is hereby given to the Members of the Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion, that the Annual Conference of the New York District will meet in Zion Church, corner of Church and Leonard streets, New York city, on the Third Saturday in May, 1862.

WM. H. BISHOP,
Superintendent of the 1st Dist of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion.

Grand United Order of Odd Fellows.

The Officers and Members of Philomathean Lodge, No. 646, Hamilton Lodge, No. 710, and Terry Lodge, No. 909, of the above Order, have the pleasure of announcing to their friends and the public, that they will give a

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT AND FESTIVAL,

On Monday Evening, March 10, 1862,

In the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway

The Celebration is in commemoration of the 20th Anniversary of the introduction of the Order in America.

The Committee design making this entertainment equal to the Great Crystal Palace Celebration of the Order, of 1856; and with this view have, at very great expense, secured for their guests the CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS. The Grand Ball Room is too well known to need recommendation, it stands unapproached for size and beauty; the DANCING FLOOR surpasses anything of the kind on this continent. The other conveniences are in every respect ample and beautiful. Connected with the Clo and Dressing Rooms, (which will be attended free of charge) is a magnificent Ladies' Parlor, illuminated by Chandeliers.

A FULL BAND of music is engaged and will be under the direction of Professor Oton.

The SUPPER will be provided by, and be under the exclusive management of the Maitre de Cuisine of the City Assembly Rooms, and will be furnished at 50 cents extra.

Tickets of admission 75 cents Supper 50 cents Tickets of admission can be procured of either of the Committee, and parties are requested to secure their tickets before the evening of the Festival, as only a limited number of tickets will be for sale at the door.

Doors open at 8 o'clock. No postponement on account of weather.

PATRICK H. REASON
Chairman, 353 Bowery.
JAMES H. LEWIS.
Secretary, 207 Wooster.
WM C H CURTIS.
Treasurer, 153 Thompson.

For further particulars see Circulars enclosed in this week's Anglo-African.

A GRAND CONCERT AND EXHIBITION.

Will be given by the Shiloh Church Sabbath School, on Tuesday evening, March 4th, 1862, at the church, cor. of Prince and Marion sts. The music will be *conducted by Mr. Ezekial Dias, Chorister* of the church.

Tickets 12 cents, children 5 cents.

Doors open at 6½, to commence at 7½.

ELYMUS REEVE, Superintendant.

HELP! HELP WANTED

At Tilmon's Agency, No 70 East 13th st., one door East of the 4th Avenue. Spring is here and now is the time. Never was there a greater demand for all first class colored help than now Remember *that this is the oldest and most responsible* office in the city for colored help. Situations constantly on hand for both city and country. Terms cash and strict attention paid to business. All persons coming to this city and wishing to save board will do well to call during Office hours, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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WANTED, a neat, tidy colored woman to do general housework—one that understands baking and cooking.

Apply at No 7 Nassau street, Room 8.

MASONIC DIRECTORY, FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R.W.G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No. 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st, the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co. State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star, No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwick, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz. March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14, Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, N. Y. City.

TO LET.—Apartments, in house 253 Thompson Street. A few gentlemen can be furnished with lodging also. Inquire of Mr. Jer. Bowers on the premises.

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dian, No. 3. King Solomon, No. 4. Covenant, No. 7. Widow's Son, No. 10. Mount Olive, No. 11. Mount Calvary, No. 12. North Star, No. 14. Eureka, No. 15. Excelsior, No. 16. Jeptha, No. 17. Mount Moriah, No. 18. And Representations from Western Light, No. 6, Mount Nebo, No. 8, and Evening Star, No. 9. Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, will grace the evening by their presence.

Sheba's Court, No. 1, Ancient Order of Heroines of Jericho, is invited, and will be present on the occasion in full regalia.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14, Knights Templars of the City of New York, will be present by special invitation, and display that Magnificent Standard recently presented by Sheba's Court No. 1

Grand Marshal, J. W. BROWN

The Music will be under the direction of Prof. W. F. Sturges. The Supper will be in the hands of a competent Committee, who will pledge that they will spare neither labor nor expense in the perfection of their work.

TICKETS, (*which are limited,*) $1 Each.

And can be obtained at the following places:—Jacob Vanderbeck, 193 Church and 73 Thompson street; Henry Skinner, Leonard street; J. L. Hudson, No. 4 East Houston street; Francis Thompson, 41 Hicks street, Brooklyn; Charles E. and George F. Hodges, 51 Boerum street, E. Brooklyn; John Johnson, 128 West Fifteenth street; Charlotte Thompson, 55 President street, South Brooklyn; Spencer's Bowling Saloon, 154 Church street; W. S. Woddrop, Melrose, and at *the door on the night of the Banquet.*

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

Written to be sung at the Concert to be given by the children of New York and Brooklyn, March 3d, 1862, for the benefit of the "ANGLO AFRICAN"

John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on!
O glory hallelujah!
O, glory hallelujah!
O, glory hallelujah!
His soul is marching on!

On a gibbet high Virginia hung him,
On a gibbet high Virginia hung him,
On a gibbet high Virginia hung him,
His soul went marching on.
O glory hallelujah, &c.

His life was offered to redeem the hapless slave,
His life was offered to redeem the hapless slave,
His life was offered to redeem the hapless slave,
But freedom is marching on.
O glory hallelujah, &c.

When to death the tyrants led him,
When to death the tyrants led him,
When to death the tyrants led him,
His soul was marching on.
O, glory hallelujah, &c

See that lowly mother weeping,
See that lowly mother, weeping,
See that lowly mother weeping,
When he was marching on.
O, glory hallelujah, &c.
His soul was marching on

Her child, though black, he gently kissing,
Her child, though black, he gently kissing,
Her child, though black, he gently kissing.
His great soul marching on.
O, glory hallelujah, &c.

Fearless the scaffold he ascended,
Fearless the scaffold he ascended,
Fearless the scaffold he ascended,
For his soul was marching on.
O, glory hallelujah, &c.

Kagi, Copeland, Leeman, we'll remember,
Thompson, Leary, Hazlett, we'll remember,
Stevens, Green, and Coppoc, we'll remember,
Their souls are marching on.
O, glory hallelujah, &c.

God, now in majesty descending,
Speaks! and captives lowly bending,
Know their manacles are rending,
And that freedom is marching on.
O, glory hallelujah, &c.

BOARDING AND LODGING, at No. 3 Jersey street, by Mrs. Brown, (widow of the late J. W. Brown) who begs the patronage of her friends and acquaintances.

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Piano Forte, Melodeon, and Vocal Music by Prof. John H. O'Fake.

A limited number of Misses between the ages of ten and fourteen may be boarded in the house on moderate terms. Healthy location, and a fine yard for exercise

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Rev. J N Gloucester.

NEW YORK

Rev. H. M. Wilson, Rev. H H Garnet.

All letters may be addressed to Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, 194 Plane st, Newark N. J

27 6t.

Elizabeth City, N. J. Feb. 3, 1862.

This is to certify that I heartily approve of the effort of Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers to establish a Select School for young misses. I have been acquainted with her for over twenty-five years, and am happy to recommend her and her enterprise to the patronage of the public in general.

DANIEL H. VANDERVEER,
Pastor of the 1st Colored Pres. Church, Eliz. City.

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18tf

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REV. H. H. GARNET, MINISTER.

New York—corner of Prince and Marion street near Broadway.

Hours of Worship;—

Prayer-meeting,	10½	A. M.
	3	P. M.
	7½	P. M.

Prayer-meeting Tuesday Evenings 7½ o'clock,

Lecture Friday Evenings, 7½ o'clock.

Minister's Residence 174 W. 30th st. near the 8th Avenue.

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R. C. Shiles, Sexton Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP

10 1 2 o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.

Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

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Hours of worship:

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7½ "	P. M.

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28th Street, near 8th Avenue. Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence 69 Madison Avenue.

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7½ "	P. M.

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SILOAM CHURCH,

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Hours of worship:—

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"	P. M.
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7 1-2 "	P. M.

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Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.

Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

AGENT FOR WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

"O LET MY PEOPLE GO," and "THE NEGRO BOATMAN'S SONG," may be had of Miss E. H. Case, No. 174 W. 30th st., New York. Price 2 cents per copy.

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NEW MUSIC—"The Lord doth now to this Nation Speak," "O, Let my People Go," Parody on "Song of the Contrabands," words by Moses, music by Baker. Price 25 cts including "Contrabands' Song," or 4 pieces for $1, mailed free. Just published by

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First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS.

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From the N. Y. Tribune of Feb. 22d.

A DEATH BLOW AT THE SLAVE-TRADE.

EXECUTION OF GORDON.

HIS ABORTIVE ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

Yesterday, Nathaniel Gordon, the slave-trader, was hanged in the City Prison. The enormity of the crime for which he suffered was justly characterized by Judge Shipman of the U. S. Circuit Court, before whom he was tried, in pronouncing upon him the sentence of the law which he had violated. "Do not imagine," said he, "that because others shared in the guilt of this enterprise yours is thereby diminished; but remember the awful admonition of your Bible, 'Though hand joined in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.'" On the same occasion the doomed slave-trader was reminded of the horrid character of his crime in the following language:

"Do not attempt to hide its enormity from yourself; think of the cruelty and wickedness of seizing nearly a thousand fellow-beings, who never did you harm, and thrusting them beneath the decks of a small ship, beneath a burning tropical sun, to die of disease or suffocation, or be transported to distant lands, and be consigned, they and their posterity, to a fate far more cruel than death.

"Think of the sufferings of the unhappy beings whom you crowded on the Erie; of their helpless agony and terror as you took them from their native land; and especially think of those who perished under the weight of their miseries on the passage from the place of your capture to Monrovia! Remember that you showed mercy to none, carrying off, as you did, not only those of your own sex, but women and helpless children.

"Do not flatter yourself that because they belonged to a different race from yourself your guilt is therefore lessened—rather fear that it is increased. In the just and generous heart the humble and the weak inspire compassion, and call for pity and forbearance."

The condemned, for the last few weeks, was attended by the Rev. Dr. Camp, who was unceasing in his care for the spiritual welfare of the prisoner. The gallows had been prepared for the execution previous to the 7th of February, the day on which Gordon was sentenced to be hanged by the Court. Owing to the threats that a rescue would be attempted, the United States Marshal obtained from the Marine Barracks, at the Navy Yard, a sufficient force to protect the prison in any event. About 80 marines, under the command of Captain Cohen, were in attendance. They were drawn up in line, and ordered to load with ball-cartridge and put caps on their muskets. This done, with fixed bayonets they marched into the yard of the prison, and the main body were drawn up in double file, fronting the gallows.

The gallows was a new one, originally made for hanging the three murderers of Capt. Pyke of the ship General Parkhill. It was not used, however, at that time, as the sentence of these men was commuted by the President to imprisonment for fifteen years.

Although the execution had been announced for half-past 2 o'clock, crowds of people began to assemble in the immediate vicinity of the Tombs at an early hour. An ample police force under the command of Capt. Dowling of the Sixth Precinct, guarded the entrance to the prison, and kept the way clear for the approach of persons who had been authorized to be present at the execution. Hundreds sought the loftiest positions which could be obtained on the buildinds outside the prison, all anxious to get a last glimpse of the dying slaver.

About 200 spectators, including members of the State Legislature, city and county officials, and representatives of the press, made up the assemblage in the prison. The gallows was erected in the grand central square, in full view of the marines and the spectators.

After parting with Marshal Murray on Thursday night, Gordon occupied himself in writing letters to various friends, especially to his wife and to his son, a boy about five years of age. The letter to the boy was directed to be presented to him when he should come to the age of discretion. Although he seemed careworn, the prisoner did not express himself as if anxious or uneasy as to the solemn circumstances which marked his quickly-fleeting hours.

At 1 o'clock yesterday morning, evidently exhausted from the labors of the night, and the cares for the coming morrow, Gordon retired to bed, and slept soundly till about 3 o'clock, at which time he awoke and expressed his astonishment that he had been asleep so long.

At about 11 o'clock, a youth came rushing into the prison, carrying in his hand a telegraphic dispatch from Albany, which he had been instructed to read in the hearing of Marshal Murray. Having gained his ear, he read the telegram, as follows:

POUGHKEEPSIE, 21st February.

"Governor telegraphed President to respite Gordon. See Murray. Received from Albany at 10 A. M."

To which the Marshal replied that his arrangements with the President were such that he would disregard any telegraphic communication, from whoever it might come. The message referred to was from Ex-Judge Beebe, who went to Albany on Thursday night, to endeavor to induce the Governor to interfere in Gordon's behalf.

Shortly after, ex-Judge Dean arrived, bearing the same missive, and presented it to Mr. Murray, who told him that he appreciated his position, but was unable to regard anything that did not emanate in regular documentary form from the President of the United States.

As has been stated, the prisoner retired to bed at 1 o'clock A. M. As he afterward explained to Deputy-Marshal Borst, who had the prisoner in charge the latter part of the morning, his object in retiring at 1 o'clock was to elude the vigilance of his keepers, by pretending to be asleep; but nature asserted its claims, and he fell into a sound slumber, which lasted him till 3 o'clock, at which time, waking up and looking at his watch, he was amazed that by his own exhausted condition he had been outwitted. His plan was not to be baffled, however. He was desperate, and he at once, by some mysterious sleight of hand, succeeded in swallowing a quantity of poison.

Shortly before 4 o'clock the Deputies in charge of Gordon observed him act in a very curious manner, and soon the fact disclosed itself that their ward was in a spasm, from which he did not recover before half-past 4 o'clock. By that time the prison physician had been summoned to his side, and when he recovered from his first spasm he was astonished to see the doctors, and quietly answered their questions as to what he had been taking, by saying that he did not thank them for interfering with him. He looked up in their faces and gnashing his teeth said, "I've cheated you; I've cheated you!" The doctors immediately proceeded to administer such antidotes as they deemed necessary although they had to work in ignorance of what kind of poison he had taken.

At length the matter became known to the U. S. Marshal, who immediately dispatched a messenger for Dr. James R. Wood, who arrived at the prison at 8 1-4 o'clock. He immediately learned that the prisoner had taken strychnine and applied himself to the case accordingly. Copious drafts of strong whisky were administered to the patient which had the effect of gradually restoring him to consciousness. Shortly after 9 o'clock he became aware of what was going on around him From that time however, he continued very feeble, and made his responses to all questions asked in writing.

At about 11 o'clock the prisoner wrote a note to Simeon Draper, in which he said "I hope I will die before 12 o'clock."

The first note that he wrote to Deputy Marshal Borst was, "Did you give me the whisky to keep the spasms off?"

He then followed that by another note, saying, "I wish I might die, and end my suffering."

Mr. Simeon Draper, on entering the cell of the prisoner, said to him, "Do you know me, Gordon?" to which he replied in writing, "I do. Mr. Draper is a very good man, and I thank him for what he has done for my wife and child."

Deputy Marshal Borst then asked him what kind of poison he had taken? to which he replied in the same manner as before Strychnine. A good many may accuse my wife of a hand in this affair I have only to say that in time of peace prepare for war. The little bench you sit on, if it was examined and could speak, could possibly tell some tales about it." Here he directed the bench to be turned up, when he pointed to a crack on the lower side of it in which he intimated that the strychnine had been secreted for a long time.

He added, in writing, the following intimation that nothing relative to the slave-trade should ever escape his lips: "I shall never let mortal man know anything."

In reply to the question, "Why did you want to commit suicide?" he said, "I wanted to spare my wife and child the disgrace of being hanged."

He stated in writing that he had had the strychnine given to him on the second day of his trial.

He also stated his plan of intending to pretend to be asleep at 1 o'clock, and how it failed him.

The last note he wrote to Deputy Marshal Borst was: "Tell my wife and child that my last thoughts were of them."

At 12 o'clock, United States Marshal Murray and Deputy United States Marshal Thompson, with their deputies, proceeded to the cell of Gordon, and announced to him that the hour had arrived when the execution must be carried into effect. He was pinioned by Dupety Sheriff Isaacs, and brought from his cell to the corridor, where was he set down on a chair. His appearance was feeble and haggard, and presented a strange contrast with the once lordly Captain, who gave his orders from the quarter-deck as to the disposition of helpless human beings imprisoned in the hold of his slave ship.

The United States Marshal then read, slowly and solemnly the death warrant of the culprit, also the respite granted by the President of the United States.

After a brief pause, Capt. Gordon delivered, in a deliberate tone, the following speech.

"My conscience is clear. I have no fault to find with the treatment, I have received from the Marshal and his Deputy, Mr. Thompson; but any public man who will get up in open court and say to the Jury, 'If you convict this prisoner, I will be the first man to sign a petition for his pardon,' and will then go to the Executive to prevent his commuting the sentence, I say that man is a man who will do anything to promote his own ends—I do not care what people say."

[We are assured that the officer referred to never said anything of the kind.—ED. TRIB.]

The procession then moved from the prison to the gallows, the culprit being supported between Deputy Sheriff Isaacs and Deputy United States Marshal O'Keefe. He was deathly pale with terror, his head hung over his shoulder, and his limbs almost refused their office. He tottered as he stood beneath the fatal beam, and had to be supported to the instant of the falling of the weight which drew him into mid-air. At a given signal the cord was snapped asunder by the executioner's broad-axe, and Nathaniel Gorden, the slave-trader was launched into the presence of the Great Judge of all the Earth.

Immediately upon the hoisting of the body a few convulsive twitches followed, the veins of the neck and hands swelled and stood out like cords for a brief while, then the limbs lost their rigidity, the blackened flesh assumed a livid hue, and the slave-trader, now a lump of dishonored clay, swung slowly to and fro in the frosty air.

After being suspended the usual time, the corpse was lowered upon a bier, and conveyed into an unoccupied room in the prison, where Coroner Collin proceeded to hold an inquest on the body.

Two witnesses to the hanging of deceased testified to the manner of his death; and Dr. Thos. Robinson, who held a post mortem examination of the body, testified that death was caused by asphyxia, and the Jury rendered a verdict to that effect. It appeared that the neck of the deceased was not broken.

The body of the hanged man was then given over to the friends, residing in Williamsburgh, where it will be taken previous to interment.

Such was the end of the first slaver fairly punished for his crimes in the United States of America.

Letters From Paterson.

PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 12th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: The Young Men's Course of Lectures, previously mentioned in my correspondence, was continued with an address by the Rev. Mr. Scudder, of Passaic, on Wednesday evening, 6th inst. Subject: Wealth and Labor. In the course of his remarks, the Rev. gentleman spoke of the great advantages a power wealth confers upon its possessor, of the great efforts made for its acquisition, and of the grinding despotism it exercises over the laborer. He also spoke of the diffiulties capital interposes in the way of the laborer seeking wealth—of a party in this country that speculates on the laboring man, &c. &c. It is impossible, however, to do justice to the lecturer in this brief sketch. Suffice it, therefore, to add that the subject, which as sometimes presented is rather abtruse for a popular audience, had been carefully studied, and was ably handled by the worthy speaker.

I take pleasure in informing you that "Hightie" and her claims are receiving recognition in Paterson, New Jersey. For instance, a dealer in coffees, &c., who has entered the business lately, discarding the old term St. Domingo, labels some of his goods "Haytian coffee," &c.

Honor to Hayti, and to Prof. Faatz, the gentleman referred to. OCCASIONAL.

PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 17th, '62.

MR. EDITOR: Having missed the presence of your correspondent "Occasional" from his comfortable pew in Zion M. E. Church, I presume his too attentive attendance to the Saturday evening soirees has incapitated him for the ensuing day, so allow me to indite you a few lines on church matters. The preacher in charge of Zion Church, Rev. L. C. Scudder, is laboring assiduously for the spiritual welfare of his little flock. Peter Jackson, recently licensed to exhort, is also creating a favorable impression by his genial disposition and pleasant manners. Last Friday evening the members of the church to the number of eighteen, of both sexes, paid their pastor, who resides at Passaic, a visit. The sleighing being excellent we soon arrived there. One of the young gents of the party having given the pastor a hint of our coming, the party was welcomed in true country style by the worthy Domine's lady who spread a repast, to which the party did ample justice. After leaving our little donations with the pastor, the party returned to the city highly delighted with their sleigh ride. Mr. Wm. Van Renselaer with his usual modesty has declined to give his lecture in the young men's course.

YOUNG HICKORY.

SOUTHERN PHILANTHROPISTS.

A correspondent of the N. Y. 'Tribune,' writing from Cincinnati under date Feb. 3d, furnishes the following statement:—

"A gentleman and his wife recently arrived in this city from New Orleans were recognized by many of our colored population as persons who had for many years devoted themselves to the interests of the colored people in that city. They were compelled to leave the scene of their labors. They will renew them here, and are now maturing a plan for a Colored Children's Aid Society in our city. Will not the friends of humanity in other cities see if they cannot do something for colored children, so as to have them grow up living arguments of that race's fitness for freedom? Jefferson said that he who made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before was a greater benefactor of his race than the greatest conqueror. And would it not be well that the speculations to which this race has usually given rise, as to how the growth of cotton, rice and sugar may be enlarged, should for a while be superseded by the question how to make two thoughts grow in their brains where only one grew before?

NEGRO MELODIES.—Mr. Cuthbert, one of the Beaufort planters, who, we see told by the papers, is the father of Rev. Mr. Cuthbert, late of Philadelphia, was seized by the Federal forces on his plantation; and while he was being rowed on board a ship, a prisoner, on his own boat, and by his own slaves, they burst out into singing, to the tune of one of their rude hymns, making the versicles as they went along:

De Norfmen dey's got massa now,
De Norfmen dey's got massa now,
De Norfmen dey's got massa now,
Hallelujah.
Oh! massa a rebel; we row him to prison.
Hallelujah.
Massa no whip us any more.
Hallelujah.
We have no massa now, we free.
Hallelujah.
We have de Yankees, who no run away.
Hallelujah.
Oh! all our old massas run away.
Hallelujah.
Oh! massa going to prison now.
Hallelujah.

THE SLAVES AND THE WAR.—It is often asked what the Southern slaves think of the war, and the following from a gentleman recently from New Orleans, will be interesting as indicating their position. He says:—

"The blacks have been educated fast within the last six months. They are a different race from what they were. Their docility is a thing of the past and their masters stand appalled at their transformation. In several of the parishes about New Orleans, what were believed to be the germs of dangerous insurrections have been several times discovered within the past few months. In St. Mary's thirteen slaves were shot at one time. The South have thought it would aid their plans by telling the slaves that the enemy of the Union was the 'army of freedom,' and the blacks believeit.

COLORED SOLDIERS IN NEW ORLEANS.—The N. O. 'Picayune' of Jan. 10, gives an account of a grand review of the rebel troops in that city on the previous day, from which we copy the following significant paragraph:

"We must also pay a deserved compliment to the companies of free colored men, all very well drilled, and comfortably uniformed. Most of these companies, quite unaided by the Administration, have supplied themselves with arms, without regard to cost and trouble. One of these companies, commanded by the well-known veteran, Capt. Jordan, was presented, a little before the parade, with a fine war flag, of the new style. This interesting ceremony took place at Mr. Cushing's store, on Camp, near Common street. The presentation was made by Mr. Bigney, and Jordan made on this occasion one of his most felicitous speeches."

It is evident that the rebels at least have no tender sensibilities on the score of employing colored men as soldiers.—Brooklyn Star.

AN AFRICAN GOVERNMENT IN BETTER CREDIT ABROAD than the Southern Confederacy.—It is well known that on the first breaking out of the rebellion, the confederates sent several agents abroad to implore their recognition, and to negociate bonds with European capitalists. The principal agents were W. L. Yancey, Dudley Mann, Thos. Butler King, and Judge Rost, (of Louisiana.) Thus far they have not succeeded in obtaining the sought for recognition, or in raising money abroad on their cotton loan bonds. European capitalists would not touch these bonds at any price. So much for the boasted credit of the Southern Confederacy abroad.

Now mark the difference. A few weeks ago, the Emperor of Morocco, through his agents, offered a new Moorish loan on the London Stock Exchange for twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling, equal to six million of dollars, bearing seven per cent interest, and running thirty years, for which the revenues for customs were pledged.—The loan was offered to raise money to pay the Spanish indemnity, to procure the evacuation of the fortress of Tteuan.—This loan was received with extraordinary favor, and all taken on the first day. A London telegram received at Liverpool and published in New York, on the arrival of the City of Washington, says: "The Moorish loan was regarded with so much favor that the bids had reached ten times the amonnt needed."—St. Louis Democrat.

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THOS. R. CROCKER,
Fulton Fish Market.

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BLAKE: OR THE HUTS OF AMERICA.

A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R. DELANY

PART II

> Hear the word!—who fight for freedom!
> Shout it in the battle van!
> Hope! for bleeding human nature!
> Christ the God, is Christ the Man!
>
> H. BEECHER STOWE

CHAPTER XXVI.

GREAT GATHERING AT MADAM CORDORA'S

But a peep in at this unsuspected gathering would give an idea of its designs and general character.

Among the leading persons were Juan Montego, Ferdinand Ricardo, Pedro Castina, Stephano Revira, and other noted gentlemen; Madam Cordora and Ambrosina, the wife and daughter of a deceased wealthy mulatto merchant; Madam Cordelia Barbosa, a wealthy young quadroon widow; Madam Evelina Sebastina, a refined wealthy mestizo lady; Carolus Blacus, a wealthy black tobacco dealer; Madam and Senorita Seraphia, his wife and daughter, both accomplished black ladies; Andro Camina and Madam Tripolia and Tripolina, his lady and daughter, a refined family of wealthy blacks, retired on a great fortune; and Justin Pompa, a distinguished black artist of rare accomplishments, composed a part of this unique gathering, many of whom till a late hour at night had been anxiously looked for and expected at the palace of the Captain General to complete the assembly at the national *fete*.

Among those of note, but humble pretensions, were Mendi, the captive chief; and Abyssa, the trading woman of Sondan.

During the evening a general privilege was extended to any of their race in the confidence of a Seclusion, to pass and repass during the gathering. Nor were they in the least slighted. Everything was systematically arranged, the organization being complete. Juan Montego was head of the occasion, and where he presided nothing was neglected; consequently every guest and visitor went through an ordeal of the closest possible inspection.

Abyssa, who had for a long time set closely eying the entire company, involuntarily gave vent to an exclamation of prayer.

'Is she crazy?' inquired Louis Chevora, a wealthy quadroon planter from Principe, who, unaccustomed to such promiscuous mingling with people of every complexion of his race, laughed in ridicule.

'No, she's not crazy; her head is as clear as a sunbeam,' tartly replied Montego, who was a great admirer of the simple but great and good hearted female African captive.

'You will know before we separate the meaning of that prayer,' whispered Castina in the ear of Chevora, who had attended but one gathering, and knew nothing of the Seclusions.

It was full the eleventh hour before the gathering was complete, and except at intervals a ballad and guitar accompaniments by the voluntary offering of some young lady present, there had been no music during the evening.

All were now seriously silent; every one no doubt deeply reflecting on the great event and momentous occasion which had brought them together.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the whole company simultaneously rose to their feet. With silent and suppressed demonstrations, men and women waved hand and handkerchief, Blake and Placido entering at the instant when the amateur orchestra, instrumental and vocal, commenced in strains most impressive:

> "All hail thou true and noble chief,
> Who scorned to live a cowering slave:
> Thy name shall stand on history's leaf,
> Amid the mighty and the brave!
>
> Thy name shall shine a glorious light
> To other brave and fearless men,
> Who like thyself in freedom's might,
> Shall brave the robber in his den:
>
> Thy name shall stand on history's page
> And brighter, brighter, brighter glow,
> Throughout all time, through every age,
> Till bosoms cease to feel or know
>
> Created worth or human woe!
> Thy name shall nerve the patriot's hand,
> When mid the battle's deadly strife,
> The glittering bayonet and brand
>
> Are coming with the stream of life:
> When the dark clouds of battle roll,
> And slaughter reigns without control,
> Thy name shall then fresh life impart
> And fire anew each freeman's heart
>
> Though wealth and power their force combine
> To crush thy noble spirit down,
> There is above a power divine
> Shall bear thee up against their frown."

The effects of the reception ballad was electrical—every kind of demonstration, indicating the soul's deep sympathy and heartfelt hatred to oppression, with cautious suppression, was made in silence. There stood Abyssa bathed in tears, moaning with joy in African accents, while Mendi with outstretched arms fell upon his knees in thankfulness to God for what he had witnessed. Louis Chevora, the quadroon planter, unprepared to see a negro chosen leader of the great scheme of Redemption, was singularly embarrassed and awkward.

'Why I didn't know it was you! I am glad to see you! I wasn't expecting to meet you here!' confusedly expressed the almost bewildered man on being introduced to Blake, whom he had never before seen nor even heard of, as entering the city the evening before and attending but one gathering, he knew nothing of the seclusions, to whom alone the hero was known.

A general rush was made each seeming to envy the other who succeeded before him in getting a grasp of the hand of Henry Blake the Leader of the Army of Emancipation and originator of the scheme to redeem them from slavery and an almost helpless degradation. On this occasion Pino Golina proved himself master of the favorite instrument of his father land, the African bango. In solos of strains the sweetest the Spanish guitar proved but a secondary instrument compared with the touching melodies of the pathetic bango in the hands of this negro artiste.

This instrument heretofore neglected and despised by the better class among them, at once became the choice and classically refined, by the nearest and dearest historic reminiscences among them, by an association with the evening of the great gathering from a seclusion of which, the momentous question of immediate redemption or an endless degradation and bondage was to be forever settled. From these associations and remembrances, the Nigration bango could thenceforth be seen in the parlors and drawing rooms of all of the best families of this class of the inhabitants.

The demonstrations to Placido were only less than those given to the Chief, and could they have but given expression to their feelings, a shout would have rent the air for 'Blake and Placido,' such as never before had been heard in Havana. Singing and executing of the guitar and bango by the Misses Seraphina Blacus and Ambrosina Cordora, both young handsome and accomplished, were very much appreciated by the delighted assemblage. These young ladies were great favorites at the Palace of the Captain General, where the piano-forte and their favorite stringed instruments seldom had their equals to execute upon them. The black surgeon Pino Golino, was their only rival and superior on these instruments.

Madam Cordora on this occasion was particularly happy, aided in her untiring efforts to make others so, by the generous great hearted Montego. All that wealth and refinement, modified by simplicity and an entire absence of ostentation and display—except indeed the richly furnished mansion and valuable table plate and jewelry so much in taste with Spaniards, could accomplish was contributed. Her own exemplary deportment and high toned conversation, the edifying discourses of Montego, the elevated influence and domeanor of the Blacus family and such persons, made the assemblage one that bore no disparaging comparison with the splendid *fete* then being held in guilded drawing rooms of the Government Palace.

To complete the portentious gathering and crown their hopes with the highest expectation, there were Placido the cousin, adviser and counsellor, and Henry Blake, the master spirit of the occasion.

The refreshments were simple, mainly consisting of fruits, biscuit, cheese, chocolate, coffee, and cool drinks with no virious beverage at all. There were no empty parade and imitative aping, nor unmeaning pretentions observed in their doings, but all seeming fully to comprehend the importance of the *ensemble*. They were earnest, firm, and determined; discarding every thing which detracted from their object, permitting nothing to interfere. Thus intelligently united, a dangerous material existed in the midst of such an element as Cuba.

In the midst of their enjoyment a person made his appearance at the main door of the drawing rooms causing no little alarm, though they knew he must have been a seclusionist to have passed the scrutiny of Montego and reached where he was. This person was a black a little above medium height, strong physical conformation, with fine expression of countenance, attired in blue nankin pantaloons, buff vest, white linen jacket, collar of shirt turned over the jacket collar, tied with a broad black ribbon, white half hose, long low quartered black morocco slippers tied with narrow black ribbon, his right hand in which he held a black slouch silk cap, carelessly akimbo, leaning with left shoulder against the door casing. His dress being that of a domestic, heightened the suspicion, as he might have been a spy sent by the whites. For this reason he was closely reconnoitered by many who designedly positioned themselves near him.

'This beats the alabasters over yonder, all to pieces!' he was heard to say to himself, comparing the gathering with the *fete* at the palace, as with a bland smile he stood gazing in upon such an assemblage of his own people, as he had never before witnessed.

'Who is that suspicious looking person peeping into the drawing room?' enquired Julia Chevora, the wife of the Principe planter, addressing herself to Ambrosina who hastily cited her mother to the supposed intruder.

'Why that is Gofer Gondolier the caterer of the Palace,' replied Madam Cordora, calling the attention of Montego to him.

'Come in Gofer, come in!' invited Montego approaching were he stood near the door.

'Things look too warm in there for me colonel,' replied he with a slow and meaning shake of the head, when pointing at a bango lying upon a pier table he continued 'but ef you han' me that thing out here, ef I don't make 'er hum I wouldn't tell you so!' Laughing Montego turned away relating to the ladies his short interview with the caterer, speaking highly of his integrity as a man though humbly positioned in life.

'Come in Gofer Gondolier—feel yourself at home, as I'm sure you are welcomed by every body here,' insisted Madam Cordora; 'this is not the Palace of the Captain General filled with whites. Come in and take a seat!' Gofer acknowledged the honor, bowed himself quite into the drawing room.

'Now Gondolier,' said Castina who sat as guard at the door, on resigning his seat and handing him the sword 'I leave you my post in charge, see that you do your duty!'

'I will sir, and ef a candle face gits by me, it'll not be tel' after I knock the light out of it!' drolly replied he, referring to the *gens d'armes* or such other whites as might be out on *espionage*. 'But I got a better thing than this!' he said, holding out and looking at the sword, with a wag of his head.

'What is that curiously constructed instrument you have there Gofer; will you show it to me?' asked Castina, on seeing under his jacket on the left breast, a large weapon.

'Oh, nothing, sir, but a knife. I thought as you had a gathering to night that you might have some carving to do, an' as I just finished that business at the Palace, I thought I'd come over and help here,' replied he.

'Carving! Do you call that a carving knife?' earnestly enquired Castina, as Gondolier handed him the formidable instrument.

'I do sir!' replied Gofer.

'Where did you get it?'

'I made it sir.'

'You made it!' with surprise enquired Castina.

'I did sir, I cut the pattern out of a barrel stave, and had the knife manufactured to order.

'What motives had you in doing so?'

'That on a general rising the blacks in every house might have good weapons without suspicion.'

'I can't see how this could be effected without detection, as they must be made and sold by the whites,' judiciously replied Castina.

'If you can't, I can sir, because anything originating among the people about the Palace, the Captain General always receives with favor, giving orders to be supplied; and I being his butler and chief caterer, these orders go through me. So you see sir, by making a carving knife, I present something that comes in general use as a domestic and family convenience, with which every person may supply himself without suspicion, especially the blacks who are not only great imitators of the whites as they say we are, but also great eaters as we know ourselves to be,' intelligently explained Gondolier.

'Gracious!' exclaimed Castina, examining the weapon; 'what a formidable thing it is to be sure! You must be a man Gondolier to have conceived such an idea.'

'If I wasn't I wouldn't be here sir,' promptly replied Gofer.

'I mean sir, that you are worthy to be here!' explained Castina.

'That is just what I mean sir,' continued he. 'If the poet hadn't known me to be such, as I was only a domestic in the palace where he and the colonel were visitors, he never would admitted me to the gatherings, nor took me into the seclusions.'

'You are right Gondolier, you are right, and shall hence forth hold a place among us higher than the position of caterer at the National Palace; it shall be here!' said Castina, placing his hand upon his breast over his heart.

'Noble fellow!' said Montego to Madam Cordora; 'he's worthy of a better position than his former one, and he shall have it.'

'Noble fellow!' simultaneously uttered the vast gathering who during the colloquy had their attention turned in that direction.

Madam Cordora herself served up refreshments which were borne to him by her daugher Ambrosina, who with her hand gently resting on his shoulders, sat supporting in her lap a silver plateau, from which he was supplied. These marks of kindness quite surprised Gondolier, who not expecting such notice and attention rising to his feet, bowing expressed acknowledgments for the honor recived at their hands.

'But your knife Senor Gondolier, on this occasion will be of no use to you; there being no meats to carve,' said Madam Cordora.

With a significant shake of the head, Gondolier implied that the carving he had reference to was quite of a different kind.

The weapon from its original peculiarity excited much interest and no little alarm among the novices and less experienced among them, especially the female portion. Its breadth was that of the widest common carving knife. He simply called it the 'Cuban Carver,' ort 'Gondolier's carving knife.'

About the first watch of the morning—the hour of one—the Seclusion met, holding a Grand Council, consisting of Henry Blake, Placido, Montego, the Blacuses, Carolus and Antonio, Castina, Ricanda, Revira, Camina, the Captive Chief, Madam Cordora, Maggie Blake, Madam Barbosa, Madam Blacus, Madam Sabastina, Abyssa Sondan, and Madams Camina, the Misses being admitted by courtesy, they having the confidence of the Seclusion. Gofer Gondolier stationed on the outside of the door, desired, as he said, no better weapon of defence than his own carving knife.

The Seclusion was held on the South West corner of the mansion in an airy attic room, reserved for the purpose, where subsequent to the maturest deliberation, the most concise measures were entered into—Henry Blake presiding, and Placido secretary, completed the organization for the evening. Preliminaries were fully decided on, and a time specified for holding the Grand Official Council of the Seclusion, when officers both civil and military for their future government were to be appointed.

At the third watch of the morning as the great bell told three, the Seclusion arose, when a social company, unknown to their superiors in society, separated; more portentous to the political interests of Cuba, than any similar gathering in the history of the colony.

From the Independent.

THE LAST DAYS OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

A VISIT TO THE FORT DE JOUX.

BY JOHN BIGELOW.

Returning to Paris by way of Lausanne from a hurried trip to Geneva last winter, I took the somewhat unusual route over the mountains to Pontarlier. I wanted to get a view, if possible, of Mont Blanc from the heights of the Jura; to become better acquainted with the people of this department of France, whom of all the French I most admire; and, above all, to visit the famous Chateau de Joux, where Mirabeau was confined at the time he contracted his scandalous engagement with Madame de Monnier, the "Sophie" of his Vincennes correspondence, and where Toussaint L'Ouverture died, a victim to the treachery of the French Government and the severity of an Alpine climate.

* * *

As the dilligence passed under the Fort de Joux, the chief object of my pilgrimage before reaching Pontarlier, I dismounted, allowing my baggage to go on to the *bureau de post*. The fort, now more than seven centuries old, stands upon the very summit of a solid rock about five hundred feet high, which descends very abruptly on all sides, and by its position at a defile in the mountains, commands the approach from every direction. With three hundred men it was impregnable in former times, notwithstanding which, in consequence of its great value as a frontier fortification, it has changed hands more frequently than almost any fortress in France outside of Paris.

I found a small garrison at the fort, consisting mostly of soldiers just returned from Italy, who were lounging about in the last stages of disgust with the monotonous perch to which they were condemned. A chatty old woman, who acted as *concierge*, promptly responded to my request to visit the Castle, by running for her keys. She then led me over the portcullis, the ornaments of which showed that it was built before battle axes and bows and arrows went out of fashion, into the court-yard where the Commandant resided. The first curiosity to which she invited my attention was the well of the Castle, dug through the solid rock, down to the level of the little river Orbe, which winds along the base of the hill, a depth of at least five hundred feet. My cicerone, to give me some idea of the depth of the well, threw in some stones, from which no sound or echo of any kind came up. This well was built for the use of the garrison during a seige, though in ordinary times they are supplied with water caught in cisterns. It has not been used for many centuries, if ever; the citadel, when it has changed hands, having generally been betrayed, or shared the fate of battles fought elsewhere.

The well was built, my guide told me—and her information I have confirmed from other sources—by the serfs and vassals of the feudal proprietor of the fort, in the ninth century. She lowered her voice when she added that multitudes who went down to work in the abysses never returned to the light of day. Indeed, the tradition is that they were told when they were sent to their work that they were not to return till it was finished. They were obliged to dig large recesses at regular and convenient distances in the sides of the pit, as their excavations progressed, and these were their homes during their frightful imprisonment, from which most were relieved only by death.

Of all the dreadful shapes which "man's inhumanity to man" has ever taken, there are few which feed the imagination with more fearful visions of misery and despair than were reflected from this dark, impenetrable mirror, framed five hundred feet deep in granite. When I considered that all the enormities of which this structure had been the occasion and the theatre, were perpetrated in the quest of water, in all ages and countries the consecrated emblem of truth, I was struck for the thousandth time with the resemblance which runs through all the forms of human perversity.

While pondering the question whether France had gained any more substantial advantage from her endless and sanguinary ecclesiastical wars than from the sinking of this dismal pit, which the dews of heaven, that fall alike upon the unjust and the just, made superfluous, my guide led me to another part of the fort, where she showed me an opening like a closet in the wall, about three feet deep and high, and, perhaps, four feet long. Here, she informed me, Amaury, one of the earliest proprietors of the chateau, confined his wife, a young woman of only seventeen years, for infidelity to him during his absence with the Crusaders in the Holy Land in 1170. He hung her suspected paramour upon the mountain immediately opposite, and confined Bertha—that was her name—in this mural sepulcher, which was too small to admit of her standing erect or lying prostrate, or indeed of stretching her limbs in any direction. The only view of the outer world that she could get, was through a little window, cut so that she could see the remains of her lover dangling from a distant tree. After some ten years of indescribable misery, death released her from her prison and from her brutal jailer.

The good old woman who related this legend tearfully—although I have no doubt she had told it a thousand times before—gave great force to her denunciation of the cruel crusader by adding that, "after all, Bertha was innocent." I fear, however, that this was a slight rhetorical embellishment, which, as a woman and a sister, she felt at liberty to indulge me with, for I have since seen a historical sketch of Pontarlier and its neighborhood, made by M. Girod, the librarian of the city and a most diligent and faithful archivist, in which Bertha's frailty is conceded. This fact, however, does not in the least diminish the horror which such a monument of cruelty and brutality inspires in our day.

Crossing the court and passing along the gloomy corridor of stone, I was next led to a door which, as my companion proceeded to unfasten, she informed me was occupied by the "naygre." It was the dungeon of Toussaint, first called "L'Ouverture" by a French officer, because of his military prowess in opening the ranks of the English soldiers with his sword during some engagement. Though of African origin, and forty-eight years a slave, he took advantage of the revolutionary troubles in France, and subsequent hostilities between France and England, to make the blacks of St. Domingo independent, and himself President for life. Bonaparte, who approved of the lead he took in saving the colony from the English, was solicited to approve the action of the Central Assembly which made him President. Toussaint's letter bore the following somewhat memorable but not altogether conciliatory superscription, "The first of the blacks to the first of the whites." Bonaparte's answer was taken out by Leclerc, his brother-in-law, and thirty thousand of the best troops in France, who issued a proclamation apprising the islanders that the French General had been sent out as the first magistrate and captain-general of the colony. Toussaint bade him and his master defiance, set fire to the Cape, retired to the mountains, and resisted the invaders with such success that at the end of eight months Napoleon's brother-in-law had but three thousand effective men out of the thirty thousand that had landed with him. Finding it impossible to conquer Toussaint, Leclerc invited him to a conference, under the usual pledges for his safety, and when in his power, regardless of his own honor or that of his master, or of the nation so gravely compromised by his conduct, he hustled the too confiding negro on board of a ship and sent him to France. After a brief continement in the Temple at Paris, Napoleon ordered him to the Fort de Joux. The room which he occupied, and to which I was now introduced, is some twenty five or thirty feet long, by, say, twelve broad. There was a fire-place on one side near the middle, but no furniture of any kind. Its walls were all of stone, and arched with stone overhead. Near the ceiling one end was pierced by a small window which admitted what light and air the inmates were expected to enjoy, but which seemed enough to keep the place sufficiently dry for habitation. On the mantel over the fire-place was the lower half of a skull, most of the brain-cover having been taken off, and resting on what remained, was the following *avis*, which my guide forbade my copying, as contrary to the orders of the commandant, and for a transcript of which, as for many other gratifying attentions, I was indebted to M. Girod, to whose archeological and historical labors I have already made allusion:

"Toussaint L'Ouverture, who effected the enfranchisement of the negroes of his country, and in the day of his prosperity designated himself as the Bonaparte of St. Domingo, and who wrote to Napoleon, 'The first of the blacks to the first of the whites,' terminated his career in this casement of the donjon of Fort de Joux. It is pretended that he answered an aid-de-camp of the First Consul, who came to ask him where he had concealed his treasures: 'Say to your master that I will die before he shall know anything from me.'

"The Chef de Bataillon Amiot, commandant of the Place du Fort de Joux, found him here in a corner of his fire-place struck with *apoplexie foudroyante*, the 17th Terminal, the year 11. Some days before his death he declared that he had buried 15,000,000 in the mountains by slaves whom he had destroyed."

I felt indignant at finding such a gross calumny as this upon the character of one of the bravest, and, according to his opportunities, one of the most remarkable men of his day, perpetrated by the authority of the Government; and when I was refused permission to take a copy of it, my inference was that those who placed it there knew that it was one of those lies that would not bear ventilation, and therefore kept it from the public, but left it to do what it could quietly to poison the minds of all who made the pilgrimage to his tomb. I was afterwards satisfied by M. Girod that I did the French Government injustice, at least in one respect, for he assures me that no orders to prevent copies being made of the paper on the mantel, had ever been given to the concierge.

It is a shame, however, for the Government to perpetuate such an absurd scandal upon the memory of Toussaint, as that he destroyed the slaves who helped him hide his treasures; for the story not only is supported by no evidence, but it lacks the first element of plausibility. That he may have said he had treasures buried in St. Domingo, and that he may have added, for the purpose of being sent back to find them, that there were no living witnesses of their burial, is not impossible; but it is preposterous to suppose that such a man as Toussaint would have perpetrated such a gratuitous crime, or, if he did, that he would have told of it, without any apparent motive.

This story is the prejudice of "the first of the blacks" is as unfounded as another which has been current ever since Toussaint's death, and which is generally credited in Hayti now; that he was poisoned by the orders of Nepoleon, or at least upon the supposition that his speedy demise would gratify the Emperor. Even supposing there was some motive for getting Toussaint more completely out of the way than he was, which is hardly credible, the circumstances of his death are not matters of conjecture or suspicion, but of public record, and exempt the authorities of that day from any other responsibility for his sudden death than naturally attaches to his treacherous arrest and removal in mid-winter from the climate of the tropics, in which he was born and had lived sixty years, to a bleak Alpine region more noted than any other in France for the severity of its winters.

The day after his death two physicans of Pontarlier made an official examination of his remains, and certified that he died of apoplexy and pleuro-pneumonia. Their certificate, or *proces verbal*, as it is termed, is filed among the archives of the Hotel de Ville in Pontarlier, from whence M. Girod was kind enough to procure for me a copy duly authenticated, under the seal of the Mayorality of Pontarlier. As this certificate has never been in print, and as it finally disposes of a very painful suspicion which is still widely credited, I give it to you entire.

COPY OF THE MINUTES OF THE POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

'We, the undersigned, Doctor of Medicine and Surgeon of the city of Pontarlier, pursuant to the invitation of citizen Amiot, Commandant of the Fort de Joux, and of Renaud, Justice of the Peace of the canton of Pontarlier, have gone to the said Fort de Joux, when, in their presence, we have proceeded to the opening and the examination of the body of the negro Toussaint L'Ouverture, prisoner, whose death yesterday we have verified.

POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION.

A little mucus mixed with blood in the mouth and on the lips, the left lateral sinus, the vessels of the pia-mater gorged with blood, serious effusion in the lateral ventricle same side the choroid pleurus infiltrated and strewed with hydatides, the pleura adhering almost entirely to the substance of the lungs; sanguineous engorgement of the right lung, as well as of the pleura, corresponding, but of a purulent nature in this viscera; a little fatty polypus in the right ventricle of the heart, which otherwise was in a natural state; emaciation of the epiploon—pathologicial state of this membrance such as it presents after a long sickness. The stomach, the intestines, the liver, the spleen, the veins, the bladder, exhibited no alteration.

In consequence, we declare that apoplexy, pleuropneumonia, are the causes of the death of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Made, and certified to be true, at the Fort de Joux, the 18th Terminal, An. XI. of the French Republic.

(Signed)

TAVERNIER, Doctor of Medicine.
Surgeon-Major GRESSET.

Certified to conform with the original by us, the undersigned Secretary of the Mayorality of Pontarlier.

Pontarlier, 5th Dec., 1859.

(Signed) JACQUIT, etc

Through the kindness of M. Girod I was enabled to derive from the archives of Pontarlier some further particulars respecting Toussaint's condition and treatment during his confinement here, which seemed worthy of exhumation. They are embodied in documents, the originals of which I inspected, and of which I inclose to you copies.

The first simply acknowledges the notice sent to Prefecture of the Department by the Sub-Prefect, that Toussaint had arrived, and informs that functionary that the arrangements for the security of the prisoner are to be under the exclusive direction of the General in command of that division.

The second notifies the Prefect that the Minister of War had given orders that Toussaint should receive healthy and suitable food, and that he should be clothed suitably for the season, with the understanding that he must not wear a General's uniform.

The estimation in which their prisoner was held by the French Government, and the rigor of treatment to which they deemed it necessary to subject him, are revealed in the third letter from the Prefect of the Department to the Sub-Prefect at Pontarlier. The following extract from it might have been clipped, *mutatis mutandis*, from one of Governor Wise's heroic appeals to the chivalry of Virgina against John Brown:

"I recommend you," he writes, "not to lose sight of this important object. If any man imprisoned for the rest of his days, whatever the degree of his guilt, did not appeal to our humanity, I would say that this person, who is known only by his repeated perfidy, murders, pillage, incendiarism, and the most frightful cruelties, did not deserve any. But whatever be the opinion we ought to entertain of him, the orders of the Minister are precise. Toussaint must not see any person, nor must he be permitted to leave the chamber in which he is confined under any pretext whatever. The guard of the fort should be set with the greatest exactness, and without the relaxation of vigilance. The General of Division only can modify the rigor of these orders, and I know he will not do it without being authorized by the Minister. The commandant must sleep at the fort, unless specially authorized to the contrary by his superiors. The supplies of the prisoner have been prescribed. They must not be exceeded upon any pretext. Every excess will be stricken off from the account."

The next letter, No. 4, was written immediately after receiving intelligence of Toussaint's death. In it the Prefect says:

"You will also please, on the receipt of this letter, make an inventory, in the presence of the Commandant d'Armes, of all the effects used by the prisoner, and sell them at auction to the highest bidder, after the customary notices. You will prepare a report of the sale for me, and remit the proceeds of it to the widow Benedict upon her receipt, deducting the sums due her for her supplies."

From these documents and the other inclosed, of which I will not trouble you with an analysis, it appears, if the facts are reported faithfully—

1st. That Toussaint was guarded with unusual, if not excessive, rigor, and that the view taken of his character and career at that time by the War Department, whose agent declared that if there was an exception to the rule that pity was due to the unfortunate, Toussaint was the exception, was very different from that which is taken of him now by the world, and indeed by the French themselves, who through the mouth of the most inspired of their modern poets, have said of him, "*Cet homme est une nation*," and within fifty years after his cheerless death, accepted the lesson of his life by striking the chains off every slave held under a French title.

2d. They show that he was not poisoned, but that he died in all probability of a disease contracted in consequence of his involuntary removal to a colder and more intemperate climate than at his age—over sixty—his constitution, used to the warmth of the tropics, could endure.

3d. It appears that he was abundantly supplied with fuel and artificial light, for in two months these supplies cost one hundred and fifty-six francs, which, M. Girod assures me, is a very large allowance, for wood then was much cheaper, he says, than at the present day; and now several lights and two fires could be sustained six months for ordinary necessities at an expense not exceeding two hundred francs.

4th. That he had a servant for a while after his arrival, whether a negro or a Frenchman does not appear. From the general character of the instructions in reference to him, and in the absence of any special provision for the access to him of one of his own color, it is to be presumed that it was a Frenchman.

5th. That he was allowed to write and have some luxuries, such as nutmegs, sugar, bath, etc. These, I presume, came out of the four frances a day allowed him from the first for board, washing, and mending.

6th. It is apparent, unfortunately, suggests M. Girod, that the moderate sum of 128fr. 70c., which the effects supplied by the Government brought after only seven month's use, that his wardrobe was not probably supplied as it should have been for such a severe climate.

7th. And finally, it appears that a woman was provided to keep his apartment in order.

The order forbidding Toussaint to see any one not attached to the service of the garrison seems to have been unnecessarily rigorous, but it was probably aimed at Rigaud, Toussaint's ablest and most trusted aid in St. Domingo, who was captured very soon after his Chief, and sent to the Fort de Joux, where he remained until after Toussaint's death, when he was released. They never saw each other, though sleeping so near together, after they separated in St. Domingo.

Upon the walls of Toussaint's apartment I was surprised to find but one inscription from the hands of visitors; that was the name of Cataline Nau, a man whom I remember to have met at Port au Prince in 1854, where he discharged the functions of an Assistant Secretary of State, in the Department of Foreign Affairs, under Soulouque, and who had the credit, which I do not doubt he deserves, of having written the telling and statesmanlike dispatches of the Haytian Government in reply to the agents sent out by Fillmore and the English and French Governments many years ago, to compel the Emperor to acknowledge the independence of the Spanish or eastern part of the island. M. Nau is probably the only Haytian who has ever made this pious pilgrimage to the prison and tomb of the most renowned of African statesmen. M.

Nau I understand died within the last year much regretted by his countrymen whose interests he carefully watched and tended during his life.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

A CARD.

To the friends of the Weekly "Anglo-African" in New York and vicinity.

Fellow Citizens:—When I announced through the columns of this paper, that some of the children of this city and Brooklyn would sing at a concert to be given last Monday evening, for the benefit of the paper, I expected a most generous response from you; knowing, as I did, your sentiments toward the enterprise. I accordingly secured the largest and most central place that could be found, believing this to be necessary for the accommodation of the dense mass that I knew would attend. And when I stated that the performance would take place regardless of the weather, I could not have anticipated such a night—a night of thunder, lightning and floods of rain. To think that six hundred of you should have left your comfortable homes to attend the concert on such a night, fills my heart with emotions of the liveliest gratitude. But what shall I say to the parents and guardians of the children that sung on the occasion?

My dear friends, regardless of the peltings of the pitiless storm—regardless of the health of the dear little ones, you brought them there to do their part toward laying sure and firm the foundations of this paper; for doing this I return you, in the first place my individual thanks, but as the *representative of an enterprise which the* spirit of the age, and the needs of the colored people demand should be made permanent; I return you ten thousand thanks. I would have accomplished all that was desired, had it not been for the storm; but it is a great satisfaction to know that our failure to do so was owing to a cause beyond our control.

But although it was, in the pecuniary sense a partial failure, my expenses for the concert, and my indebtedness to my printer being quite heavy; yet in a social and political point of view, it was the grandest success ever witnessed in New York.

Fellow citizens, you meant to say by your presence on that dreadful night, that the colored people of this country should have one weekly paper devoted entirely to their interest, and by God's help they shall have it. In order to keep the paper alive, I have for the last six months, wandered through the dark paths of poverty and want: and I suppose that I shall be obliged to continue to do so for sometime to come. But darkness and doubt have left those paths forever. The rememberance of that night shall be my "pillow of cloud" by day and my "pillow of fire by night," to guide me into the haven of perfect success.

To Miss Sarah Ennalls, principal, and Miss C. Harley, Miss Dawley, and Miss A. E. Symonett, assistants in Primary Department of Colored Public School No. 2 in Laurens street, and Mr. John Peterson, principal of Colored Grammar School No. 1 in Mulberry street, *for invaluable aid* rendered; also to the youth from their schools, and to Messrs. Thomas R. Williams and Hannibal Ritter, Misses Caroline Brown, Pauline Green, Letitia Smith, Burtha Burnett, Cynthia Wilson, Alice Taylor and Sarah E. Cary, and William Bronaugh, I tender my most grateful thanks.

Believing that the attendance on Monday last to be but an indication of the manner in which my next appeal shall be answered,

I remain your humble servant,

Robert Hamilton.

THE HISTORIAN BANCROFT ON JUDGE TANEY.

From Mr. Bancroft's oration at the Corporation Banquet on Washington's birthday, Feb 22d.

"The only ground of hope for the perpetuity of our unity, you will find, men of New York, in the words of Washington, spoken in this city. When, in the presence of your fathers, Washington standing under the canopy of the sky, took the oath to support the Constitution, he returned into the Senate Chamber to interpret to the 1st Congress the principles of our great charter, and the fit policy for the nation to pursue. Then it was that he laid down as their rule "the pure and immutable principles of private morality," and "the eternal rules of Order and Right which Heaven itself has ordained." And the House of Representatives, using the pen of Madison to frame its answer, accepted his enlightened maxims, and owned the obligation to "adore that invisible hand, which has led the American people through so many difficulties, to cherish a conscious responsibility for the destiny of Republican liberty." On these principles, the Government, which makes us one people was put in motion, while the foundations of monarchy in France were crumbling away, and the beams that upheld the civilization of the middle ages were falling in. During the half century which succeeded, France underwent more revolutions than I can readily count up; Spain had many forms of government in rapid succession: the dynasty of Portugal was driven for refuge to South America; the empire of Germany went down in the whirlpool of revolution; Russia has been convulsed by a fearful plot for insurrection; Italy was many times reconstructed; the Pope lost and won temporal power, and has been almost shorn of it again; the institutions of Great Britain have been thrice essentially modified by the annexation of Ireland, by the reform of Parliament—which was in fact a revolution—and by opening the doors of its two houses to its men of all creeds. During all these convulsions the United States stood unchanged, admitting none but the slightest modifications in its charter, and proving itself the most stable Government of the civilized world. But at last "we have fallen on evil days." "The propitious smiles of Heaven"—such are the words of Washington—"can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right." During eleven years of perverse government those rules were *disregarded, and it came to pass that men* who should firmly avow the sentiments of Washington and Jefferson and Franklin and Chancellor Livingston were disfranchised for the public service; that the spotless Chief-Justice whom Washington placed at the head of our Supreme Court, could by no possibility have been nominated for that office or confirmed. Nay the corrupt influence invaded even the very home of justice. The final decree of the Supreme Court in its decision on a particular case must be respected and obeyed; the present Chief Justice has on one memorable appeal accompanied his decision with an impassioned declamation, wherein with profound immorality, which no one has as yet fully laid bare, treating the people of the United States as a shrew to be tamed by an open scorn of the facts of history, with a dreary industry collecting evidences of cases where justice may have slumbered or weakness been oppressed, compensating for want of evidence by confidence of assertion, with a partiality that would have disgraced an advocate neglecting humane decisions of Colonial Courts and *the enduring memorials of colonial* statute books in his party zeal to prove that the Father of our Country held the negro to have "no rights which the white man was bound to respect;" he has not only denied the rights of man and the liberties of mankind, but has not left a foothold for the liberty of the white man to rest upon. That ill-starred disquisition of Taney, who, I trust, did not intend to hang out the flag of Disunion, is the fountain-head of this rebellion; that offence to the conscious memory of the millions convulsed our country with the excitement which swept over those of us who vainly hoped to preserve a strong and sufficient, though narrow isthmus that might stand between the conflicting floods. No nation can adopt that judgment as its rule and live; the judgment has in it no element of political vitality. I will not say it is an invocation of the dead past; there never was a past that accepted such opinions. If we want the opinions received in the days when our Constitution was framed, we will not take them second-hand from our Chief Justice; we will let *the men of that day speak for themselves.* How will our American magistrate sink when arraigned, as he will be, before the tribunal of humanity; how terrible will be the verdict against him, when he is put in comparison with Washington's politcal teacher, the great Montesquieu, the enlightened magistrate of France, in what are esteemed the worst days of her monarchy. The argument from the difference of race which Taney thrusts forward with passionate confidence, as a proof of complete disqualification, is brought forward by Montesquieu as a scathing satire on all the brood of despots who were supposed to uphold Slavery as tolerable in itself. The rights of mankind, that precious word which had no equivalent in the language of Hindostan, or Judea, or Greece or Rome, or any anti-Christian tongue, found its supporter in Washington and Hamilton; in Franklin and Livingston; in Otis, George Mason and Gadsden; in all the greatest men of our early history. The one rule from which the makers of our first confederacy and then of our national Constitution never swerved is this: to fix no new *constitutional disability on any one;* whatever might stand in the way of any man from opinion, ancestry, weakness of mind, inferiority, or inconvenience of any kind, was itself not formed into a permanent disfranchisement. The Constitution of the United States was made under the recognised influence of "the eternal rule of order and right," so that as far as its jurisdiction extended, it raised at once the numerous class who had been chattels into *the condition of persons: it neither originates nor perpetuates inequality.*

John Clancy on George Bancroft.

The editor of the N. Y. "Leader," dreadfully exercised by the remarks made at the Corporation dinner on Washington's Birth-day by Mr. Bancroft on the Dred Scott Decision as delivered by Judge Taney, attempts to 'write down' that historian and orator, in an elaborate leader in the paper of that name, for March 1st, from which, the following is an extract:

"Now, who is George Bancroft? An effete member of the Mutual Admiration Society of Boston. An author, who has written a history of the United States, which, though not without merit, has, nevertheless, left a vivid impression upon the public mind, that the history of this country is yet to be written. As a professional literary man, he was unjustly favored by President Van Buren, with a high official position, it having been an amiable weakness of that distinguished statesman, which his true friends regretted at the time, to heap honors upon so-called literary men. Having finally sunk to his proper level at Boston, and his drafts upon the common stock being no longer honored at the exchange of the Mutual Admiration Society, he removed to this city. Here he has been almost unheard of, except now and then, at periods of public excitement, he has made desperate attempts to attract attention. The only really good chance he has had, was on Saturday last, and he made such a lamentable failure then, that his retirement is probably final."

As the "Leader" professes to be the mouth-piece of all that is left of the once powerful Democratic party, it is quite inexcusable for withholding, either through ignorance or malice, the facts in the life of George Bancroft which should answer the question "Who is George Bancroft?" and which prove him to have been, from his youth up, a main pillar and the most ornate column which gave support to the democratic party from the early days of Andrew Jackson until now. No man could be selected from all this land with better right to speak out and be heard as a democrat of the strictest sect, as to party, and more especially, as to principles.

Born in the last year of the last century, in 1813 George Bancroft entered, and in 1817 graduated from, Harvard University. In 1820 he went to Germany and completed a most thorough education at the best Universities of that land of various and profound learning. Then, and subsequently, he made the acquaintance and secured the friendship of such men as Eichorn, Schleiermacher, Bunsen, Guizot, Cousin and Benjamin Constant. His tastes led him especially to the Greek literature, and he drew his democracy from the writings of Plato. On his return home, in 1823, he founded the famous classical school of Round-Hill at Northampton in Massachusetts. But with all this learning he had not forgotten that he was one of the people; and in the teeth of the wealth and respectability of all Massachusetts, he formally identified himself with the democratic party in 1826 by an oration in favor of Universal Suffrage and uncompromising democracy. He made converts, and was twice elected to the general Court of Massachusetts, but in both instances declined. He was subsequently nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by the democratic *party*, and was *difficultly defeated after a* close and severe contest.

In 1838, as a recognized leader of the democratic party, in a Whig State, and according to the principles and precedents of the party, and not, as the "Leader" falsely states, for literary merits, he was appointed Collector of the port of Boston; and justified the appointment by a wholesome *reform in the Custom House* which saved to the Government millions of dollars in cash for what had hitherto been paid in bonds of doubtful value. From this point in his history the "Leader" is entirely oblivious of Bancroft's history; and for a good reason: to have published it would have been to acknowledge the great debt the party owes him, for, until its final dissolution, he was all that remained of its pristine principles and current respectability. For years past, old Tammany has been withheld from outer-darkness by the light which shone from his face and the eloquence which flowed from his lips; and we often think that the only stain which really rests upon his character, is, that he allowed party fealty so long to commit him to the odious task of holding together by the strength of his arm, and the purity of his character a political cabal far gone into decomposition by inly gathered corruption and venality. In the frightful orgies held in the old wigwam, in the midst of the dawdling sentimentalities or criminal obeisances to the slave power, there would ever shoot forth in some of the resolutions a flash of the old fire or a gleam of the ancient faith which would betray the practiced pen and pure mind of George Bancroft.

In 1845, Mr. Polk called Mr. Bancroft to the Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. During his short incumbency he founded and organized the United States Naval School, which is the West Point for our Navy. In deference to Southern jealousy he established this school in the waters of the Chesapeake, whence Southern treachery has forced it into the ancient harbor of Newport. In 1846, Mr. Bancroft was appointed minister to Great Britain; whilst he held this office, graced by his genial manners and scholarly fame, he performed a duty which last of all men should be forgotten by the Irish-American John Clancey. A number of Irish-Americans were arrested in Ireland for complicity with the rebellion of 1848. Mr. Bancroft exerted all his power and abilities in their behalf, and did not cease until he secured their release as American citizens.

From 1826 until the present date, a period of thirty-six years, Mr. Bancroft has been constantly engaged in preparing and publishing a history of these United States, the merit of which is attested by the fact that it has been translated into most of the European languages, and has passed through *no less than four editions in Germany.* To this last fact, is due, in no small degree, our copious German immigration, as well as the real democracy of our German-American citizens. This work is tersely characterized by a competent critic as "a copious philosophical treatise tracing the growth of the idea of liberty in a country designed by Providence for its develeopement."

In regard to competency to criticise the historical portions of Judge Taney's ill-starred decision in the Dread Scott case, there is no living man who can compare with George Bancroft. A democrat by choice, he fraternised in sentiment with Judge Taney as to party. Moreover, he has devoted the best part of a long life to the study of those very opinions of the fathers of the republic and of the Christian world in relation to the nature and universality of the idea of Liberty for mankind. Not only public speeches and documents, but private memoirs and correspondence have been faithfully studied by this faithful historian. And the result is given, in the memorable condemnation of Judge Taney, which we give in another column. We can compare it to nothing else than the affixing to the traitor judge that punishment in this world which the *ordinary course of* Providence had reserved for him in the next; for which young democrats of the John Clancey school have a short and expressive phrase.

Having to some extent, answered the question of the "Leader," "Who is George Bancroft?" we hope it will not be taken amiss if we should, in turn, ask "Who is John Clancey?"

That portion of the city of New York infested by the "Dead Rabbits" claims the honor of his birth and the merit of his early culture. He was a good judge of whiskey before he was three days old. By the time most youngsters can say "mam-my" and "dad-dy," he could say "dam-de nagur" with a precociousness which set his parents wild with joy. He graduated at a *roosterfight* in Little Water street, and made advanced studies in dog-fights under the renowned Capt. K——n. A priest, who was "a friend to the family," having succeeded in bringing him to his first "confession," is alleged to have turned gray in horror at the boy's cool manner of detailing his attrocities. So far as was possible, young John reformed, *took to learning*, and *in due time* rose to "run wid-de-machine." And yet this reform—although all which his nature was capable of—wrought little improvement in the kernel of John Clancy. He could not rise beyond the besetting proclivities of his race, and hence was forced to find a master to worship and a fellow-man to beat and kick. These he found in the slaveholder and the negro.

We glean these traces of John Clancy not from the New American Encyclopedia—where we do find the names of George Bancroft and Frederick Douglass, of Benjamin Franklin and Benjamin Bancker, of Julia Ward Howe and Philis Wheatley—but from internal evidence contained in his paper, the "New York Leader." From *the very sheet, nay in the very part of that* paper, where we find the assault on George Bancroft we extract the following morsel:

"I really believe that many readers of the "Leader" are under the impression that none but those who delight in sparring exhibitions, prize-fights, bull-dogs and game-cocks take interest in what I say in my reports and reviews of pugilistic encounters."

"At the cockney sporting clubs, like Izzy Lazarus, &c. &c., the visitors are * * a different breed of dog. They are your skye and bull-terriers, while the others are jet black and tan, or Italian grey-hound."

In a previous number of the "Leader," the same distinguished contributor "Tom Quick," elaborately writes a column to show that the late Pat Mathews and Paudeen were martyrs to public opinion.

Need we add that the "Leader" is bitterly opposed to Fremont for trying to do something, and magnifies McClellan for doing nothing, against slavery in putting down the rebellion. The "Leader" is appropriately nourished in its vampire character by advertisements sucked out from the Surrogate's office. Such is John Clancy!

LETTER FROM HARTFORD.

Hartford, Ct., March 2, 1862.

Mr. Editor: It is some time since a letter appeared in the columns of your paper from Hartford. This city has been a great depot for soldiers for the last eleven months, and it has made things very lively. The streets have been thronged with sleighs, day and night, for three months and over, and the people have enjoyed themselves by exchanging visits with our Middletown brethren and sisters, by sleighing parties.

The ladies of the A. M. E. Z. Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. G. H. Washington, have just closed a fair, at which they cleared $128 42. The choir attached to the same church gave an Old Folk's Concert at Turo Hall, Main street, a few evenings since, which was well attended. The object of this concert was to purchase a melodeon for said church. This church cost $6,000, and the Rev. G. H. Washington has just paid the last dollar on the property, and on the 14th of March we expect to hold a jubilee, at which time the Right Rev. Wm. H. Bishop, Superintendent, and Rev. Messrs. G. A. Spywood, Williams, Jones and Butler are expected to be present. Preaching afternoon and evening. The ladies will also give a festival in the vestry on the 17th of March. The Congregational Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. A. N. Freeman, is in a very good condition; Mr. Freeman is very much beloved by his church and congregation.

D. P.

Sudden Death.—On Thursday morning of last week, the 13th inst., Jeremiah Buffett, a colored man residing at Sunk Meadow, started with a sleigh to bring Henry Treadwell (who had been staying with him some time and chopping wood in that neighborhood), to the poor house in this village, as Treadwell had been sick for several weeks and unable to work. On arriving at the house the keeper, not being authorized to receive any person into the house without an order from a Justice of the town, sent them to Justice Wood's; *on* arriving there the Justice was absent from home. Treadwell proposed to go to his sister's, who resided near by, and stay until the return of the Justice the next day. On arriving there the sister declined to take him in and sent him to his brother's. On turning from the house to go to the sleigh he said he would rather be dead than alive, and after walking a few steps toward the sleigh he fell down dead. The body was brought to Coroner Shepard, and by his direction taken to the house of Chas. Treadwell, brother of deceased, where an inquest was held. No special cause appearing for his sudden death, the verdict was that he came to his death by the visitation of God.—Huntington L. Islander.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND DEMONSTRATION OF FOUNTAIN UNION LODGE NO. 1 I. O. OF G. S. AND D. OF S.

This affair came off on the evening of the 27th Feb., at Zion Church. The attendance at the literary exercises was not very numerous, owing, doubtless, to the Grand Masonic festival given elsewhere on the same evening; but those who attended were highly delighted. A number of our popular speakers, including the Rev. H. H. Garnet, John Peterson and Wm. C. H. Curtis, Esqs., were present; but owing to the lateness of the hour (10 1-2 o'clock) when the exercises commenced, they could not speak.

The order of exercises were commenced by an eloquent prayer by the Rev. Moses Manning, followed by an ode which was sung by the societies.

Mr. P. H. Reason, after some introductory remarks, addressed the assemblage on the object of societies and the relation of woman thereto. As Mr. R. never speaks in public without having previously given his subject much thought, it is hardy necessary to say that his address did credit to the occasion. The lodges then sung another ode; after which a splendid Bible was presented to the Grand Lodge, E. D., by a committee of ladies, accompanied by some feeling remarks by Mr. Wm. R. Johnson in their behalf.

Mr. Geo. W. Hicks, National Grand Sire, made quite lengthy, but deeply interesting remarks concerning the Order generally. The Order then sang another ode; two of the three sung during the evening being original, having been composed expressly for the occasion, by Mr. John D. Bagwell. At the conclusion of these exercises the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. J. D. S. Hall and many of the audience retired to the basement of the church where a large number of ladies and gentlemen had already assembled to enjoy the repast there prepared. When we entered we found the company, which consisted of a very large number of "Good Samaritans," both colored and white, and many other persons, enjoying social chit-chat, which was continued through the night.

The "creature comforts" prepared for the occasion afforded ample satisfaction, and the company retired about 5 o'clock A. M., well pleased with the evening's enjoyment.

Wanderer.

THE MASONIC BANQUET.

The protecting arm and open hand of the Masonic brother hood were extended in behalf of the Widow and Orphan's Fund, at Mozart Hall, Broadway, on Thursday last, under the auspicies of the Right Worshipful National Grand Lodge for the State of N. Y. The prospects of the weather during most of the day awakened sad misgivings as to its influence upon their success, but toward evening the sun brightened hope, throwing off the dull veil of clouds, as though anxious to remove this obstacle to the success of the heaven born principle of the occasion. At 12 o'clock the Grand Lodge entered the ball room with her subordinate representatives and accompanied by Mount Calvery Commandery, with their banner bourne by Sir ——— Simmons, under the the Grand Marshal-ship of Sir John Brown. The pomp of the fraternity impressed the company deeply, and involuntarily the guests arose to their feet in deference to the oldest and loftiest institution known amongst men. As they paraded the room, we noticed in the procession the R. W. Grand Master Paul Drayton, whose imposing presence gave additional dignity to the occasion. We noticed, also, the venerable Geo. W. Hilton, Grand Master of the 95th degree of the Grand Orient of France, in the procession. After parading the room three times, the music suddenly changed from the Grand March to the gay dance, and the knightly feathers floated with charming damsels in the maze. The floor was fortunate in its consignment to the polished and (of course) gentlemanly management of Mr. Jas. Harding, whose extreme grace in this department, kept singing continually in our ears, the stereotyped expression, "polite as a dancing master." A contrast here imposes upon us, a duty never agreeable; we do not of all things else relish the duty any more than the cause of complaint, but public enjoyment requires scrupulous care and jealous circumspection in the management of a public entertainment, otherwise the effort fails, and the guests instead of being entertained may become disgusted and reflect unjustly upon the well designing. We have particular reference to the floor.

Mr. Voorhees who assisted in the management of the floor, quite surprised us, by his seeming utter contempt for the above quotation, "polite as a dancing master." To show how ungenteel we can be to those who decline to dance is unbecoming a respectable company, under respectable auspices, particularly, pulling and bellowing, and no one is better aware of this truth than] Prof. Voorhees. We ascribe this strange digression to the absence of the restraining and refined influence of his excellent lady who was not present.

The display upon the floor was bewildering, the ladies excelling in taste and beauty he general degree. As set after set formed and re-formed, we noticed Madam D——n of York st., straw colored Tarlton, flounced; Madam H——g of Bond st., stone colored silk and wreath; Madam M——n of Sullivan st., blue silk tissue, flounced; Miss M——n, book muslin, very neat; Madam T——n of Grand st., Lavender silk and wreath; Miss R——n of White st., white Tarlton, red, white and blue flounce; Madam F. R——n of [illegible] st., embroidered lace over blue silk; Miss T. [illegible]n of Bergen, white [illegible], black velvet bodice; Mrs. P——ge of Green st., pink Tarlton flounced; Miss S. C—s of 52d st., Organdie plaid, flounced; Miss R——s of 7th st., white figured muslin over pink skirt; Miss S——h of 15th st., figured brocade. A lady in black velvet, with pearl dress attracted much attention. Miss B——n of Jersey city, black silk, trimmed with roses, white lace cape; Miss A. W——ll of W. 15th st., stone colored silk, white lace bertha, rose buds; Madam F——n of 15th st., watered silk; Madam M. V——s of 7th st, figured lilac silk, lace bertha; Miss A. D——s of 20th st., black silk, dark purple trimming; Miss L——e of Flushing, black silk, velvet bask; Madam C——ll of Jersey city, green plaid silk, black lace bertha; Madam McC——ll of W. 27th st., drab figured poplin; Madam K——x of 52d st., black silk, white lace cape; Madam M——ll of Church street, figured lace over blue silk. The pretty young lady with coronet, black velvet jacket, white satin skirt and satin boots, whose name we did not learn, should wear green specks as a shelter to the susceptible from the luster of those eyes, for their brilliancy, together with those crimson dewey lips is *rather subduing to young bachelors.* What say you Mr. H—d—n?

The honor of the brotherhood was more than sustained by the magnitude of the promised banquet, which overdazzled the most delicate arrangements it has been our privilege to witness during the season. Beside the great profusion of turkies boned and otherwise, pigs, &c., with towering pyramids of maccaroni and ice cream the, "White House" graced the middle of the table, protected at either end by two forts, together with a man-of-war. The names of the Forts and vessel we did not learn, the committee in their industrious occupations having overlooked this matter until the work of demolition had too far advanced. Great quanties remained untouched. Fruits, Jellies, Blanc Mange, Oysters, &c., untouched were deserted with the Banquet Hall.

The Ball room was extensive and convenient, being nearly square and we should think capable of accommodating four sets. It was tastefully decorated with the banners of the order, but that of the Heroines was not there nor were the ladies. The band was under the leadership of Mr. Wm. F. Sturgis, a young man, pronounced by old masters to possess great musical genius, in which opinion the guests generally shared. We rejoice in the encouragement and success of the young talent represented by Messrs. Sturgis and Brown.

The exceeding vigilance in behalf of the guests exercised by the committee in the supper, hat, and dressing rooms, and by Mr. Harding in the Ball room, and in fact throughout, has established the well merited confidence of all admirers of taste and beauty.

Types.

The Children's Concert in Aid of the Weekly Anglo-African came off as per announcement, last Monday evening at Shiloh Church. It was under the management of Mr. Robert Hamilton, proprietor of this paper. As, of course, the result of such efforts depends much upon the state of the weather, the attaches of this office felt and looked blue as the lowering clouds in the morning, together with the chilly damp winds from the north-east, foretold the unfavorable termination of the day. A gleam of sunshine opened a spring of joy; but, like Macbeth's witches, it but "held the word of promise to our ears (eyes) to break it to our hope." At 8 o'clock P. M., the very hour for the test, we had a regular old fashioned spring shower, as though the elements were determined to test to the fullest extent our interest in the work. Those who ventured out, did so, more, of course, as a matter of duty than of pleasure, determined that if there was but one present there should be one conscience clear. The surging rain made them fleet of foot; and there being about one hour that people generally congregate on such occasions, the door-keeper became a subject for interesting contemplation, as suddenly, to his great and agreeable disappointment, a regular *sortie* took place upon his stronghold, threatening at one time to make him, involuntarily, a guest inside. At half-past 8 o'clock the house contained about five hundred persons. The children, numbering fifty or sixty, were arranged upon the platform, John Peterson, Esq., officiating, assisted by Miss Sarah Ennalls, Miss A. Harley, Miss A. Dawley and Mrs. Symonett; at said hour the exercises commenced with a piano solo by Miss Virginia Magnan, which received the applause of the audience; as did solos sung by Miss Caroline Brown, Pauline Green, Bertha Burnett, Letitia Smith, Alice Taylor, Cynthia Wilson, Sarah E. Cary, Addie Hamilton, and Masters Wm. Bronaugh and Jas. M'Cune Smith Hamilton. The exercises closed with singing the song of the contrabands, "Oh, let my people go," in which the audience joined, when the great gathering dispersed with the pleasing consciousness of having discharged a duty which was well repaid with a pleasant evening's entertainment.

Types.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE PROCEEDS OF THE LADIES CALICO DRESS BALL AT MOZART HALL ON THE EVENING OF FEB. 6.

New York, March 4th, 1862.

Mr. J. H. Jackson:—The Home Committee of the National Freedman's Relief Association take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a large amount of second-hand clothing, and two pieces of unbleached muslin, eighty two yards; two pieces satinet, fifty-four yards; two striped shirtings, seventy-one yards; two pieces Manchester dimity, one-hundred and sixteen and a half yards; one piece unbleached muslin, forty yards; half piece Grier's check, thirty-six yards; three doz. head hankerchiefs; one lot Madder print calico; one dozen men's woolen shirts; one doz. brown hose; two doz. white cotton hose; one pound brown thread; two doz. spools of cotton; two doz. tapes; six papers needles; one-hundred and ninety-two yards gingham; twelve yards delaine; one lot Merrimac calico, thirty-nine yards; six yards checks; twenty-four pair men's brogands; twenty-four pairs women's lace boots; five gross buttons; one half pound black thread; one gross pins; half gross thimbles. All the above are from the colored people of this city, and are a donation made to the suffering Freedmen at Port Royal S. C. The value of the above cannot be less than three hundred dollars, but to your brethren at the South it cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. It is to them the first tangible expression of your ability to aid, and your sympathy in their distress. To the Nation it is an evidence of your frugality, prudent forethought, and benevolence, that you are willing and able to help the nation in their efforts to deal justly with those who in great need are within the lines of our armies, and must be saved from nakedness and starvation. The goods by your people thus donated are now on their destination to Port Royal, on board the steamer Atlantic, with more than a hundred packages of similar goods; but what is it all to clothe so many? It is like the barly loaves and fishes to feed the multitude. Hoping that our cause in the hands of the benevolent may be so multiplied as to clothe the millions in distress.

I remain your friend, C. C. Leigh,
Of the Home Committe.

OUR SOLDIERS NOT TO BE USED AS SLAVE HOUNDS.

In the House of Representatives, Tuesday, February 25th, Mr. Blair, of Missouri, from the Military Committee, reported a bill establishing an additional article of war for the Government of the United States Army.

All officers in the military service are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor, escaping from those who claim such service or labor to be due to them; and any officer found guilty by Court-martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from service.

Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, (Rep.) moved an amendment so as to include not only officers but any person in the naval or military *service of the United States.*

Mr. Mallory looked upon this as an effort to repeal the Fugitive Slave law, and as a denial of the right of States to claim their property. He moved the postponement of the bill.

Mr. Blair, of Missouri, thought officers could be engaged in better business than returning fugitive slaves.

Mr. Bingham was against postponement.

Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, (Union,) mentioned the fact that after the capture of Fort Donelson, Gen. Grant caused twelve slaves forced into the rebel service from Kentucky, to be returned to their masters. Did the proposition pending prohibit the Government from returning such property?

Mr. Gride opposed the bill, looking upon it as an indirect way of repealing the Fugitive Slave law.

Mr. Bingham replied that the bill was intended to confine officers to their legitimate duty, and prohibit them from interfering with the civil law. Such practices should not be tolerated for a single moment by the American people. He would not only punish those who would kidnap, but have them shot.

Mr. Mallory said that Kentucky had as stringent laws against kidnapping, as any other State.

Mr. Bingham had read in the newspapers a case of a fugitive who had, at the risk of his life, swam the Ohio River into Indiana. He should think when under the Stars and Stripes he should be protected. But it was said he was suspected of the crime of running away, when a company of soldiers was detailed and he was escorted to his master. If that was the practice to be pursued by the army and navy under the flag of the Republic, it would be better to cover with midnight blackness every star that floats upon its azure field. The practice was enough to consign to eternal infamy the man who dared to perform it. What are we fighting for? For the administration of justice, and among other things for the principle that no man will be condemned or deprived of his liberty without due process of law.

Mr. Diven.—I want the gentleman from Ohio to specify where any military officer has hunted down any fugitive slave for the purpose of returning him to his master.

Mr. Bingham.—The very case I referred

to is enough to bring the blush of shame to the face of every American.

Mr. Diven—It is a matter founded on falsehood.

Mr. Bingham—How do you know that?

Mr. Diven—I have just as much reason to believe it untrue as you have to believe it true.

Mr. Bingham—The statement which has received credence all over the land is characterized by the gentleman as a falsehood. I know the fact because it has been published in the newspapers and I have never seen it contradicted.

Mr. Diven was understood to say that that was because the gentleman never read only one-sided newspapers.

Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, (Opp.,) moved to lay the bill on the table. Not agreed to—43 against 87.

Mr. Wright moved to adjourn. Disagreed to—27 against 95.

The question for postponing the bill till the first Wednesday in March was disagreed to—51 against 73.

The main question was ordered, when Mr. Johnson moved to adjourn. Negatived—41 against 78.

Mr. Bingham introduced an amendment, which was agreed to, prohibiting any person connected with the army and navy from returning fugitive slaves.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, (Union,) wished to occupy two minutes in remarks, but Mr. Lovejoy persisted in his objection, unanimous consent being necessary for further debate.

Mr. Steele, of New York, objected to third reading of the bill, on the ground that it had not been engrossed.

Several ineffectual motions were made to adjourn by the opponents of the bill.

Mr. Vallendigham raised a point of order, which the Speaker overruled.

Mr. Hickman vainly endeavored to offer an amendment.

The bill finally passed, 83 to 42.

SLAVE CATCHING IN WASHINGTON.

A FREE COLORED WOMAN SEIZED AS A SLAVE.

The Washington Republican publishes documentary evidence bearing upon the case of Julia Blackwell, a free colored woman, who was arrested in Washington last week as a slave. The following is the girl's statement:

"My name is Julia Blackwell. About half past nine o'clock on Tuesday night I was going on an errand to a grocery store. I had got but a short distance from Dr. McConnel's door, when two men came up to me, one of whom caught hold of me and shook me, threatening if I made a noise to choke me to death. The man was the same one whom you [meaning the reporter] saw with me in the office (which was Keese) of Justice Donn. He said that he was going to take me to jail; that I was a runaway slave. I began to cry, and told him that I was a free woman, begging him all the while to let me go. He cursed and swore at me, and again threatened to strangle me if I made a noise. I then stopped crying.

"Both the men were together. I was then taken to a magistrate's office (or as I first supposed from seeing bars at the window, to the guard-house). They put me in a back room, and Keese asked me where I was born, where my parents lived, and if I was a free woman. I told him that I was free. He [Keese] then said that it was a lie, that he knew my master, and that he had sold my brother Daniel. I again began to cry, and begged him for God's sake to let me go. He then gave me a Bible and told me that if I would swear I was a slave he would set me free, and would give me my free papers. I refused to swear, when he told me that I would have to go to jail. Several gentlemen then came into the office and asked him (Keese) what was the matter. I saw you [meaning the reporter,] look into the room. He refused to let any one come into the back room. Soon after the gentlemen had left the office I was taken, as I supposed to the jail by the two men. He (Keese) spoke to several men inside of the jail. They asked me if I was free and where I lived. I told them that I was free and lived with Dr. McConnell, on the avenue. One of the men in the jail said, 'I believe she tells the truth and is a free girl.' The man who arrested me then told me that I could go home, for which I thanked him. One of the officers went with me as far as Trinity Church, and asked me if I could then find my way home. I told him I could, and he left me. I was very much frightened. It was near 12 o'clock when I returned home.

"The statement of the girl was made in our presence, H. E. Hawley. W. H. Mitchell, John M. Johnson, Wm. P. McConnel, Frank Henry."

A communication in 'The Republican' from a respectable resident of Washington, says:

"The girl, who is free, was sent on an errand by the persons with whom she lives, and, as she was returning home, was seized by this officer and taken to what she calls the guard-house, from there to the magistrate's office, and this officer kept alternately cursing and threatening the girl to get her to say that she was a slave, telling her he knew her master, her sister, and others, whom he did not, and telling her he only wanted her to swear that she was a slave, and he would set her free; and when the girl would not, he told her that he would be d—d if he would not make her, &c. The girl steadily refused, and to this she owes her escape from jail, as the justice would not commit her, feeling satisfied that the girl was free, which she is, and has been for years."

From the N. Y. Tribune.

A FAITHFUL PUBLIC SERVANT.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20, 1862.

Francis Datcher, a colored man by birth, a French nobleman in manners, honorable, faithful, intelligent and respected, died last week in the 43d year of his service as a Messenger in the War Department. A part of his property was a parchment covered thickly with the autograph records of the approval of his official conduct by the several Secretaries of War under whom he served in that long period of time. A month since, a friendly compact was made between Francis and myself, that when Death should discharge him of his duties to the Government, this parchment record of honor should be published to the world in the journal which he honored for its love of his race. I esteem it a privilege to be permitted to fulfill this promise.

Francis Datcher has served during the last six years as Assistant Messenger in the War Office, and I have pleasure in certifying that he has performed the duties assigned him with zeal, intelligence, attention, and integrity, and is entitled to the approbation of the Department.

Given this 3d day of March, 1825.

[Seal.] J. C. CALHOUN.

May 24, 1828.

I with pleasure bear testimony to the good qualities of F. Datcher stated in the above during my administration.

JAMES BARBOUR.

I heartily concer in the above testimonials to the good conduct and faithful service of Francis Datcher.

P. B PORTER.

I concur with my predecessors in the opinion they express of the character and conduct of Francis Datcher, having found him obedient, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. J. R. PONSETT.

The conduct of Francis Datcher as assistant Messenger during my administration of the War Department has met my entire approbation. His capacity for the performance of his duties, and his zeal and fidelity in their execution have not, in my opinion, been exceeded by those of any other person of my acquaintance.

LEWIS CASS.

F. Datcher has continued to act as Messenger during the time I have been in the War Department (two years), with a fidelity that has met my entire approbation. He is an honerable and honest man.

JNO H. EATON, 3 May, 1831.

I have found Francis Datcher to be all my predecessor represent him, and cheerfully bear testimony to his uniform good conduct and his great tact and ability as a Messenger.

My only complaint against him is, that he would not leave the War Department and follow me in the Treasury Department at a higher salary. J. E. SPENCER.

March 17, 1843.

Francis Datcher has officiated as Assistant Messenger of the War Department during my administration of it. I have found him attentive, obliging, and polite. Have never in any instance had occasion to find fault with him, and esteem him as a man of integrity and intelligence. I cheerfully join with my predecessors in the commendations they have bestowed upon him.

J. M. PORTER.

I cannot sufficiently recommend the faithful conduct and excellent behavior of Francis Datcher. WM. THILKINS.

March, 1845.

My predecessors seem to have exhausted the language of praise in their testimonials of the merits of F. Datcher, Assistant Messenger in the War Department; but after four years acquaintance with him, I can truly say that they have done only bare justice to his character and accomplishments. As a man, he has my sincere respect; as an officer, my high commendation. W. L. MARCY.

March 3, 1849.

I cheerfully add my evidence to the admitted excellent qualities of Francis Datcher, Assistant Messenger of the War Department. GEO. W. CRAWFORD.

July 20, 1850.

It affords me pleasure to express my hearty concurrence in all that is said in the foregoing certificates in regard to the zeal and fidelity with which Francis Datcher has discharged his duties.

March 6, 1853. C. M. CONRAD.

Though the language of commendation has been somewhat exhausted, four years of daily intercourse assure me the merit of the subject has not declined. In Francis Datcher I have found what Mr. Pitt is said to have declared he had, through his long public life, sought for in vain—a man exactly suited to the place he held. It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to that of so many illustrious predecessors in his favor, and to commend him to the most respectful consideration.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

War Office, March 3, 1857.

I perform only a duty in bearing my cheerful and sincere testimony to the high character of Francis Datcher, the Assistant Messenger of the War Department. With a perfect knowledge of all the duties of his place, he discharges them with a fidelity, sagacity, and perfectly well-bred courtesy worthy of all praise. He is, and deserves to be, the object of respect with all strangers visiting the Department, and of sincere regard to all its inmates. I commend him heartily to those who may hereafter preside over the War Department.

JOHN B. FLOYD.

Dec. 29, 1860.

More than forty years ago I came to Washington a boy, on business connected with the War Department, and was kindly and courteously received by Francis Datcher, a colored man, having the manners and deportment of a gentleman, who ushered me into the presence of Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of War. Almost every year since, in passing through the various grades of life open to every American, I have had occasion to visit the War Department, and I have always found Datcher at his post, as courteous and civil as when I first saw him. When I entered upon my duties as the Head of this Department, I was glad to have the opportunity to say, "Francis, while I am here, you will do me a great favor if you will remain, and extend to me the treatment which I have received at your hands during the long years of our acquaintance." SIMON CAMERON.

War Department, Jan. 18, 1862.

CONCERT OF THE SHILOH CHURCH SABBATH SCHOOL.

On Tuesday evening, 4th inst., the Sabbath School attached to Shiloh Church held their Annual Exhibition and concert in their building cor. Prince and Marion sts. The overwhelming attendance at a similar entertainment on the evening previous, in the wet and rain, made us somewhat fearful that this affair might suffer, but the established reputation of the school was sufficiently potent and the response was flattering.

The singing, recitations, addresses and instrumental performances, were highly creditable to the school, and to Mrs. Wm. H. Carney, learning as we have, that the whole labor of their preparation and selection was (we think rather unfairly) left entirely upon her hands. Mrs. Carney was assisted at the melodeon by Misses Ellen Clow, Mary Stackouse, and Mary Garnet, one of whom we understand to be her pupil. The exercises were enlivened during the evening by the appearance of a young 'Nut,' 3 years old, who stuck out his stomach, stamped his feet, shook his fists, and said "unutterable things." We are pleased with the growing importance among us of the cultivation of the musical art. The young ladies who performed surprised us with the readiness with which they performed their parts, giving delight to the audience. And among children, too, it is the mallet which hews off and smooths around the rough edges of their dispositions, creating a refinement of passion, and harmonizing the discordant elements of our natures. Masters Webber, Ranson, Garnet, Reeve, the four little vocalists and Miss Rebecca Anderson, are particularly entitled to praiseworthy mention. Mr. Ezekial Dias conducted the musical department, and Mr. Elymus Reeve, Superintendant, the exercises in general.

TYPES.

From N. Y. Tribune.

ORDER FOR NEGRO HUNTING.

With the accompanying order verbal instructions were given to Col. Cowdin of the Massachusetts 1st Volunteers to have the negro taken by the guard and given to his owner, and, in case the guard should prove unequal to the task of securing one black man, to call out the whole regiment; and if that failed in the noble enterprise, the entire brigade should be put under arms and organized as "nigger catchers." Notwithstanding this enormous display of strategy and servility, the slave got off, owing, probably, to an untimely muscular paralysis of the right arm of the officer of the guard.

Head-Quarters 1st Brigade Hooker's Division, March 1, 1862.

Special Order No. 24.—Samuel W. Adams a citizen of Maryland and loyal subject of the United States, complains that he is informed and believes that his boy, Martin Tolson, is harbored, and is within the limits of your regiment. You will ascertain whether that is the fact, facilitate him in finding his slave, and permit no one to interfere with him in the repossession of his property. By order of

Brig. Gen. HENRY M. NAGLEE.

George H. Johnson, A. A. General.

THE STING TAKEN OUT.—Since the incarceration of Dr. Ives, the "Herald" has lost its "snap." It is so feeble-fumble that its very foes condole with it. Poor Ives! Where are his jokes? His negro-hates? What a shame, in the government to take this man, who called for the imprisonment of the abolitionists, and put him in prison "his-self!"

DIED.

HARRIS.—At Inagua Island, Feb. 7th, where she was wrecked on her passage home from Hayti, Almira Crandall, youngest daughter of the late William and Sally P. Harris, of Canterbury, Ct. Though of a colored complexion, she was very kindly taken care of by an English lady; but neither this care nor the best medical skill could save her from the grasp of the fell destroyer. She lingered three days, and then expired.

SCHUYLER.—In Poughkeepsie, Febr. 5th, of diphtheria, Emeline Schuyler, aged 20 years and 4 months. Also on the 9th of Feb. in the same city and of the same complaint, Sarah Ann Schuyler, aged 24 years and 7 months. Both of these were daughters of Philip and Martha Schuyler of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

HALL.—In Barrington, Mass. Febr. 8th, of bleeding of the lungs, Joseph M., son of Sylvia and the late John Hall, aged 17 years and 8 months.

"Dearest brother thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,—
But, 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.
Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life has fled.
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed."

REX.—In Williamsburgh, Sunday morning, 2d of March, of inflammation of the bowels, Sarah Rex, aged 27 years.

Special Notices.

ATTENTION, ODD FELLOWS!

☞ Please assemble in

MASS MEETING,

Friday Evening, the 7th inst. at the corner of Broome and Forsyth streets, at 8 o'clock.

By order of
P. H. REASON, Chairman,
JAS. LEWIS, Secretary,
W. C. H. CURTIS, Treas.

GRAND UNITED ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements of the

ODD FELLOWS' PROMENADE CONCERT,

which is to take place on

MONDAY EVENING,

MARCH 10th,

at the

CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS,

446 BROADWAY,

The undersigned have the pleasure of informing the Order and the public generally that Professor Oton has composed expressly for the occasion a Grand March, which he has dedicated to the Order, and which will be performed during the second part of the exercises by the full Band, assisted by Professors O'Fake and Douglass.

☞ The public are cautioned from placing any reliance in the various reports which are being circulated in regard to the above entertainment; they are without the least shadow of truth, and the public can rest assured that the Festival will take place according to the full arrangements expressed in the circulars. The 50 cents for supper is optional with the guests. ☜

Ladies unattended by gentlemen will receive the attention of the Reception Committee.

PATRICK H. REASON, Chairman,
353 Bowery.
JAMES H. LEWIS, Secretary,
207 Wooster st.
WM. C. H. CURTIS, Treasurer,
153 Thompson st.

NOW IS THE TIME

To Use Dr. CLARKE'S

SHERRY WINE

BITTERS!!

Composed of

Dock Root,	Wild Cherry,
Sarsaparilla,	Prickly Ash,
Thoroughwort,	Poplar Bark,
Rock Rose,	Rhubarb,
Wintergreen,	Dandelion,

&c. &c.

For Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Sour Stomach, Jaundice, Headache, Piles of long standing, Humors,

And all Diseases which arise from an unhealthy state of the Stomach, Bowels, and Blood.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

For Sale at the office of the Anglo-African, 48 Beekman street.

THE LAUNDRESS' SECRET.

The most Invaluable Preparation known for rendering clothes white and clean, without rubbing or injury to the fabric.

The above recipe, together with over one hundred other items of information, sent free on the receipt of 5 red stamps.

A liberal discount to peddlers. Address,

JOS. ADAMS,
83 Nassau street.

NOTICE. Office of the R. W. G. Sec.
70 Grove-st., N. Y. C.

The officers and members of the R. W. E. D. Grand Lodge of the I. O. of G. S. and D. of S. together with the subordinate Lodges of its jurisdiction, are hereby [illegible] Sunday, March 9th, at [illegible] P. M., in the basement of Zion [illegible] corner of Church and Leonard streets, in full regalia, for the purpose of attending the funeral sermon of sister Adrine Ferguson, member of Fidel[illegible] and representing [illegible] lodge.

[illegible], G. S.

ATTENTION!

The members of the N. Y. African Society for Mutual Relief, are earnestly requested to attend the regular monthly meeting of the Society on Monday, March 10th, at their Hall, 42 Baxter street, for the purpose of making preparations to celebrate [the Fifty-first] Anniversary of the Society.

J. J. Zuille, Secretary.

ZION CONFERENCE.

☞ Notice is hereby given to the Members of the Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion, that the Annual Conference of the New York District will meet in Zion Church, corner of Church and Leonard streets, New York city, on the Third Saturday in May, 1862.

WM. H. BISHOP,
Superintendent of the 1st Dist. of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Wm. H. De Cordover, 418 South 7th st. is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Anglo African. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention

---

A. ROBERTS,

120 Clinton Court, 8th st., New York, agent for the Weekly Anglo-African. Copies may be had of him at an early hour after its publication

---

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

HELP! HELP WANTED

At Tilmon's Agency, No. 70 East 13th st., one door East of the 4th Avenue. Spring is here and now is the time. Never was there a greater demand for all first class colored help than now. Remember that this is the oldest and most responsible office in the city for colored help. Situations constantly on hand for both city and country. Terms cash and strict attention paid to business. All persons coming to this city and wishing to save board will do well to call during Office hours, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

31tf L. TILMON, Proprietor.

MASONIC

DIRECTORY,

FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No. 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwick, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 29, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14, Knights Templars, meets at No 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, N. Y. City.

TO LET.—Apartmets in house 153 Thompson Street. A few gentlemen can be furnished with lodging also. Inquire of Mr. Jer. Bowers on the premises.

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Rev. J. N. Gloucester.

NEW YORK.

Rev. H. M. Wilson, Rev. H. H. Garnet.

All letters may be addressed to Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, 131 Plane st. Newark N. J.

27 6t.

Elizabeth City, N. J. Feb. 8, 1862.

This is to certify that I heartily approve of the effort of Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers to establish a Select School for young misses. I have been acquainted with her for over twenty-five years, and am happy to recommend her and her enterprise to the patronage of the public in general.

DANIEL H. VANDERVEER.

Pastor of the 1st Colored Pres. Church, Eliz. City.

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WORLD'S FAIR AGENCY.—The undersigned are acting as Agents for Merchants and Manufacturers to Exhibit at World's Fair, and to introduce into England, France and other European countries, articles of American Invention, Procuring Patents, making Sales, or in any way promoting their interests.

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18tf

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

SHILOH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

REV. H. H. GARNET, MINISTER.

New York—corner of Prince and Marion street near Broadway.

Hours of Worship:—

Prayer-meeting,	10½	A. M.
	3	P. M.
	7½	P. M.

Prayer-meeting Tuesday Evenings 7½ o'clock,

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Minister's Residence 174 W. 30th st. near the 8th Avenue.

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(PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL)

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R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.

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3 "	P. M.

Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for Interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—

10½	A. M.
3	P. M.
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Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn.

13-1y.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

DeKalb, corner of Hudson Avenue.

REV. ELI N. HALL, Pastor. Residence—180 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:

10½ o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7½ "	P. M.

10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:

10 1-2 o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7½ "	P. M.

12-1y

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue

Hours of worship:—

3 o'clock,	P. M.
7 1-2 "	P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

LECTURE every Wednesday evening.

Rev. CHAS. H. THOMPSON, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

Second Street, between Avenues B and C

HOURS OF WORSHIP.

10 1-2 o'clock,	A. M.
3½	P. M.
7½	P. M.

Rev. J. D. S. HALL, Pastor. Residence—223 Second St.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sullivan St., near Houston.

Rev. JOHN T. RAYMOND, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.

10 1-2 o'clock,	A. M.
3 o'clock,	P. M.
7 1-2 "	P. M.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.

Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.

Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr. Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

AGENT FOR WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions of advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

TROY AGENCY.—Mr. Henry Burke, 36 Fulton St, Troy, is the regular agent for that city and vicinity. Subscriptions and advertisements for the paper left with him, will be promptly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. ELIZA LEWIS' SALVE,
ANDERSON'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,
(New London,)
SPANISH OIL, (For the Hair,)
WHITE'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT,
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For Sale at the
Drug Store 55 West Broadway

BOARDING AND LODGING, at No. [illegible] late J. W. [illegible] her friends and [illegible]

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23 4t

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MRS. CHURCH, PROPRIETRESS,

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This is the oldest Colored Boarding-House in the city, having been

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It is centrally located, being within fifteen minutes' walk of the steamboat landings, and of all the principal colored Churches. 19 26t

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Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this in any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

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First Premium for Misses and Children's

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SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand sewing; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal oil lamps; Egyptian Cement, for mending furniture, crockery, &c.; Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) P. RICE & CO., 23 Nassau St., N. Y.

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VALUABLE TOWN LOTS

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St., on door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.

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MRS. ANDERSON,

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Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 7½ Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn.

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ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street.

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LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMODATE a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate

9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding.

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NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTES, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 199 SOUTH STREET, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate.

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HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS

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Shipping Furs Bought.

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BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) RESPECTFULLY announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

MRS E. LEONARD,

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Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.

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BOARDING AND LODGING

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies	$2,50
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In all its branches—such as

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Residence—120th St., between 3d and 4th Avenues, Harlem.

19 26t

Poetry.

For the Anglo-African.

COME ANYTHING, IF BUT THE SLAVE GO FREE.

BY A. P. SMITH.

Rage War, thou scourge, attended dire,
Pour on our land thy hottest ire,
If but the slave go free.

Make Egypt's fields a smouldering waste,
Where Famine howls o'er wealth displaced,
If but the slave go free.

Her first born sons in death lay low,
Make fount and stream with blood o'erflow,
If but the slave go free.

In every vessel give us gore,
Let wailing rise at every door,
If but the slave go free.

God's will be done; content we'll share
The worst our guilty land may bear,
If but the slave go free.

Yet Heaven avert the sacrifice,
If less, if milder means suffice.
To let the slave go free.

Come, Peace, descend, and break the sword,
Join every state in sweet accord,
If but the slave go free.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
Oh, be swift my soul to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.
While God is marching on.

NO RETALIATION.

It has been the history of nearly all great revolutions, that reformers have followed out the doctrine of returning evil for evil. So soon as the oppressed have found the opportunity and the power, they have retaliated upon the oppressor with a similarity of oppression. They have returned evil for evil. We are destined to show the infinite superiority of returning good for evil. Even at this hour, bound with bands of iron at the South, and the fetters of prejudice at the North, scorned, jeered at, tortured with the fangs of ferocious and malignant slanders, and with the merciless lash of the slave-whip, we have refrained from deluging our country in blood. The beautiful edifices of our oppressors spring up on every side, gathering into villages, towns and cities, and the broad rivers run by them, swollen with the tears of the oppressed, but untinged with the blood of the oppressors. They drive us from the magnificent temples which they erect for the worship of the Most High, as if He were a "respecter of persons." In our humble way we raise humble tenements in which we approach the footstool of our common Father, and we pray, not for vengeance, but for mercy on our oppressors—and we throw open the doors that all, even those who exclude us, all who thirst may come in and drink, that all who are heavily laden may unburthen themselves before altars erected to the Living Lord; in a word, in our every act, and all our relations we are already rendering good for evil, and what can be more glorious in the destiny of any people.

[JAMES M'CUNE SMITH.]

LETTER FROM BETHLEHEM.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Feb. 25, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Sleighing in Northampton County has been excellent since New Year's, and the people for miles around seem to be crazed on account thereof. Every kind of vehicle convertible, has been metamorphosed into a something with runners. Every kind of quadruped, hitchable, drivable, or to which a piece of harness could be attached, has been brought into requisition. Horses and mules, to form teams, are hooked together without uniformity or taste. Taste! I cannot say that it has been ascertained that a Pennsylvania Dutchman has any, except for lager or "sour-krout and specht."

Things strange and irregular I have witnessed within the month. A new feature in the way of sleighriding comes from Easton and South Easton, the Sodom and Gomorrah of the State. Parties of women numbering, forty, fifty, more or less, charter a sleigh or sleighs according to the company, and then go in for a general breaking up or tearing loose of things.

Four weeks ago a party from Easton, (all ladies,) stopped at one of our principal hotels for supper, and to have a gay time generally; after supper—whiskey punch which seems to be a favorite drink, flowed freely, and it followed as a natural consequence that some acted strange and altogether indifferent as to results.

When getting ready to leave one of them got in her head along with the exhilarating influence, a desire to drive. Although it is no easy matter to rein four horses, and especially of a cold winter night: she declar that she had done it and could do it again. Still not being satisfied with the expostulations of her comrades, she seized the whip and commenced lashing the horses, at the same time whooping and yelling equal to a savage on the frontier, which so infuriated the driver that he struck at her, and with such precision as to seriously disarrange the lady's equipoise. Reinforcements coming to the rescue, the poor fellow was about to be surrounded and captured, which, however, was prevented by a musical, though somewhat quavering voice crying out from the hall—"more whiskey!"—"more whiskey!" causing a universal stampede, and a rushing pell-mell in a general anxiety to be in the advance, at the saloon.

Three weeks ago a party from Allentown, bringing with them musicians and other etceteras by way of adding to the nights enjoyment, stopped at the W——n hotel. Previous to supper there was noticed a competition between two of the gentlemen for the honor of a particular lady's company. The gentlemen respectively designated: dark hair, and fair hair, but dark hair seemed to enjoy the advantage, and in fact escorted the lady to the supper room, which proceeding as a matter of course, put fair hair in a rage. At the table it so happened that the gentlemen antagonists became seated opposite each other: when of course, daggers, bowie-knifes, and all kind of unutterable things were looked. But no remark passed until after the ladies had retired to the parlor, when one word caused fair hair to spring from his seat, seize a chair and with it make a furious though inglorious attack upon his rivals cranium. Soon after one of the employees, (a New Yorker,) in conversation remarked that if those little fighting arrangements would come off oftener, country life would not be so unendurable; when some one—it were supposed—with malignant intent, threw a broken champagne bottle through the open door, carrying away some of the flesh appertaining to that gentleman's proboscis.

The snow has lasted so long that sleighriding and row making have become contagious. Last week a colored party from Easton to Sallsbury by the way of Bethlehem, must follow suit to, the dominant race, and have a dance and a disturbance. After reaching Sallsbury, the solitary musician who accompanied them getting filled with the indispensable, must challenge a superfluous arrangement from Allentown, commonly called Tiger, to mortal combat. Tiger considering himsely grossly insulted, rushed upon his antagonist—knocking the hot water off the stove, inundating the floor, and causing fandagoes and pigeon-wings to be executed extemporaneously. However, the affair was amicably adjusted by one of the dark amazons present, who fortunately has the grace and muscle of a Heenan. She seized the refractory musicien suspending him in space for an instant, then hurling him headlong upon the coal scuttle completely annihilating that very useful appendage.

S. E.

Letter From Paterson.

PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 24th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: The concluding lecture in the course before mentioned, was given by Mr. Wm. H. Hopper, Wednesday evening, 12th inst. Subject: Toussaint L'Ouverture. The lecture evinced considerable talent, and was very creditable to the speaker. Mr. Hopper is one of the most useful of our young men, proving himself what we may call "a chip of the old block."

In ordinary times I might have told you about our good sleighing, and the trip of a party of fourteen to the sister city of Newark; attendance at an exhibition there and the inevitable ball; the sojourn of the Misses P., of that city, with some friends here; the party mentioned having a "surprise" at Paramus, &c.; but forbear, knowing you want your space for more important matter.

INDEX.

Letter From New London.

NEW LONDON, Ct., Feb. 24, '62.

MR. EDITOR: Washington's birthday was very appropriat celebrated in this city on Saturday, by ser in the various churches at 3 o'clock, and the reading of Washington's Farewell Address. The Masonic Fraternity celebrated the day with a demonstration at Lawrence Hall. The Farewell Address was read there by the Hon. J. N. Harris, Mayor of the city. The band of the 3d U. S. Artillery, which is stationed at Fort Trumbull in this harbor, was present, and at intervals discoursed some very fine music.

A surprise party came off in this city on the evening of the 13th inst. at the residence of Mr. Aaron Bush. The company consisted of about 40 ladies and gentlemen, mostly from Norwich. The company came the entire distance, about 14 miles, in carriages. They arrived in the city about half-past 10 o'clock P. M., and proceeded directly to the residence of Mr. Bush, who with his family were actually taken by surprise. The company enjoyed themselves until about 5 o'clock the next morning, when they dispersed and went their way rejoicing.

Another of those brilliant affairs similar to the one I had the pleasure of reporting to you some time since, came off in this city last Thursday evening. Having received a billet doux I repaired to the hall at a suitable hour, which I found very brilliantly illuminated, and with a gay company already assembled. The ladies on this occasion were very beautifully attired; and for the benefit of our New York lady friends I will subjoin a list of the style of dress worn by some of the ladies present. The beautiful Madam P——m, who was, in my opinion, the best looking lady present, wore white, trimmed with black; Miss C——n wore a pink tarleton elegantly puffed, with pink sash and an ornamental wreath, very beautiful; the sweet Miss E. H——n, white, with black velvet trimming and pink wreath, very neat; the petite Miss M. S——h, white, blue sash, exceedingly beautiful; Miss E. G——s, blue silk, black velvet sash, white wreath, very tasty; Miss J. N——y, varigated barege, spangled, lace trimming, pink wreath; the delicate but sweet Miss W——s, blue tarleton, trimmed with blue satin. There was a very large number of elegantly dressed ladies present, but the above names are all I can recall at present. The *beau monde* were represented in very large numbers. It was indeed the finest entertainment ever given in this city. The department "de musicale" was under the superb direction of Mr. Phillip Harris, formerly of New York, ably assisted by Prof. J. J. Brayton, and others of this city. Messrs. J. Clark, J. Brayton, E. Jamerson, J. Anderson, and the rest of the Committee are deserving of great praise for the able manner and decorum in which everything was conducted. The company dispersed about half-past 5 o'clock the next morning much pleased with this, the second sociable given by the young men of New London.

"WIDE AWAKE."

P. S.—Since writing the above I understand that a wedding came off in this city last Saturday, the happy couple being Mr. John Clark and Miss Francis Brayton, both of this city.

"W. A."

LETTER FROM BINGHAMTON.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Feb. 26, '62.

MR. EDITOR: You must excuse the liberty I take in writing to you. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, our elder, has made me, with others, promise to subscribe for the 'Anglo-African'; and he also said that you would like to hear, now and then, how we, as a people, are getting along in Binghamton. I am an obscure working man, but I wish much the success of anything that is doing good for our long neglected people; and I find the Rev. Mr. Loguen speaking so highly of the "Anglo-African," that I am persuaded it is doing good for our enslaved and outraged people—for if any man in the West understands our wants, as a people, it is the Rev. J. W. Loguen. He is one of our working men, and a true friend of his people. He is not merely a worker as an underground Railroad Superintendent—for he attends to that with as much delight as any man that I ever saw—but he is also a preacher for us; yes, a real missionary, working day and night for the good of his people. He is now engaged in holding a protracted meeting in Zion Church in our village. It is now on the third week; a good work is being done; we, as a people, need much work done for us in this place. We have two churches and one school among the colored people; the school is taught by a white lady. I send my name and money as a subscriber for your paper. The Rev. Mr. Loguen will, no doubt, have others in the notion of sending for it soon, for he has them all right at present, but he is waiting for the "tin." I will pledge myself to help him all that I can for the good of your paper and the cause of our down-trodden people. I feel that we should be up and at work, for God is doing a mighty work for us in the present war. I am for the war until Slavery is used up in this land. I hope our elder will get us all right and at work for God and humanity.

HENRY C. JONES.

LETTER FROM NEWARK.

NEWARK, N. J., March 1st, 1862.

FRIEND ANGLO:—As an occasional chronicler of doings in this city, I am impelled to mention one of the most recherche affairs that has occurred here this season, being a surprise party to Miss Mary R. Ellis, eldest daughter of Mr. J. and Mrs. Serena M. Ellis, No. 32 Bank st.

On Wednesday evening, 26th ult, about eight o'clock some forty or fifty ladies and gentlemen principally belonging to Plane st., Presbyterian and St. Philip's (Episcopal) congregations, called at the residence of the young lady, and after exchanging salutations with the family, proceeded to present the Miss E. an elegant silver cake basket and tea-pot, the presentation address being delivered by Mr. D. Jennings and responded to by Mr. J. H. O'Fake on behalf of Miss E. After which Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers presented the young lady a beautiful Bible and an ambrotype of the donor, whose presentation address was a very appropriate and beautiful composition.

On the tea-pot was inscribed the name of the estimable recipient, the date of the presentation, and by whom given, and also accompanying the same was an elegantly printed card containing the names of the donors, and an embodied sentiment of their respect and esteem.

After these ceremonies were concluded the large assemblage partook refreshments which were bountifully provided by the ladies, and then entertained themselves until near midnight with music plays, ect.

Mrs. Ellis's two daughters and youngest son, expect to sail for Kingston, Jamaica, on the 8th inst., where they have long been desirious of living; and after their departure the Plane st. choir and congregation will greatly feel the absence of Miss Mary, whose efficient services as organist for a long term of years have been so appropriately appreciated by her friends in this marked manner.

Considerable disappointment prevails here on account of the non-appearance in last week's "Anglo" of a report of the "Mozart Club Exhibition."

The able "leader" in this date's issue, on the execution of Gordon, the infamous slave-trader, calls forth encomiums from your numerous readers.

So mote it be.

SKIMMER.

LETTER FROM CHATHAM.

CHATHAM, C. W., Feb. 24, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: On last Sabbath, in the village of Buxton, Canada West, I had the pleasure of hearing a discourse delivered by a young man by the name of Mr. Jeremiah H. Turpin, son of the Rev. N. H. Turpin, of Toronto, from the 7th chapter of Eccl., 28th verse. I never in all my life heard a young man deliver such a discourse. He held the congregation in breathless silence for about three quarters of an hour, and, as far as I could see, the tears were streaming down the cheeks of mothers and fathers, sons and daughters. The church was crowded to hear so young a man, only 22 years old, as I have learned. Now, Mr. Editor, I do boldly say that such a young man is a great credit to our people, and he is worthy of the title of Reverend. My prayer to God is, that the young men that read this may consider that a great deal depends upon themselves. Now imagine the gladness of the father of such a son, who is an honor to him in his old days. May the Lord crown him with success for raising such a dutiful child. The young man has charge of the largest colored church in Canada, under the direction of Rev. W. H. Jones.

A FRIEND.

The "Christian Recorder" will please copy.

We copy the following from a Binghamton, N. Y., paper:

The colored people of Binghamton, under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. W. Loguen, of Syracuse (the well-known fugitive), are having a good Revival in their Church on Whitney street. They have been holding meetings for the last few weeks Mr. Loguen is doing a good work with the colored people of our village, as well as with others; and it is much needed. We hope the Christian part of our community will so appreciate the labors of this working minister among the poor; that they will see to it that he is sustained with his people, for they are poor and cannot pay him half enough to sustain his family, and yet they much need his labors. We hope the rich will not forget the poor in this case, for they want the Gospel preached to them. Mr. Loguen has a thrilling narrative of his life as a slave. Buy that, and you will get the worth of your dollar, and help much to sustain him with a poor and well meaning people, that are trying hard to do good; but they are few and cannot do much.

The Washington Star of Feb. 25th says: "A colored man, named Thomas Dalcher, was knocked down at the corner of Pa. avenue and First street west, yesterday evening between 6 and 7 o'clock, by some soldiers, who stamped upon his prostrate body and broke his leg, and inflicted other injuries. The wounded man was taken to his home by Policeman Conway. No arrests have been made.

FOUR GOOD RULES.—First do all the good you can; secondly—in all the ways you can; thirdly—to all the people you can; and fourthly—just as long as you can.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Dr. Ware, of Columbia, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

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Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

Dr. Walton writes from Coschocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, DIPTHERIA, *or Sore Throat*, that is so alarmingly prevalent here; and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

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Which has and is performing such wonders upon heads that have been, many of them, bald for years.

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The few following certificates will show that it is a standard remedy, and will so remain long after experiments with high alcohol shall have been forgotten.

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New York, March 28th, 1851.

Mr. William Anderson—Dear Sir: That wonderful Hair Restorative that you sold here a short time ago, has become a favorite with the people. I have repeated calls for it—and here let me say that Mr. R——, who has been entirely bald on the top of his head for some three or four years, has by using one bottle of your Restorative, produced a fine growth of hair. Please forward me one dozen bottles.

Yours Respectfully,
THOS. R. CROCKER,
Fulton Fish Market.

New York, May 20th, 1851.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Sir: You may send me one dozen bottles of your Hair Restorative, which I will pay for on delivery. The two bottles I purchased from you have been of great service to Mrs. Ingersol.

D. W. INGERSOL,
(formerly in Pearl St.)

New York, May 18th, 1855.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Dear Sir: Having lost my hair, I was recommended to try your Restorative, and have done so with great and good results. I have now a fine head of hair, when four months ago I was quite bald. I would say to those in the same predicament, that they should try your remedy, feeling satisfied that they will reap a benefit from so doing. Yours, &c.,
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Warranted at all times safe and efficient.

Warranted for a gentle family physic not to have an equal in America, operating without pain.

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A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R. DELANY.

PART II.

Hear the word!—who fight for freedom!
Shout it in the battle van!
Hope! for bleeding human nature!
Christ the God, is Christ the Man!
H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE GRAND COUNCIL.

A rain—a gust, a thunder-storm most loud—
Is indicated by this *gathering* cloud!

It was Sabbath—a beautiful day—the sun bright and cheering; the air cool and refreshing, and the fragrance and odors of flowers, fruits and spices, seemed more exhilirating than at any time before during the season.

The countenances of the inhabitants generally wore a cheerful expression, and though throughout the day the streets were literally crowded, there were less of sports and amusements than usual on this day of the week. The evening was also beautiful, and whilst there was nothing unusual to note its general character, yet to one portion of the inhabitants at least, it became a memorable period in the history of their existence.

This evening, according to appointment, the Seclusion met in grand council at the house of Madam Cordora. But instead of the attic story, the drawing rooms were occupied, each member in his place—Gofer Gondolier post guard, stationed at the door in the hall.

The provisional organization consisted of: Placido, Director of Civil Government; Minister of State, Camina; Minister of Justice, Carolus Blacus; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Castina; Post-Master-General, Antonio Blacus; Minister of War and Navy, Montego.

The Army regulations were, Henry Blake, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Emancipation; Juan Montego, General of First Division; Pedro Castina, General of Second Division; Ferdinand Recand, General Third Division; Stephanus Revira, General of Fourth Division; Gofer Gondolier, Quarter Master General. Thus organised, the oppressed became a dangerous element in the political ingredient of Cuba.

Already the atmosphere of sentiments began to change, the weather of prospects to alter, the sunlight of promise grow dim, the day of anticipation darker, and clouds of the heretofore "were seen in specks," to gather throughout the Island. The signs of the public zodiac were alarmingly significant of an approaching storm, though a great way off, yet the calculation of the political calender, paid no attention to it.

Moved by a solemn sense of the import of the momentous subject before them, and the great responsibility of the undertaking, Blake in a few words, thus impressingly addressed them:

'Brethren, sisters, men and women of Cuba!—The like of to-night's gathering, save in a neighboring island years before any of us had an existence, in this region is without a parallel; and as the Lord lives, and my soul bears witness that he does, I will do all that in my power lies to carry out the decrees of this council.'

'Amen!' responded Placido.

'God grant it!' added Gondolier, who had gone inside to hear the address of their Chief.

'Arm of the Lord awake!' cried Abyssa Soudan.

'With strength and power!' responded the Council.

The female members of the Council instantly commenced whispering among themselves, all except Abyssa seeming earnestly engaged. The captive woman noticing them with some embarassment, which the ladies observed, Madame Cordora rose to ask an explanation.

'I should like to be relieved of a difficulty,' said this highly intelligent woman, 'not only for my own sake, but that of my female colleagues of the Council as well as the general cause in which we are engaged. We have all or most of us been bred Catholic, to believe in the doctrines of the Romish Church. I perceive, however, that a portion of our ceremonies consist of prayers and other formalties, objectionable to us as such. Can we as Catholics, with any degree of propriety consistently with our faith, conform to those observances? I ask only for information, and hope for reasons stated, to receive it.'

'A word of explanation addressed to your intelligence, Madam Cordora, will suffice I know to set the matter right,' said Blake. 'I, first a Catholic, and my wife bred as such, are both Baptists; Abyssa Sondan once a pagan, was in her own native land converted to the Methodist or Wesleyan belief; Madam Sabastina and family are Episcopalians; Camina from long residence out of the colony, a Presbyterian, and Placido is a believer in the Swedenborgian doctrines. We have all agreed to know no sects, no denomination, and but one religion for the sake of our redemption from bondage and degradation, a faith in a *common Savior* as an intercessor for our sins; but one God, who is and must be our acknowledged common Father. No religion but that which brings us liberty will we know; no God but He who owns us as his children will we serve. The whites accept of nothing but that which promotes their interests and happiness, socially, politically and religiously. They would discard a religion, tear down a church, overthrow a goverament, or desert a country, which did not enhance their freedom. In God's great and righteous name, are we not willing to do the same?'

'Yes!' was the unanimous response.

'Our ceremonies then,' continued Blake, 'are borrowed from no denomination, creed, nor church; no existing organization, secret, secular, nor religious; but originated by ourselves, adapted to our own condition, circumstances and wants, founded upon the eternal word of God our Creator, as impressed upon the tablet of each of our hearts. Will this explanation suffice, women of Cuba, sisters in oppression with us? Are you satisfied to act and do our own way regardless of aping our oppressors indiscriminately?'

'We are, we are!' cried out they.

'Amen!' exclaimed the woman of Soudan.

'Amen!' responded the poet.

'Amen!' cried out Madam Cordora.

'Amen!' concluded Montego, and the Council, amen!'

'Thank God for this interchange of sentiments!' exclaimed Blake, 'thank God! A word more and I have done. In regard to the justice of our course: if we are to consult our oppressors our very assemblage is in violation of the laws of God, because they tell us that the powers that be are ordained of God; hence our Council sitting contrary to the will of these powers, therefore must be against the ordinance of God. Do you see it?'

'We do, we do!' responded many voices.

'And we want no more of their gospel neither,' cried out Gofer Gondolier to the amusement of the entire assemblage.

'I rise simply to observe,' said Madam Cordora, 'that I and the other female members of the council are satisfied and that henceforth we are willing to go and do our own way, and let our oppressors go and do theirs.'

'Then, by God's help, we must succeed,' said Blake.

The general interest and anxiety manifested throughout the evening in the multitude of sentiments and opinions interchanged was beyond description. The greatest emotions were frequently demonstrated, with weeping and other evidences of deep impressions made.

'Everything being now settled,' said Montego, 'I now suggest that the Seclusion be formally closed.' * * * * * *

'I now remind the Chief that the poet will give the dismissing prayer prepared expressly for the occasion,' added Montego, after the ceremony of closing had been gone through with.

At the signal of the Chief, the poet stepping upon the elevation on which were seated the orchestra, amidst a deathlike silence of anxious listeners and fond admirers read in a loud, impressive, and solemn manner:

Oh Great Jehovah, God of Love!
Thou monarch of the earth and sky,
Canst thou from thy great throne above
Look down with an unpitying eye?
See Africa's sons and daughters toil,
Day after day, year after year,
Upon this blood bemoistened soil,
And to their cries turn a deaf ear?
Canst thou the white oppressor bless,
With verdant hills and fruitful plains,
Regardless of the slave's distress—
Unmindful of the blackman's chains?
How long, Oh Lord! ere thou wilt speak
In thy Almighty thundering voice,
To bid the oppressors fetters break,
And Ethiopia's son's rejoice?
How long shall Slavery's iron grip,
And prejudices guilty hand,
Send forth like bloodhounds from the slip
Foul persecutions o'er the land?
How long shall puny mortals dare
To violate Thy just decree,
And force Thy fellow men to wear
The galling chains by land and sea?
Hasten, Oh Lord! the glorious time
When everywhere beneath the skies,
From every land and every clime
Peans to Liberty shall rise!
When the bright sun of Liberty
Shall shine o'er each despotic land,
And all mankind from bondage free,
Adore the wonders of thy hand."

'Arm of the Lord, awake!' cried out Abyssa Sondan.

'Amen!' replied Gondolier.

'Ah ha! dat's de talk!' exclamed an old domestic, whose head that moment had been thrust in from an adjoining room, where he sat in waiting on Montego.

'I do not wish to be troublesome,' interrupted Madam Cordora, rising to her feet, 'but I must here ask another explanation. Engaged as we all are in a common cause for liberty and equality, I would not have a difference to be made at the start. The poet in his prayer spoke of Ethiopia's sons; are not some of us left out in the application, as I am sure, although identified together, we are not all Ethiopians.'

'No,' rejoined Placido, 'we are not; but necessarily implied in the term, and cannot exist without it.'

'How so; I'm sure I cannot understand you?' replied the Madam with surprise.

'I'll explain,' said Placido. 'I hold that colored persons, whatever the complexion, can only obtain an equality with the whites by the descendants of Africa of unmixed blood.'

'You surprise me Senior Placido! I certainly cannot comprehend you. That is a positive admission that the mixed bloods are inferior to the pure blooded descendants of Africa. I did not expect it to come to this, I think the acknowledgement of an equality of classes is sufficient for any purpose, without having to regard ourselves as inferiors—just what we are all contending against.'

'I see you do not understand my position Madam Cordora; let me make it plain to you,' further explained the poet. 'The whites assert the natural inferiority of the African as a race; upon this they premise their ojections, not only to the blacks, but all who have any affinity with them. You see this position taken by the high Court of America, which declares that persons having African blood in their veins have no rights that white men are bound to respect. Now how are the mixed bloods ever to rise? The thing is plain; it requires no explanation. The instant that an equality of the blacks with the whites is admitted, we being the descendants of the two, must be acknowledged the equals of both. Is not this clear?'

'I certainly see it Senior Placido, as I never saw it before, and you have given me a greater idea of the relation we sustain to the African race, than I ever had before: and the same certainly obtains in regard to Africa as a country, and her people as a nation or nations.'

'Of course it does. Heretofore that country has been regarded as desolate—unadapted to useful cultivation or domestic animals, and consequently, the inhabitants savage, lazy, idle, and incapable of the higher civilization and only fit for bondmen, contributing nothing to the civilized world but that which is extorted from them as slaves. Instead of this, let us prove, not only that the African race is now the principal producers of the greater part of the luxuries of enlightened countries, as various fruits, rice, sugar, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, spices, and tobacco; but that in Africa their native land, they are among the most industrious people in the world, highly cultivating the lands, and that ere long they and their country must hold the balance of commercial power by supplying as they now do as foreign bondmen in strange lands, the greatest staple commodities in demand, as rice, coffee, sugar, and especially cotton, from their own native shores, the most extensive native territory, climate, soil, and greatest number of (almost the only natural producers) inhabitants in the universe; and that race and country will at once rise to the first magnitude of importance in the estimation of the greatest nations on earth, from their dependence upon them for the great staples, from which is derived their national wealth."

'How surprising! What a different relation this places us in to the whites. And are there really hopes of Africa becoming a great country, Colonel Montego?'

'Nay Madam, not only "hopes" but undoubted probabilities, and that too, at no distant day. The foundation of all great nationalities depends as a basis upon three elementary principles: first, territorial domain; second population; third, staple commodities as a source of national wealth. The territory must be extensive, population numerous, and the staple such as the world requires and must have; and if the productions be not natural, they must be artificial. This will be seen in the case of Great Britain, which being but a small island, extended her dominions by conquest, thus adding an immense population, and taking advantage of her coal, established manufactories to supply the world with fabrics, in addition to her natural mineral productions, also made available by art. Africa, to the contrary, has five thousand miles of latitude, and four thousand longitude, with two hundred millions of homogenious population, all of whom readily assimilate themselves to civilized customs, and their continent, as shown before, producing the greatest staples of wealth to the world. Do you now understand it Madam Cordora?'

'Indeed I do, Senior Placido; and although I thought I had no prejudices, I never before felt as proud of my black, as I did of my white blood. I can readily see that the blacks compose an important element in the commercial and social relations of the world. Thank God for even this nights demonstration, if we do no more. How sensibly I feel, that a people never entertain proper opinions of themselves, until they begin to act for themselves.'

'This is true Madam,' added Placido, 'and I might call your attention farther to the fact that by a comparison of the races, you may find the African in all parts of the world readily and willingly mingling among and adopting all the usages of civilized life, attaining wherever practicable, every position in society, while those of the others, except the Caucasian, seldom acquire any but their own native usages.'

'And these are really the people declared by American laws, to "have no rights that a white is bound to respect?" Why have we so long submitted to them?' said the Madam with a burst of indignation, taking her seat amidst demonstrations of intense emotion.

'It is indeed a sad reflection,' said Blake, 'to contrast the difference between British and American jurisprudence. How sublime the spectacle of the colossal statue (compared with the puppet figure of the Judge of the American Supreme Court,) of the Lord Chief Justice when standing up declaring to the effect: that by the force of British intelligence, the purity of their morals, the splendor of their magnanimity, and aegis of the Magna Charta, the moment the foot of a slave touched British soil, he stood erect, disenthralled in the dignity of a freeman, by the irresistable genius of universal emancipation.'

'Let us then,' said Placido, 'make ourselves respected.'

'So far as Cuba is concerned, we are here for that purpose,' replied Blake.

'And if we say it shall, it will be so!' added Madam Cordora.

'Then it shall be so!' declared Blake.

'Then,' concluded the Madam, 'it will be so!' when the Council closed its grand and important session of several hours, to meet again at the residence of Carolus Blacus, father of Blake the leader of the great movement.

For the Weekly Anglo-African.

THE BLACK PUPIL;

OR THE SCHOOL-MASTER OUTDONE.

BY OMEGA.

The village of old S——d in the State of Connecticut is replete with reminiscences, many of an instructive and jocund nature, and which have left lasting impressions. One of these incidents, which will no doubt prove interesting as well as amusing to the reader, I will relate. Somewhere about the close of the year 1820, during the season when, in the New England States, the robust farming lads apply themselves to the studies of the school-house, a lad of some 14 or 15 years made bold to present himself to the village master as a pupil for the term. Although having stamped upon his features the lineaments that betokened one of that outraged race so feared and spurned in this land of 'free institutions,' he felt himself a lad among lads, and a desire for improvement prompted him to make the attempt, even if he failed. On entering he found he was quite early, the master not having arrived. He was heartily welcomed by a host of boys of the town with whom he had romped and toyed in infant sports, many of whom being educated up to the idea, 'a boy is a boy whatever his color,' and others no doubt whose parents had not considered them of a ripe age to be made known the necessary distance to be kept from one of his complexion. All were in an uproar and happy to see him.

'Hello, there, John Denby,' a bright eyed lad exclaimed, 'come and play ghost with us; we want one more; come before Sour Krout comes.'

'With all my heart, Calvin,' our hero replied, 'if it is agreeable to all.'

'Neouw deont put on airs,' exclaimed a tall specimen of a Yankee Doodle,' you knoew we want yer.'

'Yes, yes; come,' chimed in a dozen voices.

John eagerly joined them, and the first proposition was, he must be the 'ghost.' Accordingly one little girl's shawl was produced and wrapt around his head and shoulders, covering his body, in which manner he was to catch his comrades, similar to the play of blind-man's buff. In the midst of their sports the new school master arrived somewhat stealthily, supposing he would find his pupils in 'Bedlam.' He was in stature rather short but thick, apparently about 24 years of age, with an aspect that denoted a firm and decisive character. He was a native of New Jersey, and being raised in one of its most conservative sections, he looked upon a negro with contempt, and thought him an object of sufferance. As the top of his hat was discerned passing the windows the scholars flew to their seats, leaving John to feel around for his companions; he imagining nothing wrong exclaimed: 'You need not be too still, I can get one of you;' when in his eagerness, mistaking the master for 'a little one,' shouted 'I have you! I have you!'

'Tell me who it is,' replied the master in a disguised voice.

Supposing it to be a fat little boy named Green, John exclaimed 'Tis you, you Green Monster.'

Here quite a tittering prevailed, for he had touched the master's feelings, he being rather partial to that color in his apparel, and besides either carrying or wearing a pair of green goggles, his eyesight being defective.

'You impudent scamp!' exclaimed the master somewhat enraged, 'after professing goodness, and now being caught acting in this disorderly manner, to insult me. Take off that shawl, George Jones, and apologise for your conduct.'

Here the master had been mistaken, believing he had caught a pupil, long suspected of hypocrisy; but John, who began to realise the precariousness of his situation, and who it was he had to confront, hugged himself closer in concealment.

'Take it off,' reiterated Mr. Morton, when seeing no desire on John's part to obey the order, commenced pulling it off, during which time quite a ridiculous scene ensued: benches being overturned amid the delight of the laughing scholars, and the cries of the little girl to whom the shawl belonged, which were no doubt prompted from fear of punishment at home, for the use being made of it. At last John suffered the shawl to be removed, when, judge the amazement and disappointment of the master in not beholding George Jones—but what his Jersey prejudices and feelings prompted him to hate, the head of a negro.

At this juncture all was merriment; and Morton paralized to the spot, forgetting all decorum among his pupils, voluntarily exclaimed—

'Great heavens! a nigger!'

Here was fresh merriment for all, and which enraged the master to such a degree that he fairly yelled aloud for order; and looked savagely enough to frighten a bull.

'How dare you,' he continued; 'how dare you, you black villain, to come in this school—this white school—and conduct yourself in this manner! Be off as quick as possible, but first get upon your knees and apologise.'

John, in a very unconcerned manner, at the last sentence, threw back his head, and with a meaning half-wink, plainly replied: 'I bend my knees to no one but my Maker.'

Judging from the stern look and excited manner of the master at the last remark, it would be easily imagined what would have happened if little Calvin Judson had not interposed, by saying—

'Hold on, Mr. Morton, I have something to say in this matter;' and with the honesty and boldness of a hero explained the whole transaction. Still the master was not satisfied, so eager was he to whip the negro.

'What business have *you* here, darkey?' he exclaimed.

'Before answering, as I have never been used to vulgarities, I would require a gentlemanly and civil mode of interrogation,' replied John.

'Ah! ha! a colored gentleman,' the excited but abashed master ironically replied. 'What is it the gentleman wishes?'

'Well sir,' replied John, straightening and placing himself in a dignified postion, 'having heard of your reputation as a teacher, and beside your school house being as near as I desire, upon deep reflection, I have concluded to place myself under your charge for the winter.'

Morton could no longer restrain himself, and hastening to the door in a manner denoting fury, opened it and turning to John, exclaimed: 'Now, Mr. Nigger, walk out of that door!'

John stood mute not heeding his remark, until the master placing his hand upon his shoulder, thundered in his ear

'Did you hear me, sir?'

'I heard you ask some nigger to walk out of that door, and I am waiting to see who it is;' remarked John.

'Then know I mean you,' replied the master.

'I have come as an applicant for instruction,' replied John. 'I do not wish to be insulted, and being in a public school, I claim the right.'

'I do not teach Niggers, so go,' replied the master pushing him toward the door.

'Neouw Mr. Morton, darned if that's fair,' exclaimed tall Mell Curtis, 'I know that ere chap, and he's a darn sight better than I be.'

'He's a fine feller,' said Tom Jones and a host of others.

'Hold your tongues and mind your business, or I will thrash you all;' replied Morton, 'I'll teach you your business.'

In spite of all protestations, John was forcibly ejected from the school house. Being of a determined spirit, he did not let the matter rest, but calling upon his friends, many of whom were influential and wealthy farmers in the town, he related the incident of his application and ejection from the school house, which resulted in a caucus of the intelligence of the place, and finally John's safe *entree* within the school. Here was torment for the Jerseyman, which increased as John induced his relations and other colored friends to enter the school, who were, notwithstanding the keen prejudices of the master admitted. After a while a black class was instituted, to vent his spleen upon; and after hearing the white children recite their lessons, the pusillanimous voice of 'Old Jarsey' was heard to exclaim

'Now let the black snakes come forward.'

It is almost useless to say, that nearly all the children, although quite young, condemned the treatment toward the few colored pupils, some even going so far as to threaten to leave the school. Mell Curtis, John's old friend, would often say:

'Neouw John, darned if I wouldn't be square with that ere chap.'

John nothing daunted, made rapid progress, forcing a promotion in a class among his white schoolmates, which tended the more to irritate the master, who seeing the resoluteness of his black pupil, determined to teach him as little as possible and make his path full of obstacles. One day as John was poring over the studies of 'the double rule of tree,' in which he had just entered, a problem was presented rather difficult to solve. He applied to the master who was all stubbornness, having shown the white scholars, and prohibited them under the penalty of a severe castigation from assisting their black schoolmate; John was excited to anger, and in a little while a close conversation was observed going on between the black scholars. Morton suspicioning something wrong, stepped toward John with his rod of correction, and enquired if he was ready to solve the problem.

'No sir,' replied John, 'but when you have the manliness to assist me as you did others, I am at your service.'

'Then take that you impudent nigger,' exclaimed the master, at the same time lifting his hand to give a severe blow; but John was prepared, and in a moment the master was on his face, biting the dust, the black pupils keeping him in position, while John administered as severe a correction as a master could bestow on a pupil. The master was forced to promise that 'he would not do so any more.'

The laughing in the school-house was intense, and the black pupils being fearful of consequences, left the school, overjoyed at having taught a lesson to a tyrant. As for Morton, so mortified did he become from the just treatment by his black pupil, particularly when 'Madam Gossip' went her rounds, that in a few weeks he departed for parts unknown.

Sometime after the above incident occurred, about the year 1849 or 1850, a lecturer on 'the destiny of the black race on this continent,' was announced in the above named village, which created quite a sensation, the orator being an old acquaintance of many heads of families in the place, and of a different complexion to those whom they were used to listening. The old town hall when the evening arrived was full to overflowing, young and old, great and small, rich and poor were present; and amid the enthusiasm, and plaudit of friends and strangers, John Denby was welcomed to his native town, away from which he had been many years, and the eloquence, wit, and judgment of the black orator was the topic of conversation for some time. After the evening's entertainment friends flocked to offer congratulations, and lo! and behold! who should appear but the old Jerseyman, Master Morton, of the 'olden time;' who had again ventured in the town for the purpose of instructing 'the young idea how to shoot,' and offering his hand to John exclaimed

'John how do you do, this is my old pupil, one of whom I am proud; John you are the first colored gentleman that ever spoke in this hall.'

Very courteously receiving his hand, John replied:

I am happy to see you sir, and glad to find more reciprocal feelings existing, as when last we met.

'Well John,' remarked Morton, 'times have changed, let us forget the past, looking only at the present; I suppose experience has taught you it is often necessary and beneficial, for a master to exercise severity to a pupil.

'True, I agree with you Mr. Morton," John replied with his amendment, 'and often a little correction is beneficial to the master.'

A few winks from John's friends, and a perception of a blush on the part of 'Old Jarsey,' indicated that the master felt within himself, that by a black pupil he had been outdone.

From the Independent.

THE BLACK SCHOLAR.

What can the negro learn?

We have on our table three private letters giving some facts on this point. One is by a missionary returned from West Africa; another by a traveler in the island of Jamaica; another by a Professor at Oberlin College.

Our first correspondent's testimony is that African black children learn as readily as American white children. For instance, six years ago twenty young children of the bush, running naked and wild, were formed into a missionary's school. They had not a civilized idea. They knew no scrap of a civilized language. But they have already learned to speak, read, and write English, and have made good headway in grammar, geography, botany, and natural philosophy. "About a year ago," says our friend, "when I had set up our printing-press at Mount Hope, I took two of these boys into the office. They had never seen a press or a type. But in a few days they learned to set type with great readiness. When I left Africa they were able to read any ordinary MS. with ease, and 'set up' with remarkable rapidity." Speaking of another school of native black children, he says: "I oftentimes was surprised at the depth of thought exhibited in the compositions which they were accustomed to write once a week."

Mr. Blyden, of Monrovia, in charge of the Alexander High School, a negro with no white blood in him, is said to be the best linguist on the West Coast; and the grammar-school at Freetown is conducted by a native possessing many varied acquirements which would do honor to the whitest of white men.

The friends of missions to black men have not forgotten a remarkable instance that occurred years ago, showing the intellectual power of a native African. A chief's son of the tribe called the Vey, in the region about Sherbro, having when a boy heard of the White Man's Book, formed a design to make a Black Man's Book; for which it was first necessary to create for his tribe a written language. Walking up and down the sand-beach, he drew in the sand with a stick the models of his letters, until he had satisfied himself with their shapes, and so invented a complete alphabet for the sounds of his dialect. Such was his assiduity and success, that even in his own lifetime a portion of the Word of God was printed and published in his own language in the characters which he originated.

Do such instances demonstrate for black men an inferiority of race or of mind?

Our correspondent who writes of Jamaica, informs us that in the mission-schools where the black children are taught, the teachers give uniform testimony that no scholars anywhere are more quick or apt to learn, or more fond of knowledge, or of more retentive memory. "They acquire," he says, "the elementary branches of an English education quite as readily as the white children. They may not be able to grapple as successfully with the abstruse problems of the higher mathematics; but in history, geography, reading, spelling, and writing, they stand an equal test. If there be a constitutional difference in the mental calibre of the two races, it is no greater than is observable between the two sexes. I think the mental characteristics of the colored race more nearly resemble the French than the English type."

Some beautiful manuscripts were lately sent to "The Independent," written in Arabic by black men's fingers in Africa. They seem to be as dexterously done as the fine workmanship of the Chinese. Our Jamaica correspondent mentions the following instance of Arabic knowlege among negroes. "A young lawyer," he says, "of my acquaintance, residing in Spanishtown, told me that he chanced to be looking over an Arabic Testament one day, in the street, when a negro man, who had come up unobserved behind him, commenced reading it aloud. My friend turned around with surprise, and asked, 'How came you to know that language?' He replied, 'I learned it in Africa many years ago.' It seems that his parents had been Mohammedans, and in accordance with Mohammedan custom had taught their children Arabic; and though long years of servitude and degradation had since passed, he had not forgotten it."

"A class of twenty black persons, full grown, began the alphabet under Rev. Mr. Olds, and in a few months had read the New Testament. A little boy in Spanishtown, who came from one of the most degraded of the African tribes, could read the New Testament at four years, and at six could write well, and was struggling with Colburn's arithmetic."

Rev. Mr. Phillips of Spanishtown says: "The black population are just as capable of being conducted through every stage of mental discipline, and of arriving at as great a hight of social and intellectual improvement, as has ever been attained by the most privileged Europeans."

In Oberlin College, Ohio, in which black students are admitted and treated, without distinction from whites, the class-rolls show that the scholarship of the one is of equal merit with the other. "The colored people," says one of their instructors, "are as to mind and capacity to learn, just like white folks; when a black man has a certain opportunity, he will improve it as fast as his paler neighbor who has the same opportunity."

Have these instances any moral? If these negroes—native Africans, British Islanders, free Americans—with all the disadvantage of being blacks and with none of the compensating benefit of being slaves—have nevertheless such eminent capacity for the attainment of knowlege, and for usefulness in life, what are we to expect from the minds of those more fortunate negroes who for long years have been growing ripe under the highly-praised benefits and blessings of the civilizing and Christianizing institution of American Slavery? If the native children of the bush, who first have to learn civilized language in order to be taught anything, have brains enough left to become good scholars afterward, what may we look for from those to whom English is their native tongue, and who by birthright are nursed in the lap of that fostering mother whom they gratefully call Slavery!

The schoolmaster is abroad among them, with epauletts on his shoulder. Wherever the soldiers go, there follow teachers to the untaught. The army carries the school-house in its rear, like a baggage-wagon. When was there ever such another spectacle in history? Instructors are already busy among the contrabands at Fortress Monroe and Port Royal. What will come of their primers and blackboards? Will they prove that God has created a race born to be ignorant, and with no capacity for knowledge? We know of a little class of young Virginia contrabands who learned the alphabet in a single evening, so that no child missed a letter. Will white children do better? There are high hopes for the Black Scholar! God speed the twenty-six letters into every state where there are dusky men waiting to learn! They are the enchanted keys which are to unlook the house of bondage.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

CROWDED OUT.—We purposed giving our readers this week some comments on the President's Emancipation Message, and a brief review of the Haytian emigration movement, but owing to a pressure of other matter, we are compelled to defer their publication until our next issue.

"STRIPES AND DEATH FOR THE LOYAL."

In the "N. Y. Tribune" of the 4th inst., under the above caption, appeared without the proper credit, an extract from a letter of our own correspondent in Gen. Hooker's Division, accompanied by pertinent editorial comments. In the issue of the 6th is published the following communication, in which the writer denies the truthfulness of our correspondents statements. Now, as we have unbounded confidence in the veracity of the latter, we will not be in haste to believe that the "Tribune's" correspondent is right but will wait until we hear further from our own:

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:—

"SIR: Under the above caption in your daily edition of the 4th inst., I noticed a letter from Gen. Hooker's division, dated Jan. 10th, which is wholly incorrect in its statements, and does great injustice to Col. Dwight, who is one of the most gentlemanly and able officers in the United States service.

The facts of the case are briefly these: Col. Dwight of the 1st Regiment Excelsior Brigade was informed not by a slave named Jacob Scroggius or any other negro, that arms and ammunition were secreted in the house of Samuel Cox, and in an adjoining marsh. He ordered a search made, but neither arms nor ammunition was found in the house or in the marsh. Cox never came to the regiment to claim Jacob Scroggins nor any other negro, so that if said negro was cruelly murdered by Cox, neither Col. Dwight nor any officer in his regiment was aware of or is to blame in the matter. The writer of the letter above mentioned has been misinformed either by some malicious person, or else, supposing the whipping and death of the slave Scroggins to be true, he has got two stories mixed together in such a way as to (perhaps unintentionally) entirely pervert the facts of the case. Neither Col. Dwight nor any of his officers have any desire to be used as 'nigger-catchers,' but are anxious to put down this wretched rebellion by using all the means that circumstances and usages of war allow. Hoping you will have the justice to allow this communication to appear in your columns, I am yours truly.

AN OFFICER 1st REGT. EXCELSIOR BRIG.

LATER FROM HAYTI.

Mr. Edmund B. Molson who went from Lewistown, Pa., on the 22d Oc: last to Hayti, has just returned in the brigantine Isabella Bauman. He says he is well satisfied that Hayti is not the place for a colored American, unless he is a capitalist, and it is utter folly for a poor man to go there and expect to make money or even procure as decent a living there as can be easily obtained here. The majority of emigrants that he saw were not doing well, earning but little money, enjoying miserable health, generally dissatisfied with the country, its prospects, its climate, soil, and the "old fogy' modes in which business of all kinds are carried on.

A great many of the respectable portion of emigrants with whom he had intercourse are virtually government pensioners, recieving a stated per diem sum from the government, which must be reimbursed as soon as they commence work or business, ere they will ever be permitted to leave the island.

Mr. Molson went out expressly to see, and observe and then upon his return report to his friends in Pa., his observations and impressions, which are so decidedly unfavorable, that his friends will no doubt be content to prefer as yet America to Hayti.

He saw a few emigrants doing comfortably well, but the most of these were in the employment of white persons as menials and laborers.

Mr. Hez. Grice also arrived in the Isabella Bauman.

From the N. Y. Herald.

INTERESTING FROM LIBERIA.

The American schooner Thriver, of Boston, arrived here on the 8th inst. in a very unfortunate condition. She had been in the vicinity of Goree, where her captain ran her into one of the rivers and hove her down to copper her bottom. The result was that very shortly after she returned to sea nearly all hands on board were severely attacked with the African fever. Capt. Leonard Small, of East Boston, died on the 2d inst., and the second mate and two sailors (all Portuguese) have since died. The second mate was buried here.

The Legislature convened in this city on the first Monday in December. It is composed of honest men. Though some of them are talented and some possessed of a little general information, most of them are wholly unqualified for the discharge of legislative duties. It is the most uninformed of all deliberative bodies among negroes either in this country or the States; none can take a higher rank in unenlightened understanding than the Legislature of Liberia. The present one, however, is above the average. It is not because there are no able men in this country; but the standard of our law-makers has been regulated by political chicanery.

The message of President Benson was moderate in length; but the accompanying documents protracted it to an almost unprecedented length.

Under date of July 1 I informed you of the unpleasant feelings existing between this government and England. The people assembled in a public meeting to deny it when they saw it in the "Herald." The message, however, showed very plainly that our relations with her Majesty's government were in a very unsatisfactory state. Questions of jurisdiction are now under consideration, and the naval flag officer of England on this station is daily expected here to examine the validity of the political jurisdiction which we claim over the Gallinas country. Some reference is made to the Congo question. He promises to furnish satisfactory information of their condition. Of course all that you may hear from the President or the physicians in reference to the recaptured Africans will be favorable. These Congoes here are under the care of the government and its officers, and of course the only report that goes abroad is a favorable one; but if the facts were really known to the United States government how little care and consideration are given to Congoes by government officers, how they have been half starved, and how little medical attention is bestowed upon them, coupled with the indifference, neglect and contempt with which the Benson government regards everything connected with the Congoes, always excepting the $100 allowed by the United States government, President Benson would be held to a severe accountability for not fulfilling his part of the compact on behalf of Liberia.

Whatever may be said of the members of the present Legislature, they can never be seduced into the support of the President's policy on the Congo question, though they are every one of his party. The management of the Congo money has been so palpably wrong that not even his own party in the Legislature will endorse it. By the next mail I shall be able to inform you of great estrangement between the Executive and the House on this question. The storm is now gathering.

The natives in the vicinity of the settlements on the St. Paul river are still engaged in warring against each other. The country is kept in a state of great excitement, and trade is seriously impaired. The government has not taken any action in behalf of the natives who are under her protection, who are attacked by plundering tribes that are in no way connected with Liberia.

The inaugural address of President Benson was given in the Government square to a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen. The only thing of any importance which it contained was an emphatic assertion not to be a candidate again.

Chief Justice Drayton is now mentioned as one every way qualified for the duties of that high position by the Benson party. He is worthy, and, if nominated, will be elected.

LETTER FROM RAHWAY.

RAHWAY, N. J., March 6th, '62.

MR. EDITOR: By long silence and seeming neglect, you will probably be led to conjecture that the people in Rahway have forgotten you, but this communication will prove to the contrary.

Thinking that you would like to know how we are progressing, and also desiring to inform those of the public who pretend to be our superiors what we are doing, through the columns of your periodical, I send you this letter to show that Rahway is capable of producing a society of energetic colored men and women, as much so as any other place.

We have here a fine Society of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion, which is at present in a flourishing condition, now under the charge of Rev. William H. Pitts. He is the father of the flock; and a man that is doing the will of his Divine Master wherever he may be found.

A tea was given here by the ladies of the society for the benefit of the elder, on the 26th and 27th ult. Addresses were given by two young gentlemen; one from the City of New York, the other belonging in Rahway. The choir was also in attendance, and was highly commended. Everything passed off in the most pleasing style.

P. P.

LETTER FROM KEY WEST.

U. S. SCHOONER PARA,
KEY WEST, Feb. 26th, '62.

DEAR ANGLO: I embrace this opportunity to pen a few lines to inform you of the doings of Porter's Mortar Flotilla since our departure from New York. We are quietly lying at anchor now at this port waiting very patiently for the arrival of D. D. Porter, who is to take charge of the expedition; after which time we expect to make an attack on Mobile or New Orleans. The inhabitants of this isle, though formerly Secessionists, seem now to be strong Unionists. The Stars and Stripes may be seen waving from most all the principal buildings throughout the place. The colored people seem to be in excellent spirits, and almost anticipate immediate freedom, which, God grant, they may receive. I have nothing more at present that will interest you, but you will hear from me again quite soon, when I expect to apprise you of our departure from this place.

[illegible] H. L.

LETTER FROM NEWARK.

NEWARK, N. J., March 10, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: The [illegible] war continues to rage in this city and is severely felt by everybody, not excepting the colored people, who are beginning to taste the bitter pill; but we hope that it will continue to rage until every yoke is broken and every bondman permitted to go free.

By request the Mozart Club repeated their exhibition on Tuesday evening last at the Oraton Hall. This club consists of some ten or twelve young men, under the direction of the following officers: G. Francis, President; J. G. Ewens, Secretary; and M. T. Roberts, Treasurer. The exercises consisted of declamations and dialogues, and were well performed. The affair wound up by a "hop."

Mr. Parker, an ex-slave, lectured last Wednesday evening in the lecture room of the Plane street Church. He gave an interesting sketch of his life, and a brief account of the battle of Bull Run, he being an actor in it.

Mrs. Jefferson Ellis and family will sail for Kingston, Jamaica, on Thursday, 13th inst. The loss of Miss Mary will be deeply felt by the members of the Plane street Church, as she has served a long term as organist. She will be succeeded as such by Miss Hagar Elizabeth Hedges, a young lady possessing the requisite qualifications.

Protracted meetings have been held for two weeks past in the Zion A. M. E. Church, and are still in progress, under the superintendence of Rev. Wilbur G. Strong. On Sunday evening last sixteen persons were admitted on probation, among whom was Mrs. S. Strong, who is the daughter of Superintendent Ross of the 2d District of the A. M. E. Z. Connexion.

ISAAC TEMBROOK.

"WE ARE BUT HUMBLE SINGERS."

The Song of the Hamilton Family.

Written to be sung at the Grand Concert at the Cooper Institute, March 31st, 1862.

MUSIC AND WORDS BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

Solo No. 1.—to be sung by James M'Cune Smith.

If I were a speaker,
And ready with the tongue,
I'd raise my voice in every land
To deprecate all wrong.
Like Brougham and O'Connell,
Or he of silvery voice,
Our Phillips, or great Cheever,
Would freemen's hearts rejoice.

Chorus by the Family.—

We are but humble singers,
But to the world we'll go,
And tell to men of every clime
Poor Afric's talk of wo.
And then we'll chant the blessings
Fair Liberty doth bring,
This glorious strain of freedom
Is now the first we'll sing.

"Viva l'America."—In which the audience will please join.

Solo No. 2.—To be sung by Robert Ezekiel.—

If I were a soldier,
Call'd to the battle field,
To fight our country's direst foes,
My sword I'd never yield
Till every infamous Southron
Who, steep'd in infamy,
Would sell us to aristocrats,
Were driven in the sea.

Chorus.—We are but humble singers,
But to the world we'll go,
And tell to men of every clime
Poor Afric's tale of wo.
And then we'll chant the blessings
Fair Liberty doth bring,
This second song of Freedom
We'll now begin to sing.

Chorus for the audience:—

"My country 'tis of thee," &c.

Solo No. 3.—To be sung by Fanny Jane.

If I were a teacher,
To gentle youth I'd turn,
And on their bright green memories
The words of Freedom burn.
To each her glorious standard,
In God's great name would give,
That they in coming manhood
Might bear it high, and live.

Chorus:—

We are but humble singers,
But to the world we'll go,
And tell to men of every clime
Poor Afric's tale of wo:
And then we'll chant the blessings
Fair Liberty doth bring:
This is the third glad pæan
We now begin to sing.

Chorus for the audience—

"The Marseillaise Hymn."

Solo No. 4.—By Mary Adelphine.—

If I were a writer,
With ready thought and pen,
In words of burning eloquence
To all the hearts of men,
Would call in accents gentle,
O'er woodland, lake, and sea,
Rise! strike the chain from every slave!
Let man o'er earth be free!

Chorus:—

We are but humble singers,
But to the world we'll go,
And tell to men of every clime
Poor Afric's tale of wo:
And then we'll chant the blessings
Fair Liberty doth bring:
This is the fourth grand chorus
Which now we'll try to sing.

Chorus for the audience:—

"O Columbia! the gem of the ocean."

Solo No. 5.—By Adeline Matilda.

If I were a player,
Alive to glorious fame,
I would perform those characters
Where Freedom hath a name.
I'd cull from our own author,
Whose flowers forever bloom;
And hold to nature's mirror
The home of "Uncle Tom."

Chorus:—

We are but humble singers,
But to the world we'll go,
And tell to men of every clime
Poor Afric's tale of wo:
And then we'll chant the blessing
Fair Liberty doth bring:
And this the fifth sweet melody
Triumphant we'll sing.

Chorus for the audience:—

"The star spangled banner."

Solo No. 6.—By Olivia Augusta.

If I were a preacher,
In Christ's great name I'd stand,
And tell my erring countrymen
That *guilt is on our land!*
But since I am a mother,
My child's first thoughts I'll crown
With memories of our warrior saint,
And sing of old John Brown.

Chorus:—

We are but humble singers,
But to the world we'll go,
And tell to men of every clime
Poor Afric's tale of wo.
And then we'll chant the blessings
Fair Liberty doth bring;
And now our sixth in harmony
We'll all begin to sing.

Chorus for the audience:—

"John Brown's body lies," &c.

Solo No. 7.—By the father.

If I were the President,
And had but legal power,
I'd end this blasting mildew
Now resting on our dower.
I'd call to every sire
To pass the vow to son,—
"That never more shall slave's foot tread
The land of Washington."

Chorus:—

We are but humble singers,
But to the world we'll go,
And tell to men of every clime
Poor Afric's tale of wo.
And then we'll chant the blessing
Fair Liberty doth bring,
Closing with Doxologies
To Heav'ns eternal King.

Chorus for all:—

"Praise God from whom all blessings, &c."

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, Thursday,
March 6, 1862.

The President to-day transmitted to Congress the following message:

Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives.

I recommend the adoption of a joint resolution by your honorable bodies, which shall be substantially as follows:

Resolved, That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of Slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid to be used by such State in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences public and private produced by such change of system.

If the proposition contained in the resolution does not meet the approval of Congress and the country, there is the end; but if it does command such approval I deem of importance that the States and people immediately interested should at once be distinctly notified of the fact, so that they may begin to consider whether to accept or reject it.

The Federal Government would find its highest interest in such a measure as one of the most efficient means of self-preservation. The leaders of the existing insurrection entertain the hope that the Government will ultimately be forced to acknowledge the independence of some part of the disaffected region, and that all the Slave States north of such parts will then say, "The Union for which we have struggled being already gone, we now choose to go with the Southern section."

To deprive them of this hope, substantially ends the rebellion, and the initiation of emancipation completely deprives them of it. As to all the States initiating it, the point is not that all the States tolerating Slavery, would very soon, if at all, initiate emancipation, but that, while the offer is equally made to all, the more Northern shall, by such initiation, make it certain to the more Southern, that in no event will the former ever join the latter in their proposed Confederacy.

I say "initiation," because, in my judgment, gradual, and not sudden, emancipation is better for all. In the mere financial or pecuniary view, any Member of Congress, with the census tables and the Treasury reports before him, can readily see for himself how very soon the current expenditures of this war would purchase, at a fair valuation, all the slaves in any named State. Such a proposition on the part of the General Government sets up no claim of a right, by Federal authority, to interfere with Slavery within State limits, referring, as it does, the absolute control of the subject in each case to the State and its people immediately interested.

It is proposed as a matter of perfectly free choice with them. In the Annual Message, last December, I thought fit to say: "The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed." I said this not hastily, but deliberately. War has been and continues to be, an indispensable means to this end. A practical reacknowledgment of the national authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease.

If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue, and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend, and all the ruin which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency toward ending the struggle, must and will come.

The proposition now made, though an offer only, I hope it may be esteemed no offense to ask whether the pecuniary consideration tendered would not be of more value to the States and private persons concerned, than are the institution and property in it, in the present aspect of affairs.

While it is true that the adoption of the proposed resolution would be merely initiatory, and not within itself a practical measure, it is recommended in the hope that it would soon lead to important results. In full view of my great responsibility to my God and to my Country, I earnestly beg the attention of Congress and the people to the subject.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FORT DONELSON CAPTURED THROUGH THE AGENCY OF A COLORED MAN.—People at a distance have been at a loss to know how it happened that 15,000 of the rebels were captured at Fort Donelson. Of course, that number of resolute men, well armed, well-disciplined, and well-officered, ought not to be taken by any force, however large. Why the rebbels surrendered, when they might have made a much longer fight or broken through our lines and escaped, is as much a mystery to our commanders as [illegible] on Saturday night, at the close of the fourth day's [illegible] they had no suspicion that the [illegible] was over, but supposed the hard, decisive fighting remained to be done the next day. But during the night came Gen. Buckner's 'chivalrous' proposition for commissioners to decide upon terms of capitulation. While this was pending, the negro servant of one of the rebel officers in Floyd's Brigade made his escape from the Fort and came into our lines with intelligence that a portion of the rebels were leaving upon steamboats. This news was of the utmost importance; for Gen. Grant, learning that a part of the enemy were decamping, was encouraged to demand immediate and unconditional surrender much more confidently than if he had supposed there were still 22,000 rebels within the Fort. Afterward, while the negro was on his way down the river, an attempt was made at one of the landings in Kentucky to reclaim him as a fugitive slave, but our officers refused to give him up against his will. He is still within our lines, of course, in direct contravention of General Order No. 3, which requires that he should be kicked out. As Gen. Halleck has announced that any officer disobeying that order will be summarily punished, this seems to be a fine opening for him to begin. Whenever he does, however, either in this case or any other, some new light on the subject of public sentiment in the North-west will be likely to penetrate even to his brain.—Cor. of N. Y. Tribune.

SUPERINTENDENT BISHOP'S REPORT.

To the Ministers of the New York Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion—Dear Brethren: Having just returned from a tour up the Hudson River on my pastoral visits, viz., Troy, Hudson, Poughkeepsie and Newburgh, I am happy to say that the churches on the Hudson River appear to be in a prosperous condition. While in the city of Troy I had the pleasure of attending an Anniversary of the United Daughters of Williams, at which a number of other associations were present. I travel and have the opportunity of seeing and knowing something in regard to the condition of our people; and must truly say that the people of Troy are not behind in their moral nor mental improvements; I was truly delighted with aforesaid demonstration. In the City of Hudson there seems to be a good and glorious revival in Zion—Jos. P. Thompson, Pastor. Also in Poughkeepsie—J. Thomas, Pastor. I spent the Sabbath (March 2d) in Newburgh, and had a good time. Elder J. B. Trusty was absent I believe on a visit to his family. I did not stop at Kingston, Fishkill, nor Baxtertown, but intend doing so, by Divine permission, and will give notice by letter. I expect to be in Sag Harbor, L. I., on the 2d Sabbath, the 9th inst.; on the 11th, at Greenport: from which place I will notify the brethren in the district at least one week previous, so that they may be prepared for my reception, &c.

WM. H. BISHOP,
Sup't of the 1st District of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion.

N. B.—Conference will convene at Zion Church, corner of Church and Leonard sts., New York, on the third Saturday in May next.

REPORT.

The Festival given at Continental Hall on the evening of Feb. 11th, by a committee of colored ladies and gentlemen, was pronounced by all who had the good fortune to be present, to be a perfect success, particularly as far as good speaking was concerned, of which Mr. John Parker, the colored soldier from Bull's Run, took the most conspicuous part. Taking the grand object, the general management, and the extreme good temper of the hundreds present, it certainly was a complete success Notwithstanding the low price of the tickets, (ten cents) and the moderate price of the excellent refreshments, the clear profits after all expenses were paid amounted to sixty five dollars and seventy-eight cets. ($65,78.) This amount was carefully expended by a committee of five who took time to test the sympathy of many store-keepers for the suffering contrabands—resulting in the purchase of dry goods, shoes, books, and other articles at great advantage. A large amount of clothing was sent to the house of the treasurer, Mrs. Martha Ann Porter 170 West 29th street, from different quarters of the city, from Brooklyn and even from Morristown, New Jersey—the whole being valued at two hundred dollars. ($200.) The articles were examined with great satisfaction by numerous persons. The Missionaries and some of the Teachers for Port Royal also saw them. This effort of ours seemed to give them more zeal for the cause.

Sixty persons sailed on the Atlantic steamer on Monday, as Missionaries, Teachers, &c., among whom was Mrs. Nicholson. She being well known to some of the committee, they took the opportunity of consigning the goods to her charge as were the whole of the donations of the church to which she belonged. This will give the committee direct communication with the Freedmen. Since the sailing of the steamer there have been different articles sent to the Treasurer, and it has been suggested by the committee to form a permanent association, so as to continue aid whilst aid is needed.

WM. ANDERSON, Chairman.
[illegible] PORTER, Secretary.

NO MORE SLAVE CATCHING IN THE ARMY.

In the U. S. Senate, March 10th.

Mr. Wilson, (Rep.) of Mass, moved to take up the bill from the House providing a new article of war.

It provides that no officer or soldier of the army of the United States shall return fugitives, &c.

Mr Davis, (Union) of Ky, offered an amendment, that all officers, &c. shall neither detain, harbor or conceal any such fugitives.

Disagreed to, as follows:

YEAS.—Bayard, Carlisle, Davis, Henderson, Latham, McDougall, Powell, Rice, Saulsbury and Wilson of Mo.—10.

NAYS.—29.

Mr. Saulsbury, (opp.) of Del., offered an amendment that the article shall not apply to Maryland, Delaware, Missouri, Kentucky, or wherever federal authority was recognized.

Disagreed to—yeas 7, nays 30.

Mr. Carlisle, (Union) of Va., asked if, in case the President should at any time call out the militia to enforce the law for returning fugitive slaves, which constitutional provision would this bill interfere with?

Mr. Wilson, of Mass., said that would be enforcing a judicial decision, as the question of returning slaves was a judicial and not a military one.

Mr. Saulsbury offered an amendment so as to prevent officers and soldiers enticing or decoying any person held to labor or service from the service of loyal masters.

Disagreed to—yeas 10, nays 20.

The bill then passed—yeas 20, nays 9.

THE TREATY WITH ABBEOKUTA.

We find the following in the London "Cotton Supply Reporter." of Feb. 15th.

"The 'Gardiner's Chronicle' publishes a letter from Brass River, which has been received by a gentleman connected with one of our public offices. It is dated December 1. The following is an extract: Since writing to you I visited Abbeokuta, in company with——, and the following letter is the result. American colonization has been projected. Messrs Campbell and Delany, (colored men) have been sent out, and the report has been started that the land is in common. Mr. Campbell has had a kind of book written for him. I observe, too, that Sir C. Eardley has been informed that the land is in common. Nothing can be further from the truth. The most powerful chief cannot alienate land in perpetuity; even building ground is only granted on the implied, if not expressed condition, that when vacated it reverts to the original owners. Sir C. Eardley does not, I presume, wish to give rise in West Africa to the agrarian quarrels of New Zealand: but his ideas if carried out certainly will. The chief of Abeokuta has denied his treaty with Messrs. Campbell and Delany, declares that he will receive writing subject to English law, but that he will have nothing to do with men who come to his country independent of all contract. This is surely reasonable. Don't believe the fine reports about Abeokuta. It is a filthy hole. The Alatu, who calls himself king, receives you in a shed well plastered with horse-dung and indigo leaves: he has not the state of an Hindoo Banyan. The converts are about 800 in number, and the people generally are most pragmatical pagans. There is no humbug, however, about cotton growing. The whole of Zambu, which in its extensive sense means the land bounded north and east by the Niger, south by the sea and west by the Volta, would be one vast cotton field."

SHOCKING CASE.—Early this morning a hack drove up to the stand at the National Hotel, and the driver told roundsman Turner and patrolman Thompson that a colored woman had died in his carriage, and the corpse was still there. The roundsman at once began to inquire into the matter, and was informed that the deceased, a woman named Bryan, had been living for two years past with a colored woman named Sophia Harvey, in the Seventh Ward. She was taken sick recently, and being enciente at the time, a miscarriage was the result. She sent for her mother, Josephine Bryan, who lives in the First Ward, and the mother came and procured the hack to take her dying daughter home. When they arrived in front of the house, she told her mother that her disease was small-pox. Her mother having other children, declined to take her in the house. She was then taken to the First Ward Station, and the officers would not receive her there. The hackman then drove to the hack stand where he met the roundsman, but the woman had died in the meantime. The roundsman set to work with patrolman Thompson, to arrest all the parties, and seized Josephine Bryan, the mother; Sophia Harvey, the woman with whom the deceased had lived, and two men, J. Bennett and J. Green, who were supposed to know something of the case. The matter was laid before Justice Walter, at the Fourth Ward Station, by whom the prisoners were all dismissed. The body was taken to the house of the mother, in the First Ward.—Washington Star, March 1.

THE LOYALTY OF THE BLACK MAN.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune in his letter of March 3d says:

"Gerrit Smith brought down the house by the following passage in his lecture at the Smithsonian on Saturday: 'In fighting against negroes you are fighting against the country, against the purest loyalty. The loyalty of a Garrisonian Abolitionist may be suspected, but that of the negro never. What is to be done to save the country? Stop all [illegible] but fighting the Rebels; stop taking counsel of Kentucky, and take counsel of the whole country.'"

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, March 11th 1862.

ANGLO:—We again have the pleasure of addressing to you a few lines regarding the affairs in Baltimore, though we have but few incidents to relate.

Since we last wrote, has come and passed the natal day of George Washington which was celebrated in this city as it never fell to our lot to see it celebrated here before. The military stationed around were out on parade, at noon guns were fired and the bells of the city were rung, Washington's farewell address read, and the shaft which bears his name was most beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens; the illuminations and fireworks in the evening closed the celebration of the day.

On Tuesday night last Mr. T. S. Boston, Mr. Luca, Madam Hill, and others from Washington, favored us with a concert at the Baptist Hall, which was well attended by a delighted audience. Mr. Boston's performance upon the piano and melodeon was particularly admired, and all of the performers acted well their several parts.

On Thursday night the Galbreath Lyceum, the oldest in the city, celebrated their annual anniversary, at Zion Church, and was one of the best affairs of the kind that we ever had the pleasure of witnessing.

The principal features of the performance were an eloquent and able address by the President of the body, Mr. Jas. H. Jordon, and an exhibition and presentation of numerous articles or specimens of shells, stuffed birds and snakes, minerals, eggs, fishes, &c. After which an amusing party, but interesting and instructive debate took place between the distinguished gentlemen, Messrs. John H. Butler, and the Rev. Wm. Williams. Question: "Do geological discoveries present greater wonders than does animated nature?" After the question was submitted to the umpires to decide upon, Mr. Butler phrenologised the head of his antagonist, which was quite an amusing feature of the performance.

After which came the lecture of Mr. Jas. H. A. Johnson, upon the subject of "National Strength," which was one of the most powerful and able lectures that we have ever heard, and is well worthy of publication for the perusal of our people. The closing address was to have been delivered by the Vice-President of the body, Mr. Wm. E. Matthews, but owing to the lateness of the hour, it was omitted. We may, perhaps, be able to enclose you a copy of it; and if it can be procured, will do so. The proceedings were interspersed with excellent music by the Lyceum, and responses from the choir of the church, constituting of itself quite a concert, exclusive of the literary part of the programme.

There were several visitors from Washton; one of whom, Mrs. Solomon G. Brown, we regret to learn, had her pocket picked whilst in the depot on her way home.

Last night the Black Swan again sailed down upon us on the wings of song, accompanied by a little "cygnet," Miss Davis, and the Nightengale, Madame Brown. In our opinion the concert was poorer than any we have heard from the Swan, but still was very good; and the little cygnet was deservedly applauded, and bids fair to rival the Swan.

We are glad to be able to chronicle a change for the better in the state of our weather since we last wrote. We have actually had as many as three or four clear days in one week.

Adieu. MAJOR.

A PRAISEWORTHY PROPOSITION.—Some friends who were present at the Children's Concert on the evening of the 3d inst., were so pleased with the performances that they have offered to donate a painting of Toussaint L'Ouverture worth $50, to be given to the person obtaining the largest number of 200 additional yearly subscribers within a given time. We will say more of this proposition in our next.

A LOVE STORY, truthful and thrilling will be found embodied in the letter of our army correspondent, "G. E. S." on the fourth page of this week's paper.

THE GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT AND FESTIVAL

Of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows on Monday evening, March 10th, at the City Assembly Rooms, Broadway, was without exception the most brilliant affair that ever came off among our people in this country.

In our peregrinations through the city during the week, we witnessed the manipulations of our dexterous dress makers in silks, satins, laces, tarletons, bareges, organdies, &c., to be worn by our belles on said occasion, and believing that a flood of beauty would commence setting into the hall at an early hour, in spite of the malicious report that the committee's arrangement would be interfered with, we were not dilatory in getting there.

On arriving we found a large number of persons on both sides of Broadway in the immediate vicinity of the hall and, as carriage after carriage rolled up to the door, many of [illegible] would form a passage, through which the guests were obliged to pass, subject to the severest scrutiny.

On entering the first thing that struck our attention, was the magnificence of the Hall.

This room is the best in the city. Its size being 100 by [illegible] feet. The ceiling, which we should judge to be about [illegible] feet high, is elaborately painted, a portion of it being done in Fresco. At each end of the hall there is a gallery [illegible]. One of these was used by the band, the other by invited guests. We found Prof. Oton, who had charge of the music, surrounded by the following gentlemen, as well as others whom we did not know: Messrs. P. and D. O'. Fake, Snyder, Flow, Latham, Hardy, Curtis, and Douglass. From this array of talent the public can judge what the music was.

A view of the room and company from the orchestra was very fine; the light emitted from ten chandeliers brought out the painting and fresco above, and the variegated columns and colors that were forever, changing below, in beautiful relief, made it a scene long to be remembered.

The Grand Marshal, P. G. M., Bro. P. H Reason had laid out the following as the

PROGRAMME,

and it was, with two exceptions, closely adhered to.

1st. Exercises by the Petersonian Association, which consisted of recitations, songs and choruses, and which were much applauded.

2d. The marches of the Odd Fellows, who on their entrance, were commanded by Bro. Geo. King. These marches or evolutions were quite difficult, but were well performed.

This was to have been followed by addresses from Messrs. W. C. H Curtis and John Peterson, but owing to the lateness of the hour the former did not appear, and the latter was compelled to stop speaking because of the interruptions.

The following gentlemen composed the

FLOOR COMMITTEE

William H. Jackson, J. M. Butler, Jr., J. Neal, William H. Stevens, and John F. Jackson; but one would have supposed that the company were professional dancers, so quietly did the committee perform their part.

THE LADIES.

As the interest of the affair centeres in the appearance of the ladies we are fearful that we shall fail to do them justice, so great was the amount of loveliness displayed.

The first that attracted our attention was the Misses H——y, of City Hall Place; one of whom appeared in dark silk; while the other two were clothed in dark plaid silk, with head-dress of white feathers and corals. Mad. J——n, of Green street, appeared in black silk with purple silk flounce. The Misses W——s, of Sullivan street, wore white tarleton flounced to the waiste, with black trimming. Miss S——n, of East Houston street, white tissue, trimmed with pink, with black lace flounce about 12 inches wide. Miss J——n, of 46th street, white tarleton and pink bertha with white roses for trimming and wreath. Mad. L——n, of South Brooklyn, light cherry silk, with dark head-dress. Miss of 46th street, dark purple silk, with heavy black lace flounces looped with pink roses. Mad. H——s, of Broadway, Williamsburgh, heavy blue silk, head trimmed with gold pins and flowers. Miss F——r, of Williamsburgh, white tarleton trimmed with flowers. Mad. J——n, of York st., white tarleton trimmed with cherry. Miss J——n, of 8th street, green figured silk, white waste with wreathe. Miss B——n, of Jersey City, white tarleton flounced and trimmed with white satin. Mad. S——e, of Monrovia, Liberia, figured silk berage, very pretty. Miss P——r, of Broome street, straw colored tarleton puffed to waiste. Mad. W——n, of Laurens street, heavy plaid silk. Mad. S——t, of Thompson street, white tarleton flounced and trimmed with cherry. Miss J——n, of Sullivan street, pink tarleton puffed to the waiste, with pink head-dress. Mad. F——s, of Sullivan street, white silk under skirt, with blue silk trimming carried from the waiste in front to within 6 inches of the bottom in the rear, with white lace over skirt. Miss N——n, of West 16th street, straw colored tarleton, green leaves and green silk bodice. Mad. J——n, of Prince street, white tarleton with pink and white flounce alternating, with wreath of white flowers. Miss A——n, of East 18th street, green brocade silk, lace bertha trimmed with flowers, with head wreathed in green flowers. Mad. C——s, of Thompson street, black silk, very heavy. Mad. P——k, of Morton street, figured silk, flounced. Miss M——s, of East 18th street, lavender colored silk. Mad. W——s, of Brooklyn, figured silk with flounces. Mad. W——d, dark pink silk with bertha, very pretty. Mad. J——s, of Newark, polka muslin, with figured opera cloak. Mad. D——n, of York st., white liece with pink trimmings and single white rose on forehead—exceedingly pretty. Mad. V——s, of Cornelia street, green silk, with white lace opera cloak. Mad. R——l, of Mott street, plaid silk with lace bertha. Mad. O——l, of Mott street, black silk, very heavy white lace trimming. Miss B——m., of White street, corn colored satin trimmed with swansdown. Miss B——e, of West 22d street, white tuille tucked to the waiste; head wreathed with white roses. Mad. C——r, of King street, striped silk, white crape shawl. Mad. C——b, of Park street, figured brocade, very heavy. Miss W——e, of West 16th street, stone colored silk flounced, white lace bertha trimmed with pink rose-buds. Mad. M——y, of East 37th street, white liece, deep flounce, with wreath of white roses on head. Mad. O'F——r, of Broome street, light brocade silk, with head wreathed with white roses. Miss M——r, of Elm street, white tarleton with pink trimming, and bertha. Mad. F——n, of 10th street, polka muslin flounced. Mad. S——y, of 10th street, corn colored tarletone. Mad. M——h, of Sullivan street, blue tarleton flounced, with blue head-dress. Mad. M——s, of Pine street, white tuille with pink trimming. Mad. Y——y, of West 17th street, brocade silk with white lace bertha. Mad. J——n, of Sullivan street, white tarleton with black lace shawl. Miss D——r of E. Houston st., white liece, trimmed with pink and rosebuds; Madam McD——l, and Madam A——y of Jamaica, L. I., the first clothed in plaid silk, and the latter in white tarleton, with pink trimming; Miss P——y of Boston, blue silk with swans-down, and lace trimming; Madam M——y of White st., white tarleton, spangled with silver, and flounce trimmed with silver tinsel; Madam L——n of Corenlia st., dark cherry colored silk, black lace shawl figured; Miss B——n of 2d Avenue, black silk, trimmed with pink rose buds; Madam S——n of 29th st., rose pink tarleton, trimmed with roses; Miss F——ss of Williamsburg, white tarleton, spangled, head wreathed with white roses; Miss R——n of 5th Avenue, brown brocade silk, flounced to the waiste with black lace; Madam M——s of Crosby st., pearl colored brocade silk; Madam D——t of Wall st., striped silk, very heavy; Miss E——y of 9th st. pink silk, with crown of roses; Madam B——n of Marion st., and Madam H——y of Sullivan st., stone colored watered silk; Madam D——e of Pell st., striped silk, black lace flounces, very neat, Madam L——e of Flushing, black velvet waiste body with maroon velvet silk, Madam M——o of Flushing, striped silk; Madam D——e of Bayside, brocade silk; Madam M——l of Flushing, white tarleton; Miss M——t of East 32d st., lilac tarlton, with crimson bodice; Madam A——s of West 27th st., figured silk, very neat; Madam N——n of Williamsburg, white liece, tastily trimmed; Miss De——s of West 29th st., white tarleton, maroon colored flounces and bertha; Mad H——y of Bridgeport, Conn., white liece with blue trimming; Madam C——e of Dominick st., plaid silk; Madam J——n of Grand st., stone colored silk with black lace trimming; Miss E. J. J——n of Elizabeth st., corn colored silk skirt with black velvet bodice; Madam A——s and sister of West 42d st., white tarleton with pink trimming; Madam S——d of 6th Avenue, brocade silk, lace cape, and wreath. These are but a few of the many beautiful forms that were continually crossing the vision, and confusing the mind with ever changing variety. Now reader, we rather think that it would have greatly troubled you to select the "belle" from these mentioned; or from the great multitude whose names we failed to secure; but we will here confess that we had no trouble in doing so. Now picture to yourself, a young lady of the medium hight, light sambo in complextion, dark eyes beaming with affection, with hair silken in its softness, but as black as a ravens wing; clothe her in a skirt of the ridiest black silk, put upon her a infant waiste of white, and crown her with a wreath of white Coral, and if you will give her little feet in the dance, her hands in conversation, and her every movement the power of speech, (for alas dear reader she could not speak) you will have our "Belle" of the Ball, our dumb "belle" of 80th street.

The gentlemen were all fashionably dressed, and their conduct was in keeping with their appearance. Nothing occured to disturb the pleasures of the evening, save the attempt on the part of a stupid biped to interfere with our duties, and the company numbering over six hundred persons, retired about six o'clock, A. M., highly delighted with the nights entertainment.

WANDERER

MARRIED.

FISHER—WILLIS.—In Rahway, N. J. Feb. 26, 1862, by Rev. William H. Pitts, Mr. William H. Fisher of Rahway, to Miss Charlotte Ann Willis, of New York.

HOLMES—BAILY—In Stapleton, Staten Island, Feb. 6th, by Rev. Isaac Colman, Samuel Holmes, to Miss Margaret Bailey, all of said place.

DIED.

MAGRUDER.—In Washington, D. C. Feb 11th, John T. Magruder, aged 27 years.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a Stated communication of the Eureka Lodge No. 15, A. Y. M., held in the city of Norwich, Conn., Monday evening, March 3d, A. D. 1862, A. L. 5862, the following preamble and resolutions were passed:—

Whereas the mighty hand of death has taken from our midst one of our first and much beloved brothers,—therefore be it

Resolved, That we the members of the Eureka Lodge No. 15, A. Y. M., of the city of Norwich, State of Connecticut, do deeply deplore the loss of our late treasurer and brother, John T. Raymond, but are fully convinced that our loss is his eternal gain.

Resolved, That we mourn his loss as an energetic, active and arduous lover of our most ancient Institution. And we do hereby tender to his widow our strongest sympathy and condolence in her great affliction, but believing that the great Architect of the Universe, under whose Almighty Eye the sun, moon, stars, and other luminous bodies of the universe obey his mandate, saw fit to remove her partner of this life for a high and noble purpose, and we trust the same Almighty power may ever guide and direct her, and soothe her every sorrow.

Resolved, That we as a Lodge do tender to our late brother's widow our whole energies in discharging any duties within our power she may desire.

DAVID GORDON, W M.

Attest, J. A. DAVIS, Sec'ry.

LEWIS.—In Bath, Me., on the morning of Jan 27th, 1862, Miss Rachel Z. Lewis, daughter of the late R. B. Lewis, aged 22 years.

Miss Lewis was a member of the First Freewill Baptist church of Bath, Me., and was a young lady of high Christian character. She was honored in society for her integrity and usefulness, and was regarded as a young lady of much promise. Six months ago her appearance was healthy and beautiful, but a slight cold unchecked by medical skill, indicated that she would soon be summoned to the spirit world. This she well comprehended, and with christian resignation awaited the messenger of death. In her dying moments she desired her mother to sing the hymn commencing with the expressive lines, "Oh! when shall I see Jesus?" and also "We are passing away." After the completion of these songs, the spirit of this fond daughter and sister stepped from the margin of life into the great ocean of God's eternal love.

Miss Lewis was a sister of Mrs. Prof. Wm. F. Johnson. Her death is lamented by a large concourse of relatives and friends.

Special Notices.

I. O. OF G. S. AND D. OF S.

New York, March 10th.

Notice is hereby given that the Officers and members of the G. Lodge, and Subordinate Lodges, will meet on Sunday, March 23, at 1 o'clock P. M. precisely, in the Basement of Zion Church, for the purpose of attending the Funeral Sermon of the G. Treas., brother Wm. Burnett.

JOHN B. PORTER, G. Sec.

A

GRAND

CONCERT,

OF

One Hundred and Fifty Juvenile Singers,

WILL BE GIVEN AT THE

COOPER INSTITUTE.

On Monday Evening, March 31st,

IN AID OF THE WEEKLY ANGLO-AFRICAN,

And an effort to establish in this city a

Mechanical School for Colored Youth

of both sexes.

TICKETS 25 Cents. Children under 12 years of age 15 cents.

☞ Further particulars will be given in Circulars and in next week's paper.

EXHIBITION.

Colored Public School No. 1, Brooklyn,

Will give an Exhibition in the Polytechnic Institute, in Livingston street, between Court and Boerum streets, Brooklyn, on Friday Evening, March 21st, instant, commencing at 7 o'clock,—doors open at 6 o'clock. Admission 15 cents.

No postponement on account of the weather.

TO LET.—Apartments in house No. 148 Jay street, Brooklyn. At these apartments are within five minutes walk of Fulton and Catharine Ferries persons desiring a residence in Brooklyn will find them desirable. Apply on the premises after 1 o'clock, P. M.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

DISTRICT GRAND LODGE, No. 2, OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD SAMARITANS AND DAUGHTERS OF SAMARIA.

In accordance with previous arrangements, Thomas Lodge, No. 35, of Good Samaritans; Smith Union Lodge, No. 13, of Daughters of Samaria; Van Brakle Lodge, No. 4, of Good Samaritans; Olive Union Lodge, No. 27, of Daughters of Samaria; Prudence Lodge, No. 30, of Daughters of Samaria, and Perseverance Lodge, No. 42, of Daughters of Samaria, were reinstated to fellowship with the Right Worthy National Grand Lodge, of the I. O. of G. S. and D. of S., First Branch, on Tuesday evening, March 4th, A. D. 1862. A dispensation having been granted, the Right Worthy National Grand Sire, Bro. Geo. H. Hick, organized the above named Lodges into a District Grand Lodge, to be known by the name, style, and title, of District Grand Lodge, No. 2, of the Independent Order of Good Samaritans and Daughters of Samaria, and installed the following named Brothers and Sisters into their offices respectively, viz.:

Bro. J. T. Robinson, R. W. P. Grand Chief.

Sist. M. E. Ashton, R. W. P. Grand Presiding Daughter.

Bro. H. Brooks, R W G Chief.

Sist. S. Davis, R. W G Presiding Daughter.

Bro. R. H. Gleaves, R. W. D. G. Chief.

Sist. M. Parker, R. W. D. G. P. Daughter.

Bro. N. L. Durham, R W G V Chief.

Sist. M. Highgate, R. W G. D. of the Fountain.

Bro. J. H. Smith, R. W. G. Prelate.

Sist. J. Pharis, R. W. G. D. of Lessons.

Bro. P. C. Revels, R. W. G. Orator.

Bro. W. H. Longfellow, R. W. G. R. Secretary.

Sist. S. Jenkins, R. W. G. D. of Records.

Bro. J. Davis, R. W G. F Secretary.

Sist. C. E. Gilbert, R. W. G. F. Daughter.

Bro. J. Dolphin, R. W. G. Treasurer.

Sist. E. Master, R. W. G. D. of Treasurer.

Bro. H. H. Gilbert, R. W. G. Conductor.

Sist. E. Briant, R. W. G. D. Conductor.

Bro. W. Cooper, R. W. G. I. Sentinel.

Sist. S. Young, R. W. G. D. of the Key.

Bro. G. Murry, R. W. G. O. Sentinel.

Sist. S. Fauset, R. W. G. D. of the Pass.

After the installation ceremonies the R. W. National Grand Sire declared District Grand Lodge No. 2, I. O. of G. S. and D. of S. to be a regular organized body, under the Jurisdiction of the R. W. National Grand Lodge.

On motion, it was resolved: That a list of the officers be published in the Christian Recorder, and the Anglo African.

WM. H. LONGFELLOW, }
JONATHAN DAVIS, M. D. } Committee.

LECTURES.

MRS. R. LEE, a student of the Female Medical College, Boston, will deliver a Lecture on Tuesday evening, March 18th, at the Siloam Church, Prince street, Brooklyn. Subject: "Our neglect of science." Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock. Admission free.

She will also deliver a Lecture at Shiloh Church (Rev. Mr. Garnet's) cor. Prince and Marion sts, New York City, on Thursday evening, March 20th, at 8 o'clock. Subject: "What is woman worth." Admission free

MASONIC NOTICE.

The members of the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, working under the jurisdiction of the R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, are hereby notified to meet at Masonic Hall, No. 231 West Sixteenth street, on Monday evening next, 17th inst., at 8 o'clock.

By order of R. W. G. Master.

JOHN L. HUDSON, Grand Sect'y.

ARRIVALS

At Mrs. PLANT'S Boarding House.
Mrs. R. Lee,—Boston,
Mr. Lewis Ward, Maryland,
" Wm. Brooks, Washington, D. C.

THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS, MELODEONS, ALEXANDRE ORGANS,

T. Gilbert & Co's. Celebrated Æolian Pianos,

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TO LET.—Two furnished Rooms in Mrs. Plant's Boarding House suitable for a gentleman and wife, or for single gentlemen or ladies. Apply on the premises.

MEDICAL.

MRS. R. LEE, for several years Practising Eclectic, and at present Student of the N. E. F. Medical College of Boston, is now in Brooklyn at 97 High street, where she will take great pleasure in giving medical advice to any who may wish it while she remains in the city.—Charges very moderate. Hours 10 to 2 A. M. and 3 to 8 P. M.

32tf.

NOW IS THE TIME

To Use Dr. CLARKE'S

SHERRY WINE BITTERS!!

Composed of

Dock Root,	Wild Cherry,
Sarsaparilla,	Prickly Ash,
Thoroughwort,	Poplar Bark,
Rock Rose,	Rhubarb,
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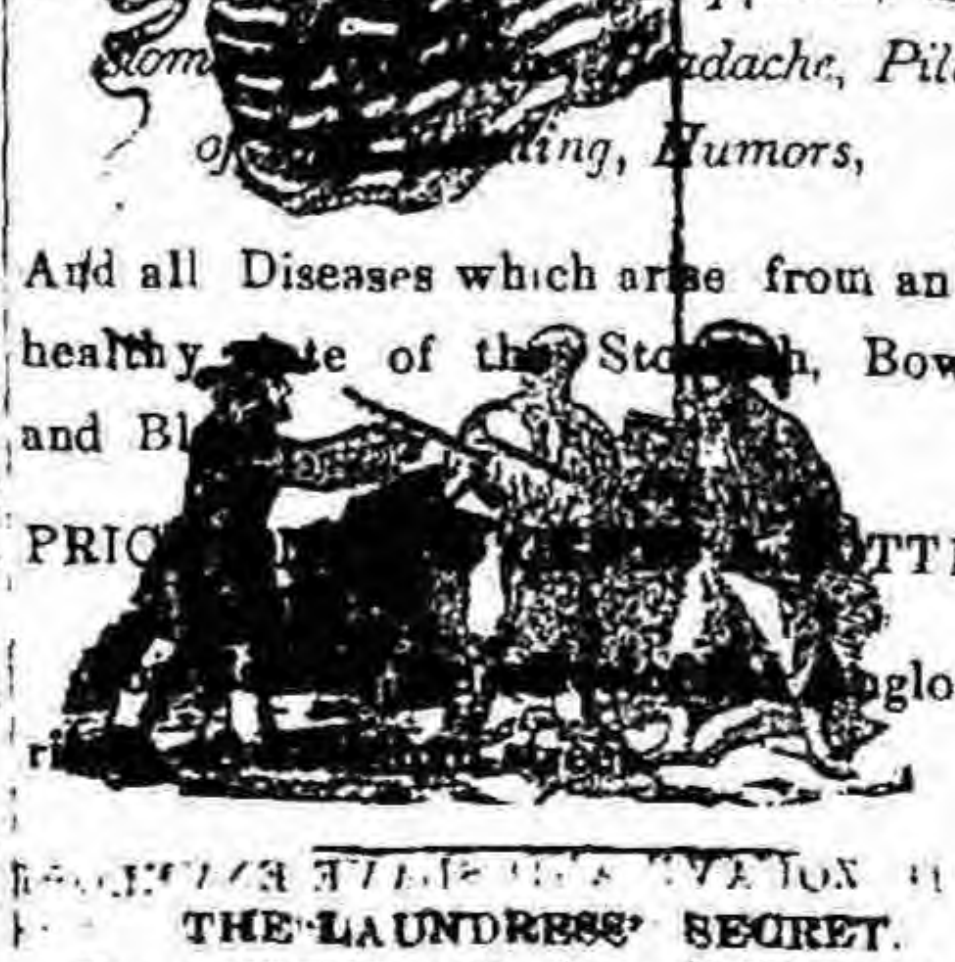

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And all Diseases which arise from an unhealthy state of the Stomach, Bowels, and Bl...

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63 Nassau street.

A. ROBERTS,

120 Clinton Court, 8th st. New York, agent for the Weekly Anglo-African. Copies may be had of him at an early hour after its publication

TO LET.—Apartments in house 153 Thompson Street. A few gentlemen can be furnished with lodging also. Inquire of Mr. Jer. Bowers on the premises.

315tf

ZION CONFERENCE.

☞ Notice is hereby given to the Members of the Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion, that the Annual Conference of the New York District will meet in Zion Church corner of Church and Leonard streets, New York city, on the Third Saturday in May, 1862.

WM. H. BISHOP,
Superintendent of the 1st Dist. of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion.

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

HELP! HELP WANTED

At Tilmon's Agency, No. 70 East 13th st., one door East of the 4th Avenue. Spring is here and now is the time. Never was there a greater demand for all first class colored help than now. Remember that this is the oldest and most responsible office in the city for colored help. Situations constantly on hand for both city and country. Terms cash and strict attention paid to business. All persons coming to this city and wishing to save board will do well to call during Office hours, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

31tf L. TILMON, Proprietor.

T NE SQUARE LODGE NO. 6, A. Y. M, under the jurisdiction of the M. W. United Grand Lodge of the State of New York, meet every Friday Evening at 8 o'clock, at their Hall 399 Grand st., Williamsburg, Brooklyn, E. D.

J. H. DAVIS, Sec'ry.

MASONIC

DIRECTORY,

FOR THE YEAR 1861.

Lodges Working under the Jurisdiction of the R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons.

ORGANIZED A.D. 1849, A.L. 5849.

Widow's Son No. 1, City of Brooklyn, meets at 166 Fulton St., on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in every month.

Celestial No. 2, City of New York, meets at Masonic Hall, 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 3rd Fridays in every month.

Meridian No. 3, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 1st and 2nd Thursdays in every month.

King Solomon No. 4, City of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-st., the 2d and 4th Tuesdays in every month.

Stone Square No. 5, City of Brooklyn, E. D., suspended.

Western Light No. 6, Lockport, Niagara Co., State of New York, meets every Monday evening.

Covenant No. 7, city of New York, meets at No. 231 West 16th-St., the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in every month.

Mount Nebo No. 8, Elmira, Chemung County, State of New York, meets every Tuesday evening.

Evening Star No. 9, Owego, Tioga County, State of New York, meets every Wednesday evening.

Widow's Son No. 10, City of New Haven, Connecticut, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays in every month.

Mount Olive No. 11, city of New York, meets at 231 West 16th st., the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Mount Calvary No. 12, city of Troy, N. Y., meets every Wednesday evening.

Mount Zion No. 13, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., not working.

North Star No. 14, Tarrytown, N. Y., meets every Monday evening.

Eureka, No. 15, Norwick, Ct., meets every Monday evening.

Excelsior No. 16, Hartford, Ct., meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in every month.

Jeptha No 17, Albany, N. Y., meets every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Mount Moriah, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dispensated, meets every Monday evening.

Pythagorean Institute for Instruction, meets at 231 West 16th St., on the 2nd Monday in every month.

(The R. W. G. Lodge for the State of New York, meets quarterly, viz: March, June, September and December, and an annual Grand Communication for the election of Grand Officers.

Widow's Son Chapter, No. 22, H. R. A. Masons, meets at No 231 West Sixteenth Street, on the First Monday in every month, City of New York.

Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 14, Knights Templars, meets at No. 231 West Sixteenth St., on the 4th Monday in every month.

Riley's Grand Lodge of Perfection meets on the 3d Monday in every month, at No. 231 West 16th Street.

All Communications to the Grand Lodge must be directed to SAMUEL L. TILL, Grand Secretary, No. 66 East Houston Street, N. Y. City.

PETER S. PORTER,

GENERAL AGENT FOR

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170 WEST 29TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

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195 PLANE ST., NEWARK, N. J.

MRS. HARRIET E. ROGERS, PRINCIPAL.

The branches taught are Reading, Writing Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography and History.

Plain Sewing, Ornamental Needlework, Worsted Embroidery and Fancy Knitting.

Piano Forte, Melodeon, and Vocal Music by Prof. John H. O'Fake.

A limited number of Misses between the ages of ten and fourteen may be boarded in the house on moderate terms. Healthy location, and a fine yard for exercise.

REFERENCES.

NEWARK, N.J.

Rev. E. J. Adams, Jefferson Ellis,
Adam Ray, Abram T. Cook.

BROOKLYN.

Rev. J. N. Gloucester.

NEW YORK.

Rev. H. M. Wilson, Rev. H. H. Garnet.

All letters may be addressed to Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, 194 Plane st. Newark N J.

27 6t.

Elizabeth City, N. J. Feb. 8, 1862.

This is to certify that I heartily approve of the effort of Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers to establish a Select School for young misses. I have been acquainted with her for over twenty-five years, and am happy to recommend her and her enterprise to the patronage of the public in general.

DANIEL H. VANDERVEER.

Pastor of the 1st Colored Pres Church, Eliz. City.

WASHBOARDS! WASHBOARDS!! WASHBOARDS!!!—of the celebrated "Hoagland Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

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Wm. R. De Cordover, 419 South 7th st. is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Anglo-African. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention

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BY A. ROBERTS,

120 Clinton-Court, 8th st. New York.

A Supply of the EGYPTIAN CEMENT, for the above purpose constantly on hand. Price 25 cents per bottle.

29tf

WORLD'S FAIR AGENCY.—The undersigned are acting as Agents for Merchants an Manufacturers to Exhibit at World's Fair, and to introduce into England, France and other European countries, articles of American Invention, Procuring Patents, making Sales, or in any way promoting their interests.

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GEORGE OTON'S

QUADRILLE BAND

BALLS, PARTIES, &c., furnished with MUSIC at the shortest notice.

MR. GEORGE OTON,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St., and with G. Oton.

18tf

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

SHILOH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, REV. H. H. GARNET, MINISTER.

New York—corner of Prince and Marion street near Broadway.

Hours of Worship;—

Prayer-meeting,	10½	A. M.
	3	P. M.
	7½	P. M.

Prayer-meeting Tuesday Evenings 7½ o'clock,
Lecture Friday Evenings, 7½ o'clock.
Minister's Residence 174 W. 30th st. near the 8th Avenue.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,

(PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.)

Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

Rev. WM. J. ALSTON, Pastor. Residence—70 Sullivan St.

R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.

10 1 2 o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.

Lect ure every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—

10½	A. M.
3	P. M.
7½	P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn.

13-1y.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

DeKalb, corner of Hudson Avenue.

REV. ELI N. HALL, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:

10½ o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7½ "	P. M.

10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:

10 1-2 o clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7½ "	P. M.

12-1y

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue

Hours of worship:—

3 o'clock,	P. M.
7 1-2 "	P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

LECTURE every Wednesday evening.

Rev. CHAS. H THOMPSON, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

Second Street, between Avenues B and C

HOURS OF WORSHIP.

10 1-2 o'clock,	A. M.
3½ "	P. M.
7½ "	P. M.

Rev. J. D. S. HALL, Pastor. Residence—223 Second St.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sullivan St., near Houston.

Rev. JOHN T. RAYMOND, Pastor. Residence—No. 78 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.

10 1-2 o'clock,	A. M.
3 "	P. M.
7 1-2 "	P. M.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.
Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.
Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

AGENT FOR WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

TROY AGENCY.—Mr. Henry Burke, 36 Fulton St., Troy, is the regular agent for that city and vicinity. Subscriptions and advertisements for the paper left with him, will be promptly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. ELIZA LEWIS' SALVE,
ANDERSON'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,
(New London.)
SPANISH OIL, (For the Hair,)
WHITE'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT,
BRANDRETH'S SUGAR COATED PILLS,
For Sale at the
Drug Store 56 West Broadway

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BOARDING AND LODGING, at No. 3 Jersey street, by Mrs. Brown, (widow of the late J. W. Brown) who begs the patronage of her friends and acquaintances.

29tf.

SOMETHING NEW.

The best washing preparation in the world No boiling, pounding or rubbing required, but all done in simple warm water. Full instructions concerning its use and manufacture sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address

RUFUS STICKNEY
28 4t Templeton, Mass.

BOSTON HOUSE

MRS. CHURCH, PROPRIETRESS,
105 *Park Street, near Mott,*
NEW YORK.

This is the oldest Colored Boarding-House in the city, having been

ESTABLISHED IN 1841.

It is centrally located, being within fifteen minutes' walk of the steamboat landings, and of al the principal colored Churches.

19 26t

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this in any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,

BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG

Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTING

of every description. Also constantly on hand well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.

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168 EWEN ST.,
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MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,

EMPIRE STATE HOTEL

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541 BROOME STREET

Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T. L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. RAMSEY.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Please call and see for yourselves.

HATS CAPS & FURS

IN THEIR VARIETY.

First Premium for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS.

The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 331 Canal St., N. Y.

10 1y.

AGENTS WANTED.

SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand sewing; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal-oil lamps; Egyptian Cement, for mending *furniture, crockery, &c.;* Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) P. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.

19 13t

MRS. M. E. EDY,

EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE.

RESIDENCE—134 Christie Street, N. Y.

26 26t

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS

For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.

Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St., on door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.

10 5t

MRS. ANDERSON,

CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS

Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 74 Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn.

10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street.

11—3m

LODGINGS.—MRS. LANE CAN ACCOMOdate a few gentlemen with pleasant apartments at her residence, No. 192½ Green Street, in the rear. Terms moderate.

9 13.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding.

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTES, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 199 SOUTH STREET, N. Y. Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate.

HENRY G. LEASK,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS,
AND FURS,
COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.

Shipping Furs Bought.

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) Respectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

MRS E. LEONARD,

FASHIONABLE

DRESS MAKER,

25 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK.

Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.

BOARDING AND LODGING

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON, 120 West 20th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in very healthy and convenient the city.

Boarding for Ladies	$2,50
" " Gents,	3,00
Lodging per week,	75

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,

CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

219 CENTRE STREET, NEW YORK.

MRS. SARAH A. TILMAN,

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In all its branches—such as

BRACELETS, EAR-RINGS, WATCH GUARDS, FINGER RINGS, CHARMS, ETC.

Residence—120th St., between 3d and 4th Avenues, Harlem.

18 26t

Poetry.

THE TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY.

[The words of this song were written in 1843, by Henry Ware, Jr.: the tune, familiar to many, is said to have been first played on the entrance of the Allies into Paris.]

Oppression shall not always reign;
There comes a brighter day,
When Freedom, bursting every chain
Shall have triumphant way.
Then right shall over Might prevail,
And Truth, like hero armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant Wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

E'en now that glorious day draws near;
Its coming is not far.
In heaven an earth its signs appear,—
We see its morning star,
Its dawn has flushed the evening sky;
The Western hills reflect it high;
The southern clouds before it fly—
Hurra! hurra! hurra!

What arm shall check its onward way?
Hurra! hurra! hurra!
What voice arrest the growing day?
Hurra! hurra! hurra!
What dastard soul, though stout and strong,
Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong.
Or Slavery's night of guilt prolong?
Hurra! hurra! hurra!

The day has come: the hour draws nigh—
Hurra! hurra! hurra!
Send forth the tidings far and high—
Hurra! hurra! hurra!
From every hill, by every sea,
Its shouts proclaim the great decree:
"All chains are broke—all men are free!"
Hurra! hurra! hurra!

Then shout! the hour comes on apace—
Hurra! hurra! hurra!
The hour of glory for the race—
Hurra! hurra! hurra!
Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell;
Bid high thy sacred banner swell;
And trump on trump thy triumph tell—
Hurra! hurra! hurra!

For the Anglo-African.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM BURNETT

BY JOHN D. BAGWELL.

Our brother has fallen, his spirit has fled
To God who gave it. He sleepeth—not dead
He liveth in Heaven the city of God,
Forever redeemed through Jesus the Word.
He's fallen—weep not,—how happy his lot!
Though fallen, yet risen—with us he is not.—
He is not, yet he is,—the Lord hath thus said,
"He that believeth shall live, though dead."
We see him no more, yet we shall behold
Him in Heaven, in glory untold!
In glory ineffable, in bliss and in peace.
In peace essential and righteousness
His voice it is hushed—yet he speaketh to-day,
Immortal his tongue, no more to decay.
Before the throne of Heaven's great King
He chanteth the song no angel can sing.
'Tis the *song of redemption*, "*Glory to God*
And to the Lamb, who with his blood
Washed and cleansed and made him pure,
Be glory forever and evermore."
He tuneth his harp, in triumph he sings,
And shouteth "O death where is thy sting!"
"Glory to God—to the Lamb who gave
Over thee the victory, boasting grave."
Weep not but resolve we shall see him again,
If faithful, in heaven eternally reign
With God the Father, and Spirit and Son
The one in three and three in one.
Rejoice and be glad, give thanks and praise
To God everlasting, the "Ancient of Days."
All honor all power, all glory to Thee,
Thy mercy has triumph'd—another is free.
New York March 3d, 1862

A COLORED ORATOR.

One of the features of our Queen City is the Sunday Night Discussion held at our Unitarian Church in this city. All sides are invited to attend, and all views are heard thereat. The church is every Sunday evening crowded to its utmost capacity, listening now to a warm debate upon the right and propriety of unconditional emancipation. A queer scene occurred there not long ago. An Englishman had sustained the negative of the question, arguing with great vehemence against emancipation. He had a great many figures, &c., about emancipation in the British West Indies and, of course quoted largely Anthony Trollope (whose book on the West Indies is the most complete romance ever imagined by that professional writer of fiction.) When he had spoken and various others, the best speakers of our city, perhaps, had responded or sided with him, and the meeting had reached its hour of adjournment, a colored man arose, and asked the meeting to listen to what he had to say a few moments. The novelty of the thing startled every one. It was manifest that a large number of those present were pro-slavery, not a few being from Kentucky. But the majority demanded that he should be heard, and so he came to the stand. But how shall I express to you the power and effect of this colored man's speech? Never were a set of white faces so completely eclipsed before. Any one speech that had been made was conceded by all to be to this only as a boy's debate compared with Webster's reply to Hayne. Such elegance of expression; such absolute mastery of his subject; such complete acquaintance with all the facts and figures; such perfection of style and pronunciation; such serenity and self possession, which could not be betrayed into any violent remark; such wit, felicity and vigor carried the audience by storm. The negro tried to stop; but though the hour of adjournment had passed when he began, the large audience would not permit him to stop, but sat breathlessly listening to his every eloquent word, and would have so sat an *hour longer*. When he ceased round after round of irrepressible applause, in which even the pro-slavery men united, told that this eloquent speech had told upon the hearts and heads of all present.

The man who had been criticising the Africans severely turned pale, then purple, then red; for the power of the colored man's first five minutes had laid his fabric in ruins. Every heart in the audience had whispered, "THAT is one of the race of which we are here considering whether it shall be treated as cattle." It was a triumph which the anti-slavery men of this city *will long remember*. The name of the young colored man was Peter Clark and I trust the friends of the slave in the East will one day hear him for themselves. —Cincinnati corr. spt. of the Anti-Slavery Standard.

DR. PENNINGTON ON SLAVERY.

From the Manchester, (Eng.) Examiner, of Feb. 20th.

Last evening there was a very numerous and fashionable audience assembled in the the upper schoolroom of Dr. McKerrow's church, to hear a lecture by Dr. Pennington (a colored gentleman) on slavery. The chair was occupied by Dr. McKerrow, who said that on Wednesday evening next Dr. Pennington would deliver a second lecture in the schoolroom of the Rev. R. S. Scott, Greenheys.

Dr. Pennington said he was before them to vindicate the cause of his race. The political aspect of the question of slavery *he was not going to touch upon*; that was a question which belonged to his audience and those on the other side of the waste of waters. What he intended to do was that for which he had been laboring for the last thirty years, to take up the negro question as a question of humanity and of the high providences of God, and of the ultimate destiny of the race. It was the experimental view of the slavery question that he was to take up; and he should carry his audience further on with the question on the following Wednesday. He had been enslaved at the South and oppressed at the North; and in each of these relations he had been deeply grieved and dissatisfied with his treatment as an African negro. He was born a slave in the State of Maryland. His mother was the property of one of the most powerful slaveholders on the western shores of Maryand. *From his earliest recollections* there were things about slavery which he did not like and could not like, and could never become reconciled to. It was sometimes said that the negro was better off in slavery, and would be perfectly contented were it not for busybodys and abolitionists. *In his early childhood* he never heard the word abolition, yet he felt when the merest child, that there was something abhorrent in slavery, and which was not in consonance with his feelings. Whenever he made a toy and one of his master's children came by and took it from him, he dared *not ask for it again*. When he grew up he was put to the trade of a blacksmith, because he was considered a sharp fellow; and he was valued at £200. The nigger overlookers were generally white men of the lowest class. These men were called "white trash" by the slaves, and were bitterly hated by all the blacks. Masters sought to keep their slaves in the most abject state of slavery; they never allowed them to learn to read or write. His strongest hatred of slavery was called forth by the floggings to which his fellows and the members of his family were subjected. He described with vivid power the terribleness of the lash inflicted upon negroes. Though a father saw his son taken away to be flogged he dared not speak a word. At length he determined to escape. After traveling for about a week, chiefly by night, he arrived in the State of Pennsylvania, where he was received in the house of a Quaker family, and remained there for some time. Here he commenced to study, and afterwards went north to pursue his studies. On arriving in the Northern States, however, he found that the slaves there had to suffer a very great oppression. If a black man had not a mind well balanced, and a good amount of common sense, he ran the risk of being driven out of his mind by the persecutions to which he was subjected. He was not allowed to join any school or college for a considerable period: and when at length he did enter *Yale College*, he had even there to put up with a great deal of persecution. The persecution was extended also to those whites who were supposed to be abolitionists. He had faith, however, that the day would come when all the slaves of America would be emancipated. He believed that *God had now taken hold of the helm of* the American state ship, and would work it into the harbor which he listed, which would be that of liberty for the slave. [Applause.)—Dr. McKerrow said it was a difficult thing to say what would be the direct issue of the struggle in America; but he thought they would see ultimately a great movement towards the abolition of slavery. He had no doubt that many of the Northerners were very anxious and ready to enter into a compromise about this question. There was a strong prejudice in England against the men of *the North*, and he would confess that he shared this prejudice very strongly. As a people they were as little desirous of accomplishing the freedom of the slave as those of the South, and if the Northerners were, in the place of the Southerners, the English would see just as much intolerance and cruelty practised by them. In those States in the North where they might expect to find the greatest amount of civilization, progress, education and Christian power, there the black people were branded as belonging to a different race, and were not permitted to sit at the same seat with a white man, *nor ride* in the same cars. Those of the North used the scorpion whip which entered into a man's soul, as cruelly as the whip of the Southerner did the flesh of the unfortunate slave. [Applause.] It was more than probable before the conflict came to a close there would be a great number of slaves in the hands of the North who had escaped from the South. The North would be under the necessity of providing for them in some way. He was sorry to say that many of the Northerners were favorable to sending the slaves away, and, said "God forbid they should live as free men to *share our privileges* among us."

But he held that America had become now as much the property of the black man as of the white man. He believed that they who had in their sorrow dropped so many tears and shed so much blood, would be placed, intellect by intellect, industry by industry, with the white man, to vindicate God's natural laws, his providence, and the great powers of the gospel, by showing that the black intellect was as powerful and as capable of producing important results as the intellect of the white man. (Applause.) *If the Americans wanted to send their black population back to Africa, he hoped they would enter their protest against it as Englishmen.* It was not to be expected they would sympathise with the Northerners because they did not throw any spirit into the question of slavery. He thought the Union must be dissolved, and if that took place they would see how the freedom of the slave would be quietly and peaceably accomplished. (Applause.) He approved of the objects which Dr. Pennington had in view by lecturing—that of providing funds for carrying on the instruction of men of his own race for missionary purposes among the population. The meeting closed with pronouncing the benediction.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HEAD QUARTERS, HOOKER'S DIVISION, near Budd's Ferry, Md.,
March 2d, 1862.

MR. EDITOR.—We have had high winds for the last two or three days, interspersed of course with rain, but if the rain would cease these driving March winds would soon dry up the roads, and the grand army of the Potomac would be able to walk dry shod over into the unhappy land of Canaan, (Dixie's land.)

The rumor has reached us that Gen. Banks has been defeated, and his forces completely routed on the upper Potomac.

Professor Lowe has been unable to make his usual daily balloon reconnoisance on account of the high wind. The wind blew so violently on Tuesday last that he was compelled to disinflate his balloon, but will reinflate it as soon as the winds subside.

We are reliably informed that the rebels immediately in front of us have received large reinforcements; they evidently anticipate an attack.

Brigadier General Naglee, of Pennsylvania, arrived in camp on the 17th ult., and took command of 1st Brigade, in place of Col. Cowdin, of the 1st Massachusetts regiment, who returns to his command.

Captain Page who has command at Liverpool Point, where the contrabands are *employed unloading vessels, etc.*, and where the army supplies are stored, relates that two of these contrabands undertook and accomplished the boldest feat of the war, thus furnishing us with another irrefutable evidence of the courage, daring, and skill of the negro, when brought face to face with danger; the strength and permanence of his affections, which is the noblest evidence, too, of a pure, perfect and elevated nature. These men belong to the party Col. Graham brought off when he made his inroad into Virginia. The captain says that one of them came to him and asked permission to recross the river to rescue his wife, declaring that he was almost certain that he could bring her off safely. The captain thought the fellow mad, but he plead so earnestly that he gave him permission, and gave notice of the fact to the commander of the flotilla, to prevent his being fired upon by the gun boats. He left Liverpool Point on a dark night, in a small skiff with muffled oars. His wife lived some six or seven miles up the Occoquan bay. He reached her, brought her off safe, gathered much valuable information of the strength and position of the enemy, and returned the following night to Liverpool Point with his companion, safe and unharmed. This man is a true type of the negro; jet black, erect and athletic. The other man, a type of the mixed blood, seeing the triumph of his comrade, asked and received permission to secure his wife, and not having as far to go, brought her off triumphantly and returned the same evening that he went upon his errand. When it is remembered that the rebels are very vigilant on account of the expected attack of our forces, and that the beech is lined with sentinels from Martha's Point to Occoquan Bay, whose bivouac fires can be seen every night with common glasses, and also that if they had been detected nothing but instant death would have been meted out to them, we must accord these two of the most daring ventures and successful exploits of the war. If these men and their brothren were allowed to become active instead of passive co-operators with the Union forces, how long would treason *be able to so impudently defy the federal powers?*

Here is an item I give you for the special benefit of your fair readers. The more susceptible of the sterner sex may also gather whatever satisfaction this little story of love, struggle and triumph, may give. One of the most painful of the revolting sights one sees when sojourning in this land of slavery, is the universal prostitution by their masters of beautiful slave women. There are scarcely any farms or plantations in the south that can boast of no pretty women. They are prized, petted, bartered and sold according to the nature and extent of their charms. Beauties rivalling those of the Caucasian are sold in the slave marts of the U. S. No matter how loathsome to her the purchaser of her charms may be, the hard, remorseless necessities of her position compel her to yield. Mary Thomas, a beautiful negress, the slave of a man by the name of Henry Eglon, living near Newport, belonged to this class. Her master had already engaged her to an old lecherous scoundrel. She fell violently in love with an Anglo-African in one of the companies. Longing to be free, and to escape that living martyrdom, the life which her master had marked out for her, and also unite her destiny with that of her lover she made a bold stroke for life, love and liberty. She did not clothe herself in male apparel, like many of the paler heroines and amazons have done, but maintained a distinction of sex. She had not gone far before Ferrel, a slave hunter near Port Tobacco, arrested her and locked her up in the jail at that place. Her lover broke the jail open and released her. She had not been released five minutes before Johnny Shackelford, a noted slave hunter, re-arrested her; but the girl fought him bravely. Her lover and the soldiers could not quietly look on such a contest as this, they came to the rescue, and just barely left life in the hunter. And why should she not triumph? Did not she turn her back on slavery and ruin, while the path which she proposed to tread was illumined with the bright hope of salvation, liberty and love? I rejoice to say that Mary Thomas to-day is free!

There is nothing more galling to a black man than the iteration and reiteration of the foul misrepresentations which the advocate of man-stealing, man-torturing, and man-slaughtering slavery urge against him. There never has been a time in the history of this country when there was such a scarcity of material to build these heartless lies on. They may oppose us and deny us rights, but our friends and ourselves will soon settle the contest of ideas; but when our enemies add "insult to injury" it incites in us the desire to cut their throats or give them a taste of the horrors of the system they so much love. Although the Government has spurned the loyalty of the negro more pointedly and peremptorily than it has the treason of these slaveholding dogs and their Northern tools and accomplices, they have, as by some unseen power, become active and *prominent in this great* civil contest, and have impressed the indelible truth upon the minds of the thinking portion of this nation that he is a dreadful power for evil or a grand and noble one for good.

Rum Point and Liverpool Point, as I have often before remarked, are the points where the supplies are landed. Before the contrabands were brought here, details from the various regiments were made to unload the vessels and to store the provisions; these details generally numbered about a hundred men—a whole company. The soldiers were not allowed for this special duty any extra compensation; so the result was, that they skulked out of as much work as they could, upon the principle that it is far more agreeable and much more reasonable to play for nothing than to work for nothing. They were certain to get their $13 per month, and this poor pay and poorer fare formed no incentive to hard manual labor. Since the 30 or 40 muscular blacks have arrived at Liverpool Point it is made the principal depot for stores, and Rum Point is made the passenger depot; and these 30 or 40 men do more in the same space of time than a hundred white men—thus reversing the order of things. The black man under the incentives of Free labor, pay, and freedom, goes blithely and gaily to his task; while the white man under the repulsiveness of forced labor and no pay, lounges about and skulks sulkily away. They are also temperate and cleanly; are comfortably housed, clothed and fed by the Government, wives, children, and all; and are to receive 10 cents a day pay, which is small—but when the housing, clothing and feeding of a man and his family are considered, his pay is nearly as good as the enlisted soldier, it can all be saved up by them, and will make a small start for them when they shall be released by the authorities. G. E. S.

A SAD ACCIDENT occurred to a daughter of Mr. Louis Napoleon of underground railroad notoriety, on the evening of the 20th ult. She was attending an exhibition at Bethel Church, Williamsburgh, when a young man, in removing a chair, struck a fluid lamp under which she was sitting, which instantly exploded, and the flames coming in contact with her clothing, she was badly burned before they could be extinguished.

She has since died from the effects of the burns.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ZOUAVE AND SLAVE ENVELOPE Price per thousand $6 ; per hundred 60 cents; packages of 25 each, 20 cents.
Orders should be addressed
THOS. HAMILTON,
48 Beekman Street, N. Y

MEDICAL.

PAIN-KILLER.

We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says for Neuralgia of the Back or Loins, it surpasses any medicine I have ever tried.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent liniment for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a liniment.

Dr. Walton writes from Coshocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, DIPTHERIA, *or Sore Throat*, that is so alarmingly prevalent here; and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

Rev. H. L. Van Meter, writing from Burmah says: "The *Pain-Killer* has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

Rev. Jabez Swan says, "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy."

Rev. A. W. Curtis: "By its use I entirely cured a felon in a few days."

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Shout it in the battle van !
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Christ the God, is Christ the Man !
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CHAPTER XXVIII.

FEARFUL MISGIVINGS.

In the fullness of enjoyment at the Palace of the Queens nativity, the celebration continued the entire evening, only ceasing with the ushering in of a most delightful morning.

It was not until sometime subsequent to supper in the servants hall during the *fete*, that the absence of a number of domestics employed about the palace was discovered, especially the head of the *cuisine*, Gofer Gondolier. This favorite servant on all previous occasions when others failed, was usually chosen to supply the place of some absent musician, in which his skill on the Spanish guitar, or African bango, especially the latter instrument in which he had few, if any equals, was fully put to the test. He was a special favorite of the lady Alcora, who preferred his execution to any other person. In consequence of the absence of nearly all of the amateur musicians, the presence of Gofer had been particularly desirable.

As an outfit for the evening, an undress military suit from the wardrobe of the Captain General, selected by his own hands, was intended by the Countess to be presented to Gondolier.

On commanding to the presence that evening the caterer of the palace, her ladyship was told that he was not to be found.

'Are you certain of this?' asked the Countess.

'I is, your ladyship; case I looked—I hunted 'im good.'

'Did you enquire of the butler?'

'No ma'm you ladyship, I did'nt.'

'Why Hober did you not do so?' enquired lady Alcora.

'Case twarnt no use.'

'How do you know when you did not enquire?'

'Case dare's a big party at Madam Cordora's in P——s street to night, an' Gofer's gone at it.'

'At Madam Cordora's! Are you certain!'

'Yes ma'm, I is,' definitely replied he.

'I see,' impatiently murmured the Countess to herself, having ordered the servant away; 'this explains the whole matter. And even Gofer must be taken off to play for them! Indeed, things are fast changing, when not only are the blacks preferred to the whites, but even the civilities of the palace are slighted and its domestic offices neglected, and that too by a class wholly dependent upon and existing by the sufferance of the whites and clemency of the government. Tell me Hober,' she further enquired as the servant re-entered the apartment, 'did you hear Gofer say that he was going to the Cordora mansion?'

'Yes ma'm you ladyship.'

'What for; a party did he say?'

'Yes ma'm you ladyship, but dat am not what 'im call 'im.'

'What was it then?'

'It am somethin like "sorry," or sich name like dat.'

'Ah! soiree,' explained the lady.

'Yes you ladyship, dat am it.'

'Ah, holding a domestic council lady Alcora?' playfully asked the Captain General who had just entered.

'No, your excellency; not holding a domestic council, though counseling with a domestic But I very much fear, if all that's told be true, that if not already so, 'domestic councils' may become a reality in the colony,' seriously replied the Countess.

'Please explain lady Alcora, as I do not comprehend you!' anxiously asked the Count.

'Why your lordship, it would seem that to-night, there is being held a great soiree at the fine mansion of Madam Cordora, the wealthy widow mulatress, where doubtless a grand scheme will be disclosed for a general rebellion of the negroes.'

'Can't be possible!' exclaimed the Captain General. 'Where in the world did you learn this?'

'From our servant here, Hober.'

'How could he know these things! I'm sure it would be very difficult for him to learn them,' replied the Count.

'You are mistaken, Count Alcora, as he learned them among our servants, several of whom taking advantage of the *fete* to-night have gone there; among them our caterer, Gofer Gondolier, the chief of the *cuisine*,' explained the Countess.

'Are you certain of this lady Alcora?'

'I am.'

'Probably he only went for a short time as caterer, or, carried for some little notion of his own preparation.'

'No seh, 'e didn'; w'en 'e goed, 'e took wid 'im 'is big new carvin' knife. I seed 'im and hearn 'im say 'e goin' to use it on de wite folks, too,' interrupted Hober in explanation.'

'Say that over again Hober; let the Count hear you!' said the Countess.

'I distinctly understood him,' replied the Count; 'but regard it as merely a freak of vanity to show himself by exhibiting among the negroes evidence of his ingenuity by showing his invention; and an idle boast about using it on the whites would not be out of place to swell his importance.'

'I am fearful that you attach too little importance to this matter, Count Alcora, and could I without committing myself to ridicule do so, I would like to reveal a singular dream to you.'

'Well my lady,' humorously said the Count, 'as there are many revelations which I am incapable of comprehending, I shall make no objection to recording yours on the catalogue. Pray tell me, what is your revelation?'

'It is the more singular, as I know of no external cause for it,' replied the Countess.

'Do let me hear it quickly;' playfully continued the Count, 'as you have excited my organ of wonder.'

'I dreamed,' related the Countess, 'of being in the interior of Africa surrounded entirely by negroes, under the rule of a negro prince, beset by the embassadors of every enlightened nation, who brought him many presents of great value, whilst the Envoy of Her Catholic Majesty, sat quietly at the foot of the African Prince's throne. I cannot get this impression from my mind, it seems so indelibly fixed'

'Having had the revelation,' with ludierous seriousness said the Count, 'now to a comprehensive interpretation of it. By your permission I will give it to you, Countess Alcora. It simply means that we shall have in Cuba several large cargoes of choice negroes from Africa, out which your new plantation is to be stocked and when seated upon it in your new villa, very likely among them will be some negro prince, catering to your orders. I take no fee for the interpretation.'

'Count Alcora! I crave your clemency,' impatiently replied his lady, 'when I say to you, that as the Executive, you set too little estimate upon what seems to me important. I have had another presentiment: this is no dream but a wakeful reality.'

'What is it my lady? I am anxious to hear.'

'Why, that the negroes of Cuba are maturing a scheme of general insurrection!'

'How so? Why just now this conjecture Countess Alcora? Will you let the idle vanity of an elated negro cook frighten you out of our wits? I am really astonished at you, Countess. Tush!' rebuked the Count.

'No; Count Alcora, it is not this but something antecedent from which I draw my conclusions,' replied the Countess.

'Have you discovered anything? Pray do tell me if so, and let us be done with this unpleasant dreamy conversation,' said the Captain General.

'I have, and I would that I could make the same influence on your mind concerning them, that the things which I saw made on mine.'

'What were they lady Alcora?' now seriously enquired the Count; 'I'm sure I shall fully appreciate any advice you may be pleased to communicate.'

'I thank your excellency. I shall freely relate to you the facts. To-day while at the amphitheatre exhibition, I observed on the part of the colored officers of the day—those in your confidence—a recognizance of the common negroes and mulattoes in the pavilion, and on the parade ground in the sports of the negro chase, so soon as that part of the amusements were announced, I saw an immediate change not only in the countenances, but the conduct of all the negroes and mulattoes present. And never before had I witnessed anything indicative of insubordination as their manner, when the chase was ordered and the hounds let loose in chase of the negro prizes. Even Colonel Montego, one of your aids mounted on horseback near your side when the word was given, "let go the dogs!" involuntarily started a pace forward, pressing his teeth upon his lip, and placing his hand on the hilt of his sword for a moment, looked a rage of vengeance at the whites.'

'Do you tell me this,' exclaimed the Count with alarm.

'This is not all Count Alcora,' continued the lady. 'Intensely watching with a steady countenance the chase of the dogs, when a negro was caught and uttered a scream of agony, just as the shout of applause from the multitude rent the air—involuntarily drawing his sword partly from the scabbord, with a suppressed voice, though full in my hearing, exclaimed: "by the Holy Virgin, 'tis too bad!" gritting his teeth till they chattered. Recollecting himself and adjusting his sword, turning to me he dissemblingly remarked—"a well executed chase lady Alcora; very well done! Fine animals, those dogs!" But I had seen and heard all, and determined to advise you of it.'

'Thank you, thank you my dear Charlotte. I have found you in more than one instance a valuable adviser. I shall hereafter modify my actions by your counsels. Let us repair to the drawing rooms,' said the Captain General, supporting his lady on the left arm.

Previous to returning to the drawing rooms, precaution was taken to despatch a servant spy to the mansion of Madam Cordora to reconnoitre the premises, and if possible discover the true state of affairs. On nearing he observed an universal stir, and passing to and from the mansion into the beautiful enclosure and shubbery. To facilitate his errand, the spy attempted an entrance by a narrow court back way, but found it obstructed by negroes on guard some distance from the gate in among the shrubbery, who approaching, in a gruff manner, demanded his errand.

'I is got a message from de Captin Genal an' de Countess, for Madam Cordora, an' I wants to see 'er,' replied the domestic.

'She's engaged and can't be see!' impatiently replied the guardan black, seeming to anticipate the message.

'I mus' see 'er, case de Captin Genal tole me!' insisted the palace messenger.

'Curse the Captain General and his message!' was the imprudent retort. 'Be off, you can't see her!'

Hastening to the palace, the eager domestic related with compound addition to the governor and lady, all that he had seen and heard.

Becoming by these startling facts seriously impressed, the dawn of the morning induced the numerous guests to leave the palace to the quiet contemplation of the distinguished inmates, whose troubled souls now sought solace in the refreshing slumbers of retirement.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CAPTAIN GENERAL AND LADY.

'Indeed,' said the Captain General, pacing the floor with hands locked behind him; 'I cannot my dear, dismiss from my thoughts last evening's surprise. I have been anxiously meditating upon the whole thing, and scarcely know what course is best to pursue towards the rebels.

'Let me suggest to your excellency, I pray you, not use the word "rebel,"' said the Countess. 'Whatever my apprehensions I would not have you take it for granted, and anticipate that which has no reality. I would make no issue where there is no occasion for it, but first ascertain the true state of the case, and then act with decision, and if need be promptness and vigor.'

'Thank you for the advice; but what better evidence could I desire than that already obtained? It does appear to me that it is a plain case. However in my course, I'll be governed by your opinion'

'Not at all Count Alcora; I would not in the leas' control you, but only desire to prompt your memory.'

'But I solicit your opinion, lady Alcora, and will not be content without it. I pray you therefore, speak freely to me!'

'I have said,' resumed the Countess,' be cautious of the word "rebel." Let us take a common sense view of the case, and first enquire whether there was on the occasion an entertainment at the mansion of Madam Cordora; its character, and how far it will verify the report and implicate them in the crime of rebellion.'

'You think then there is no cause for suspicion?

'That is not the idea General Alcora. We should first carefully investigate, and not form hasty conclusions And for the credit of the colony and your administration, let us not rest so grave a charge as "rebellion" on so slight a testimony as that of the stammering jargon of a slave. Madam Cordora and associates are persons of reputation and affluence in the community, and cruel would it be to arraign them on the evidence of an envious negro servant. Beside, rumor has it that the poet Placido is betrothed to her daughter, the beautiful Ambrosina, and it may have been a celebration of the nuptials. Whether or not the circumstances justify investigation.

'How my lady,' pointedly enquired the Captain General, 'will you account for your dreams and presentiments!'

'That your excellency,' she quickly rejoined, 'is of minor consideration. Having once had your interpretation of them, I consider that case disposed of.'

'Well, your counsel is ever the same—judicious and available, lady Alcora,' concluded the Captain General.

Thus he affected to be satisfied, but in such an emergency, Count Alcora was not the man to remain passive, especially at the hazard of his government. Whilst seeming to be satisfied, he set immediately industriously at work using every covert means in his power, not only to ferret out, but with a determination to implicate if possible some of the suspected parties; the first effort being to entrap by stratagem on his return, the head of the culinary department, Gofer Gondolier.

They could not be reconciled to the disappointment met with by the non-compliance of many of the guests supposed to be at the Cordora mansion, with the invitation to the Palace *fete*. The Captain General had long suspected something wrong among this portion of the population, and with the facts before him, must have some victim as a peace offering to appease his vengeance.

His domestic had eluded his vigilance, misled his confidence, baffled his intelligence, and betrayed his trust, and who if not made an example of, was evidently destined to become if not the leader, an agent of a dire mischief throughout the Island. It was clear to him that his negro was one of the promoters of a bold design to wrest from Spain the Island of Cuba, and instead of a Castilian, establish a negro government This was the shock which electrified every nerve and dormant fibre of his system; the stimulant which exciting him to frenzy, induced him to neutralize every agency in the fearfully approaching issue, as far as it could be known; and Gofer was the only offender known to his excellency.

Despite the admonitions of the Countess, the Captain General summoned before him his faithful servant and spy, Hober, to repeat the whole story as previously related, touching the conduct of the culinarian at the soiree of Madam Cordora, the wealthy mulatto.

Promptly obeying the orders of his master, the but too willing servant tremblingly stood before him.

'I is ready Count to tell you anything, dat I thinks will please you lordship,' obsequiously bowing, proffered the debased slave.

The Countess gave a significant smile, whilst the Captain General looked seriously rebuked.

The story of the slave was concise and piquant, and absorbed for five minutes or more the breathless attention of the master. Whilst secreted in the shrubbery of the palace grounds, he overheard the conversation of Gondolier and several other servants previous to their going to the *soiree*. Gofer was to obtain at the instance of the Countess, the privelege of introducing into general use, his patent Cuban Carver, to give to every black the opportunity of having in their possession a formidable deadly weapon, without the violation of law, suspicion, or even objection of the whites. In the general rebellion that was to ensue, firearms at the commencement was to be prohibited, as the slaughter which was to commence in the dead of night could be prosecuted with silence, and thereby prevent a premature alarm.

'Now Hober my man, tell me like a good fellow, all you know about this thing —keep nothing back,' said the Captain General with emphasis, anxious and determined to criminate some persons.

'Wy yo' lordship, da is to begin soon!'

'When? Speak out my man, speak out!'

'Da is all to begin on one night!'

'How my man! Let us hear all about it.'

'Da is all to be hid, in an' out o' doors, one black for every white in each house on all de plantations, an' all at once at de same time, each one is to seize a white and slaughter 'im.'

'Immaculate Madonna, hear that! Go on my man, go on!' impatiently exclaimed the governor.

'Ag'in daylight, da aint one white to be left alive. In de same way dat de whites is all to be seized, one for each,—da is to have one to set fire to each house in all de towns at da same time, an' every white dat makes 'is escape is to be ketched an' killed as 'e runs into de country to escape de fire!'

To all this did the Captain General set and listen with an eager ear, till his emotions nearly equalled those of the guilty monarch, manifested at the interpretation by the Jewish captive of the blazing inscription upon the walls of Babylon.

Just as the servant concluded, the Count was startled by a sudden interruption, which presented in the person of the Countess.

'Do I intrude your excellency?' she enquired slowly approaching.

'No my lady! I have just been giving some order to the servant,' replied he with an uncontrollable sigh.

'Are you indisposed, Count Alcora? I'm sure you look worn,' said his lady.

'Nothing more my dear, than fatigue from the loss of sleep last evening,' replied the Count with a conciliatory tone.

'We are summoned to coffee. Come let us walk!' said the Countess taking his arm, who with pallid cheek and somewhat faltering step—the servant in the lead—supported her to the coffee table.

Exhibition of Anglo-African Industry and Art.

MR. EDITOR: I shall venture a few more remarks in furtherance of the Art Exhibition to be held by our race. I shall first remark, in order to put to flight any idea that may be entertained of its failure, that I have not only had letters of encouragement and congratulation from different parties, but have been honored by visits from those whose justly ambitious spirit has made them zealous in the accomplishing of a plan pregnant with so many benefits and so many important results to our people.

All we need is to emulate each other in our zeal. Spare not expense or trouble in endeavoring to introduce among our people a love for Art and encouragement of Science. Yes, Mr. Editor, let us come forth manfully with heart and purse, with one to encourage the artist, with the other to reward his labors. Parsimony in this case becomes impiety; a failure on our part to succor those who are treading the way of art and literature, generally strewn with the insurmountable obstacles of want and discouragement, becomes a flagrant violation on our part of those laws of kindness that we should cultivate towards our fellow-creatures.

Let us endeavor to rescue from squalid garrets genius which should ornament palaces; let us by our liberality encourage those who are backward and doubtful of their talent, and call forth to the view of the world those yearning hearts who possess under their tattered garments the ability of mind known but to few upon whom the comforts of life have been lavished. This is a point on which I could dwell for hours, and this is a consideration that should goad us on to the fulfillment of the object about which I now write.

When we review history, we must necessarily notice that at certain epochs art seemed to flourish in all its glory; at others it seemed to have been banished from the world entirely. At one era we read of the immortal fame of Myron, Phidias, Zensis, Parrashius, Praxitales, who flourished in the golden days of Greece, because encouragement was extended by a liberal government and they sprang into existence. At another era we hear of the names of Virgil, Horace, Lucan, Macanus and Aggrippi, their names covered with glory—why? because Augustus fortelling the effects of a liberal encouragement to literature extended it with unsparing hand, and with joy beheld its brilliant effects. At another era we see Michael Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci, Badinelli, Corregio, and a legion of others, who would have been strangers to the fame their names now possess had it not been for the patronising liberality of De Medicis.

How can we account for this, that at certain epochs art seems to live, then die? I will attempt to answer. Those were the days of the almighty dollar as they are now: the days when the chink of gold, the gingles of coin, afforded more pleasure to miserly minds than art, which enhances our ideas of refinement of literature that polishes society; and if industry with its brawny arms support it, this, be it said to our cause, is the unmistakable cause of this melancholy reality. Once more I say let us stand forth to encourage art with heart and purse.

I would here mention that a friend to the exhibition, the Rev. James N. Gloucester, of Brooklyn, N. Y., called to see me while on a visit to this city, and has given an earnest to it by kindly offering the use of his grounds in that city on which to hold the exhibition, if satisfactory to the committee that may have this matter in charge: an example worthy to be praised and emulated by others for its liberality.

I have had the promise from many that they would exhaust their ability—strain every nerve, to be well represented at such an exhibition. Now, Mr. Editor, here is reality to deal with. Parsimony or negligence can now frame no excuse, and I will say that after the above statement if we refrain from exertion, we will have proved recreant to our zeal for the benefit and improvement of our race, and shown ourselves the prejudicial members of our people, and deserved to be spurned and degraded by them on all occasions for having so signally neglected their truest interest.

If we neglect this golden opportunity, when in future time we meet the haggard eye, the discouraged look—behold the tattered garment of the penurious votary of art and literature—we will be forced with pangs of remorse to turn aside from the spectacle which will cast the keenest reproach upon us, which will bear with it the unenviable stigma that we have demonstrated our disregard of all that tends to ennoble and refine the mind.

One more argument I will adduce. It was remarked to me that thousands of dollars had been expended by our people in holding conventions which have been productive of no real good to us; now it strikes me that, if only instead of holding more conventions we devote our time, purse and energy to an exhibition of art and industry, it would be better for us. Man's first and principal aim should be to endeavor, as far as in him lies, to better the condition of society, to elevate its morals, refine its feelings, and so contribute his individual share of support to raise man's moral standing. In what better manner can this be done than in holding exhibitions of this kind to spread knowledge and diffuse science? I noticed in one of your editorials on an art exhibition you say that my suggestion is not entirely new, for gentlemen in New York commenced moving in the matter weeks ago. True it is that it is not entirely new, for it has been a little more than three years ago, when on a visit to my friend Mr. Chaplin, the artist, of Huntingdon, Pa., that I then suggested the plan to him of an art exhibition; and two years since I made similar suggestions to W. H. Dorsey, Esq., of Philadelphia. However, little matters it from whom so important a suggestion emanates so it is carried out. A few more remarks and I shall conclude my communication, already too long.

I feel almost enthusiastic on the subject. May the day come when the sun which now shines upon the Saxon and African may shine upon them equally civilized, equally advanced in the paths of science, art and civilization. May the day come when the sneer of the Saxon at our supposed inability to cope with him may be changed to a reluctant smile at the stern reality. Sir, it is our imperative duty to hasten this day. Such a grand result is worthy our greatest emulation. Would that I could infuse into the breasts of all, that desire that I have to see our people advanced in science and art.

How otherwise can I express my earnest feelings on this subject than in these few words, and a willing determination to lend every effort to attain a "devoutly wished for consummation." Mr. Editor, how better can a life be spent than in the diffusion of knowledge! When the chill blasts of old age whistles through man's hoary hair, when the step falters, the eye becomes dim, and the physical frame sinking, the retrospect of a life so spent must be cheering and consoling. To be able to look back and see that one's efforts to better his people's condition have been crowned with success, and when on the verge of the grave to see that one's feeble effort in this worthy cause of science in bettering a people's condition have been productive of good, must necessarily smooth the descent of rugged years of old age, and give fit consolation for life's last hours.

EDWARD M. THOMAS.

Washington, March 7th, '62.

DESTINY OF THE COLORED RACE IN THIS COUNTRY.

MR. EDITOR:—"The manifest destiny" of our country with regard to the white race has largly absorbed the attention of the press. But it is your peculiar province to discuss matters pertaining particularly to the colored race, which has a destiny, and in my view, a noble destiny, as well. And I consider the educational process, through which that population has for nearly two and a half centuries been passing, but preparatory to that supervening destiny. The Anglo-African, or more properly Americo-African has borrowed of the Anglo-American his morals and religion, manners and customs, language and literature, arts and sciences, that the borrower may be fitted for a condition parallel with that of the lender. But to accomplish this evident design of providence, the hitherto dependent race must rise superior to being "a hewer of wood and drawer of water" to the dominant. And this can never be realized while the dependent remains in the midst of the dominant, inferior in numbers as well as standing. The history of the past in nominally free States shows the crushing weight that must rest like an incubus upon the struggling aspiration of the dependent race in such an abnormal condition. And to fulfill its manifest destiny, it must then, to a greater extent than at present, be collected together and formed into a homogenous people. Yet as Americo-Africans, the land of your birth is and must be the land where the major part of your race will doubtless work out this noble result. And it is only necessary that, like Abraham and Lot, the two races should occupy different portions of the same country, under the aegis of the same constitution and the same loved banner.

In taking this ground I am not influenced by personal prejudice of color, but by the philosophy of human nature, which teaches us that, to assume his normal status, the colored man must be able to rise without hinderance to the highest employments of society with adequate patronage from his own class. Otherwise his energies will be cramped and his aspirations baffled. And herein is the demand for a new order of things.

And this seems to be the crisis for the inauguration of a new era. Our convulsed country is in labor,—big with destiny. And as surely as there is a God in history, our national struggle will not end till the design of providence is accomplished. And you can easily read that design in the aphorism, "Man's liberty is God's opportunity." Every turn of the wheel of providence is rolling it on toward the full enfranchisement of man.

But "new occasions teach new duties." And in the present exigency, the line of duty for the colored man seems to me very plain, For the white man "the star of empire leads the way" eastward and as far southward as cottondom, as fast as the more northern of the southern States are redeemed from slavery. But for the colored man "the star of empire leads the way" toward the farther South. Hitherto the star of the North has been the slave's pole of attraction, but instead hereafter his magnet is to turn toward the Southern cross. God is to gather together this race, hitherto scattered as a servile class among another, into a homogenous people. And as to this end the North is to give up and the South keep not back. From Canada and the free States of the North, and from Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas, the free colored people and the freedmen, as they come forth from bondage, are to migate to the cotton States, and occupy them as their own, and by taking the reins out of the hands of rebels, secure their perpetual loyalty to the stars and stripes.

And will not the colored people of the North take the lead in beginning the working out of this sublime destiny? They only need the assistance of Emigration Societies in accomplishing this desideratum. And will not the philanthropist, and capitalist, respond to this appeal? I know that such a proposition will be popular to men of every political creed, and will be a death-blow to the objection against emancipation, that the North would be over-run with the ex-slaves. It will be taking the handle from that objection, and putting it on the opposide side, to be assured that it is the desire of the freeman to move Southward, instead of Northward. And the removal of the colored population from the North will leave a vacuum, to be filled up advantageously by white laborers.

And it must be admitted that such an enterprise is very feasible. No doubt government will furnish transport free. And as soon as the emigrants arrive, they can begin to earn their subsistence. It will only need the capital requisite to set them to work. They would be willing to work at first for very moderate wages. While those now on the soil, who are accustomed to raise cotton, should be employed in that kind of labor, emigrants could cultivate cereal products, till they should gradually acquire the knowledge of cotton culture. And when cottondom is conquered and occupied, and reverts to the United States, as Territory, it is hoped that portions of land will be given to these "Squatter Sovereigns," that they may possess it as the Canaan of their inheritance. And if their arms are needed in aiding to put down the rebellion, in those States, they may and should go well armed, and with a reserve surplus of cheap armor, such as pikes or spears, for any emergency that may arise.

And if the Canaanites of old deserved to be dispossessed, much more do the arch-oppressors of the colored man the arch-traitors against the best of governments And this will be therefore a just retribution to slavedom and rebeldom.

When the two races have thus come out from the present chaotic state, the new order of things will present the aspect of a beautiful cosmos, and every revolving season will furnish a fresh wreath of blessing to both races. Distinct and homogeneous among themselves, yet united in one fraternal nationality, they will go forward at once in legitimate and healthful rivalry and in accordant union, under the stainless banner of liberty.

MOSES.

Fortress Monroe, Va., March 10, 1862.

From the N. Y. Daily Times.

THE COLORED ORPHAN'S HOME.

In review of the numerous public institutions monumental of our citizens' far-reaching benevolence, stands one which, save in circles immediately interested, is rarely talked of, yet which, from the peculiarity of its associations, is singularly interesting. If one had never visited it—a Southerner, for instance, who had never dreamed of such an establishment—and were shown the curious and remarkably impressive stereoscopic views which are here shown of the interior departments as they appear in daily routine, the natural sentiment would be incredulity. The idea of 237 young curly-headed "contrabands," or, as an Arkansas trader would say, in telling out the mush to a drove of such, "little niggers," being gathered together in order and cleanliness, to receive discipline and instruction, with a view to their usefulness as citizens and their soul's salvation, would scarcely be realized. Not they alone are benefited; as a work originated and upheld by the enlightened and refined as well as the opulent and powerful of our closely observed and influential land, it obtains a significance far outweighing any missions to Owhyhee, Birmah, or Tongataboo.

There are more boys than girls among the pupils, and they have separate school-rooms, play grounds, &c., &c. The sleighing carnival has not been lost to them, for the beautiful situation of the Asylum on Fifth-avenue, running the entire block through from Forty-third to Forty-fourth streets, is directly on the line of travel most affected by the driving community, and the air has been alive from morning to morning's dawn again with the merry-going sleighs, and rich chorus of bells and belles. They were privileged to enjoy it, too, albeit in a less expensive, but not less highly appreciated style, and the fine area of slope and level which forms the back domain afforded many a jolly coasting-match, which feats were performed upon sleds of rough, home construction. Others, more fortunate, sped in devious courses, mounted upon glittering skates, the thoughtful gift of some kind friend or relative. Thus we have a striking contrast of mother earth's snowy mantle, dotted after a fashion that calls to mind the royal ermine.

The wrappings of these children are noticeably consistent, and it is an indisputable fact that people of color cannot endure chilling exposure with the impunity of whites. Seamstresses are employed constantly, and have an exclusive department, where, with the aid of sewing machines, they make up the main part of the clothing, which comprises, in its variety, a large amount of tailoring. A shoe shop is also attached, and the brogans are home-made. Sewing is sometimes given out for the sake of charity by the lady managers, who send an order by a poor woman to Miss McLelland, who gives her a bundle of work to take home with her, and she is responsible for it to the manager, who pays her out of her private funds.

The daily house-cleaning is accomplished by the children before and after school hours, each child being accountable for so much work, which task is usually undertaken with alacrity, although indolent exceptions do occur, and are really the exceptions, as we learn, for activity is the rule, it being looked upon as a sort of honorable responsibility to be selected to take charge of a position—a flight of stairs during one week, for instance.

In the nursery was found a most interesting little group, the youngest two and a half years of age, all presided over by a colored woman of middle age and dignified bearing, whose especial province this has been for eight years past. "Aunty" is firm, yet affectionate, and when she communicates her wishes to her young charge, they derive an immediate and exact impression of her meaning. This nursery department is a sort of separate domain, and the wee ones are kept pretty much to themselves.

An interesting study is afforded in observing the larger children at their evening meal, where the simple and impressive devotion closing the day succeeds the satisfying of the appetite. After naught but the plate remains to tell the tale of rapid and inexorable consumption, the matron takes her chair at a small table at one end of the room and reads a portion of the Holy Scriptures, desiring the children to remember one text which she repeats to them. Thus a good impression is left which she finds of great benefit to her in guiding them the next day, for it not unfrequently happens that this same text is an appropriate reminder wherewith to meet a delinquency. After the chapter is finished all rise, and, standing by their small individual benches, sing in concert the sweet hymn, "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;" after which the hands are clasped, the eyes uplifted, and the Lord's prayer is repeated; then all disperse for an hour's recreation before bedtime. This evening meal takes place at 5 o'clock, and by 8 o'clock each neat little bed of the dormitories has its respective occupant.

The boys' and girls' dining-room is in one, and is kept in order—the plates piled and removed, &c., &c., by the children, a certain number being detailed each day for this duty; the whole being under the direction of a woman who sees to the placing of the food upon the table, and apportioning it out to the plate of each child before they are admitted to meals. The quantity of food is discreetly divided, but more is allowed a child upon request if it really needs it. A variety of diet is maintained, the dinners being full and wholesome, and varied each day of the week, but not changed from week to week, it being found convenient and tasteful to the inmates to have certain days bring certain dishes, so that one bill of fare is sufficient for a season.

The breakfast and supper arrangement admits of a more limited range, and consists of bread, with milk, tea or chocolate for breakfast; the milk, which is of good quality, being served hot except during three months of the year. The supper relish consists of either butter, cheese, cold milk or molasses, with bread. The bread is sweet and wholesome, and is made by a baker in this city especially for this institution. The kitchen is appetizing to go into, and the tidy colored cooks bobbing around in their Madras turbans, look as if they could tell how long to boil an egg without the aid of a sand glass.

The girls are taught to sew, and in the Winter evenings are employed in that branch of the fine arts familiarly known as darning stockings. One of the dormitories gave creditable evidence of their proficiency with the needle, as all the beds were spread with neat and uniform patchwork quilts, the result of their handcraft.

Twenty-five persons of mature years are employed about the institution, and a constant example of orderly management is presented the children by Mr. Davis and his valuable aid, Miss McLelland.

The penalties for disregard of the regulations are, first, a long-suffering degree of moral suasion, which, if found of non-effect, is set aside for the objectionable last resort of corporeal punishment. One excellent principle is here adopted, and sadly over-looked in some other similar establishments—which is not to allow the unoffending stomach to suffer for the faults of the will, or unfortunate weakness of character; if it is only a meal of dry bread, they are not deprived of the regular nourishment which nature requires, and which in withholding a responsibility is incurred which the punctillious guardian would be very much shocked to have associated with murder; and yet, if we interfere with a child's health, do we not interfere with its life, and who is to say to what extent, or how remote the result?

These children are allowed all requisite recreation, both at home and abroad, but are never allowed to leave the premises for a walk unaccompanied by a guardian of mature years, although the older and more responsible are occasionally sent of errands into the city.

A private hospital is connected with the main house, yet so arranged that communication can be cut off during the prevalence of an epidemic. Its accommodations admit of fifty invalids at one time; should an access occur at the City Hospital are had recourse to.

Many pleasant and touching incidents are mingled with the history of this home for children of the proscribed complexion, and there are men and women now who can trace back to their earliest experience passed within its influence. Many whose little feet first toddled in innocence upon its grassy playground, who knew gentle nursings and infancy's sweet slumber under its pleasant shades, have gone forth into the world to share the ups and downs of fortune with kind or indifferent employers, to rough it as apprentices, or to feel the truth settling home into a renegade conscience, that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

'Tis well worth a visit, this fine, old-fashioned dwelling, ample and spacious in its four lofty stories, as it stands back just off the Avenue drive, in summer veiled with green foliage, but now sentinelled by huge stems, their rough bark set oued down, and gaunt arms tipped with fleece of winter.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

THE EMANCIPATION MESSAGE.

That the President of these United States sent a message to Congress proposing a means of securing the emancipation of the slaves, was an event which sent a thrill of joy throughout the North, and will meet with hearty response throughout christendom. The quiet manner in which this matter was laid before the national Legislature, and the utter unpreparedness of the public mind for this most important step, was a stroke of policy, grandly reticent on the part of its author, yet most timely and sagacious, which has secured for Abraham Lincoln a confidence and admiration on the part of the people, the whole loyal people, such as no man has enjoyed in the present era.

We could hardly believe the news. We dared not take up the message for a day or too, satisfied with the simple glory of the announcement, yet fearful that a reading of the document might send some shuddering doubt through a willingly rejoicing spirit. How many thousands there are, who exclaimed with the faithful man of old, "now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" But any doubts, all doubts were removed on the third or fourth reading of the message—for it will bear a close scrutiny—and now, when it is more than a week old it seems better and stronger than ever. It is not only cased in impregnable armor, but gives half silent evidence of power and will to blast the institution of slavery at any moment. It is the monitor which that rebellion had better heed.

The message contains a recommendation, an affirmation and a threat.

The recommendation is that Congress shall pass the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system."

It is our opinion that Old Abe "cooned it on de log," when he produced that resolution. It passes the subtlety of Seward, the straight-forwardness of Stanton, or the skill of Chase. It is plainly home-spun, most definite in its indefiniteness. It is a solid offer of aid in well doing, yet requiring proof of "inconveniences" before the aid shall be forthcoming. Of course if no "inconveniences" arise, no pecuniary aid will be needed. Then again, the resolution once passed by Congress, quietly, but effectually places Congress along with the President on the side of emancipation, as willing aiders and abettors thereof. The moral sense of the nation will have found vent in a legislative decree in behalf of emancipation. Who would have been crazed enough, eighteen months ago, to have predicted such things? Then the words yet rolled from Wendell Phillip's eloquent lips that after twenty-five years of assault against the Bastile of Slavery, the "abolitionists had failed to carry a single battlement!" And to day, Wendell Phillip's own voice is heard preaching the golden glories of emancipation in the very strong-hold of slavery. Abolitionists have been again and again taunted with invitations to come down South and plead for liberty, and lo! they are there.

The affirmation in the message is, "The Federal Government would find its highest interest in such measure (the gradual abolishment of slavery) as one of the most efficient measures of self preservation." Is this a "*kalon oneiron*," a specious dream, or a sunshine reality? Can it be that the walls of that Cabinet in which Van Buren bowed down to slavery, in which Tyler nestled with the guilty upholders of slavery, in which Fillmore signed the damnable Fugitive Slave Bill, in which Buchanan puled and drivelled over the cups which treason held to his lips—can it be possible that the same four walls reverberated to the slight but portentious scratchings of the pen which wrote that grand sentence of freedom to four million of blacks and twenty-six millions of whites? If thousands have visited with awe the chambers at Fontainbleau in which the greatest genius of modern times abdicated an empire, with what reverence will they who come after us look upon the room where a plain single-minded but earnest man, elect of the people, signed the dethronement of the greatest evil which has cursed all time! That resolution, and this short sentence will be memorable in all time. It marks the grandest revolution of the ages, a revolution from barbarism to civilization, of darkness to light of slavery into freedom. Of all the lands in which the sunshine rests where is there to-day a nobler for the lover of freedom to dwell upon, be he black or white, bond or free?

But the crowning glory of this message is that it grows as it goes. When we get towards the last sentences they ring like an organ peal from the skies. "Such means as may seem indispensable, or may absolutely promise great efficiency towards ending the struggle, must and will come!" Which means, without interpretation, "I Abraham Lincoln, in order to crush this rebellion, will exercise the power invested in me as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States—to abolish slavery!" Who could have prophesied this three months ago? Who? Why the down-trodden, degraded, beaten, bruised, crushed slaves all the way down South—wise with the inspiration of the good time coming who all give this one testimony: "I knowed it was a comin." Who? why the slaves whose dream of liberty blazed into a reality when they heard of Lincoln's election. They knew him better than he knew himself: their sight was keener than Seward's or Garrison's. Can we longer doubt that among the hidden things of Providence there must be an inspiration among men of their coming fortunes?

PIANO PLAYERS.

There has been one feature about the concerts given this winter which must have been very pleasing to the public: and that is, the many novices in the art of piano playing introduced. Some of these have been playing privately for some time, but whether they have made any advancement in the art for the last year or two we cannot say. Of one thing, however, we are very sure, and that is that they will not make much progress unless their capabilities are brought to the test of public competition. This is the plan pursued by Mr. and Mrs. Magnan toward their daughter Virginia, and the consequence is that she is making the most rapid progress. This will always be the case where public competition is encouraged, because the scholar, having lost the effect of public fear, is enabled to devote her whole attention to the instrument. We hope that this fact may not be lost sight of by those having children who are learning to play.

THE WHIPPING OF A LOYAL SLAVE.

A correspondent of the "New York Tribune" having seen fit to deny the truthfulness of the statement of our correspondent "G. E. S.," in relation to the murder of the slave Jack Scroggins by his master, a notorious traitor named Samuel Cox, the latter has furnished us with the following letter, a perusal of which will satisfy, no doubt, any impartial reader of our correspondent's veracity:

Head Quarters Hooker's Division,
near Budd's Ferry, Maryland,
March 4th, 1862.

Mr. Editor: If General Sickles, or perhaps Col. Graham, chose to do so they would verify the general truth of the statements of my letter of January 10th. Gen. Sickles has now in his possession a white stallion which he seized from Cox, the murderer of poor Jack Scroggins. The treason of Cox is unmistakable, and this horse with other things were seized by virtue of his treason. Cox was maltreated by the soldiers when he came after Scroggins, and he would never have been able to take him, had not an officer in either Col. Graham's or Col. Dwight's Regiment returned him. My letter makes no charge against Col. Dwight, but only against that officer through whose order a loyal negro was surrendered to one of the most notorious traitors of this Pandemonium of treason and slavery. "An officer of the 1st Excelsior Brigade" is rather hasty in his defence, and championship, of Col. Dwight. He reminds me of that verdant thief who being caught at one of his light fingered tricks, denies his guilt before a charge was made against him. It has been my fortune to meet Col. Dwight on more than one occasion; and I have found him an officer and a gentleman, and I am pleased to bear my humble testimony to his efficiency in subduing, in connection with General Sickles and Col. Graham, the bold, active and insolent treason so rampant in the lower counties of this State. I am familiar with one instance at least, where a trio of Secessionists from Newport prevailed on General Hooker to prefer charges against Col. Dwight; but the committee appointed to investigate the affair bear the highest testimonial to the justness and correctness of Col. Dwight's actions and conduct. So notorious was the treason of Cox, that whenever the steamers touched at Chappel Pt., on Port Tobacco River, they always searched his house; and when Colonel Dwight's Regiment moved down in that vicinity and encamped on Dr. Rob. Ferguson's farm, Mulberry Grove, they searched, and found nothing worth mentioning; they, however, seized some of his things and returned them. But Col. Graham moved down there and encamped at Allen's Fresh; another and last search was made, and sufficient things were found in a swamp, between Cox's and William Nesbit's farm, buried in the earth to justify the seizure of the greater part of Cox's stock, which fact must be totally unknown to "an officer of the 1st Regt. Excelsior Brigade." "An officer" would have subserved the cause of his country, and therefore of truth, had he confined himself to the vindication of the officers of his Regt. Not content with that he pronounces my letter "wholly incorrect" in all its statements, treating as a farce one of the most astounding and guilty crimes, which has covered the authors and abettors of this Rebellion with the blackest infamy!

Over two months have elapsed since I penned the letter "an officer" refers to. At the time I wrote it, it was almost impossible to ascertain positively in which of the Regt.'s referred to, the 1st or 5th, the rendition took place. Knowing Colonel Dwight, and having facts in my possession which could enable me to make the amend honorable should this Regt. be the wrong one, I gave his name, almost confident that there must have been some one officer there who would set me right, but he has not yet shown himself. I have certain proof that Col. Graham's Regt. was the 2d one that encamped near Port Tobacco, Col. Dwight's being the 1st that went there, and that Scroggins joined the 2d one which had encamped at Allen's Fresh. After they commenced the march down to Hill Top, Cox and eight or ten friends went in pursuit, and overtook them about six miles on the march at a white house, where a man by the name of Joe Walters lived. Among Cox's friends was a man by the name of James Neil, who was elected to the State Legislature last fall. Cox rushed in the ranks and seized Scroggins, when the men with Scroggins beat him badly. An officer rode up and rescued Cox, and made the men surrender the slave up upon the promise that he would not harm him. I have tried to find out the name of the officer, but I find it almost impossible. Is there no honorable man in the 1st or 5th Regiment or anywhere else who will give the name of the officer? I heard that it was the Major of the 5th Regt.

G. E. S.

LETTER FROM REV. J. N. GLOUCESTER.

Washington, March 9th, 1862.

Mr. Editor.—I promised when I left your city,—for a brief visit to this,—to give you whatever I found that might interest your readers; now, although I may be mistaken in what I communicate on the point of interest, yet I feel willing to attempt to redeem my promise.

You are aware that those who travel the country by railroad, see but little of its beauty and expansiveness. It is only he who plods with ox and team, or in that, the most delectable of all conveyances, the country coach. Our rough uneven surface, rampelling you up, threatening to leave but little of you by the time you end the journey; yet with such a physical disadvantage—especially to the posterior—you see much of nature as pencilled in her magestic beauty by the Eternal hand, associated with the prolific power of art, so that the rural rude coach with all its infelicities, is not without its charms. The wheels of the fiery coach soon whirled me from our great and glorious city—glorious for its massiveness in population, for its commercial power, its literature, its progressive march in human freedom—to the city of Philadelphia, in the state founded by the virtue, patriotism, and heroism of the immortal Penn. This city once in a seeming hurry to do justice to this illustrious man, erected an almost unspeakable monument of bronze—unspeakable for its unintelligibility, so much so as to leave the stranger in doubt as to what was its previous intent, as it stands without any relief of beauty in one of its public parks. But even this might be pardoned—that miserable speciman of art—if this city in the elapse of years since this good and glorious man has departed to his fathers, had learned the good sense to have shaken off the barbarous relics of slavery, and not to practise them as they do now, upon defenceless woman in their city public conveyances.

Why, I find there is done no worse in the very strong holds of oppression, where the animal or chattle is conveyed. Yes so great is the damnable prejudice against complexion in this professidly free christian city, (but one in which resides many unmitigated villians,) as to offer no shield to woman, though clothed as she is with her own peculiar helplessness, beauty and glory. "Ah," says God by the mouth of the earnest eloquent Prophet, "will not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

I see in this city no marked difference in the status of the colored people, so far as they themselves are concerned. They certainly need more activity and diligence than what they now exhibit in these glorious times—some Boanerges to stir them up from their deep slumbers. I have had the great pleasure and profit to myself, and I trust to them, to preach five times to their several intelligent congregations during my brief stay, and then left on the universal charger for the times, he who carries you without stint of speed over land and water—so that I soon left in the distance this half free, but beautiful cultured State, and came into that of the little flat saucy State, Delaware—Delaware that even now feels her oath as a border power in the great national struggle, evidenced by her pert little message she sent to Congress on the question of emancipation, but to use the Yankee "guess," she will be spanked and set aside to mend her manners.

But soon again our mettled steed bore us on through the boson of this pretty little State, to that of the noble Maryland—Maryland far too much so, in the expanse of land and water, in agriculture, in art, in science, to be cursed with such a bitter curse as human slavery; but so it is. In this magnificent State stands Baltimore truly a beautiful city. Beautiful for the structure and cleanliness of its streets, its obelisk, as monumental of the history of Washington, the elaborate architecture of many of its public and private buildings—in brief, in all that varied paraphanalia that go to constitute existence and elegance of a city. But I must not forget in this enumeration to mention those for whose especial benefit I write—the poor despised Africo-Americans. They indeed add no small share to the magnitude, beauty, and glory of this city, in contributing to its wealth in handsome valuable residences, in unique beautiful commodious churches, in lyceums, in schools, in a pious, intelligent, and able ministry, that should put to blush our brethren in the free States. But such is the status of our brethren and sisters in this pro-slavery city—nothing less than a monument of confounding power to those who would place further fetters upon their necks. Ah thank God and the glory of this hour, that, that era has past, and as evidence of it I am told that the slave prisons of this city (these slave hells of the nation) have lost their accustomed victims. No longer is beholding sympathising humanity made to weep at her violations in the chain coffle as it was made to traverse the street day and night. The nation, as far as this city is concerned, has redeemed itself from this heaven-abhorring God, defying crime almost within the process of a day. Let us all therefore, thank God and take courage.

But I must cease, lest I should weary your intelligent readers, and defer what I have to say about Washington, (if agreeable to you) for your next emission.

Yours truly, for every good and righteous cause,

James. N. Gloucester.

LETTER FROM BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem, Pa. March 14, 1862.

Mr. Editor.—The weather has been glorious—alternate rain and fog for the last ten days; consequently, mud prevails. Mud in the street, mud on the sidewalk, mud on the doorstep, mud in the house, mud on top the house, mud down in the cellar, mud up stairs; and such ugly, yellow, miserable stuff, a comparison would be odious indeed; in fact it closely resembles some of our government contractors, or agents for army supplies, everything within its reach quietly disappears.

If ancient Bethlehem in the land of Judea, resembled in the degree of mud the modern town of the same name, it is easily accounted for wherefore the Jews became wanderers upon the face of the earth. Mud in your ears, mud in your eyes, mud in your nose, mud to the right of you, mud to the left of you, mud everywhere.

Nothing particular exciting to record, except that the Rev. P. W. Brister has been confounding the natives of West Jersey, by delivering discourses upon the origin of black men, and upon the origin of white men; the black race as a people; their present condition; their future; the war, its causes and its consequence, &c., &c. The Rev. gentleman is looked upon as some strange anomaly; wondered at and spoken of as a sort of enigma, or as a something that is very difficult to comprehend.

In fact the major part of the inhabitants in this corner of the globe have yet to learn that there exists among the descendants of Africa such things as intelligence and learning. To them, the idea that the "Anglo-African," a weekly newspaper, edited and published by colored men, is a something inconceivable.

There has been considerable amusement occasioned by several returned young men who have been at Perryville, Md., endeavoring to subdue some of the mule species; but from all appearances, instead of taming and training mules to go in harness, the effect has been reversed, that is, with a little variation. The taming is all right, for the gentlemen are as gentle and docile as any mule need be; but the harness, that's where the variation is—scant and hardly adaptable to a Northern climate, and, in truth, of a social or *soiree* night at Voorhees's or Brown's, would be rather objectionable.

S. E.

LETTER FROM MIDDLETOWN.

Middletown, Ct., March 15, '62.

Mr. Editor: As you have been the faithful organ of the people of African origin, will you allow your columns to sound one note from the heart of the "Nutmeg State!" We have a population of less than two hundred of this class of people employed mostly as sailors and coachmen, five keeping barber's-shop, and one tailor's-shop. Our children enjoy all the school privilege of the whites in the high and primary schools. We have one church of the Methodist order, the Rev. James A. Jones as pastor, with about 30 members. This church held a fair last week, and realised $138 87 clear of all expenses.

Carter.

RETURN OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE IN ILLINOIS.

In November, 1861, a slave man by the name of Pleasant escaped from his owner, one Jesse H. Rector, of Pike county, Missouri, and was traced to Springfield, Ill., the home of President Lincoln, in which neighborhood he remained undiscovered until a few days ago, when he was arrested by the vigilant slave hound Assistant Deputy Marshal W. Crafton, who immediately notified Rector of the arrest. On Rector's arrival in the city, Pleasant was [illegible] U. S. Commissioner S. A. [illegible] When confronted with [illegible] in reply to the latter's inquiry "How are you, Pleasant?" he answered "Very well, sir," which, in the opinion of the Commissioner, established the slave's identity, and his right to the ten dollar fee. He accordingly was handed over to his owner, and left Springfield for Missouri the same day.

A Donation and Festival took place in the lecture room of the African Union Church in 15th street, New York, on the evening of the 4th and 5th inst., for the benefit of the aged and afflicted members of said church. It was gotten up by a committee of ladies, and proved to be far more successful than was anticipated; for at the very low price of the tickets (ten cents), and the moderate price of the excellent refreshments, the ladies realised the sum of sixty-nine dollars and one cent clear of all expense, and the donations in groceries swelling the amount to near eighty dollars, which will carry the recipients comfortably through the dull season. It should be borne in mind that all of the aged and infirm members of the church have spent their early days of health and strength in bondage in this country without pay; yet the church is not willing for them to become a burden to the public.

The evenings were spent in social conversation, singing and marching, interspersed with eating and drinking. The home-made bread furnished by the scienced hand of one of the ladies of the committee (and a widow too, as I was informed) would have gained a compliment, if not a premium, at any table in the city. There were present on this occasion Rev. Messrs. Richard Wilson and Wm. Hutchings, of the Union Church, who seemed much delighted with the praiseworthy effort of the ladies. Amongst the leaders of this pleasant affair was Mrs. Ellen Lake, Mrs. Elizabeth Corsey, Mrs. Rachel Brown, Mrs. Mary Ann Johnson, Mrs. Harden, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Cargill, Miss Kelley, Miss Polk, Miss Cassell and Miss Jones; also Messrs. N. Lake, D. King, P. Freeman, Lone, Jesse Porter and P. S. Porter.

P.

DANGER OF ARMING SLAVES.

To the Editor of the New York Times.
—"Mr. Biddle of Pennsylvania, (Union,) in the course of his speech said the slave could not be made a soldier. Place arms in his hands and he is rendered an assassin."—(Times Feb. 7, 1862.)

We have here simply the assertion of the Hon Mr. Biddle. Let that assertion not be received without better authority. When the agents of the French Directory sent Polverel and Santhonax as their agents to San Domingo, (I think in 1789,) they found the mass of the slaveholders royalists, who refused to recognise the Republic of France. They liberated the negroes. The masters, notwithstanding, endeavored to subject their former slaves to coerced labor. Resistance, and finally the massacre of many of the masters, were the natural consequences.

When the agents of the Home Government received information of the approval of their action by the Directory they placed arms in the hands of the negroes, and appointed the famous Touissant L'Overture as their commander. Though a native of Africa, and ignorant of a letter in any language, he possessed such rare military ability, that he organized and commanded an army of blacks, who immediately became the police of the island. No massacres occured from that time until 1801, when Le Clerc with 30,000 men invaded the island. (I will not insist on the precise dates, as I write in haste, without time to make reference, but the facts are substantially true, and can be verified.)

Napoleon's instructions to his brother-in-law were that he should appear in the French West Indies not in the character of a partizan, but as the preserver of the authority of the Empire; that where the freedom of the negro was established he should enforce it—where the negro was a slave he should remain a slave. Unfortunately, Le Clerc first visited Gaudaloupe, where insurrections of the negroes, and massacres too, prevailed to a fearful extent, and where slavery was legal. His duty to his orders required him to subjugate the rebels. That is, he had to reduce them to slavery. On his arrival at San Domingo he found it impossible to convince the negro Government and the negro inhabitants that his mission to their Island could be anything else than the restoration of slavery. War resulted, and in three months the negro Government was subdued. Touissant was sent a prisoner to Paris, and in three months more twenty-two thousand of the French soldiery, out of the thirty-thousand which constituted the original army, were dead by the yellow fever.

Then arose a second series of massacres. In the early, as in the later massacres, the cause was simply the attempt to reduce freemen to slavery. In neither case was the negro made "an assassin by putting arms into his hands."

On the contrary, when the French agents did "place arms in his hands," the negro did not become an assassin, but he became an efficient policeman, restraining the ferocity of the master, and promoting order and industry among the negroes. It is a fact that, during the whole period of eleven or twelve years, between the two massacres on the island, its productions, as proved by the exportations of sugar and coffee, were greater than ever before or since.

I derive these facts from Thiers History of the Revolution Consulate and Empire, and whoever will take the trouble to read that admirable history, will at once discover the want of foundation in fact for the vulgar and malignant lie against human nature which has disgraced the National halls, and the senator who could lend himself to its propagation upon their floors.

C.

New York, Friday, March 14.

"COONED IT ON DE LOG."

One of the St. Louis papers tells an interesting story of a faithful negro who saved a family of Unionists in Arkansas. A resident of Fayetteville, Arkansas, named Smith, the owner of a tract of six-hundred acres of land, became obnoxious to the rebels in consequence of his Union sentiments, and his place was sacked by McCulloch's vagabonds. On receiving news of the approach of Curtis's forces to Springfield, the secessionists began pursuing all the Union men to hang them, and Smith and his brother-in-law, named Watkins, fled, hoping to make their way to some of the federal camps. The women thus left, in fear of outrage and torture on their husbands' account—if not death—left their home on the night of the 8th of February, with a slave named Charley as their guide and protector, leaving the aged mother and the child, who were unable to move. On foot they wended their way, sleeping, when they did sleep, in the open air, upon such litter as Charley could gather for them, and covered by the single blanket which he carried, and subsisting upon the food which he carried in a pair of saddle-bags. He would have been seized as marketable property belonging to a Union man, and the women regarded their own jeopardy as something more than that of their lives, if met or caught by the secessionists.

They traveled, he thinks, about eight miles the first day, (the women being feeble and one of them in a delicate situation), fording creeks and avoiding the traveled roads. On one occasion crossing a creek upon a log one of the ladies fell in, and was with difficulty extricated by Charley, who, as he said, "cooned it on de log," so that his mistress got hold of him, and when she reached the bank he pulled her out. Thus, for nearly a week, footsore and with short and painful journeys, having no shelter and not seeing a fire, subsisting on the scant provisions which Charley carried, they slowly made their way, until they first met the advance guard of the federal forces at Mudtown. Here the ladies were at once cared for by the Colonel, while Charley was taken some miles on horseback to "Mister Sigel," who examined him at great length, comparing his stories with his own maps of the country. He was satisfied of Charlie's truthfulness, and gave him a pass for himself and the two ladies.

From this point conveyance was given them to Springfield and Rolla, and they arrived in St. Louis on Friday night by rail, the faithful Charlie still their servant, protector and friend. He exhibited the various passes furnished him. He speaks of them with the utmost affection. "I brought dem children up," said he, though not more than thirty-seven years old himself.

A Touching Bequest.—The New York Institution for the Blind lately received a small legacy of one hundred dollars, under circumstances of peculiar interest. The testator was a colored woman, born a slave at New Utrecht, Long Island, of the name of Elizabeth Van Tuyl; after her freedom she came to this city, and lived out as cook. She died at the age of seventy, having accumulated about seven hundred dollars, of which she left three hundred dollars in special bequests, and the remainder to a granddaughter of her old master. She was for fifteen years in the service of the gentleman who now acts as her executor, and he says of her that he "never met with a person more scrupulously honest—white or black." To remember the afflicted blind, and to contribute, even in this humble way, to their relief, "points a lesson" which others, more fortunately circumstanced, may take to heart.—Evening Post.

A letter from London states that ex-Senator Mason, the rebel envoy, during the reading of the Queen's speech in the House of Commons, was seated in one of the side galleries, and that, singularly enough, "his next neighbor was a negro of the deepest dye, one of the Haytian embassy, I believe; at all events, he must have been of note to have got a place in that exclusive locality."

A FUNERAL SERMON.

A very large congregation assembled at Zion Church on Sunday last to listen to a sermon preached by the Rev. D. Stevens on the death of Mrs. Adriene Ferguson. This lady had been an exemplary member of Zion Church, and was also a member of the Order of Good Samaritans at the time of her death—and hence the great gathering on Sunday.

The seats on both sides of the middle aisle were occupied by the mourners, the class to which she belonged, and by the Order. The Elder preached a sterling sermon, and feeling remarks were made by several others, testifying to the Christian worth of the deceased. After these exercises, a hymn, composed by Mr. J. D. Bagwell, was sung by the whole Order. After some other services by the Order the congregation was dismissed.

The Boston Traveller states: "One of the casualties at Annapolis, resulting in the death of John Thompson, (colored,) aged about 20, an attendant on one of the surgeons of the 24th Massachusetts Regiment, occured on Christmas Eve, which is a merry time among the blacks, when crackers, squibs, pistols, &c., are let off. On returning to camp, one of his (Thompson's) companions prematurely discharged a pistol, and the ball penetrated Thompson's back near the spine, passed through the abdomen, and lodged under the skin above the navel. He was taken into a house, and he asked for his employer, who was summoned, and who remained with him while living. He was unwilling that any one else should do anything for him. He lingered without pain and was rational until the next day, when he died. He was kind and faithful, and was liked by all, and was considered one of the best lads in the service. His brother, a few years since, broke through the ice in the Back Bay, and was drowned, and their mother is now a lone widow."

PERSONAL.

The "Black Swan" and the "Black Mario" have been concertizing with success in Montreal. The "Advertiser" of that city says:

Miss Greenfield's voice is still as fresh as when she first sang here three or four years ago, and in some points has been improved. She still has that free, warbling *cantatile* style of phrasing for which her voice was so remarkable, and her compass remains in all its former purity and extraordinary range. She was received with great applause, and graciously responded to the *encores* which her delightful singing drew forth. Mr. Bowers has an admirable tenor voice. He sang "Spirito Gentil" with much feeling. In the concerted pieces he showed that his training had been thorough, as in fact he did in several of his solos.

The "Gazette" contained the following notice:

"The concert last evening at Mechanics' Hall was a decided success. The Black Swan, whose sweetness, power and wonderful compass of voice has made her fame world-wide, needs from us no especial praise. The appreciation by the public of her singing was best shown by the fact that every one of her songs was encored, which demands of the audience were very good naturedly responded to by her. "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Last Rose of Summer," were charmingly rendered, as was also "Comin' thro' the Rye;" and the duet from Maritana, "Ah, Maritana," with the African Mario, was remarkably fine. He is gifted with a sweet voice of considerable compass and highly cultivated, singing with much taste. His "Viva Britannia" brought down the house, and was repeated.

The Poughkeepsie "Eagle" of the 13th states:

The lecture of W. Wells Brown, last evening, at the Universalist Church, on "Fun and Benevolence," was well attended and highly applauded by those present, who went home apparently well satisfied with their evening's entertainment. At the request of several of the audience he promised to give a free lecture, at the same place, next Monday evening; subject to be, "What ought to be done with the Traitors and the Slaves."

We are informed that the talented artist, John G. Chaplin, Esq., of Huntingdon, Pa., has just finished another fine piece, the "Nubian Prince and the Magi paying adoration to the Savior." Our informant states that it is much thought of by the white artists of Washington. We hope that Mr. Chaplin may be induced to exhibit it at the forthcoming Exhibition of Anglo-African Industry and Art.

The Colored Tragedian, Ira Aldridge, made a great sensation at Odessa. When playing Lear in the malediction scene, it is said the audience were evidently astounded and spell bound for some seconds; then as awaking from a dream, they simultaneously rose, and summoned the artiste no less than six times to express their wonder and delight, amid substantial tokens showered upon the actor. A young lady in her enthusiasm threw a beautiful boquet from one of the private boxes, attached to which was a magnificent gold bracelet.

SUMMARY

The New Article of War.—President Lincoln on Thursday, 13th inst., approved of the additional Article of War, which goes into immediate operation, namely:

"All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor, who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a Court Martial of violating this Article of War shall be dismissed from the service."

Charlotte Dans, a middle aged colored woman living in Chouteau near Pratte avenue, St. Louis, was badly burned on the morning of the 6th inst. by her clothes taking fire while engaged in household affairs. She is not expected to survive her injuries.

William Lewis, a man of color, was found dead on the morning of the 20th ult., a short distance from Bolton, in the township of Albion, Canada West. It appeared in evidence that the unfortunate man came from Toronto, where his family live; he was for five or six days residing with another colored man, with whom he did some work, and then left to work for a gentleman in the immediate vicinity. On the evening of the 19th inst., he was met on the road in a state of intoxication. The verdict of the Jury was that he came to his death from the effects of intoxicating drink and exposure to cold. He was buried at the expense of the township.

The Washington "Star" of the 7th inst. says —"On Sunday last the five children of a worthy colored man named Tillman, who resides on M street, in this city, were all taken sick within a few hours of each other. On Tuesday two of them died. At this time two are in a critical state, and one seems to be recovering. It is only a few weeks since that Tillman lost a near relative, after a few hours illness.

The same paper contains the following: "Yesterday, Henry Lyon, the colored boy convicted of an assault and battery on Abraham Price, a white boy, was sentenced to four weeks in jail, and to pay a fine of $1. The Court, in sentencing the prisoner, spoke to him of his bad temper in resenting a blow from a snow-ball by violence, and also spoke of the fact in evidence that persons at a hotel in the vicinity of the snow-balling had advised him (the prisoner) to assault any white person who interfered with him.

AMUSEMENTS.

An Entertainment.—The ladies of the Concord street Baptist church, Brooklyn, gave an Entertainment at Gronada Hall on Thursday evening, the 13th inst. for the benefit of the church; but we are sorry to say that the attendance was not such as the ladies had a right to expect, although those who came appeared to enjoy the occasion very much.

The piano playing of Master Paul Barnswell and sister was much admired, as was also the singing of the Misses Manley. Recitations were delivered by a little master and Miss whose names we failed to get who were greatly applauded. The exercises were concluded by some remarks by the Rev. Mr. Cary, after which the company enjoyed themselves in the usual manner until a very late hour.

The Entertainment given by the ladies of the Zion (Branch) church, of 16th st., was quite successful, notwithstanding the stormy weather that prevailed at the time. This success, we think, was greatly owing to the exertions of Mrs. Asa Francis and family, who seemed to leave nothing undone that would contribute to the affair. The children who spoke and sung performed their parts excellently well, as did also Madame Green, whose capabilities are so well known.

That some $27 or $28 profit should be realized by the affair, we think speaks very favorably for the managers.

A Surprise.—A number of ladies and gentlemen having concluded on giving the Rev. H. M. Wilson a surprise, assembled on Friday evening, March 14th, at the house of Mrs. Brown, in Morton street, and proceeded from thence to the church. The Rev. gentleman was just closing the meeting when they arrived, he having at that time called upon a gentleman to pray, but we are sorry to say that the gentleman forgot the prayer, as did every body else.

The party under the management of Mesdames Brown, Essex, Lyons, Pollard, Vandyke, Polk, Drayton, Colbourne, Mills and Bogert was not only very successful, but was exceedingly pleasant. The table, which was spread before the pulpit, was loaded with home-made and other dainties in great abundance, affording more than sufficient for all present. The money, which amounted to $27, was deposited in Mr. Wilson's hat, and as that amount in silver weighs something, it soon knocked the hat into the shape of a "cocked hat." Messrs Wilson and Garnet made short addresses, which were much applauded. Mrs. Lyons also made a few remarks, thanking the friends on behalf of the committee, and promising a like return when they should be solicited.

DIED.

Phillips.—In Buffalo, New York, on the 7th inst. of consumption, Thomas H. Phillips, son of Richard and Caroline Phillips, aged 20 years, 8 months, 18 days. He sleeps in Christ, and lives in heaven; he was prepared to meet God.

Qualls.—In Buffalo, N. Y. on the 19th of February, Miss Elizabeth Qualls, in the 31st year of her age. She was greatly beloved by all who knew her. In heaven we hope to meet her. Peace to her ashes.

Haywood.—In this city, March 14th, of hasty consumption, Ann Louisa, daughter of Ann Louisa Haywood, and niece of the Rev. J. T. Holly, aged 20 years and 9 days.

Cooper.—In New Haven, Feb. 25th, after a short but painful illness Chloe Ann, wife of Leven Cooper. Mrs. Cooper had been for a long time a much respected member of the A. M. E. Zion Church. Her end was peace.

Webster.—In this city, March 12th, of apoplexy, William A. Webster, aged 62 years.

Welden.—In this city, of apoplexy, Fanny Welden, aged 69 years, 7 months and 18 days.

Special Notices.

☞ Miss Caroline C. Jones, formerly of 129 Greene st. is informed that we have a letter for her in our possession.

A FESTIVAL, AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

Will be given for the benefit of Richard Turner, on Thursday evening, March 27th, 1862, at the Continental Hall, corner 34th street and 8th avenue. The Committee pledge themselves to spare no pains to make the entertainment agreeable to all who may favor them with their company.

The exercises to consist of speaking, singing and promenading. Addresses and recitations will be made by Messrs. Robert Johnson, Joseph Clift, and Ohr. R. Brown.

Tickets of admission 10 cents, to be had at the door and of the following Committee:

Committee of arrangements — David Walker, 161 29th st.; John Ford; Miss Henrietta Hecter, 85 30th st.; Mrs. Hannah Ford, 57 29th st.; Miss Caroline Lepain, 47 Laurens st.; John Bennet 45 Laurens st.; Daniel Titus, 159 29th st.; Mrs. Jackson, 177 31st st.; Miss Josephine Donner; Mrs Mary A. Bennett, 45 Laurens st.

Refreshments will be furnished at reasonable rates.

NOTICE.

☞ There will be a Special Meeting of the African Civilization Society in the Seventh Avenue Presbyterian Church, (Wilson's) on Monday Evening March 24th, inst. at 8 o'clock.

A full attendance is requested.

REV. H. H. GARNET, President
HENRY M. WILSON, Sec'ry

J. W. Bowers, L. W. Green, T. J. G. Campbell, Benj. W. Wilkins, P. S. Porter, R. Hamilton, John Cary, L. T. Smith, S. D. Howard, John Bees, Rev. D. Stevens, Rev. G. W. Le Vere, Rev. R. H. Cain, Rev. W. J. Alston, Rev. J. G. Urling, Rev. A. A. Constantine, Rev. S. White, Henry Montgomery, Samuel Colborn, Thomas R. Williams.

LECTURES AND EXHIBITIONS.

The Subscriber is prepared to Lecture on Phrenology and the Southern Rebellion, before Lyceums and other bodies, or to give exhibitions of John Brown's Raid on Virginia, and the affair in which the hero Tillman figured. My address is Ithaca, N. Y. box 470. WM. F. JOHNSON.
34 tf

GRAND CONCERT.

There will be a grand concert and exhibition given by the young ladies and gentlemen of the New York Benevolent Society, No 1 and No. 2, at the Prince Street Hall 178 Prince Street, on Wednesday evening, March 26th 1862, for the benefit of the Rev. John Cary.

Stage conductor, R. Hamilton, Brooklyn. Miss Mary Garnet will preside at the Piano.

At the close of the exercises, there will be refreshments for sale, and promenading.

Doors open at 6 1-2 o'clock. Exercises at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Tickets of admission, 15 cents.

THE 52d ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
NEW YORK AFRICAN SOCIETY
FOR
MUTUAL RELIEF.

Will be celebrated on TUESDAY evening, March 25th, 1862, in the METROPOLITAN ASSEMBLY ROOMS, 178 Prince Street.

Short Addresses will be made by members of the Society and others, together with singing by a number of young ladies and gentlemen; also several young ladies will give performances on the Piano.

The musical department will be under the efficient direction of Mr. Rob. Hamilton.

A pleasing feature of the exercises will be the reading of the First Annual Address, delivered before the Society by Mr. J. Teasman in 1811.

At the conclusion of the exercises, a collation will be served under the supervision of Mr. E. V. Clark.

Exercises will commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

Tickets of Admission 25 cents. May be obtained of the Committee and at the door.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Alex. Elston.	Albro Lyons.
Ed. Latham.	E. Brown.
P. Vogelsang	J. J. Zuille.

A
GRAND
CONCERT,
OF
One Hundred and Fifty Juvenile Singers,
WILL BE GIVEN AT THE
COOPER INSTITUTE,
On Monday Evening, March 31st,
IN AID OF THE WEEKLY ANGLO AFRICAN,
And an effort to establish in this city a
Mechanical School for Colored Youth
of both sexes.

TICKETS 25 Cents. Children under 12 years of age 15 cents.

☞ Further particulars will be given in Circulars and in next week's paper.

LOVE AND CHARITY.

The Officers and Members of Margaret A. Jackson Tabernacle No. 5, I. O. of Brothers and Sisters of Love and Charity, will give their first Anniversary of said Tabernacle,

TUESDAY EVENING,
March 25, 1862,
IN THE
CONTINENTAL HALL,
34th street and 8th av.

This being the first entertainment ever given by this Tabernacle since its organization, the committee will endeavor to make this entertainment satisfactory to all those who may favor us with their presence on this occasion.

Addresses may be expected from P. G. W. S. Rev. H. H. Garnet, and other distinguished brethren of the Order.

The Grand Tabernacle for the State and City of New York, and subordinate Tabernacles are expected to appear on this occasion.

Odes will be sung by the order.

Tickets of admission, 15 cents. Refreshments will be on hand at the option of the audience.

Abraham B Aray, Chairman
J. H. Lewis, Secretary.
Sophia C. James, Treasurer.

EXHIBITION.

Colored Public School No. 1, Brooklyn, Will give an Exhibition in the Polytechnic Institute, in Livingston street, between Court and Boerum streets, Brooklyn, on Friday Evening, March 21st, instant, commencing at 7 o'clock,—doors open at 6 o'clock. Admission 15 cents. No postponement on account of the weather.

I. O. OF G. S. AND D. OF S.

New York, March 10th

Notice is hereby given that the Officers and members of the G. Lodge, and Subordinate Lodges, will meet on Sunday, March 28, at 1 o'clock P. M. precisely, in the Basement of Zion Church, for the purpose of attending the Funeral Sermon of the G. Treas., brother Wm. Burnett.

John R. Porter, G. Sec.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

DISTRICT GRAND LODGE, No. 2, OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD SAMARITANS AND DAUGHTERS OF SAMARIA.

In accordance with previous arrangements, Thomas Lodge, No. 35, of Good Samaritans; Smith Union Lodge, No 13, of Daughters of Samaria; Van Brakle Lodge, No. 4, of Good Samaritans, Olive Union Lodge, No. 27, of Daughters of Samaria, Prudence Lodge, No. 30, of Daughters of Samaria, and Perseverance Lodge, No. 42, of Daughters of Samaria, were reinstated to fellowship with the Right Worthy National Grand Lodge, of the I. O. of G. S. and D. of S., First Branch, on Tuesday evening, March 4th, A. D. 1862. A dispensation having been granted, the Right Worthy National Grand Sire, Bro. Geo. H. Hick, organized the above named Lodges into a District Grand Lodge, to be known by the name, style, and title, of District Grand Lodge, No. 2, of the Independent Order of Good Samaritans, and Daughters of Samaria, and installed the following named Brothers and Sisters into their offices respectively, viz:

Bro. J. T. Robinson, R W. P. Grand Chief.

Sist. M. E. Ashton, R. W. P. Grand Presiding Daughter.

Bro. H. Brooks, R. W. G. Chief.

Sist. S. Davis, R. W. G. Presiding Daughter.

Bro. R. H. Gleaves, R. W. D. G. Chief.

Sist. M. Parker, R. W. D. G. P. Daughter.

Bro. N. L. Durham, R. W. G. V. Chief.

Sist. M. Highgate, R. W. G. D. of the Fountain.

Bro. J. H. Smith, R. W. G. Prelate.

Sist. J. Pharis, R. W. G. D. of Lessons.

Bro. F. C. Revels, R. W. G. Orator.

Bro. W. H. Longfellow, R. W. G. R. Secretary.

Sist. S. Jenkins, R. W. G. D. of Records.

Bro. J. Davis, R. W. G. F. Secretary.

Sist. C. E. Gilbert, R. W. G. F. Daughter.

Bro. J. Dolphin, R. W. G. Treasurer.

Sist. E. Maston, R. W. G. D. of Treasurer.

Bro. H. H. Gilbert, R. W. G. Conductor.

Sist. E. Briant, R. W. G., D. Conductor.

Bro. W. Cooper, R. W. G. I. Sentinel.

Sist. S. Young, R. W. G. D. of the Key.

Bro. G. Murry, R. W. G. O. Sentinel.

Sist. S. Fauset, R. W. G. D. of the Pass.

After the installation ceremonies the R. W. National Grand Sire declared District Grand Lodge No. 2, I. O. of G. S. and D. of S., to be a regular organized body, under the Jurisdiction of the R. W. National Grand Lodge.

On motion, it was resolved: That a list of the officers be published in the Christian Recorder, and the Anglo African.

Wm. H. Longfellow, } Committee.
Jonathan Davis, M. D. }

Philadelphia, March 5, 1862.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER. A Printing Office for $10. LOWE'S Improved Printing Presses are the *Best, Cheapest*, most *Durable* portable Card and Job Presses ever made, and have been awarded Diplomas and silver medals. You will find a press a source of pleasure and profit, by printing for yourself or your neighbors. Many persons are saving and making money by using one at their homes or places of business. A comfortable living may be obtained in any city, town or village, with a small outlay for press and types. The press costs but one-tenth as much as a common job press, and is so simple a boy or girl of twelve can do common and fancy printing with ease. Cards, Bill-Heads, Labels, Receipts, Circulars, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Presses—No. 1, $5; No. 2, $10; No. 3, $15; No. 4, $20. Price of Printing Offices, including press.—No. 1, $10; No. 2, $20; No. 3, $30; No. 4, $40. Send for a Circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY,
34ts 13 Water street, Boston.

BOARDING AND LODGING. Mrs. A. M. Thompson, (late Jackson) respectfully informs the public that she has opened a Boarding and Lodging house at No. 39 Watts street. The house is well situated, being between two railroads, and within 15 minutes walk of the principal colored churches. Terms very moderate.

NOW IS THE TIME
To Use Dr. CLARKE'S
SHERRY WINE
BITTERS!!
Composed of

Dock Root, Wild Cherry,
Sarsaparilla, Prickly Ash,
Thoroughwort, Poplar Bark,
Rock Rose, Rhubarb,
Wintergreen, Dandelion,
&c. &c.

For Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Sour Stomach, Jaundice, Headache, Piles of long standing, Humors,

And all Diseases which arise from an unhealthy state of the Stomach, Bowels, and Blood.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE!

For Sale at the office of the Anglo-African, 48 Beekman street.

TO LET.—Apartments in house No. 148 Jay street, Brooklyn. As these apartments are within five minutes walk of Fulton and Catherine Ferries persons desiring a residence in Brooklyn will find them desirable. Apply on the premises after 1 o'clock, P. M.

THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS, MELODEONS, ALEXANDRE ORGANS, *T. Gilbert & Co's. Celebrated Æolian Pianos,* are the finest instruments for Parlors and Churches now in use. A large assortment can be seen at the new Warerooms 481 Broadway, between Grand and Broome streets, which will be sold at extremely low prices. Pianos and Melodeons from sundry makers, new and second hand, to let, and rent allowed if purchased, as per agreement. Monthly payments received for the same. Also, second-hand pianos at great bargains, prices from $25 to $100. Sheet Music, Music Books and all kinds of Music merchandise at war prices. A Pianist in attendance will try new music.

HORACE WATERS, Agent.
32 13t.

MEDICAL.

MRS. R. LEE, for several years Practising Eclectic, and at present Student of the N. E. F. Medical College of Boston, is now in Brooklyn at 97 High street, where she will take great pleasure in giving medical advice to any who may wish it while she remains in the city.—Charges very moderate. Hours 10 to 2 A. M. and 3 to 8 P. M.
32 tf.

THE LAUNDRESS' SECRET.

The most Invaluable Preparation known for rendering clothes white and clean, without rubbing or injury to the fabric.

The above recipe, together with over one hundred other items of information, sent free on the receipt of 5 red stamps.

A liberal discount to peddlers. Address,

Jos. Adams,
33 Nassau street.

A. ROBERTS,

120 Clinton Court, 8th st., New York, agent for the Weekly Anglo-African. Copies may be had of him at an early hour after its publication.

TO LET.—Apartments in house 153 Thompson Street. A few gentlemen can be furnished with lodging also. Inquire of Mr. Jer. Bowers on the premises.
315t.

ZION CONFERENCE.

☞ Notice is hereby given to the Members of the Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion, that the Annual Conference of the New York District will meet in Zion Church corner of Church and Leonard streets, New York city, on the Third Saturday in May, 1862.

WM. H. BISHOP,
Superintendent of the 1st Dist. of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion.

WILLIAMSBURG AGENCY.

Copies of the "Anglo-African" can be had at an early hour after it is issued, of Louis Delart, 148 South 6th street, Williamsburg.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

HELP! HELP WANTED

At Tilmon's Agency, No. 70 East 13th st., one door East of the 4th Avenue. Spring is here and now is the time. Never was there a greater demand for all first class colored help than now. Remember that this is the oldest and most responsible office in the city for colored help. Situations constantly on hand for both city and country. Terms cash and strict attention paid to business. All persons coming to this city and wishing to save board will do well to call during Office hours, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

31tf L. Tilmon, Proprietor.

STONE SQUARE LODGE NO. 6, A. Y. M. under the jurisdiction of the M. W. United Grand Lodge of the State of New York, meet every Friday Evening at 8 o'clock, at their Hall 309 Grand st., Williamsburg, Brooklyn, E. D.

J. H. DAVIS, Sec'ry.

PETER S. PORTER,
GENERAL AGENT FOR
HOUSE LETTING,
170 WEST 29TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Colored Families furnished with apartments in suits of Rooms or whole Houses, in different parts of the City.
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PLANE St. SELECT SCHOOL.

195 PLANE ST., NEWARK, N. J.
Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, Principal

The branches taught are Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography and History.

Plain Sewing, Ornamental Needlework, Worsted Embroidery and Fancy Knitting.

Piano Forte, Melodeon, and Vocal Music by Prof. John H. O'Fake.

A limited number of Misses between the ages of ten and fourteen may be boarded in the house on moderate terms. Healthy location, and a fine yard for exercise.

REFERENCES.

Newark, N.J.
Rev. E. J. Adams, Jefferson Ellis,
Adam Ray, Abram T. Cook.
Brooklyn.
Rev. J. N. Gloucester.
New York.
Rev H. M. Wilson, Rev. H. H. Garnet.

All letters may be addressed to Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, 194 Plane st. Newark N. J.
27 6t.

Elizabeth City, N. J. Feb. 8, 1862.

This is to certify that I heartily approve of the effort of Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers to establish a Select School for young misses. I have been acquainted with her for over twenty-five years, and am happy to recommend her and her enterprise to the patronage of the public in general.

DANIEL H. VANDERVEER,
Pastor of the 1st Colored Pres. Church, Eliz. City.

Washboards! Washboards!! Washboards!!!—of the celebrated "Hoagland Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Wm. R. De Cordover, 419 South 7th st. is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Anglo-African. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

GLASS, CHINA, AND EARTHEN-WARE MENDED,
BY A. ROBERTS,
120 Clinton Court, 8th st. New York.

A Supply of the EGYPTIAN CEMENT, for the above purpose constantly on hand. Price 25 cents per bottle.
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WORLD'S FAIR AGENCY.—The undersigned are acting as Agents for Merchants and Manufacturers to Exhibit at World's Fair, and to introduce into England, France and other European countries, articles of American Invention, Procuring Patents, making Sales, or in any way promoting their interests.

DEXTER & CO. 17 Spruce st. N. Y.;
86 Milk street, Boston; 149 S. Fourth st., Philad
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GEORGE OTON'S
QUADRILLE BAND
Balls, Parties, &c., furnished with music at the shortest notice.
MR. GEORGE OTON,
Professor of Music,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St, and with G. Oton.
18tf

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

SHILOH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
REV. H. H. GARNET, MINISTER.
New York—corner of Prince and Marion street near Broadway.

Hours of Worship;—
Prayer-meeting, 10½ A. M.
3 P. M.
7½ P. M.

Prayer-meeting Tuesday Evenings 7½ o'clock.
Lecture Friday Evenings, 7½ o'clock.
Minister's Residence 174 W. 30th st. near the 8th Avenue.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,
(PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.)
Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

Rev. Wm. J. Alston, Pastor. Residence—70 Sullivan St.

R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.
3 " P. M.

Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.
Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—
10½ A. M.
3 P. M.
7½ P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn.
13-1y.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
DeKalb, corner of Hudson Avenue.
Rev. Eli N. Hall, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:
10½ o'clock, A. M.
3 " P. M.
7½ " P. M.
10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,
28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor. Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:
10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.
3 " P. M.
7½ " P. M.
12-1y

SILOAM CHURCH,
Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue

Hours of worship:—
3 o'clock, P. M.
7 1-2 " P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

LECTURE every Wednesday evening.

Rev. Chas. H. Thompson, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
Second Street, between Avenues B and C

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.
3½ " P. M.
7½ " P. M.

Rev. J. D. S. Hall, Pastor. Residence—223 Second St.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.
Sullivan St., near Houston.
Rev. John T. Raymond, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.
3 " P. M.
7 1-2 " P. M.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.
Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.
Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bayard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

Agent for Washington.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson will be promptly forwarded.

Troy Agency.—Mr. Henry Burke, 36 Fulton St., Troy, is the regular agent for that city and vicinity. Subscriptions and advertisements for the paper left with him, will be promptly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. ELIZA LEWIS' SALVE,
ANDERSON'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,
(New London.)
SPANISH OIL, (For the Hair.)
WHITE'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT,
BRANDRETH'S SUGAR COATED PILLS.
For Sale at the
Drug Store 55 West Broadway
tf-47

TO LET.—Two furnished Rooms in Mrs. [illegible] Boarding House suitable for a gentleman and wife, or for single gentlemen or ladies. Apply on the premises.

BOARDING AND LODGING, at No. 3 Jay street, by Mrs. Brown, (widow of the late J. W. Brown) who begs the patronage of her friends and acquaintances.
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SOMETHING NEW.

The best washing preparation in the world. No boiling, pounding or rubbing required, but all done in simple warm water. Full instructions concerning its use and manufacture sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents Address

Rufus Stickney.
28 4t Templeton, Mass.

BOSTON HOUSE.
MRS. CHURCH, PROPRIETRESS,
105 *Park Street, near Mott*,
NEW YORK.

This is the oldest Colored Boarding-House in the city, having been

Established in 1841.

It is centrally located, being within fifteen minutes' walk of the steamboat landings, and of all the principal colored Churches.
19 26t

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this in any other city, please call at the Merchant Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,
BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG
Where you will find a splendid assortment of seasonable goods, as
BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTING
of every description. Also constantly on hand well-selected stock of Ready-Made
MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.
Don't Forget, 168 EWEN ST.,
Williamsburg
9 1y.

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,
EMPIRE STATE HOTEL,
AND
UNION HOUSE,
541 BROOME STREET
Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. Ramsey.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Please call and see for yourselves.

HATS CAPS & FURS
IN THEIR VARIETY.
First Premium for Misses and Children's
HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS.
The Clergy supplied at a discount.
KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

AGENTS WANTED.

SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand sewing; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal oil lamps; Egyptian Cement, for mending furniture, crockery &c.; Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) P. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.
19 13t

MRS. M. E. EDY,
EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE.
Residence—134 Christie Street, N. Y.
26 26t

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS
For sale in the township of Rye, Westchester Co N. Y. Size 25 by 100 feet.
Apply to L. TILMON, 70 E 13th St.,
on door east of 4th Avenue N.Y.
10 5t

MRS. ANDERSON,
CLAIRVOYANT & DOCTORESS
Has Removed from 106 Washington St. to 71 Prospect St., (up stairs) cor. of Stewart, Brooklyn.
10 5t.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—Single seats to let in the body of St. Philip's Church (Episcopal). Apply to Peter H. Stevens, 207 Wooster Street.
11—3m

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding.
8 tf

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. Fortes, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 199 South Street, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate.
31y

HENRY G. LEASK,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS
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COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.
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Residence—120th St., between 3d and 4th Avenues, Harlem.
18 26t

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HEAD QUARTERS, HOOKER'S DIVISION, near Budd's Ferry, Md., March 12th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: The rebels have raised the seige of the National Capital. The U. S. flag now waves majestically, if not triumphantly, over the ramparts of the famous Cock-Pit Point Battery. On the evening of the 8th inst., about 10 o'clock, two fugitives from Slavery escaped from the Virgina shore in a small dug-out, and fell into the custody of picket-guard No. 3 of the 8th Reg. N. J. Vols. They reported that orders had been received by the rebels to abandon their works. About 3 o'clock on the 9th (Sunday), the gunboat Anacosta crept down to the rebel batteries and commenced shelling them, and receiving no response, sent a boat on shore and found the works deserted. The second boat ran the flag up amid the cheers of the thousands of soldiers; while this was going on the steamer George Page could be seen enveloped in flames, as was also two schooners, her prizes. Far back could be seen numerous minor explosions; and about 4 o'clock the works on Shipping Point blew up with a great concussion. Boats commenced to run frequently between the two shores, and by night-fall five hundred men must have straggled over there. As your correspondent has been *cautioned* against furnishing information of the movements of the division I must be extremely cautious, or, like Dr. Ives, the champion of Northern treason, I may suddenly find myself in *durance vile*. I shall not refrain primarily but only incidently on this account, for although the Government has spurned and rejected us, and has pampered and petted its bitter foes, yet for the love and gratitude I bear for the millions in the free North who are standing between the slave and the slave master, I am determined to be loyal, and to lose this insignificant life before one single word or act of mine shall jeopardise the interests of the service. Now that the rebel blockade of the Potomac has been raised the valuable fishing grounds will be accessible to the fishermen. The Potomac fisheries are worth thousands of dollars; and thousands of souls now in the throes of starvation will be furnished with food both savory and nutritious. There was such a continued communication kept up by the *quasi* Unionists of Maryland with the Virginia shore that the authorities were compelled to destroy nearly all the seine boats on the river, and these will have to be replaced before seine-hauling can be resumed. The fishing season commences about the 10th of March, at which time the gillers commence to take in the shad. About the last of March or the first of April seine hauling commences. The shad season closes about the last of May, the seine-hauling about the 10th of May. Herring is the principal yield of these fisheries.

The bran new General Nagle, like the old dough-faces of old, has summoned all the military power he possesses to advance the interests of slavery; but he belongs to a by-gone race. They stood and looked on with blanched cheek when Sumner was beaten down in the Senate Chamber; they were bullied and kicked by imperious slaveholders; they plead and begged the free North to spread inhuman bondage over the entire North: their mean cringing narrow souls longed for this: their big soft bellies yearned for it; and after Sumter fell and the national flag dishonored, and the rebel ensign unfurled over nearly every fort, arsenal and custom-house in the Southern States, they prayed *to their God* that "Jeff. Davis" might extend his dominions to even Bunker Hill and Fanniel Hall, so that free-speech might become a crime. There are but few of them left, Vallondingham, Diven, and several little Generals. They are traitors. There is no such thing as an uncompromising loyalist and a slave-holder whether in fact or in heart. Any man who ever apologises for slavery apologises for treason, and so long as slavery exists so long will secession remain unsubdued. This is as true as that God lives and reigns. I saw in the "Anglo" an extract from the columns of the "New York Tribune," which gives the special order No. 24 with comments, and which calls forth these remarks: these are very common things, and I can furnish you with any quantity of such orders. But the peculiarity of this order is its bold and unqualified assertion of the loyalty of Samuel W. Adams, which is false, gloriously false. This man, who commanded Brigadier General Nagle and whom Brigadier General Nagle instantly obeyed, lives at a place called Smith Point, on the Potomac, and which is directly opposite to Acquia Creek. He was the owner of several boats, and last summer used them to convey goods and men to the Virginia shore, and his house was a sort of rendezvous for the pilgrims to secessia. For this his boats were seized and he was arrested, carried to Washington, and of course released. For this man General Nagle proposes to employ the whole force of his Brigade, nearly 4,000 United States soldiers, to crush if possible by it any manifestation of sympathy for the oppressed or love for freedom; but the power he thus dares to insult will overwhelm him if he dare oppose it. The negro he would have re-enslaved by New England men, was rescued and set free under his very nose and would have been under his eyes. So much for the bran new Brigadier General Nagle, of Pennsylvania.

In your report of the Congressional debate on the bill establishing an additional article of law for the Government of the U. S. Army, Mr. Diven is reported, to have said, I want to ask the gentleman (Mr. Bingham) to specify where any military officer has hunted down any fugitive slave for the purpose of returning him to his master? Now, sir, I would have given the world if I could have had a chance to make the specifications referred to. I can give the data for scores of cases; one case, particularly, where an officer, Col. Vandyke, of the 26th Pennsylvania Volunteers, had sent a *guard outside the regimental lines* beating the bushes for a negro boy, while the hunter in search of him was imbibing bad whiskey with the colonel; and a captain still in the same regiment approached a lieutenant and inquired of him whether he would not like to make twenty dollars. The lieutenant, of course, said yes; when he was told that he must help him to catch and re-enslave a panting fugitive from inhuman slavery, he indignantly rejected the offer and reported the captain to his superiors. So you are already aware I might go on to enumerate. The one case alone of the return of Jack Scroggins by the Major of Col. Graham's Regiment is enough to choke Mr. Diven of itself.

G. E. S.

LETTER FROM MIDDLETOWN.

MIDDLETOWN, Ct., Feb. 10th, '62.

DEAR ANGLO: After the lapse of about one year I again take up my pen to let you know of my whereabouts. Being transferred from the New York Annual Conference to the New England by Superintendent Clinton, I was stationed at this place. This is a very fine city; the people kind and affectionate. We have a very fine little church, and the only colored one here, seating about one hundred comfortably; it has thirty members. We have also a very fine Sunday-School, taught in part by our people. We have also a Mental and Moral Improvement Society, which meets on Monday evening of each week. Its object is to improve the mind by discussions, lectures, essays and select readings *by its members, and is composed of gentle*men and ladies without respect to color. Many of the students of the Wesleyan University and the Divinity College are members of the society.

On Thursday evening last I was surprised by a number of lady members and friends of the church and the Lyceum with baskets and bundles of the good things of life; I tell you, they made the table fairly groan under its load. We were no ways sorry for the visit, for they left behind them tokens of friendship that will do us no harm. May the good Lord bless and keep them through life and then take them to heaven.

J. A. JONES.

[The above letter was received several weeks ago, but mislaid.—ED.]

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington, March 11th 1862.

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me to call your attention to one important feature of the non-intervention law in respect to slaves escaping from their masters. The law provides that no officer under any judicial or military authority shall arrest a fugitive from slavery, provided the master be a secessionist.

In consequence of the passage of this law there are in Washington to-day over four-hundred slaves. You will probably ask what is to become of these people, as they have no money or employment; well, Mr. Editor, I will tell you. The aforesaid law also empowers the Provost Marshall General Porter, to take charge of these slaves, and as many as may come for protection, and place them in the old Capitol with the rebel prisoners: in some cases master and slave are in the same building. The superintendant, Mr. Wood, is also empowered to let families come to the Department and choose slaves, only giving a guarantee for their good treatment. In some cases the poor slave who thinks he has at last gained his freedom, is compelled to go and serve some farmer sixty miles in the country, and this farmer may own from fifty to sixty others; but swearing to be a loyal man, he can come to Washington and get servants for life for nothing, only giving a guarantee of good treatment. And the government is glad to get rid of the poor fugitive at that rate, for they are afraid that they will have too many to provide for. I think that the authorities will in a few days compel the government to do something for the poor fugitive paupers that flood the city, and who have not claimed protection of the Provost Marshall.. It can hire them to drive the government wagons, if they choose, but of that I shall write hereafter I shall be en route to-morrow for Charlestown, Virginia.

The colored people can walk any hour of the night here now. Au revoir,

J. V. GIVENS.

VISIT TO SALEM, OHIO.

MR. EDITOR.—I arrived in this pleasant village on the 1st. inst., on a pastoral visit. Salem has a population of over three thousand, and is quite a business place. It is sixty-five miles from Cleveland, and the same distance from Pittsburg.

THE COLORED PEOPLE.

Our people, as a general thing, are in pretty good circumstances. Many of them own the buildings they live in. There are three carpenters, one plasterer, two blacksmiths, three bootmakers, four brick masons, one butcher and one drayman.

CHURCHES.

The A. M. E. Zion is the only colored church in the village. It is pleasantly situated on Green st. The building is fine and capacious. Size thirty-five by forty feet, neatly finished. A religious interest has been gotten up, through the indefatigable efforts of Rev. Joseph Armstrong, who is a man of talent and energy, and whose chief object appears to be the promotion of the Redeemer's cause, and the upbuilding of the church. The pleasure of the Lord has indeed prospered in his hands. The second quarterly meeting for the present year was held last Sabbath. There has been a time of refreshing here from the presence of the Lord. There is a glorious revival going on at present; the anxious seat is nightly crowded with mourners seeking the pardoning mercy of God. Several have found the pearl of great price. There are revivals in several of the churches in this part of my executive district. God grant that the good work may go on, until hundreds are brought into the fold of Christ.

PUBLIC SCHOOL.

There are no separate schools here; white and colored all go to the same school. I took occasion on Friday to visit the school, which is pleasant and agreeable. The building is large and commanding, and is well situated; the size is ninety by sixty-five feet. There are eight departments, large, well ventilated and clean. There is a vestibule attached to each department for hats, bonnets, etc. The basement is partitioned off into three rooms, for play ground during the winter season. In the third story is a large hall used for lectures, etc. In an adjoining room is the library, containing hundreds of volumes. All the branches of an English education are taught in this school. More anon.

J. J. CLINTON.

Salem, March 6th, 1862.

P. S. I will leave here for Lima, Ohio, on the 8th. J. J. C.

LETTER FROM FLUSHING.

FLUSHING, N. Y., March 10, '62.

The village of Flushing, a delightful place about ten or fifteen miles from the city of New York, is noted for its nurseries, which are by far the most delightful resorts for those who not only understand the language but also for those who love flowers and plants for their own sakes.

There are about three or four thousand inhabitants in the village, and generally they are friendly to our cause.

There is a society, whose sole object it is to ameliorate the condition of the colored people in particular, termed the Flushing Female Association. This association as early as the year 1814 erected a building for the education of the colored and white, and from that time until within a few years successfully carried on their labors for the benefit of both classes. Most of our prominent business men are the fruits of their labors. But within a few years they have given their undivided attention to the education of the colored people, and we trust with success. They are continually sewing and distributing, and to crown all, they have lately erected a building for the use of the colored public school, on Liberty street, at a cost of about two thousand dollars.

It may not be amiss to state the cause of the erection of this new brick school-house. In the fall of 1860, Mr. William T. Dixon took charge of this school, then numbering about fifty scholars. The building in which the school was held was dilapidated by reason of an age of forty-six years, and let in as much fresh air as chose to enter without invitation, to the annoyance of our feet, producing chilblains and cold feet. At first our friend (the teacher) thought to bear with it, but then he thought that we, as a people, have too long been content with the refuse, and so he endeavored to try the minds of the colored inhabitants. Accordingly, on the 8th day of July, 1861, a meeting was called and the object stated. Mr. James Pierce was chosen Chairman, and William T. Dixon, Secretary. Mr. John S. Kenney, by vote, proposed that the Secretary draw up a petition, which was done, and read and signed by upwards of seventy persons. It was then presented to the Board of Education of Flushing and also to the Flushing Female Association, and published in our two weekly papers. But, *here let me say*, some of our people thought we went too far—"the white folks would never give us a school-house," and such like fearful remarks were made. But when the sun arose on the 3d day of, February, 1862, we all beheld, not only a new school-house, but a brick one, and the colored children and teacher moving into it, and the Board of Education and the Female Association coming also, together with a goodly number of whites, and also our dear friends, who said that they "could not believe their own eyes."

The new building was opened with exercises of a very interesting character. At quarter past 10 o'clock A. M., Mr. Samuel B. Parsons, Treas. of the Board of Education, read the 5th and 6th chap. of Prov.; after which prayer was offered by Rev. John T. Raymond of Zion Baptist Church, N. Y. City. After prayers Mr. Parsons gave a brief history of the building. The Rev. J. T. Raymond was then introduced to the audience, who listened with profound silence to his happy address, in which he thanked the ladies and others for their kindness exhibited on so large a scale to our people, and also showed that the colored man would not be inferior to the whites if allowed the same privileges; and he also said much to establish the character of the present teacher. Rev. Mr. Bartlett, of the Congregational Church, Flushing, next addressed the audience and alluded to the goodly report he had heard of the school, and encouraged the children and parents in their several duties to continue, and that he believed that with equal advantages we would be men. Next followed Mr. Benj. W. Downing, a lawyer of Flushing and the District School Commissioner, who said that in all Queens County no school could compare with the colored school of Flushing for good order.

Mr. Gates, Principal of the Public School No. 1 of Flushing, next addressed the audience in some pertinent allusions to his rickety seats, which if the scholars but approached them would creak, and said that if they behaved themselves, he could see no reason why the public school (white) could not have as good furniture as the colored public school, which, with other timely remarks, were well received.

Mr. Parsons then called upon the teacher, who in a few pathetic remarks, thanked the donors, and presented the *Board of Education* and the Female Association a token of his thanks by way of a piece of penmanship, which we hear has been framed for preservation.

Mr. Parsons then arose and expressed to the audience the entire satisfaction of the Board of Education with Mr. Dixon, and that he not only did his duty, but labored outside of the school for the advancement of his race; and expressly enjoined upon the parents to sustain the teacher.

After singing the Doxology and receiving the benediction by the Rev. John T. Raymond the audience dismissed.

The outside labors referred to by Mr. Parsons are those in the Sabbath-School which meets in the school-house, and numbers about forty scholars, and eight teachers, all being white with the exception of Miss R. Kenney. Mr. Dixon being the Superintendent. A Lyceum has been formed, named after the founder, the "Dixonian Lyceum," which numbers about twenty-five members, and meets every Friday evening to discuss questions, read essays, and other original pieces.

The last question, "Which has done the more for the benefit of the country, the sword or pen?" was discussed with spirit—the question being decided in favor of the negative. You shall hear from us again.

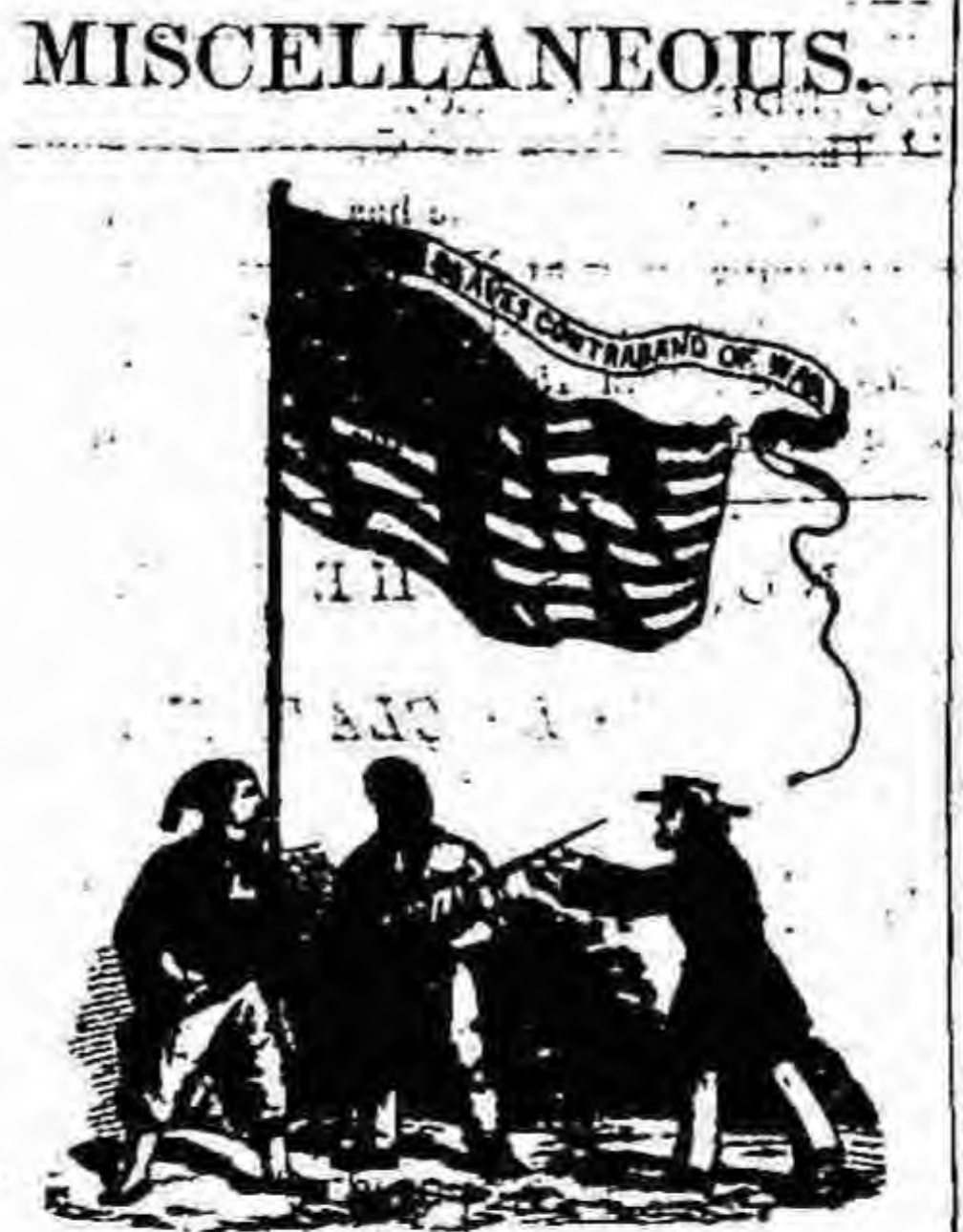
LIBRA.

SHAMEFUL.

Rev. M. D. Conway states, that seeing Gen. Halleck's order for turning over to the quartermaster the 16 slaves at St. Louis, to be him held to work until the government was paid certain expenses, for clothing, &c., allowing in the meanwhile any to take them who could prove a claim, he supposing the amount due could not be large, concluded to raise it and rescue the individuals from man-stealers who might be prowling round. He therefore wrote to Gen. Halleck to ascertain what was the government demand, and received the following bill of items, much to his surprise, as it will be to that of every unprejudiced reader: "The Missouri Republican's bill for advertising runaway negroes, $225 81; Jailer Rodeman for jailing them, $320; rewards of slave-catchers for catching them, $80; sheriff fees, $80; clothing furnished negroes, $14 43." Total, seven hundred and twenty-six dollars, twenty-five cents! Thus it will be seen that government officials demand the payment of over $700 by these poor blacks, as a penalty for being black, and in consequence on a suspicion of being slaves. Shame on all concerned in the infamous transaction!

Two passengers were conversing in a railway car about music. One gentleman asked the other, who appeared rather simple, 'Do you know the Barber of Seville?' 'No,' replied the latter, 'I always shave myself.'

MISCELLANEOUS.



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MEDICAL.

PAIN-KILLER.

We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, DIPTHERIA and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent liniment for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

Dr. Walton writes from Coshocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, DIPTHERIA or *Sore Throat*, that is so alarmingly prevalent here; and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

Rev. H. L. Van Meter, writing from Burmah says: "The *Pain-Killer* has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

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Rev. A. W. Curtis: "By its use I entirely cured a felon in a few days."

The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

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SUPERIOR FRENCH
CHEMICAL ERASIVE SOAP,

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1. One pound of it will accomplish as much as three pounds of any other soap.
2. But one quarter the time and labor are required to do the same amount of washing, as with the best of family soap.
3. It does not injure the most delicate fabric will tend to set the colors, and wash c aner than any other soap in use.
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Put up in one pound bars, sixty bars in each Box.

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Containing besides the Calendar and Copious Astronomical Statistics, a History of the Great Rebellion, Biographical Sketches of the Prominent Military Officers, a Dictionary of Military Terms, very full information relative to Military *Matters of interest to the people at large*, National Hymns, Incidents, Anecdotes, &c., &c.

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TAKE CARE OF YOUR HAIR!

For it is an ornament and protection; but how many suffer this crown of beauty to decay and fall off, when a sure remedy is at hand, perfectly safe and pleasant in its application.

We allude to

ANDERSON'S
RESTORATIVE & PRESERVATIVE;
—OR—
Great American Remedy for the Hair,
AND CURE FOR
NERVOUS HEADACHE,

Which has and is performing such wonders upon heads that have been, many of them, bald for years.

Wigs have been thrown aside, and handsome natural hair has taken their place.

Persons whose hair had not grown for years have, by using the Restorative, got it growing finely; and it will restore to the natural color all premature grey hair.

For cleaning the head from scurf and excess of dandruff, it is unsurpassed, and a sure cure for Nervous Headache, no matter of how long standing; and herein is the beauty of the Restorative—that it is perfectly safe for the infant or the oldest person, being free from all minerals, oils, high alcohol, sulphur, or anything injurious.

THE RESTORATIVE IS A PERFECTLY SCIENTIFIC BOTANICAL ARTICLE, approved and used by some of the best Chemists and Physicians in the world.

Hundreds of certificates can be shown, from different parts of the country, that have been sent to the proprietor by individuals that have been benefited by its use, including physicians, clergymen and other public men.

The few following certificates will show that it is a standard remedy, and will so remain long after experiments with high alcohol shall have been forgotten.

CERTIFICATES.

New York, March 28th, 1861.

Mr. William Anderson—Dear Sir: That wonderful Hair Restorative that you sold here a short time ago, has become a favorite with the people. I have repeated calls for it—and here let me say that Mr. R——, who has been entirely bald on the top of his head for some three or four years, has, by using one bottle of your Restorative, produced a fine growth of hair. Please forward me one dozen bottles.

Yours Respectfully,
THOS. R. CROCKER,
Fulton Fish Market

New York, May 30th, 1851.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Sir: You may send me one dozen bottles of your Hair Restorative, which I will pay for on delivery. The two bottles I purchased from you have been of great service to Mrs. Ingersol.

D. W. INGERSOL,
(formerly in Pearl St.)

New York, May 12th, 1855.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Dear Sir: Having lost my hair, I was recommended to try your Restorative, and have done so with great and good results. I have now a fine head of hair, when four months ago I was quite bald. I would say to those in the same predicament, that they should try your remedy, feeling satisfied that they will reap a benefit from so doing. Yours, &c.,

JAMES EDWIN HALSEY,
193 Pearl St., N. Y.

I have used in my family "Anderson's Restorative for the Hair and cure for Nervous Headache," and found it valuable for the purposes specified, and recommend it to all who want and safe article.

ALBRO LYONS.
20 Vandewater St., New York, Dec. 24th, 1861.

The article may be found at Dr. Smith's, 55 West Broadway, Mrs. Staat's, 78 Thompson St; Chas. H. King's, 155 Fulton St.; Robt. Hamilton's, 48 Beekman St., or of the Proprietor,

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VEGETABLE SHERRY WINE BITTERS,

Are composed of Sarsaparilla, Dockroot, Rheubarb Thoroughwort, Dandelion, Prickly Ash, Bark, &c they should be taken not only in the Spring, but at all seasons of the year, as, they operate directly on the liver, removing from it all coating of morbid matter, and restoring it to its normal action; also opening the bile ducts, causing the requisite flow of bile so essential to good health. Their influence upon the kidneys, also, is advantageously felt; at the same time they operate upon the blood, cleansing it from all impurity or taint of any kind. Humors of long *standing are eradicated from the blood*; thereby speedily curing, jaundice, headache, weak stomachs sore eyes, nervousness, and other chronic disease, arising from impurity of the blood.

The palatableness of these bitters renders them agreeable to every one, and being composed entirely of vegetables, they may be used by all classes or people with safety.

Sold for the low price of 25 cents per pint bottle.

DR. CLARKE'S
SUGAR-COATED HERB PILLS.

These pills are made mostly from a valuable herb that *grows on the proprietor's farm.*

Warranted to cure Billous Stomach, Billous Bowels, Billous Colic, Bilious Fever, and all diseases which arise from a bilious state of the system viz; Jaundice, Headache, Heartburn, Sour Stomach Liver Complaint, Weak Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, and a host, of diseases too numerous to mention, as their number is legion.

Warranted to cure diseases peculiar to the female sex

Warranted at all times safe and efficient.

Waranted for a gentle family physic not to have *ad equal in America*, operating without pain.

Warranted not to contain calomel, aloes, gambogo colocynth, or other drastic poisonous drugs, which always do the system more hurt than good, and by their continued use are sure to cause a derangement of the liver, bring on costiveness, and its inevitable consequence, piles, and dyspepsia, and finally break down the constitution, and cause the victim to drag out a miserable existence. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wily poison. Your life is your own,—preserve it. Take a simple herb, sure in its effects, but safe and pleasant,—no wrenching pains, no ill effects, and made pleasant to take by a fine coat of *sugar. Children love them, ladies admire them,* fools and wise men cannot do without them, doctors prescribe them,—and every body takes them. Yes, every body; from the honest farmer and mechanic to the most learned philosopher. And why? Simply, because they are good, excellently good; and will do you good.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

DR. CLARKE'S COUGH AND CROUP SYRUP.

It is the most wonderful, effective and extraordinary medicine for the lungs ever used by man. It is perfectly safe and pleasant to take, and gives relief immediately. Thousands have been cured by its use, and tens of thousands will be again. All who use it pronounce it to be the best lung remedy ever discovered. Common coughs and colds are dispelled by the use of only a few doses, and children can be cured of croup at once, if taken in its *first stage*. Long-standing diseases require perseverance, but a cure will be guaranteed. No medicine before ever possessed such excellent healing and curative power for the lungs. It seems, with almost magic power, to dispel the most severe cases of cough and throat ail.

Vocalists and public speakers should not fail to keep a bottle on hand at all times. A small quantity taken occassionally renders the voice beautifully clear and the lungs extremely strong. Words cannot fully express the great benefit to be derived from the use of the world-renowned remedy. Delay not, but procure a bottle at once. Use it if needed and if not, keep it till necessity requires its use, as all, sooner or later, are overtaken by some unpleasant affection of the lungs or throat.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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REPORT OF THE NIGER VALLEY
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BY
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TO AFRICA.

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Succeeding Conventions.
History of project.
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CHAPTER XXX.

THE CONFRONTMENT.

And is he gone?—BYRON.

Early that morning as usual, Gofer Gondolier was found in the cuisine department. Mild, affable, pleasant, and cheerful, he went about his duties, as though the past evening his rest had not been taxed in the expansion of a night, certainly to him, the most eventful in the political record of history.

After the family had been seated, as was his custom to walk to the door and take a peep into the ordinary, this morning there was no delinquency.

When the countess turned her face in the direction of the door, with his accustomed politeness, Gofer quite raised from his head the black silk slouch cap which he wore, bowing with that civility becoming his position, and due the distinguished personage in whose presence he then was.

There was observed in the countenance of the Captain-General a slight emotion, but with decided effect he managed to suppress it, and looked at Gofer with a smile, such as he had never before witnessed from that personage, which gave him an impression such as he had never experienced. Stepping backwards he bowed himself out of the noble presence.

Shortly after repast, before executing his design, the count deemed it advisable to acquaint the countess of his intended course toward the caterer.

To this she decidedly objected, as impolitic and unwarrantable, which, from its rashness, tended to thwart his designs. She suggested instead, that nothing should be done or said until the application made to her by Gondolier for the license of a general use of the carving knives, which might give the occasion and pretext for an accusation against him.

To this Count Alcora readily assented, and reclining for a rest, the countess immediately left his presence.

Scarcely had she emerged from the chamber when Hober entered, bearing the intelligence that Gofer was preparing to leave the palace. Startled with emotion, she quickly imparted it to the count.

Fearing corruption among the rest of the servants, it was thought advisable to dismiss him at once, which having been done, in less than half an hour the faithful Gondolier was lost—as doubtless the Captain General hoped, forever—among the transient inhabitants of the busy thoroughfares of the city.

It was but a short time, however, till the countess had good reason to believe, that the story against Gofer was a base fabrication, originated through jealousy by their own slave Hober, who envying the position of the free black, designed to succeed him in the cuisine department.

This fact went far in changing the feelings of the governor toward him, and reduced in his opinion the felon and rebel to a mere peccadillo offender.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT OF THE NEGROES?

After leaving the palace, making the most of his time, sauntering through the streets, vacantly gazing at almost every person and thing, Gofer Gondolier continued wandering till evening caught him far up in the city. His first impulse was in consequence of the restrictions, to hasten back in search of lodgings, but being directly in front of a large and fashionable restaurateur thronged with white men in the full enjoyment of an evening's pleasure, stopping to look in at the windows, he thus reflected:

"Freedom should ever be potent to repeal and annul the decrees of oppression, and repel the oppressor. The instant a person is claimed as a slave, that moment he should strike down the claimant. The natural rights of man are the faculties of option, heaven bequeathed, and endowed by God, our common Father, as essential to our being, which alone distinguish us from the brute. The authority of the slaveholder ceases the moment that the impulse of the slave demands his freedom, and by virtue of this divine attribute, every black is as free as the whites in Cuba, and I will resist this night, and henceforth every attempt at infringement on my inherent privileges." Acting upon these promptings, Gofer left the front of the restaurateur, continuing his rambling through the town.

This evening Blake and Placido had several appointments in different parts of the city, one of which was at the residence of Andro Camino. Looking at his watch, Placido with a smile observed:

'As our time is limited we had better go!'

Though said as a jest, the emphasis with which it was expressed was full of meaning. They immediately left the house.

According to an ordinance of the city, at the firing of the great gun at Moro Castle at 9 o'clock in the evening, every negro and mulatto was compelled to be within doors, or if caught out fifteen minutes after to be imprisoned in the Calaboose until the sitting of the police court at 10 o'clock next morning, subjected to a fine or whipping according to the decision of the magistrate.

In the enforcement of this ordinance, there were some exceptions made at the discretion of the police who arrested, or persons who tried the case. The wealthy, professional, and literary classes among them, were usually shown favors by the officers of the law, in consequence of their influence over the Captain General.

But subsequently to the demonstrations of the grand negro councils, these ordinances were violated and set at defiance by negroes and mulattoes of all grades and classes, with impunity, passing at all times and places.

Leaving the residence of the newly appointed quarter master general Blacus, father of the Chief, where for a short time business had called them, they took the nearest way to reach the upper part of the Almeda, the great fashionable thoroughfare of the city.

Leisurely promenading among the moving mass, deeply engaged in conversation on the momentous subject of their political and social condition as a race, and position in community as a class, at the instant when Placido named the injustice and despotism of the city ordinances, toward them, the great gun fired its evening alarm.

The grim howl of this municipal watch dog had scarcely ceased growling in the air, when two Irish *gens d'arms* came hurriedly up to them saying,

'An' who do yez b'long to?' when Blake and Placido looking first at each other, then at the Irishmen, uttered not a word.

Mistaking their silence as an evidence of guilt and fear, 'faith,' continued one of them, 'an' sure yez hain't no pass, an' must go to de calaboose! An' sure nagurs hain't no business out forninst de firin' ov de gun. Come along wid us to de guard house, an' sure yez'll be well taken care of!' each taking hold of one of the party.

As the policemen laid hands upon them, a blow in quick succession from a powerful unknown source, struck down their arms in paralyzed suspension at their sides.

At this timely and unexpected interference, Blake and Placido were not less surprised than the affrighted *gens d'armes* themselves. On turning to discover the perpetrator, to their surprise, Gofer Gondolier with clenched fists in the attitude of defence, stood gritting his teeth behind them Somewhat recovering, and recognizing the person of their assailant—

'Och, jabers! an' he b'longs to de palace!' cried one.

'He is dat same! an' is'nt it mese'f dat knows 'im well? Troth boys, an' we'll not be afther hurthen ov yez! An' sure yez'll be afther taken a bit uv a joke!' concluded the other, to which Gondolier made no reply. 'Good night gentlemans, good night!' saluted the Irishmen as the party left.

Gondolier indeed was well and popularly known to the police and keepers of the public houses, many of the latter being greatly indebted to him as the chief caterer at the palace, for their knowledge of some of their most choice dishes which filled their daily bills of fare. His position together with this, gave him a license throughout the city which probably no other black enjoyed. He was accustomed to pass at all times and hours of the night, to every part of the city, without hindrance or molestation. His presence was thus most timely, and of the greatest importance to the two black officers.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONJUGAL.

In the midst of revolutionary movements, there are sometimes the agitation worked out of other problems than that of the political destiny of a people. It was so in the present issue.

The frequent coming together in general council formed attachments doubtless, but little thought of previous to the occasion which induced their meeting. The consummation of conjugal union is the best security for political relations, and he who is incapable of negociating to promote his own personal requirements, might not be trustworthy as the agent of another's interests; and the fitness for individuals for positions of public import, may not be misjudged by their doings in the private affairs of life.

With the fullness of some such convictions, there were many billet doux exchanged, arrangements made for a chit-chat, or *tete a tete* between parties, on matters entirely separate from those touching the general welfare.

Of these, Gofer Gondolier became enamored of Abyssa Sondan, and General Juan Montego betrothed to Madam Cordora. So sincere were they in these obligations that the time for their fulfilment was set as early as the approaching Sabbath morning.

Among them, a great event was expected to ensue, when every step taken should have been well measured, timely, and in the right direction, tending in its course to the accomplishment of the great and desirable end to be attained.

The political relations of the colony were peculiar, and singularly mischievous and detrimental to the best interests of this class of inhabitants. The four great divisions of society, were white, black, free and slave, and these were again subdivided into many other classes, as rich, poor, and such like. The free and slaves among the blacks did not associate, nor the high and low among the free of the same race. And there was among them even another general division—black and colored—which met with little favor from the intelligent.

The leading characters had long since observed all these social evils, and fully matured the scheme and policy for their remedy. Hence, the better to verify this policy, Montego communicated to Gondolier the design and intention of Madam Cordora and himself consummating at the same time at the same sacred hymenial altar with him and Abyssa, the holy sacrament of the marriage feast.

This as might have been expected, was received with great favor, among the high and low classes, especially the slave portion of the black inhabitants, and their social relation was now regarded as a mutually fixed reality.

After this, many rumors obtained circulation with no little credence, that other hearts than those were mutually throbbing, and other hands than theirs were intended to be joined in a pledge of union forever.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FALSE ALARM.

On Saturday morning after the encounter of Gondolier with the *gens d'arms*, a report spread rapidly that an unsuccessful attempt of the negroes at insurrection had been quelled on the evening of the Queen's nativity by the decisive and timely action of the National Guards. One white was said to have been killed, another mortally, a third and fourth seriously wounded.

The *gens d'arms* who had cowered before the stout arm of Gondolier, determining to be avenged for his temerity and daring, gave credence to the rumor to excite the prejudice of the whites against the blacks.

This day the troops marched to and fro the city, and out of ranks freely mingled among the people, designedly to keep them in awe. On the corner of every street and byway could be seen in crowds, the white inhabitants standing discussing most earnestly the topic of the day. By noon there was much sensation, and against the middle of the afternoon the excitement became so general and intense, that it was with eminent peril that any free black could pass along the public highways.

Although the Mayor had full authority over the matter to prevent a popular outbreak, the Captain General was compelled to interfere by summoning the parties to appear forthwith before his excellency in the fort of Moro Castle. This had a tendency to appease and to some extent allay the excitement to await the result of an investigation.

As the viceroy rode through the streets, the people followed in crowds around him, and only stopped from necessity at the Castle gates, standing on the quay during the investigation.

The two *gens d'armes* were the first called to answer to their names, and who took their places on the stand with assurance of a verdict against the negroes. Having laid complaint before the chief of police, their affidavits had been filed for future reference, which unexpectedly to them was brought in comparison with the charge now made before the governor.

By this there was too much discrepancy to justify a verdict for the plaintiff, the *gens d'armes* being unable to identify the criminal, though they insisted that two white men had been attacked, and felled to the ground by a negro desperado.

The case after a strictly summary hearing was finally dismissed by the Captain General, who ordering the discharge of the complainants from office, and the story of the insurrection to be contradicted, as a base fabrication got up at the instance of two profligate *gens d'armes*.

From circumstances transpiring but a day or two before at the palace, the Captain General had his own opinion of the matter, but unsustained as it was even by their own testimony, he deemed it advisable at such a time to decide as he did.

The difficulty now having been adjusted, and the inhabatants again quieted, the negroes were permitted to pass through the streets without molestation or unusual attraction.

Taking advantage of this brief respite, and determined to make the most of the time, invitations to the friends of the parties were immediately sent to attend the marriage ceremonies of Montego and Madam Cordora; Gondolier and Abyssa Sondan—at the earliest dawn on Sabbath morning at the church of the Ascension, to be celebrated the next evening after, at the house of Carolus Blacus.

Cheerfulness and high hopes once more impelled the progress of the black inhabitants, and in their esteem the name of Count Alcora stood first among the greatest of Cuban executives. Every little negro learned to lisp his name, and the black stevedores at the seaside rung its praise in the packing of his cargoes. Even the old black matron as she sat under the verandah, sung a morning chant to the name of—"The Great Alcora," whilst the old black invalid talking in the sun, had not to cheer his hopes but—"God help de Captin General!"

Congratulating themselves whenever they met through the day on the merciful escape they had, each for that evening retired to his home though well advised; determined to profit by the opportunity offered them in the policy pursued by the highest authority in dismissing the trial for insurrection.

THE NEW JOHN BROWN SONG.

Old John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
While weep the sons of bondage, whom he ventured all to save;
But tho' he lost his life in struggling for the slave,
His soul is marching on; glory, hallelujah!

John Brown was a hero, undaunted, true, and brave,
And Kansas knew his valor, when he fought her rights to save;
And now, though the grass grows green above his grave,
His soul is marching on; Glory, etc.

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so few,
And he frighten'd 'Old Virginny,' till she trembled through and through;
They hung him for a traitor, themselves a traitor crew,
But his soul is marching on; Glory, etc.

John Brown was John the Baptist, of the Christ we are to see—
Christ who of the bondmen shall the Liberator be;
And soon throughout the sunny South the slaves shall all be free,
For his soul is marching on; Glory, etc.

The conflict that he heralded, he looks from heaven to view,
On the army of the Union with its flag red, white and blue;
And Heaven shall ring with anthems o'er the deed they mean to do,
For his soul is marching on; Glory, etc.

Ye soldiers of Freedom, then strike, while strike ye may,
The death blow of oppression, in a better time and way;
For the dawn of old John Brown has brightened into day,
And his soul is marching on; Glory, etc.

LETTER FROM JAMAICA.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, Feb. 28th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—You and the kind friends of our colored brethren, will, I have no doubt, be glad to hear a word about our kinsmen here according to the flesh. But before I say anything directly about them, I must tell you a little of the very rough voyage I had to this Island. We were 12 days on the Atlantic engulfed often in the great waves of the sea. I thought several times that it would not be my happy lot again to see land, but kind providence spoke a calm, and peace again was restored to many hearts. Friday the 25th of January we came in sight of Cuba. Sunday morning the 2d inst we caught sight of the beautiful Island which was cheering to all on board. At the hour of 6 o'clock, P. M., we made our moorings to the docks of Kingston. I saw here what I never beheld before, colored men exercising govermental authority. This was quite pleasing to myself. These are a few instances; the Mayor of this city is a person of color, the Hon. E. Jordan, C. B. I have had the honor of being introduced to him by a letter from a gentleman of the House of Assembly, who is also a person of color. We have a Mr. F. Webb here in the Post Office filling a very responsible position; some of our readers I have no doubt will know him, as he is from the United States. So much for a truthful and honest government. Great Britain is that government that does not require a man first to prove that his ancestry is of the great stock of the Anglo race before he can go into office, but they are honest and humane enough to judge men from other standpoints, without going into metaphysical examination of his origin.

Kingston is a city of 30,000 inhabitants, and a beautiful locality with a delightful harbour. I have been some twenty-five or thirty miles in the mountains since I landed here. I met the Rev. Loren Thompson, the American Missionary, soon after I arrived here. He gave me a most hearty welcome, and invited me at once to visit his station, near where the Rev. W. P. Newman has settled. On Saturday the 8th inst, the Rev. Mr. T. sent a horse into town for me. I left the city at 9 o'clock, A. M., arrived at Elliot Station at 7 o'clock P. M. found them waiting tea for me. I was most cordially received. Sunday the 9th inst. I preached to Bro. T.'s congregation who paid the most profound attention, many of whom welcomed me as a visitor. I wish here to state for the information of those who have sent these kind ministers to this settlement, that they seem to be progressing.

The land in this region seems to be very rich. Large cocoanut walks may be seen in all directions, contributing much to the beauty of the mountains. Plaintain and yam-vines, cocoa and various productions peculiar to this climate, in many parts coffee, may be seen growing wild. The mountain districts are very pleasant at this season of the year. I have been into many of the native houses, they are very singularly built of what is called bamboo, yet many of them are considered comfortable. The mode of cultivating the soil here is entirely different from ours. I am sure if the natives were to make use of our ploughs they would certainly get along much better in turning up the soil, and the land would yield doubly as much. The Indigo tree grows wild here also, but very little attention is paid to it. Chocolate may be cultivated to any extent. As to sugar-cane it seems to flourish with a very little trouble. I have been on several small plantations or estates as they call them here. The cotton plant grows here without any attention paid to it whatever. I shall enclose a sample of it that you may judge of its quality. I am told that persons care but little about it here; but I am led to believe from the small amount that I have seen that if persons were only to plant it, they could make the cultivation of it profitable.

The class of people that are wanted, are such as know how to till the soil, and those who know how to manage. The people here are anxious to have our colored American brethren to come in any number, they would be assured as they have already said, of a most hearty welcome. It is the opinion of the American Missionaries that our people could not fail to do well. Provisions are high, such as: pork, beef, flour, butter, &c. If a company of our friends in America would buy a vessel or two, and bring to this Island such provisions as are named above, they could make a profitable exchange for coffee, sugar, cocoa, ginger, arrowroot and much other marketable stuff that would pay a large per centage. Why not some of our monied men take hold of this work?

Lumber would also be a most excellent trade to go into. It is worth from $35 to $40 a thousand here. Coffee can be bought here in the mountains for $9 per hundred. Sugar from three to four cents per pound, and often for less, and other products in proportion.

You, Mr. Editor, can do much to forward such a movement, by the use of your pen. You will see a notice of a meeting held in the mountains, on the subject of emigration of the colored people from America to this Island. This meeting has been published in the "Guardian," of this City. Another meeting will be held in the Court House of this city, the Hon. E. Jordan, the Mayor, is to take the chair on that occasion. The Mayor himself is quite favorable to the scheme of emigration. I hope some plan may be adopted immediately. I would advise the holding of a meeting in your popular city on the subject, that the people may become alive to the matter. You will have further particulars from the Rev. W. P. Newman who has been already appointed as the agent here to lecture and hold public meetings on this subject. I am sure this will meet your approval as well as many others. I was present at the meeting when Bro. N. was appointed, it had my hearty support. Let me hear from you at the earliest opportunity.

Sir, I am yours in the great battle of human freedom.

WM. TROY.

LETTER FROM REV. W. P. NEWMAN.

ANNOTTO BAY, Jamaica, West Indies, March 2d, 1862.

EDITOR ANGLO-AFRICAN:—SIR:—Permit me, through your good paper, to assure Mr. James Redpath that it gave me great pleasure to learn of his conversion to Jesus Christ and his pure doctrines—doctrines opposed to falsehood, to theft, and to slander, in which he took delight and practiced. Christianity demands reparation to be made by him, if to nobody else, at least to me. He has published to the world, that I sought his agency of emigration to Hayti, and opposed the movement because I did not get it. Rev. Nathan Brown, editor of "American Baptist," and Cor. Secretary of the Baptist Free Mission Society, whose missionary I was in Hayti, has my letter written before Mr. Redpath went to Hayti for his agency—which tells him (Mr. B.) of the Haytian Government, offering me the agency of emigration, and that it was not my intention to accept of such an agency. Let Mr. Brown speak, &c. Mr. Redpath either stole my private letters or received them knowing that they were stolen, and sent some of them privately to Hayti to public functionaries, in order to get me shot by the bigots, and others of them he published in the Palm and Pine, with a view to injure my character. And he has slandered me publicly and privately by his writings and publications, and hired certain poor negro tools, who would do any dirty work for a dollar, to do the same, and has constantly refused to reply in his paper. But since his confession of conversion he has published a stolen letter of mine to Deacon Hamilton, and a lying slander in John Hepburn's letter. The American Baptist Free Mission Society know I did not spend a penny unfairly to get their property in Hayti. They know that I never bribed anybody. Mr. Redpath reminded me in Hayti, that John Hepburn was a notorious villian and to be careful in my affairs with him. Hepburn was the first man who cried out against the assault of the Roman Catholic mob upon him. He told me that he spoke to the Minister of Justice about it! I did not designedly go into the procession—I tried to avoid it. Hepburn knew it, so did Redpath. The "Palm and Pine" informs the world that I am "dead"—now I have to say that the civilized world will and ought to regard James Redpath as a barbarous wretch, if he don't let the ashes of the dead rest in the grave—even though they committed suicide.

I state again and rest my reputation upon the statement, that John Hepburn has laid in jail in Hayti again and again for his deeds of villainy, unless everybody slanders him there. He is so notorious for his villainy that no decent man will keep his company. But the testimonials he gets from an official does not disprove what I now say—let the reader interested examine it. Mr. Redpath knows that in the United States and Canada, any enterprise to succeed among the colored people, must be baptized in the name of christianity. There is converting grace in the (20,000) twenty thousand dollars, he told me were put at his disposal by gentlemen of Boston to carry on the work of establishing colonies in Hayti. I will make affidavit at any time of that statement, and that he also told me he had designs on Cuba and wished me to join him. He wanted to get the Island of Tortuga for that purpose. He had a work in French on that Island, translated into English by Mr. W. L. Judd, and paid him $20 for it. Mr. Redpath handed me the work one day and said, "Here is the work Judd translated, I paid him twenty dollars to do it, for your especial benefit." Now the truth of the whole matter is simply this: Mr. Redpath wanted me to join him in this work, and he told me the Haytian Government wished me to also, and they were and are angry because I would not do it.

There is much interest felt here on the subject of emigration from N. America. The newspapers are discussing the matter warmly. A large meeting is to be held tonight at Eliot on the subject, and another one in Kingston on Thursday next in the Court House. Sir Edward Jordan consents to preside, and the Rev. W. Troy is moving in the matter. I am invited to attend and address them, but I don't expect to be there. I see by the papers of last week that at some of the public meetings, strong resolutions in favor of the emigration of our people have been passed, and one inviting me to act as agent of emigration. I will here state that I do not intend to take any position in that matter, where it will interfere with my ministerial duty. I don't know what the interest of my people demands just now. If Mr. Lincoln and his government have come to their senses and intend to do justice to our people, let them remain where they are, if not, let them come here. I am ready to do my duty. But as God is my judge I want no agency in this matter. I have spent hundreds of dollars in this matter of emigration, because I thought the interest of my people demanded it. But what may be true of our people in the United States is not true of them in Canada. Let the Canadians come to Jamaica, I shall do what I can for them. But let no more of them go to Hayti. I send here with a true copy of a letter I received from Hayti. It tells its own story:—

SAINT MARK, Hayti, Dec. 25, 1861.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—About one hundred are, and two thousand shortly will be desirous of returning to the States and Canada, except a more favorable alternative be effected. I have suggested the alternative as an emigration to Jamaica. The suggestion has been enthusiastically received, and I am requested to pioneer the movement. There is a general dissatisfaction among the emigrants here. The particulars will be made public in due time, together with the causes, except satisfactory compromise prevent. Will you answer or have answered the following questions, based upon the best of authority. 1st. Has Jamaica issued a call for emigrants, if so, on what conditions? 2d. Can there be a condition entered into between the authorities of Jamaica and Haytian emigrants, to migrate, and settle a certain number of them in rural districts of your Island? 3d. Will, or could Jamaica, if necessity required it, discharge the indebtedness of from one hundred to two thousand people at $18 (Spanish) per head to the Haytian Government before the full year is out, together with the money for emigrating thither? 4th. Is religious liberty tolerated and protected by the law, and what liberalities now exist on naturalization? 5th. Will the government donate lands, if so, how many, and will they supply emigrants for eight days, at least? 6th. What season of the year is it proper to bring the matter before, and how long before it could be done? 7th. Will the government provide houses for emigrants, and put them on their places, and give them five or six years to pay it in? 8th. What other guarantee will the government hold out favorable to a large emigration from this Island, the United States, and Canada? The above information, and any other you think proper to give, please send as soon as possible, and if favorable you will find a practical response of a multitude.

GEORGE C. ANDERSON.

P. S. I have been advised to send this letter vailed under the address of S. R. Ward, Esq., as a precautionary measure to prevent miscarriage.

G. C.

Well done Hayti! Three cheers for Redpath! I write in haste to send by the next mail for New York. Yours, &c.

W. P. NEWMAN.

SELF-HELP OF THE CONTRABANDS.

Needless anxiety is the commonest [illegible] of humanity, but one of the most unnecessary manifestations of it is the fear that the black freedmen of the South will not be able to take care of themselves. All that is requisite is to give them the chance. Leave them to themselves, with land enough to operate upon, and they will not starve. This is not the idea, however. We hear people all the time speaking of them as if they were helpless little children, utterly inefficient and incapable, without a thought or a care about providing for their natural wants. Fancy and artificial wants, it is true, they will not provide at present, for they do not feel them, but they can be happy without them. A common mistake of the benevolent is to insist that all others must enjoy life in their way or not at all. What makes themselves happy in a highly artificial state of civilization, seems to them equally indispensable for the most stolid barbarian. All this may be desirable with tastes for it, but negroes are constituted to enjoy themselves highly without much science, refinement, or fine arts. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and has made them, naturally cheerful and good-humored, so as, more than any other race in the world, to fulfil the Christian duty, Having food and raiment, therewith to be content. With freedom they will gradually learn to want more and obtain more.

But can they procure food and raiment now for themselves? They can if they are only allowed to. A residence of years among them both on the plantations and in cities, leaves us no doubt on the subject. They can continue to do the work for themselves which they have done for their masters, at least a small part of it, if not the whole. They have raised the food, they used to spin and weave the clothing for whites and blacks; will they endure hunger and nakedness when they have only a third of the former stomachs and backs to provide for, and will not need a hundredth part of the luxuries they provided for the whites? They who are afraid that these slaves, accustomed to the care of masters, must be destitute of skill and management, of faculty and resources of every kind to do anything for themselves, are not they who have lived among them. It seems to be forgotten that, if their masters have taken care of them, they too have taken care of their masters. Yes, have thought for them, as well as toiled. They have been mechanics, artisans, sometimes even engineers, pilots and navigators. We have been surprised and mortified, sometimes, at their superiority to ourselves in fertility of invention to meet difficulties continually occurring in journeying through a sparsely settled country. Bad [illegible] have been, and perhaps [illegible] for their ingenuity and efficiency. Valuable crops are raised by black drivers, and all the ever-varying and often trying emergencies of plantation [illegible] by them with [illegible] aids. If they can do all this with no white face present for miles and for years, and do it for others, why not for themselves?

But probably the fear is not that black hands cannot just as well as white, drop seed into the ground and gather nature's bountiful product deftly enough to maintain themselves and families. The solicitude that prevails looks farther than this. It is not a solicitude for the blacks of the South so much as for the whites of the North. We are so distressed for these poor creatures, we have such painful apprehensions that they will not be able to take care of themselves, thinking that perhaps the great plantations will be broken up into small farms, and the freed men will not care much for the clamor of the commercial world for cotton as abundant as possible. They may be satisfied to study comfort, and let the world [illegible]. This troubles us [illegible] old lady we knew of at the South. Ordinary rain did not interrupt the field labors of her slaves, but a tempest always made her "sorry for the poor negroes, because they would not be able to do their daily work." She considered it their misfortune, unhappy creatures! So many of us, besides Carlyle, think it shameful that Quashy should sit in his field "up to the eyes in pumpkin," and neglect any part of his opportunity to enrich distant white men. Quashy has everything he wants without excessive toil, but how presumptuous in him to forget that the colored races were created for the benefit of the fairer. If this is our idea, when we fear those poor creatures will miss the beneficent superintendence of their late owners, it would be as well to get rid of it. Very likely commerce and manufactures will suffer for a while, but afterwards to be abundantly compensated; for even barbarians and savages soon learn to covet every luxury they see and see other men prize. But what if they should fail to lose the rare treasure of content? Where is our authority to question their Maker's endowment of them with simple tastes, and require their sacrifice for the pleasure of strangers they have never seen?

This is supposing they might be left to themselves. Give them an old field or two, where they have been accustomed to live, and they will settle down and make themselves comfortable enough before long. But this probably will not be. They will not be left to themselves. They belong to the human community and cannot permanently live to themselves. To prepare them for the changes that will make them willingly most useful to other men, and even for their own sake, independently of other men, we would interfere with them in offering the Gospel and education. This offer is quite compatible with the conviction that as regards material comfort, they are competent effectively to take care of themselves. For that there is little need of elaborate legislation and restricting bayonets hampering and hemming in every movement. Just forget their complexion and let them be as free as other men.—Boston Christian Register.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, MARCH 29, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

COLORED INVENTORS, ARTISTS, MECHANICS, &c.

Are earnestly requested to lose no time in getting their articles ready for the NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF ANGLO-AFRICAN INDUSTRY AND ART, which will positively be held in this city or Brooklyn in the early part of the ensuing fall. All communications in relation to said Exhibition may be addressed for the present to this Office.

When Peace Comes!

The Government and people of the United States have shown themselves equal to the exigencies of a sudden and stupendous war; how will they bear themselves under the advent of a gloriously conquered peace? Will the storm now passing over leave the atmosphere clear and bracing, or will cloud and mirk and malaria still hang like a doom upon us!

This must depend *entirely upon the fate of slavery*. If slavery be destroyed, so that peace and emancipation shall join hands, then we will have a "glorious summer" of healthy, hopeful peace; but if slavery remain recognised and assured in a single State, then "the whole torment of the last half century will come back to be endured anew."

Under these circumstances it is worth while to enquire into the probabilities of emancipation, by examining in detail the impediments which stand in the way, and the agencies which favor an event so necessary to the salvation of the whole country.

First and strongest among the impediments, is the inherent vigor and tenacity of the slaveocracy. Defeat in the field of battle will only transfer the contest to a field in which they are infinitely able to battle against freedom, because it is the field in which against any and all odds they have hitherto triumphed. Even to-day, two second rate slave-o-crats in the Senate and three or four in the House, hold at bay the confiscation act and the bill for the emancipation, with compensation, of the slaves in the District of Columbia. And where five or six second rate men hold three hundred, twenty-five or thirty able men could conquer!

It is a wide mistake to suppose that the slave representatives will come back into Congress a snubbed and crest-fallen brood, or with a diminished grasp on public affairs. Such a supposition belies not only their nature, but the teachings of history. Their impudent effrontery, their lying and craft are too deeply interwoven in their very being to be eradicated by a few wholesome buffetings. And history tells us that their proto-types, the cavaliers, thoroughly beaten *in the field and driven from power* by Cromwell, returned to power to crush puritanism with an iron heel heated and jagged by the very punishment themselves had suffered.

In the cities and towns which the federal troops have overrun, they find anything but sorrow for the sin of rebellion, but an abundance of clamor about the rights of the South, to say nothing of the bitter hostility of the women.

A second, and equally strong impediment in the way of emancipation, is, the prejudice of the North. The neglect of the abolitionists to "remember the Greeks at their doors," to elevate and affranchise the free blacks in the free States, is now bearing its bitter fruit. That was a practical measure which they could have carried out with half an effort. Had they done so, there would to-day be little if any prejudice against color, and the question would not be raised, "what shall we do with the slaves?" The troops from the free States, made up of all complexions, would be marching down South to affranchise as well as liberate our oppressed black fellow citizens.

We may as well look this prejudice in the face as a disturbing element in the way of emancipation. Its manifest expression is, that setting black men free to be the equals of white men in the slave States is something more dreadful than rebellion or secession, or even a dismembered union. The strength of this element, is, that there is no voice against it. A man of earnestness has not yet risen and pronounced in favor of freedom and affranchisement for the slave. How far public sentiment is behind just views in this matter may be gathered from the following, which we copy from the "Tribune" of March 11:

"No one who has not thoroughly and earnestly considered President Lincoln's late Extra Message will be likely to realise how admirable and comprehensive are his suggestions, and how surely their adoption will conduce to National integrity and internal peace. Look, for a moment, at the question of negro expatriation, which is one of the chief difficulties of our position. There are many worthy and good men, with ten times more of the other sort, who hold that, whenever slavery is abolished, the negroes should be sent out of the country. We have much charity for this opinion, for we once held it; but we are now convinced that it is an error."

But Mr. Greeley's convictions in the right direction do not seem to be deeper nor more lasting than those of our esteemed brother of the "Pine and Palm," for just ten days after, to wit, on the 2d of March, the Editor of the "Tribune" says:

"Mr. Doolittle thinks the commingling of whites and blacks in the same community and household, unnatural and pernicious. There we agree with him."

Take the poor slave from his friends, or rather from the false-hearted, prejudice-cankered, semi-barbarous self-styled friends of freedom, of whom one honest (?) slaveholder is worth a whole pack.

The other form in which this prejudice is pronounced, is, in the fear expressed that the retaining of colored free laborers in the South will interfere with the domain of white laborers! The N. Y. "Herald, the "Tribune," the "Leader," James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, John Clancey, and Ralph Waldo Emerson are all upholders of this view. Poor chicken-hearted, semi-barbarous Caucasians, when will you learn that "the earth was made for MAN!" You have arts and arms, and culture, and an overwhelming majority in numbers, and, as you say, an overwhelming superiority in intellect—must you die and give no sign that you have been able to surmount the prejudice of race, or your dread of the negro!

Another impediment in the way of emancipation is political. President seekers will secretly oppose the movement in the fear of offending the border States and the South. They will grow wiser as they grow older.

Having stated what appear to be the principal difficulties in the way of emancipation, we will endeavor, next week, to glance at the agencies which favor emancipation—we mean immediate emancipation, for the ball once set rolling we do not think the American people will be any slower than their British cousins in hastening from gradual to immediate emancipation.

IS JAMES REDPATH AN ANGLO-SAXON OR AN ANGLO-AFRICAN?

NORRISTOWN, Pa. March 12, '62.

MR. EDITOR: We have had considerable discussion going on among us recently in relation to which of the races Mr. Redpath belongs. Some claim that he is a colored man, because in referring to the colored people in his "Pine and Palm," he *sometimes calls them "our people."* Those of a different opinion give various reasons to sustain their belief. Now, as I suppose you are personally acquainted with him, will you set us right in the matter?

W. C.

REPLY.—Mr. Redpath is an Anglo-Saxon, with, at present, Anglo-African proclivities. He does not like, however, the term "Anglo-African;" pronounces it "absurd." Of his nativity we know nothing, save that he is from England, having left that country several years ago for its good, coming to America, preferring it probably to Van Dieman's Land or Botany Bay. Upon arriving here, he "traveled on foot through Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Missouri," no doubt in search of a situation as overseer. He tells us that he has "held conversation with the slaves in every State from Washington to New Orleans," and was "*secreted, lodged and fed by them* in their huts and their master's outhouses, times unnumbered," which kindness on the part of the slaves was probably suggested by the unhealthy condition of his finances. It was from him, we have reasons for believing, that they formed the idea of a "dead, mean po' white man." He has spent a portion of his serviceable life in Kansas, performing there many daring exploits, one of which was dashing, at midnight, at the head of five hundred men, through a border ruffian town of a few score of inhabitants without losing a single man. Hayti also has been illuminated by his presence, and from which country he wrote for the N. Y. "Tribune" a series of letters vilifying the inhabitants, but subsequently concocted the grand and lucrative scheme in which he is now engaged for their elevation, as well as that of the colored people of this country. This disinterested benevolence on his part would probably be reciprocated by hundreds of his victims in that country had they an opportunity, many of whom having sworn to "elevate" him from the nearest tree should he again be found there. The most remarkable event in his later life is his conversion to the Christian religion, which event was trumpeted to the world, through the "Pine and Palm," in an article of a column in length; but unfortunately for him there appeared in the very next column the shameful falsehood that he was not being paid for shipping our people off to Hayti, the publication of which he attempted to justify by stating that it was in type before he "got religion."

We have neither time or room to say *further in regard to our modern "Moses,"* but will leave him until a more convenient season.

THE NEGROES IN TENNESSEE.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.

ON THE CUMBERLAND, March 10, 1862.

Gen. Halleck's order to exclude fugitive slaves from our lines, as the reader is doubtless aware, has been lately reiterated. To the credit of our soldiers recently at Fort Donelson, however, be it said that no attention seemed to be paid to the order. They had a little higher law among themselves, and acted upon it. Nine contrabands in one drove came in while I was there; and scarcely a day passed without the arrival of one or more, who experienced no difficulty in getting through the lines. I hope that the same disregard of it prevails in other divisions, as well as in Gen. Buell's Department, for, if I am not mistaken, it is sought to be practically enforced, though not publicly announced, in his also. The edict of no General binds any man to recognize such a rule, and the soldier's sense of justice is too strong to allow him to be made the instrument of its execution.

A large number of these fugitives are deterred from coming in by a knowledge of the existence of this order. Thus not only is a great deal of valuable information concerning the enemy excluded (for they have constituted our chief and most trustworthy source of information), but those slaves desiring to avail themselves of the right to which they are entitled by forfeiture under all military laws, as well as the laws of Congress, are deprived of the opportunity of doing so. The order is therefore as inhuman as it is impolitic; for, with the exception of Port Royal, the number of slaves escaping into our lines when no such order existed, has never been so great as to render them burdensome, and there has at all times been ample employment for as many as would be likely under the most favorable circumstances to come. Furthermore, the slaves are so well posted that only those of rebels as a general thing attempt to escape. The pretext that they may act as spies is a miserable dodge; for such is rarely if ever the case, and, if it were, they could easily be sent to points where no information they could obtain would be of value.

It is proper to add that no restitution of a fugitive from beyond our lines, so far as I know, is made when once within them, either to a Union man or Secessionist, the theory being that he comes from a locality in insurrection, and the law not being operative outside of the ground we cover. If, however, his master is a Union man and lives within the lines, he can come and take him, but without assistance from the military authorities.

While I was at the Fort, the neighbor of a sick rebel living about 40 miles off came to reclaim a slave of the latter, as well as a horse which the contraband, being lame, had appropriated for the purpose of accelerating his speed, alleging in excuse that he thought he had worked long enough for his master to "pay for de hoss." Collaring "Bill," as he called him, and informing him that he was going to take either him or his scalp, the Doctor (for he was a physician) led him to Gen. Grant's quarters, "Bill" meanwhile lustily protesting that he could not be taken back, "for his mass'r was a rebel, and de Doctor knew it and wouldn't deny it; besides, de law didn't reach dar." "Bill" understood himself. The Doctor didn't deny the fact, and couldn't have taken him without his voluntary consent if he had. Gen. Grant said he could do nothing for him, either as to the chattel or horse. So the chopfallen Doctor relaxed his grasp, remarking to the bystanders that "Bill" "would bear watching, for he was the most rascally nigger he ever knew"—an imputation upon his personal honor which "Bill" saw fit to treat with lofty disdain; and, as he limped triumphantly *out*, remarked to some of the spectators, "he didn't make nuffin out of me, did he? I knows what I'm about."

The last I saw of "Bill" he was exultingly relating his success and the Doctor's discomfiture to an intensely interested circle of his fellow contrabands.

As I was strolling around the outside works the evening before I left, I met a negro riding home a mule which he said had strayed off from his master's house, two or three miles distant. Accosting me in a most deferential manner, the following conversation, as near as I can recollect, ensued:

"Mas'r, whar do you live?"

"Cincinnati."

"Can't you get me a passport to go dar?"

"A passport—you mean a pass, don't you?"

"Yes, de paper what you hab to show de guard."

"Why, what do you want with a pass?"

"I wants to leab, and I'll work for any gemman all my life for nuffin what 'll git me away."

"Well, why don't you run away? You're free as soon as you come within our lines, and you're within them now."

"Yes; but mas'r lib inside de lines, too, and he can come and take me!"

"But isn't he a rebel?"

"Yes, he big a rebel as dey is in de State, for I hear him say so many a time; but den he pretend to de officers here to be a Union man, and dey tink he is."

The shrewd contraband *understood* his case thoroughly. His master lived within our lines, and claiming to be a Union man, and no tangible proof existing against him, our aspirant for freedom knew that he would be immediately retaken. So he was watching his chance to get off on a boat before he would be missed; and in hopes of meeting some stranger who could obtain the desired pass for him, and take him along as a servant, I have no doubt he was allowing that mule to escape every day so as to furnish himself the opportunity of prospecting his own liberty, unsuspected, while hunting the mule.

It being out of my power to obtain for him what he desired, I gave him the best advice I could as to the most feasible mode of accomplishing his purpose, which he received very thankfully, and left saying he intended to make the trial.

A RIVAL OF TOUISSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

THE ADVENTURES OF "POTOMAC JIM."

There are several remarkable points in the subjoined statement, which we copy from the N. Y. Daily Times. That the writer should find no better word than "darkie," for one who in his imagination has claimed a place along side of the immortal TOUISSAINT L'OUVERTURE, is a *proof* that he is quite as ignorant a beast as the British officers who thus termed that Touissaint whom they could not approach in generalship, heroism or courage.

That a black freedman should become the hero of the Potomac—that he should be the trusted scout of General Sickles—that his companion's death should be avenged by a United States officer—that four white men (thus reversing a sacred clause in the constitution) should thus be killed for one black—are hopeful signs of that acknowledgement of manhood, that fraternizing of good and loyal men, regardless of color, which portends the grand revolution going on down South, which must culminate in emancipation.

"I spent three weeks at Liverpool Point, the outpost of Hooker's Division, almost directly opposite Aquia Creek, waiting patiently for the advance of our left wing to follow up the army, becoming, if not a participator against the dying struggles of rebeldom, at least a chronicler of the triumphs in the march of the Union army.

During this time I was the guest of Col. Graham, of Mathias Point memory, who had brought over from that place (last November) some thirty valuable chattels. A part of the camp was assigned to them. They built log huts, and obtained from the soldiers many comforts, making their quarters equal to any in the camp. They had friends and relatives. Negroes feel as much sympathy for their friends and kin as the whites, and from *November to the* present time many a man in Virginia has lost a very likely nigger, for the camp contains now upwards of a hundred fat and healthy darkies, in addition to its original number from Mathias Point.

One of the number deserves more honor than that accorded to Touissaint L'Ouverture, in the brilliant lecture delivered by Wendell Phillips. He is unquestionably the hero of the Potomac, and deserves to be placed by the side of his most renowned black brethren.

The name of this negro is James Lawson, born near Hempstead, Virginia, and belonged to a Mr. Taylor. He made his escape last December. On hearing his praises spoken by the Captains of the gunboats on the Potomac, I was rather indisposed to admit the possession of all the qualities they gave him credit for, and thought possibly his exploits had been exaggerated. His heroic courage, truthfulness and exalted Christian character seemed too romantic for their realization; however, my doubts on that score were dispelled, and I am a witness of his last crowning act.

Jim, after making his escape from Virginia shipped on board of the Freeborn, flag-gunboat, Lieut. Magaw, commanding. He furnished Capt. Magaw with much valuable intelligence concerning the rebel movements, and from his quiet every-day behavior won the esteem of the commanding officer.

Capt. Magaw, shortly after Jim's arrival on board the Freeborn, sent him upon a scouting tour through the rebel fortifications, more to test his reliability than anything else; and the mission, though fraught with great danger, was executed by Jim in the most faithful manner. Again Jim was sent into Virginia, landing at the White House, below Mount Vernon, and going into the interior for several miles, encountering the fire of picket guards and posted sentries returned in safety to the shore, and was brought off in the Captain's gig, under the fire of the rebel musketry.

Jim had a wife and four children at that time still in Virginia. They belonged to the same man as Jim did; he was anxious to get them; yet it seemed impossible. One day in January, Jim came to the Captain's room and asked to be landed that evening on the Virginia side, as he wished to bring off his family. "Why, Jim," said Captain Magaw, "how will you be able to pass the pickets?"

"I want to try, Captain; I think I can get 'em over safely," meekly replied Jim.

"Well, you have my permission;" and Capt. Magaw ordered one of the gunboats to land Jim that night on whatever part the shore Jim designated, and return for him the following evening.

True to his appointment, Jim was at the spot with his wife and family, and were taken on board the gunboat and brought over to Liverpool Point, where Col Graham had given them a log house to live in, just back of his own quarters. Jim ran the gauntlet of the sentries unharmed, never taken to the roads, but keeping in the woods—every foot-path of which, and almost every tree, he knew from his boyhood up.

Several weeks afterward another reconnoissance was planned, and Jim sent on it. He returned in safety, and was highly complimented by Generals Hooker, Sickles, and the entire flotilla.

On Thursday, week ago, it became necessary to obtain correct information of the enemy's movements. Since then, batteries at Shipping and Cockpit Points had been evacuated, and their troops moved to Fredericksburgh. Jim was the man picked out for the occassion, by Gen Sickles and Capt. Magaw. The General came down to Col. Graham's quarters, about 8 o'clock in the evening, and sent for Jim. There were present the General, Col. Graham, and myself. Jim came into the Colonel's.

"Jim," said the General, "I want you to go over to Virginia, to-night, and find out what force they have at Aquia Creek and Fredericksburgh. If you want any men to accompany you, pick them out."

"I know two men that would like to go," Jim answered.

"Well, get them, and be back as soon as possible."

Away went Jim over to the contraband camp, and returning almost immediately, brought into our presence two very intelligent looking darkies.

"Are you all ready?" inquired the General.

"All ready, Sir," the trio responded.

"Well, here, Jim, you take my pistol," said Gen. Sickles, unbuckling his belt, "and if you are successful, I will give you $100."

Jim hoped he would be, and bidding us good-bye, started off for the gunboat Satellita, Capt. Foster, who landed them a short distance below the Potomac Creek Batteries. They were to return early in the morning, but were unable, from the great distance they went in the interior. Long before daylight on Sunday morning the gunboat was lying off the appointed place. As the day dawned, Capt. Foster discovered a mounted picket guard near the beach, and almost at the same instant saw Jim to the left of them, in the woods, sighting his gun at the rebel cavalry. He ordered the "gig" to be manned and rowed to the shore. The rebels moved along slowly, thinking to intercept the boat, when Foster gave them a shell, which scattered them. Jim, with only one of his original companions, and two fresh contrabands, came on board. Jim had lost the other. He had been challenged by a picket when some distance in advance of Jim, and the negro, instead of answering the summons, fired the contents of Sickles' revolver at the picket. It was an unfortunate occurrence, for at the time the entire picket guard rushed out of a small house near the spot, and fired the contents of their muskets at Jim's companion, killing him instantly. Jim and the other three hid themselves in a hollow, near a fence, and after the pickets gave up pursuit, creeped through the woods to the shore. From the close proximity of the rebel pickets, Jim could not display a light, which was the signal for Foster to send a boat.

Capt. Foster, after hearing Jim's story of the shooting of his companion, determined to avenge his death; so, steaming his vessel close in to the shore, he sighted his guns for a barn, where the rebel cavalry were hiding behind. He fired two shell—one went through the barn, killing four of the rebels and seven of their horses. Capt. Foster, seeing the effect of his shots, said to Jim, who stood by: "Well, Jim, I've avenged the death of poor Cornelius," (the name of Jim's lost companion.)

Gen. Hooker has transmitted to the War Department an account of Jim's reconnoissance to Fredericksburgh, and unites with the army and navy stationed on the left wing of the Potomac, in the hope that the Government will present Jim with a fitting recompense for his gallant services.

THE AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY.

MR. EDITOR: An agreeable and highly gratifying assemblage of the members and friends of the African Civilization Society was held in the 7th avenue Presbyterian Church (Rev. H. M. Wilson's) on Monday evening, the 24th inst.

On motion, the Rev. H. M. Wilson was called to the Chair and Rev. John Cary appointed Secretary.

The meeting was eloquently and ably addressed by the Rev. H. M. Wilson, T. G. Campbell, B. W. Wilkins, Jer. W. Bowers, Esqrs., and Rev. John G. Urling.

The African Civilization Society should undoubtedly meet the entire approbation and support of the people of color in every part of the world; and, to set aside other objects which it aims to accomplish, I will only call the attention of your numerous readers to the national feature in the constitution of the society. This, if no other, ought to remove, expel, and eradicate every germ of prejudice in the minds of those who are opposed to the designation of "African Civilization." 'Tis, in my view, a mighty engine to combine, consolidate and centralize the efforts of the friends of African regeneration and elevation.

I will only add that the meeting was a decided success, and that it would be well for all who feel interested in our people's moral, religious, social and political advancement and elevation to attend the society's next public meeting, and hear and judge for themselves whether or not the society is not the desideratum imperatively needed in the present crisis of our people's destiny.

VIATOR.

FAILURE OF A RUSE.

A few weeks ago there appeared in the "Sunday Mercury" a long article with flaming headlines, announcing that much excitement existed in this city among the colored people, owing to a line of steamers being started for Hayti. It stated that twenty-five thousand persons had expressed their determination to emigrate in consequence of the new arrangement. This statement, in substance, was published a few days after in the "Pine and Palm," when it immediately occured to the intelligent that it was a *ruse* of the Haytian Bureau to get up a stampede among our people. Well the day for the departure of the steamer arrived, and instead of there being a considerable portion of the twenty-five thousand to depart with her, not twenty could be counted. The article in the Brooklyn "Star" of the 22d, makes the failure appear still more ridiculous. It reads as follows:

"Emigration to Hayti does not appear to be in a flourishing condition. It was expected that 200 negro colonists would take passage in the British steamship Plantagenet, which sailed for Port au Prince Thursday, but only two negroes were on board, and they were old residents of Hayti."

Finding that a fizzle was inevitable, the General Agent discovered that his announcement to emigrants of the steam arrangement was premature.

As the few on hand are likely to manifest a disposition to turn their faces homeward, we should not be surprised to learn that fresh pecuniary inducements had been held out *to them to continue on their* journey.

It is unnecessary to add that, the sterreotyped article which usually appears in the "N. Y. Tribune" on the sailing of each handful of emigrants, did not appear on this occasion.

WM. BURNETT'S FUNERAL SERMON.

Zion Church was again crowded last Sabbath, to hear the funeral discourse of our late friend and fellow citizen, Wm. Burnett. Mr. Charles W. Robinson, local preacher in the church, and a very intimate friend of Mr. Burnett, was selected by him to preach the discourse, and the text was faithfully executed. The gentleman took for his text words uttered by Burnett himself, a few days before his departure, and which may be found in 2d Timothy, 4th chapter, 1st and 2d verses. These words the speaker made very good use of, but his sermon was more of a genuine funeral one than we usually hear. He talked about the deceased from the beginning to the end of his discourse, giving him the most exalted christian character.

The Rev. Thomas Johnson also bore testimony to the christian virtues of deceased. At the conclusion of the services the "Good Samaritans" who were out in immense numbers, sang their funeral ode, after which the congregation was dismissed. The "Sons of Wesley" society and the "Benevolent Daughters of Conference" were also out in large numbers. While these exercises were proceeding, another of the trustees died. This was Mr. Smart Drayton, an account of whose demise will be found in another column.

AN INCIDENT.—When the United States vessels were on their way to attack Fernandina, they picked up a contraband who had ventured to sea in a small boat to notify them that the rebels were deserting the place. While questioning the black, some of the officers of the Alabama remarked that he should have brought them newspapers to let them know what was going on. "I thought of dat," replied the contraband, "and fotched a Charleston paper wid me." With this he put his hand in his bosom and brought forth a paper, and with the air of a man who was rendering an important service handed it to the circle of inquirers. They grasped it eagerly, but one glance induced a general burst of laughter, to the profound astonishment of the black, who it seems could not read, and imagining that one paper was as good as another, had brought one dated 1822. This South Carolina relic was forwarded to Thomas B. Stillman, Esq., of this city as one of the curiosities of the war. It is a little odd that this paper, which has floated so long down the stream of time, contains an article in favor of negro emancipation.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

BARBARISM.

A slave lately came into the camp of the Iowa troops at Florence, Mo., mounted upon a high spirited horse, on which he had escaped from his master who lives near St. Louis. Around his neck was a band of iron half an inch thick and nearly one and a half inches wide, not locked, but securely riveted. Three iron prongs, of lightning-rod size, were welded to this band, at equal distances apart, and arose above his head about nine inches, with an outward inclination. The iron had lacerated his neck, and the wounds had partially healed under the protection he had given to them by holding up the band with his hands during the preceding day that he was concealed in a corn-field, but while riding the horse he could not hold it up, and it had opened the wound from which there was a bloody, mattery ooze trickling down upon his broad shoulders. To the soldiers who surrounded him, with pity and astonishment, the negro plead earnestly for the removal of the collar, which, after a labor of three hours, was filed off. It appears that the negro carried this iron-band upon his neck about three months as a punishment for assisting his wife to escape to Illinois.

BULLY FOR LIBERIA.—We take the following from the Brooklyn Star:

We find in late English papers another fact showing the unfitness of the negro to receive and maintain the arts of civilization. The International Exhibition, in London, is beginning to receive the wares of exhibitors, and the first that came to hand were from the government and people of Liberia. Perhaps Mr. Yancey will protest against the reception of the Liberian products before those of the "Sunny South," as an insult to South Carolina?

An effort was made a few days ago in the city council of Alexandria, Va., to pass an ordinance repealing the law which prohibits colored persons from being seen on the public streets after 11 o'clock, p. m., unless they have a written permit, and directs their arrest and detention as disorderly characters, unless they can give a satisfactory account of their business on the streets at a late hour, (being the ordinance recommended by the Mayor, at the suggestion of the Police Commissioners.) After a lengthy debate it was laid on the table by a vote of 9 to 2.

As a little colored boy about 8 years old, named Freddie Lewis, was entering his parents house, in Hartford, on the 11th inst., a cake of ice slid from the roof on him, causing his death a few hours after. He was a bright boy—the most intelligent of his class in the Sabbath, and week day school.

SUMMARY.

The Havana correspondent of the "N. Y. Times," says in a recent letter:—

"I have heard it said that the Dominicans are not by any means content with their new masters, and that there are parties in Santo Domingo who look to an alliance with the Haytians to recover their independence, which has been bartered away to Spain.

A few nights ago an intelligent slave named Cornelius, who had recently escaped from Virginia to Maryland on the Lower Potomac, recrossed for the purpose of reconnoitering the enemy's camp, when he was discovered and shot.

The Government of North Carolina has published under date of 4th March, "An Act to provide more efficent police regulations for the districts on the seaboard, as amended by the Governor and Council." It provides for the establishment of police courts, whose jurisdiction shall extend to all matters of criminal and police regulation over the slaves and free persons of color in the *seaboard districts*. Said courts shall have full power to establish such regulations and inflict such punishments as they in their discretion may deem the exigencies of the time may require. It further provides that said court may arrest such white persons as may be considered dangerous in the community.

The papers state that a colored man who blacks boots at the National Hotel in Washington, has the following motto conspicuously displayed over his stand:

"NO NORTH, NO SOUTH,
NO EAST, NO WEST,
NO TRUST."

It is estimated that there are now six thousand runaway slaves in Kansas.

A colored woman aged about 75 years, named Keturah Young, residing in the upper part of Greenport, was so dreadfully burned by her clothes taking fire, on Sunday morning, 9th inst., that she lingered in great agony until Monday when death relieved her of her sufferings. She was formerly a slave, and was well known by the name of "Aunt Ketury."

A great revival is now in progress among the colored people at Shinnacock Neck, Long Island. Between twenty and thirty have already united with the church.

The Albany "Republican" of March 17th says:

"Last evening Coroner Allen was called upon to hold an inquest upon the body of a colored woman named Huldah Stewart, residing at No. 58 Green street, who died suddenly about 5 o'clock. It was thought she died from the effects of poison administered by her own hand. A jury was empannelled this morning and a post mortem examination was had when it was discovered she died from an inflamation of the bowels produced by natural causes. Verdict accordingly."

A correspondent of the "Commercial Advertiser," writing from Port Royal states:

"Contrabands are coming in to our camp from the main land. Two came in last week from Barnwell district. They had run away several times and were pursued. One of them is the most frightful object I ever saw. His arms are covered with the marks of the teeth and claws of blood hounds. His back is furroughed all over with the marks of the lash. He is quite an intelligent negro."

Charlotte Davis, a beautiful Creole girl, from Louisiana, was burned to death in St. Louis on Thursday, her clothes catching fire from the stove. In her dying moments she was robbed of $400 in gold, by a saloon-keeper named Joseph Stein.

A SLAVE HUNT IN CUBA.

As a specimen of the state of things in slaveholding Cuba, I send you an account of a slave-hunt which took place a few weeks ago, near Trinidad. Don Ignacio Puig having received information that some runaway negroes had been seen in the woods bordering on the coffee estate of his father, called Emulation Itabo, determined to make a search for them—some of the neighbors having first obtained permission of the authorities to do so. Not very far from the estate a rancheria, and a cleared piece of land of about ten acres, which had been planted with sweet potatoes, tobacco, yams, rice, Indian corn, etc., was discovered. On approaching it the party found a band of negroes, armed with spears and cane-knives, who, instead of separating, showed fight. They were immediately ordered to surrender, and a promise was made to intercede with their owners for their pardon; but this command only emboldened them, and the party which was in pursuit was obliged to make use of its firearms. A mulatto, the property of a planter residing in Trinidad was captured; one negro was killed, and the remainder were put to flight—some of them wounded. But one of the pursuers was hurt, and he but slightly.—Cor. N. Y. Daily Times.

The Port Royal correspondent of the Boston "Traveler" makes the following striking statement:—"There are on this island some negroes scarcely able to talk or understand the English language, and who but a year since were free as now in their native African homes. In fact the larger portion of the blacks about here are of the pure blood, such as are seldom seen in the Northern States."

The Louisville "Journal" says that within three months $300,000 worth of impressed slaves in rebel camps have died in three Kentucky counties alone.

DEATH OF MR. SMART DRAYTON.—This gentleman, who, previous to joining the church, had long maintained the reputation of being the master pugilist of this country, although always a peaceable and quiet citizen, departed this life on the afternoon of the 26th. At the time of his death he was a local preacher and trustee in Zion Church.

At the attack of the Merrimac on the Minnesota, Joyce Moore and Eli Parris, colored, were slightly injured.

PRAISEWORTHY.—The Social, Civil and Statistical Association of the colored people of Pennsylvania, have generously contributed fifty dollars toward the relief of the freedmen of Port Royal and elsewhere.

RETURNING FROM HAYTI.

The schooner Helen Augusta, arrived here last Monday with the following returned emigrants from Hayti. Mr. Marcus Dale, wife and three children, of Detroit, Mich., Zach Cordin, of Oberlin, O., Mr. I. Jones, of Windsor, Canada West, Mrs. Johnson, of Rochester, N. Y., Capt. Graddock and wife, of Charleston S. C., and a young man from Buffalo, N. Y., whose name we did not learn. Two "encouraging" letters from Mr. Dale appeared in last week's issue of the "Pine and Palm;" we wonder if the statement that he is now prepared to make would also be published in that sheet.

COLORED PERSONS AND THE MAILS.—Mr. Sumner introduced the following bill, March 18th, which was referred to the Postal Committee of the Senate:

Be it enacted, etc., That from and after the passage of this act, no person, by reason of color, shall be disqualified from employment in carrying the mails, and all acts establishing such disqualification, including especially the seventh section of the act of March 3, 1825, are hereby repealed.

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH!

NEWBERN, N. C., March 100th, '62.

This morning, at precisely 6.05 o'clock General Burnside suddenly arose, and after a few minutes returned calmly to his camp-bed "in accordance with the minute instructions received from General M'Clellan, before he left Annapolis."—N. Y Herald.

AMUSEMENTS.

We find the following in the Hartford, (Ct.) Times of March 20th:

The Colored Old Folks were again introduced by their leader, Mr. Hazard, last night, at Allyn. Hall, which was not crowded but a fair audience listened very attentively to the singing—Mr. Perry Davis, though laboring under severe indisposition, would at times break forth in strains which would fill the hall. He deserves great credit for the manner in which he sang in the chorus of the New Jerusalem. His son, Master Davis, indeed his whole family, also received great applause. Miss Grace Paul, the Prima Donna, sang in a way not to be despised by some higher artistes—and received, as she justly deserved, several encores. The troupe appeared first in old-fashianed costumes, with bonnets and hats; and after the first part came on in what we suppose was full dress, one hundred years ago. Miss Paul changed her costume several times, finally appearing as the Goddess of Liberty, and sang the "Star Spangled Banner" in good style. The whole affair was a success. After the performance the audience was cordially invited to attend a grand banquet at Union Hall where they had a good time till 1 o'clock A. M.

THE J. M. WILLIAMS' TABERNACLE, No. 3. I. O. of B. and S. of Love and Charity.—This flourishing Society, which is located in Brooklyn, gave their Annual Festival on the evening of the 19th inst., in the Hall 166 Fulton street.

Recent illness prevented us from attending, but we are pleased to learn that it was a very spirited and refined affair. The people of New York and Brooklyn turned out in large numbers, and every thing passed off very pleasantly. The company was "sold" on a "flying pie," which many went to see. This "big thing" was nothing more than a live bird enclosed in a hollow pie. It is hardly necessary to say how the appearance of the bird was hailed by the crowd. The friends speak in high terms of the music furnished by Prof. Murray's band.

PROF. W. J. WILSON'S SCHOOL CONCERT AND EXHIBITION.—This affair came off on the evening of the 21st, at the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, in fine style. The house was filled to its utmost capacity, many being obliged to go away. The children looked as neat as possible; the girls all being dressed in white, and many of them wearing beautiful wreaths upon their heads. The singing was very good, but the speaking was most excellent; this was particularly manifested in the dialogues, "The sewing circle," and the "Country Aunt." These, with the dialogue, "Bluster and Fuster, or ups and downs of Dixie," kept the house in a roar of laughter. As the affair is to be repeated let everybody go and hear for themselves.

ARTS AND ARTISTS.—Quite an excitement has been created among the mathematical savans of our city by the superb and correct dancing of Senorita Cubas.

PUBLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITION.—Those who doubt the possession of intellect and the ability to learn of our colored population, should have attended the exhibition given Friday evening, at the Polytechnic Institute, by Mr. Wilson, the Principal of Colored School No. 1, on Willoughby street. The large room of the Institute was crowded almost to suffocation. A portion of the stage was given up to the audience.

The pupils of the school were tastefully and modestly dressed, and in point of ability and excellent performance of the parts assigned them, no Public School Exhibition in Brooklyn has excelled. Master Delancy Hunter particularly excelled. Had he a white skin, talents such as he gave the evidence of possessing, would, if rightly directed, land him in the Senate of the United States.

The two accomplished lady teachers of the school, Miss Williams, and Miss Lamas, gave evidence of musical genius, in the singing a duett from Norma, etc., that many of our first class Opera singers might envy.

As a whole, the exhibition was a decided succes. In a pecuniary point of view, the worthy Principal has the gratification of knowing the piano he has labored so hard to get for his school, is now out of debt. Several members of the Board of Education were present.—Brooklyn Star, March 24th.

THE TEA AT ZION CHURCH.—We are happy to say that the tea given at Zion Church on the evening of the 13th inst. was quite successful. The ladies seemed to have exerted themselves pretty effectively, and due credit ought to be given them by the church. The amount realised by the ladies must have been quite heavy, if the number present was as large as is represented bysome of the guests.

MARRIED.

PRIME—WALLACE.—In New York, on Wednesday evening, March 19th, by the Rev. H. Highland Garnet, James Lawrence Prime, Esq. of Sagharbor, L. I. to Miss Mary Wallace of this city.

VANDORAN, JOHNSON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, at Flatlands, L. I. on Wednesday, March 19th, by Rev. G. Washington Le'vere Mr. Samuel Vandoran, of Coney Island, to Miss Jane Johnson, of the former place.

JONES—HILL.—In Brooklyn, March 5th, by the Rev. Sampson White, Mr. John Q. Jones, of Agawam, Mass., to Miss Elizabeth Hill of Brooklyn, N. Y.

NELSON, THOMAS.—In Lockport, N. Y., March 20th, by Rev. H. L. Dox, Rev. Joseph A. Nelson of Lockport, to Mrs. Catherine C. Thomas of Buffalo, N. Y.

BARON DE PRAGA, BOOTH.—In N. Y. city, March 24th. 1862, by Rev. W. Johnson Alston, Mr. Hugo Baron De Praga, of Spain, to Mrs. Mary Jane Booth of N. Y. city.

DIED.

PURVIS.—At Byberry, near Philadelphia, on Wednesday Evening, March 19th, Robert Purvis, Jr. in the 28th year of his age.

LEWIS.—In Hartford, Ct., March 11th, Freddie, son of Thomas and Abby Lewis aged 7 years and 8 months.

FREEMAN.—In Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, March 18, 1862, William Augustus, only son of John and Martha Freeman, aged 2 years 6 months and 1 day.

Thy little son is gone,
The babe once dear to all;
The angels bid him come,
And join the heavenly saints
In chanting round the throne.

THOMPSON.—In Brooklyn, March 22d, of convulsions, Harriet Banks Thompson, aged 7 months and 9 days.

WELDON.—In this city on Tuesday morning, March 18th, of apoplexy, Fanny Weldon, aged 69 years 7 months and 18 days

Special Notices.

A FAIR.

A judicious Committee of ladies attached to the First A. M. E. Bethel Church, Second street, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. D. S. Hall, will give a Grand Union Fair in the basement of M. E. Church, Sullivan street, between Bleeker and Amity streets, opening on April the 1st and continuing for the space of ten days.

Open at 4 o'clock every afternoon.

CONFIRMATION.

The Right Rev. Bishop Potter will visit St. Philips Church, Mulberry st, near Bleeker, on Wednesday evening next, April 2d, for the purpose of administering the rite of confirmation. Services will commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.

LOST

At the Odd Fellows Ball, on the evening of the 10th inst, an embroidered silk pocket handkerchief. It being the gift of a deceased friend, and consequently highly valued, it is hoped that the finder will return it to its owner, MRS. HAWKINS, (Rear) 218 Wooster st.

NOTICE.

☞All the members of the Giddings and Jolliffe Union Association are particularly notified to attend their *Monthly Meeting* on Wednesday, April 2d, at Metropolitan Hall, 178 Prince street, at 7½ o'clock P. M., by order of Past Worthy Matron,

MARGARET A. JACKSON.

A MUSICAL FESTIVAL

for the benefit of the funds of
PROGRESSIVE UNION LODGE NO. 4,
I. O. OF G. S. AND D. S., WILL BE GIVEN
AT MASONIC HALL
309 Grand Street, Williamsburgh, on
THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 3d, '62.

The Lodge meeting with so many losses, they appeal to the generous public for their patronage. No pains will be spared to make this Festival equal to any they have given.

The following Lodges will be present in full Regalia: Fountain Union No. 1, G. S. and D. S.; Fidelity, No. 1, D. S; Unity, No. 2, D. S.; Purity, No. 3, D. S., Rebecca Union, No. 5, G. S. and D. S.

Music under direction of Prof. George Oton. Tickets 50 cents.

Committee of arrangements: Mrs. M. Hammond, Mrs. A. Jarvis, Mrs. A. Duffee, Mr. A. Stanley, and Mr. Wm. McClaughry

N. B. Cars leave Peck Slip and Grand Street Ferries every five minutes, and go past the Hall. Fare 3 cents. No postponement on account of the weather.

A GRAND CONCERT,

OF
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY JUVENILE SINGERS
Will be given at
The Cooper Institute,
(At the junction of the Bowery and 3d Avenue,)
ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 31st, 1862,
In aid of
THE WEEKLY ANGLO-AFRICAN,
And an effort to establish in this city
A MECHANICAL SCHOOL
for colored youths of both sexes.

The subscriber, in returning his heartfelt thanks for the very generous response to his last appeal, would respectfully announce, that through the kindness of the parents of the children he will give another GRAND CONCERT at the above named place and time, for which occasion Miss Sarah Ennalls has kindly volunteered the services of the entire Primary Department of Public School No. 2. Also Mr. John Peterson, Principal of Public School No. 1; Mr. Ransom F. Wake and Miss Fanny Tompkins, Principals of Male and Female Departments of Public School No. 2; and Prof. Wm. J. Wilson, Principal of Public School No. 1, Brooklyn, have generously tendered a class from their respective Schools.

The following solo singers will also appear:

Miss Caroline Brown, of Brooklyn,
" Lydia Dangerfield, of New York,
" Bertha Burnet, of Freehold, N. J.,
" Mary A. Day, of New York,
" Letitia Smith, of New York,
" Pauline Green, of New York,
" Sarah E. Cary, of New York,
" Alice Taylor, of Brooklyn,
" P. C. Groves, of Harlem,

Miss Mary Brown, of Brooklyn,
" Addie M. Hamilton, of Brooklyn,
" Mary A. Hamilton, of Brooklyn,
" Fanny J. Hamilton, of Brooklyn,
Master William Bronaugh, of Brooklyn,
" Edward Thorne, of New York.
" Robert H. Hamilton, of Brooklyn
" James M'Cune Smith Hamilton,

Prof. WALDRON will preside at the piano, assisted by Miss VIRGINIA MAGNAN.

ROBERT HAMILTON, Conductor.

PROGRAMME—PART 1st.

1st. Fantasia—Piano	Miss Virginia Magnan.
2d. Chorus—"In the Light"	Company.
3d. Solo—"Bacon and Greens"	Jas. M'C. S. Hamilton
4th. Solo and Chorus—"Haste away"	Campany.
5th. Solo—"Happy be thy Dream"	L. Dangerflold.
6th. Chorus—	By class from School No. 1.
7th. Solo—"Eva's Vision"	Alice Taylor.
8th. Chorus—"Hosanna"	Company.
9th. Solo—"Hark t'is Music"	Bertha Burnett.
10th. Chorus—	By class from School No. 2.
11th. Solo—"They are coming again"	P. C. Groves.
12th. Duett—"What are the Wild Waves Saying"	Lydia Dangerfield and Pauline Green
13th. Solo—"Lovely Night"	Mary Day.
14th. Solo—"I'm Leaving thee in Sorrow"	Letitia Smith.
15th. Chorus—"The True Patriot"	Company
16th. "We are but Humble Singers"	Seven

Solos and Choruses, which will be sung by the subscriber and six of his Children: James, Robert, Fanny, Mary, Addie, and Olivia. At the conclusion of each chorus, a National or popular air will be introduced, in the singing of which the audience is respectfully invited to join

PART 2d.

1st. Solo	Sarah E. Cary.
2d. Solo—"Dreams that are Brightest"	Pauline Green.
3d. Trio—"Rock of Liberty"	Caroline Brown, W Bronaugh, and R. Hamilton.
4th. Solo—"I Cannot Pretend to Say"	Mary Hamilton.
5th. Solo and Chorus—"The boy and the Bobolink,"	Company.
6th. Solo—"Come my Love my Dearest"	Mary Brown.
7th. Chorus—	By class from School No. 1.
8th. Solo—"Love my Dearest"	Adeline M. Hamilton.
9th. Solos and Chorus—"Wishing"	Little Class
10th. Chorus—	By class from School No. 2
11th. Quartette—"Why have my loved ones gone"	Conductor and Children: James, Robert, and Addie
12th. Solo—"Annie of the Vale"	Edward Thorne.
13th. "	Lydia Dangerfield.
14th. " "O God preserve the Mariner"	Wm. Bronaugh.
15th. " "I see her still in my Dreams"	Pauline Green
16th. " "The right of Loving Thee"	Caroline Brown.
17th. Solo and Chorus—"We're going Home"	Full Company

Doors open at 5 o'clock—Concert to commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS—Children under 12 years of age, 15 Cents. No postponement on account of the weather.

ROBERT HAMILTON.

TO LET in Williamsburgh to a small family, the upper part of No. 64 South 8th st., containing all the modern improvements, within three minutes walk of all the ferries.

For particulars inquire as above Possession given immediately.

A NEW ORGANIZATION.

The scholars in the Sabbath Schools now meeting in the 7th Avenue Presbyterian church (Rev. H. M. Wilson's) being more numerous than can be accommodated in the afternoon, a new organization will take place on Sunday, April 6th, at 9 o'clock.

GRAND CONCERT.

THE YOUNG FOLKS OF BROOKLYN will give a Grand Concert in aid of the Ladies Union Bazaar, for the Colored Orphan Asylum, on THURSDAY EVENING, April 3d, in the Bridge street A. M. E. W. Church, near Myrtle Avenue.

Doors open at 6 1-2 o'clock. Concert to commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Admission, 15 cents.

LODGINGS. Four Gentlemen can obtain comfortable lodgings by applying to Mrs. Ellen Anderson No. 150 W. 29th street, between 7th and 8th avenues. The house is in a very pleasant part of the city and within half a block of cars and stages.

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TO LET.—Apartments in house No. 148 Jay street, Brooklyn. As these apartments are within five minutes walk of Fulton and Catherine Ferries persons desiring a residence in Brooklyn will find them desirable. Apply on the premises after 1 o'clock, P. M.

BOARDING AND LODGING. Mrs. A. M. Thompson, (late Jackson) respectfully informs the public that she has opened a Boarding and Lodging house at No. 39 Watts street. The house is well situated, being between two railroads, and within 15 minutes walk of the principal colored churches. Terms very moderate.

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LOWE PRESS COMPANY,
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MRS. R. LEE, for several years Practising Eclectic, and at present Student of the N. E. F. Medical College of Boston, is now in Brooklyn at 97 High street, where she will take great pleasure in giving medical advice to any who may wish it while she remains in the city.—Charges very moderate. Hours 10 to 2 A. M. and 3 to 8 P. M.

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TO LET.—Apartments in house 153 Thompson Street. A few gentlemen can be furnished with lodging also. Inquire of Mr. Jer. Bowers on the premises.

315t.

ZION CONFERENCE.

☞ Notice is hereby given to the Members of the Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion, that the Annual Conference of the New York District will meet in Zion Church, corner of Church and Leonard streets, New York city, on the Third Saturday in May, 1862.

WM. H. BISHOP,
Superintendent of the 1st Dist. of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

HELP WANTED

At Tilmon's Agency, No. 70 East 13th st., one door East of the 4th Avenue. Spring is here and now is the time. Never was there a greater demand for all first class colored help than now. Remember that this is the oldest and most responsible office in the city for colored help. Situations constantly on hand for both city and country. Terms cash and strict attention paid to business. All persons coming to this city and wishing to save board will do well to call during Office hours, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

31tf L. TILMON, Proprietor.

STONE SQUARE LODGE NO. 6, A. Y. M. under the jurisdiction of the M. W. United Grand Lodge of the State of New York, meet every Friday Evening at 8 o'clock, at their Hall 399 Grand st., Williamsburg, Brooklyn, E. D.

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All letters may be addressed to Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, 194 Plane st. Newark N. J.

27 6t.

Elizabeth City, N. J. Feb. 8, 1862.

This is to certify that I heartily approve of the effort of Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers to establish a Select School for young misses. I have been acquainted with her for over twenty-five years, and am happy to recommend her and her enterprise to the patronage of the public in general.

DANIEL H. VANDERVEER,
Pastor of the 1st Colored Pres. Church, Eliz. City.

WASHBOARDS! WASHBOARDS!! WASHBOARDS!!!—of the celebrated "Hoagland Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

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18tf

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AGENT FOR WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

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34 tf WM. F. JOHNSON.

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MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) REspectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

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Residence—120th St., between 3d and 4th Avenues, Harlem.
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Poetry.

For the Anglo-African.

"THANK GOD I'M BLACK."

I envy not the lily's grace,
I fancy not the pale moonbeam,
Nor be it mine in sunsets to trace
The glory of poetic theme,
The burning glow the tropics know,
Inspires to me the midnight dream.

I envy not the power and skill
That makes the white man me enthral.
The tiger hath the art to kill
More than the tenant of the stall
Tho' tortures rack, thank God I'm black!
No white blood adds its bitter gall

Talk not to me of beauty's cheek,
The marble tinged with ruddy glow,
The blood hath mounted there to speak
Of the deep fires that burn below.
The lava's force that in its course,
Hath scorch'd and burn'd us in its flow

Black is the midnight vault of heaven,
The velvet canopy on high,
Where glow the mighty suns of even
Amid the calm of nature's sky;
Such, Africa, hath been thy day,
But darken'd clouds now round thee lie

Ye daughters of my sunny land,
Still glory like your forest tree,
The bow of hope is ever spann'd
Where grows the darken'd ebony.
Type of the power whose iron hour
Assails in vain thy destiny.

I see my tribes in native grace,
Unnumber'd marshall'd on thy shore!
O Africa, what power shall trace
Thy glory when thy wrongs are o'er!
Through ages hid thy pyramid
Shall open up art's wondrous store

Thy Atlas from his shoulder heaves
The burden'd world,—no longer borne:
And as the forest casts its leaves,
Shall Slavery into shreds be torn.
And beauty's grace shall in its place
Bring forth the rose without the thorn.

I swear it, by thy golden sands,
Thy forest depths, thy lakes, thy plains,
To break the shackles from thy hands,
While life and thought this soul retains!
Land of the sun! this work, begun,
Shall deluge like thy autumn rains!

Aye, I am black! the glorious thought
Inspires me with a strong pride!
And as a poison'd arrow, fraught
With death, its point shall glide
Where'er the foe exists below
Whose hand with thy best blood is dyed.

—H.

From Zion's Herald.

THE SLAVE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY DANIEL F. WOLCOTT.

Hope, with beaming rays,
Used to illume my early days
With many prospects fair
I dreamed the time would come to me
When I and mine should all be free;
For this I offer'd prayer.

The thought of freedom shed its light
Upon my weary dreams at night,
And soften'd my repose;
Cheer'd my dark heart as time rolled on,
Blest each new day with happier dawn,
And with a gentler close

I struggled thus for many a year,
Through trials keen and sorrows rear,
Till hope within me died;
Sweet hope, that gave me all my rest
And comfort, in my lonely breast
Are buried side by side.

Yes, those bright days are over now,
Joy will no more illume my brow,
Nor make my burdens light.
Hard labor, insults, tears, I know,
Are all my heritage below;
A starless, cheerless night.

My little lambs have left my fold,
Far, far away in bondage sold;
I know not where they roam;
Beneath the ponderous weight I stoop,
While master, with his little groupe
Can have a pleasant home.

When little Ned, with tearful face,
Was snatch'd away from my embrace,
My bleeding heart was riven;
The tide of anguish ran so high
It seemed that I must surely die,
But needful grace was given.

But I a poor unnoticed slave,
Must bear these hardships to the grave,
With sighs and groans unheard.
When we receive the bitterest cup
It must be drank entirely up,
Without a murmuring word.

It is a crime to show our grief,
Our tears bring lashes, not relief,
Thus we are forced to bow.
In what should be our blooming years,
The mark of fading age appears
On many a furrowed brow.

O God of pity, truth and grace,
Look down upon the fetter'd race,
And needful aid impart;
If we must bear these galling chains,
Give us thy love to ease our pains,
And cheer each lonely heart

Kind Father, may we not some time,
In Canaan's fair and holy clime
Be happy, blest, and free?
We're sighing for our home above,
O send the chariot of thy love,
And take us Lord, to thee.

Southbridge, Mass

PLACIDO

The true wealth and glory of a nation consist not in its gold dust, not in its commerce, nor in the grandeur of its palaces, nor yet in the magnificence of its cities—but in the intellectual and moral energy of its people. Egypt is more glorious because of her carrying into Greece the blessings of civilization, than because of her pyramids, however wondrous—her lakes and labyrinths, however stupendous—or her Thebes, though every square marked a palace, or every alley a dome. Who hears of the moneyed men of Athens, of Rome? And who does not hear of Socrates, of Plato, of Demosthenes, of Virgil, of Cicero? Are you in converse with him of the "sea-girt isle," and would touch the chord that vibrates most readily in his heart?—then talk to him of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Cowper, of Bacon, of Newton, of Burns, of Scott. To the intelligent son of the "Emerald Isle," talk of Curran, of Emmett, of O'Connell. Great men are a nation's vitality. Nations pass away—great men, never. Great men are not unfrequently buried in dungeons or in obscurity; but they work out great thoughts for all time, nevertheless. Did not Bunyan work out a great thought, all-vital and vitalizing, when he lay twelve years in Bedford jail, weaving his tagged lace, and writing his Pilgrim's Progress? The greatest man in all America is now in obscurity. It is he who is "the Lord of his own soul," on whose brow wisdom has marked her supremacy, and who, in his sphere, moves

"Stilly as a star on his eternal way."

A great writer hath said, "Nature is stingy of her great men." I do not believe it. God doeth all His work fitly and well; how, therefore, could he give us great men, not plentifully, but stingily? The truth is, there are great men, and they are plentiful—plentiful for the times, I mean—but we do not see them, because we will not come into the sun-light of truth and rectitude where, and where only, dwelleth greatness. Placido was a great man. He was a great poet besides. He was a patriot, also—how could he be otherwise? Are not all poets patriots? "Adios Mundo," cried he, as with tear be-dimmed eyes he looked up into the blue heavens above him, and upon the green earth beneath him; and upon the portals of the universe read wisdom, majesty, and power. Was there no poetry in this outburst of a full heart, and in thus looking upward to heaven? "Adios Mundo," cried he, as now beholding, for the last time, the home of his love—he bared his bosom to the death shot of the soldiers. Great was Placido in life—he was greater still in death. His was the faith which fastens itself upon the EVERLASTING I AM. Call you that greatness which Pizarro achieved when, seizing a sword and drawing a line upon the sand from east to west, he himself facing south, he said to his band of pirates:—"Friends, comrades, on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its richness; here, Panama with its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castillian. For my part I go to the south;" suiting the action to the word—so do I;—but look ye! this is merely the greatness of overwhelming energy and concentrated purpose, not illuminated by a single ray of light from the Divine. See here, how Placido dwarfeth Pizzaro when he thus prayeth:

"God of unbounded love and power eternal!
To thee I turn in darkness and despair;
Stretch forth thine hand! and from the brow infernal
Of calumny the veil of justice tear.

* * * * *

O King of kings!—my father's God! who only
Art strong to save, by whom is all controlled,
Who givest the sea its waves, the dark and lonely
Abyss of heaven its light, the north its cold.
The air its currents, the warm sun its beams,
Life to the flowers, and motion to the streams:—
All things obey thee; dying or reviving
As thou commandest; all, apart from thee,
From thee alone their life and power deriving,
Sink and are lost in vast eternity!

* * * * *

O merciful God! I cannot shun thy presence.—
For through its veil of flesh thy piercing eye
Looketh upon my spirit's unsoiled essence,
As through the pure transparence of the sky;
Let not the oppressor clap his bloody hands,
As o'er my prostrate innocence he stands.

* * * * *

But if, alas, it seemeth good to thee
That I should perish, as the guilty dies,
Still fully in me thy will be done, O God!"

Placido had a symmetrically developed character. All great men have this. His intellectual and moral nature blended harmoniously as

"Kindred elements into one."

An ancient philosopher hath said that the passions and the soul are placed in the same body, so that the passions might have ready opportunity to persuade the soul to become subservient to their purpose. A terrible conflict. And yet through it Placido passed triumphantly. Placido was born a slave on the Island of Cuba, on the plantation of Don Terribio De Castro. The year of his birth I am unable to give, but it must have been somewhere between the years 1790 and 1800. He was of African origin. But little is known of his earliest days, save that he was of gentle demeanor, and wore an aspect which, though mild, indicated the working of great thoughts within. He was allowed some little advantage of education in his youth, and he evinced great poetic genius. The prayer just quoted was composed by him while he lay in prison, and repeated on his way from his dungeon to his place of execution. The "Heraldo," a leading journal of Havana, thus spoke of him after his arrest:—"Placido is a celebrated poet—a man of great genius, but too wild and ambitious. His object was to subdue Cuba, and make himself chief." The following lines, also, were found inscribed upon the walls of his dungeon. They were written on the day previous to his execution:

"O Liberty! I wait for thee,
To break this chain and dungeon bar.
I hear thy voice calling me,
Deep in the frozen north afar,
With voice like God's, and vision like a star.

Long cradled in the mountain wind,
Thy mates the eagle and the storm,—
Arise: and from thy brow unbind
The wreath that gives its starry form.
And smite the strength that would thy strength deform.

Yet Liberty, thy dawning light,
Obscured by dungeon bars, shall cast
A splendor on the breaking night,
And tyrants flying thick and fast,
Shall tremble at thy gaze, and stand aghast.

In poetic feeling, patriotic spirit, living faith, and withal in literary beauty, these lines are not surpassed; and they cannot fail to rank Placido not only with the great hearted, but with the gifted men of the earth. A tribute to his genius is recorded, in the fact that he was ransomed from slavery by the contributions of slaveholders of Cuba.

Placido was executed on the 7th of July, 1844. On the first fire of the soldiers, no ball entered his heart. He looked up, but with no spirit of revenge, no aspect of defiance—only sat upon his countenance the desire to pass at once into the region where no death is "Pity me," said he, "and fire here"—putting his hand upon his heart. Two balls then entered his body, and Placido fell.

As Wordsworth said of Touissant, so may it be said of Placido:

'Thou hast left behind thee
Powers that will work for thee: air, earth, and skies,
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.'

The charge against Placido was, that he was at the head of a conspiracy to overthrow slavery in his native island. Blessings on thee, Placido! Nor didst thou fail of thy mission. Did the martyrs, stake-bound, fail of theirs? As the Lord liveth, Cuba shall yet be free.

That Placido was at the head of this conspiracy there is not a doubt; but what his plans in detail were, I know not; the means of acquiring them are not within my reach. Nevertheless, from the treatment throughout of the Cuban authorities towards Placido, we may safely conclude that Placido's plans in detail evinced no lack of ability to originate and execute, nor of that sagacity which should mark a revolutionary leader. Placido hated slavery with a hatred intensified by the remembrance of wrongs which a loving and loved mother had borne. The iron, too, had entered into his own soul; and he had been a daily witness of scenes such as torment itself could scarcely equal, nor the pit itself outdo. Call you this extravagance? You will not, should you but study a single chapter in the history of Cuban slavery.

Do you honor Kossuth?—then forget not him who is worthy to stand side by side with Hungary's illustrious son.

What may be the destiny of Cuba in the future near at hand, I will not venture to predict. What may be her ultimate destiny is written in the fact that—"God hath no attribute which, in a contest between the oppressed and the oppressor, can take sides with the latter."

This sketch, though hastily written, and meagre in detail as it must necessarily be, will show, at least, by the quotations of poetry introduced, that God hath not given to one race alone all intellectual and moral greatness.

WM. G. ALLEN.

UBI PATRIA, IBI LIBERTAS.

Alike in servitude, and in being distinguished by complexion from our task masters, we act differently from the Israelites. Why? It must be for the accomplishment of some end different from what they effected. They emigrated from the scene of their slavery and in the search for liberty. 'Ubi libertas, ibi patria,' is an expression of their rule of conduct; and from the time of their escape from the house of bondage, until now, the persecuted or oppressed few have for the most part fled from their homes in search of liberty.

By remaining upon the scenes of our oppressions we are acting out the converse of their rule of conduct. We proclaim to the oppressed few, 'Ubi patria, ibi libertas,' 'Where our country is, there shall liberty dwell!' For, come when or how it may—Whether long after we have passed into the cold and silent tomb, or whilst the tide of life yet courses through our veins—Whether by the red right arm of sturdy rebellion, or by the quick necessity of foreign invasion, or by the slower but more certain influence of public opinion—the time must come when from the Aroostook to the gulf of Mexico,—from the Atlantic to where the Pacific calmly laves the shores of Oregon, there shall go forth a blast from the trump of Freedom, at which our chains shall be broken, our fetters fall; and the American people, swelling beyond the links in which pride and prejudice have bound them, shall become the free and equal participants of one government, one destiny.—JAMES M'CUNE SMITH.

A SOUTHERN CHARACTER.

An officer of Gen. Hooker's division, now on the Maryland side of the lower Potomac, wrote on the 25th of February to Hon. W. D. Kelley, M. C. from Pennsylvania, a letter, from which the following is extracted:

Col. M——, as he is called, in accordance with the general custom here of giving every man some title, and not, I believe, from any military rank, he may have held (though I am not sure,) is a man about 45 years old, of considerable intelligence and wealth, and, as I am informed, has traveled both in this and other countries. He is a rather good looking man, somewhat larger than the average size of our people. He lives on what is called Stump Neck, a peninsula between the Mattawoman, Chicamoxin, and Potomac rivers, directly opposite to Cockpit Point, on the Virginia side of the latter river. Stump Neck contains something over 1,000 acres of good land, and is, as a farm, kept in a better condition than most of the farms about here, though it will not compare with what you would call a good farm in Pennsylvania. He resides about the centre of the farm, in a small frame house, such as any of our Northern farmers who were at all in a thriving condition would be ashamed to live in. By the side of it are two log houses, in which live his slaves, as I suppose I must call them, according to the laws of Maryland. His barns are better than his houses. This place is entirely away from any road, and therefore seldom visited. The Colonel is unmarried, but as the divine declaration, that "it is not good for one to be alone," holds good in relation to him as well as others, he has four female slaves who fulfil the duties of wives to him. Now the Colonel, in his patriarchal relation, likes variety, and so he has them of various hues and shades, from a negro up to a light quadroon. By these women he has had from twenty-five to thirty children, but as the mothers differ in complexion, so do the children, only with a most decided improvement in the lightness of the shading, from mulattoes up to pass anywhere for white—the children of the quadroon woman, wife or slave, whichever you choose, having light flaxen hair, and dark hazel eyes. The Colonel is also somewhat conscientious in his attention to their dress, the dark skinned having very coarse clothing, without such luxuries as shoes or stockings, while there is a regular gradation to the lightest color—they having both shoes and stockings and very decent clothing. On a visit to the place some time since, the children were asked as to their paternity. They all said their mothers lived there, pointing to the log house; but when asked who was their father, one of the darkest boys said,—"Got no father," and one of the whitest children said, pointing to the frame house, "He lives there." The Colonel also is a good farmer, and knows that it will not do to keep on hand too large a stock of cattle, &c., and so he regularly sells off the increase of his farm as soon as it is ready for the market—horses, mules, cattle, pigs, and—children. These last, however, are the most profitable, or rather have been so; God grant it may be so no longer. Dr. Woodhull, formerly the Assistant Surgeon of the 5th New Jersey Vounteers, now Surgeon of the 9th New Jersy Volunteers, was called upon to attend the quadroon wife in her last confinement, and learned many particulars in regard to them. He was very favorably impressed with her appearance, and considers her a very intelligent woman. Now I do not know that I have in the least exaggerated in this description, but, on the contrary, have softened it very much. It is not an exceptional case, but a fair specimen of what can be seen everywhere throughout the Southern States. It has made almost every man in the brigade a determined foe to slavery. That a man would sell his own children they had thought was one of the Abolition lies, until they had the fact so thrust into their face that it was impossible to doubt it."

VANDALISM.—A correspondent of the "Boston Transcript" relates the following:

"Day before yesterday, as I was standing on the land at Lady's Island, a poor but rather good looking yellow woman came over in a 'dug out,' paddled by herself, from the main land, and her choking sobs drew my attention, when I asked the reason of her hurry and grief. 'O massa, massa, I have no daughter nor chile now; the white man shot my daughter in the back, and took his gun and beat the head off my poor chile.' She could say no more; she sank upon the ground from exhaustion, and when she was able to stand we noticed blood running down the side of her dress; she had been shot right through the body, under the lower rib, and has since died of her wound. She was shot by a picket while she was escaping in the boat. I had occasion to visit the island yesterday, for a short time, and saw them bury her after their own style. They put the body in the grave, and all kneel down around and cover it with dust by throwing it in by handfuls, singing all the while verses fit for the occasion, one of which is

My father's only son has died:
O Lord! remember me.

A plain spoken western preacher delivered the following speech from the desk: "I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at this meeting-house, this morning, a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and tear, and of an exceedingly pale blue color, in the place whereof was taken a large black silk umbrella, and of great beauty. I say, my brethren, it was probably by mistake, that of those articles the one was taken and the other left; though it is a very improper mistake, and should be discountenanced if possible. Blunders of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too common."

Throw a piece of meat among bears, and a purse of gold among men, and which will behave the most outrageously—the men or the bears? In fact which will 'bear' it the best?

WEDDING FEES.—The religious papers occasionally get off a spicy item. The Reverend editor of one of these papers, in a recent issue, says; "In our experience we have married persons for 37 1-2 cents; we have in trust; and we have married for a counterfeit bill!" Dr. Bestien, in copying this item adds:—"We soften our German friends grievances by quoting the case of the minister who received as a wedding fee a salt codfish, which, when he had taken it home to his table, was chiefly eaten by the bride and groom, who called upon him at dinner!"

STRIKING HOME.—In the Senate the other day, Davis, of Kentucky, was magniloquent and pathetic over the horrors of the proposition to arm the slaves, and told his audience how well he loved his negroes. Senator Harlan, of Iowa, gave him a hard hit when he suggested that the Senator from Kentucky had omitted in his recital the most heinous part of the proposition that it was "arming children against their fathers."

DR. Chalmers once asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend the kirk. "I don't know," she replied, "unless you were to put a pipe and a pot of porter into the pew."

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Yours Respectfully,
THOS. R. CROCKER,
Fulton Fish Market.

New York, May 30th, 1851.

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BLAKE: OR THE HUTS OF AMERICA.

A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R. DELANY.

PART II.

Hear the word!—who fight for freedom!
Shout it in the battle van!
Hope! for bleeding human nature!
Christ the God, is Christ the Man!
H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SUNDAY MORNING

Early this morning, before the peep of dawn, ere the great bell of St. Xavier had sounded the first knell of her loud summons to the altar of supplication, the wedding party, brides and bridegrooms, with numerous friends and attendants, might have been seen directing their course toward the church of the Ascension.

Scarcely could be seen at this early hour any others, save in different directions noted by their Franciscan caps and long white surplices, numerous visiting priests hastening to the various places for the performance of their official duties.

So dim was the faint inkling light which just began to dawn, that those sons of the holy order presented more the appearance of spectres than men; spectres disturbed from their resting place by a consciousness of wrongs done and left unrepented of while inhabiting their "earthly tenement." Doubtless were they such; for, professing death to the world, its cares and fleeting allurements, sensibly mindful were they of having "left undone" many things that they ought to have done, whether or not they were fearfully conscious of "having done the things they ought not to have done."

Presently the darkness was dispelled by that soft and mellow light peculiar to a West India sky, which ushered in a beautiful cheerful morning.

The priests, but faintly discovered before, could now be distinctly seen, and appeared rather impressive at so early an hour in the morning.

'Behold the men of God!' reverently whispered Abyssa.

'Who made them men of God?' sarcastically asked Montego.

'Are they not God-fearing men?' innocently inquired the simple, religious African.

'To be 'God-fearing' is to do the will of God,' continued he, 'and these men have neglected the letter of the law 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' These are the words of His divine injunction, every letter of which these men have neglected either to carry out themselves or to enforce. They are, in the stern language of the holy prophet, 'dumb dogs and will not bark.' Were they not, there never would have been occasion for the gathering, organization of the council, nor such a meeting as we must have to-morrow evening at General Blacus' residence.'

'Then they can't marry us!' replied Abyssa, which provoked a general merriment from the company.

In this general good humor Gondolier heartily joined, and nodding his head significantly to one side, observed that it was the only good thing he believed, they did do, and thought that the blacks might try them that time. The merriment was long continued.

Montego explained to Abyssa that the acts of the priests in performance of the marriage ceremony were right, because done in accordance with the law of God, and acknowledged by the laws of the land, but not more sacred than if performed by a civil magistrate, or any other person set apart by law for such purpose. He preferred the priests for the simple reason that he thought them better men than the magistrates. Hastening on they entered the church at a very early hour.

On entering, the vestibule was dark, and had not the numerous variegated tapers emitted from the farthest extremity their scintillating rays to the centre, the body of the building itself, must have been equally gloomy.

Slowly and solemnly did they advance till directly in front of the altar, where a silly looking adult vestry attendant standing with half open mouth, by motion and gesture admonished them that the place whereunto they approached was a sacred spot.

Stopping directly in front of a massive golden flesh colored life like statue representing the Savior of the world, upon either side of which was suspended a malefactor in supplication; they bowed in the name of the Eternal Three. Still looking upon the truthful picture of a skilful hand—the delineations of the well developed muscles of trunk and extremities; the stern and ghastly, though mild, pitying and forgiving expression of the face—a mouth which she almost imagined she could see and hear bid her sorrows cease—in the fullness of native goodness and simplicity of African devotion, no longer able to restrain her feelings, falling upon her knees before the altar, clapping her outstretched hands, with face upturned toward heaven, Abyssa cried out:

'Glory to God!'

At this moment a body of twelve priests arrayed in robes imposing, accompanied by numerous attendants bearing in their hands many colored lighted candles, entered, the leading divine saying:

'Arise my child from grief to joy! The first miracle wrought by our blessed Savior was on an occasion of this nature; a marriage feast in Cana of Gallilee. Be not sorrowful then but rejoice and be exceeding glad, for where Christ is'—pointing to the crucifix before her—'there is no sorrow.'

'Thank God!' responded Abyssa, when the right hand of the simpleton instinctively was lifted to enjoin silence in the house of God and presence of the holy order, as he stood with gaping mouth holding in his left hand a burning wax candle.

The ceremony was short, pointed and impressive, relating mainly to religious duties and a preference for the Roman Catholic church, concluded by the placing of a plain gold ring on the forefinger of the right hand of each of the brides.

'This ring which I place on your finger,' said the priest, 'is a type of our holy religion; in substance as pure as the incorruptible gold; in character like him,' again pointing to the crucifix—'who propagated it, it must endure forever. Here you see a cross surmounted by a ring'—holding up a Maltese cross in the centre of a ring—'which is steadfast in its position, as you see the cross on our spires. But not so with other religious denominations. Upon their churches you behold a weather cock which turns every way the wind blows. This shows that there is nothing steadfast in their professions, they changing whenever it suits them. I pronounce you man and wife in the name of the Immaculate Conception.'

It was surmised that the rings supplied were obtained from a stock in trade kept for the purpose in the church, as at the conclusion of the ceremony the gaping simpleton hinted by the summons of his beckon that there was yet another duty to be attended to, when Placido and Castino following the priests in the vestry, returned three doubloons each less in their pockets.

On this fact becoming known to the married party as they retired through the aisle, Gondolier observed in a whisper:

'These "men of God" make most ungodly charges for their services; a doubloon apiece for the two little gold rings the ladies got.'

The remarks were fully appreciated and equally enjoyed. When the party emerged into the streets, it seemed as if all the beauty and fashion of each race were crowding the streets en masse, making their way instead of to the Cathedral, the head of the See, the church of the Ascension appearing to be their aim.

Jet, topaz, and lilly colored maidens, graceful and comely, the pictures of innocence and virgin purity, majestic and stately matrons, grave and dignified men, as well as children, composed the mighty throng, but by far the fewest of them being the whites. This fact elicited general observation.

'Singular,' remarked Montego, 'that there should be this morning such a large number of the blacks out, and comparatively so few of the whites.'

'Enough of them,' replied Gondolier, 'to watch over us and keep us in our places. These few came out as our masters and overseers.'

'But seriously,' enquired Madame Montego, 'I have always observed it. Why so many more of our people than the whites attend church?'

'Because,' replied Placido, 'we are really more religiously inclined than they.'

'I have also often wondered why it was that we are so much more submissive than they,' resumed Madame Montego.

'Let us for the present defer this discussion,' prudentially admonished Placido, 'and resume it on to-morrow evening at the quarter master's residence.'

CHAPTER XXXV.

ENTERTAINMENT AT CAROLUS BLACUS.

Monday was another day of promise to the oppressed race of Cuba. For although there was on this occasion no general public demonstration, yet so completely were they organized, and systematic their plans, that whatever might be going on among them in Matanzas those in Havana were conversant with it, and that which might take place in Havana was at once known to those of Matanzas, Principe, Trinidad, and St. Jago de Cuba, Fernandina and every part of the colony.

Many who visited the city from a distance on the occasion of the queen's nativity, having entered the Seclusion and received commissions in the council, went forth to establish confidence in all parts of the Island. Even Louis Chevaro, of Principe, was one of the foremost of these.

Early in the evening, they began to gather, which occasion was unlike that of the soiree at Madame Cordora's, where many being unacquainted, doubts and fears prevailed, not only for their fidelity to each other, but also of their acceptance on account of their humble social position, as inferiors and domestics in society.

But to this they came under very different circumstances, having at the other been redeemed from the degradation of captivity, chosen among the self reliant of their people, received into seclusion and acknowledged as equals in the council.

The repast was simple, though substantial and wholesome, the warm table beverage being coffee and chocolate. The assembly was complete, every person being in his place, and of the whole sent out, not one invitation probably had been neglected. Among them there were cheerfulness and even gaiety, though solemnity and dignity prevailed.

At the appointed hour, a servant entered the drawing-room announcing, that the Council Chamber was in readiness, when Gondolier immediately arose following him into an off wing extending back the most distant from the street, which being so completely enveloped with closely clinging creepers and thickly studded shrubbery, that light could not be discerned from an uncurtained window; at the door of which he took a seat armed with a cutlass and his fearful Cuban carver. Shortly after the council was in session.

'Preceding all great undertakings,' said Blake, 'Divine assistance should be invoked. Let us this night, as on former occasions, as the first step in so momentous an undertaking, ask the aid of heaven;' when they immediately fell upon their knees with their heads bowed low to the floor, burying their faces in the palms of their hands.

In this position they remained in silent prayer for half an hour, when silence was broken by Abyssa Gondolier, the captive woman of Soudan, in the following unique supplication, which emanating from any other source could hardly be approved of:

'Make bare thine all conquering arm; uncover thy impenetrable shield; sway thy matchless sceptre; put our enemies to flight before Thee that not one have courage to stand, and at every stroke of the weapon may they fall as dead men before us! Look down we beseech Thee upon us, the least protected, by reason of our weakness, of Thy humble children! We have been captured, torn from friends and home, sold and scattered among strangers in a strange land; yea, to and fro the earth. Sorely oppressed, mocked and ridiculed, refused and denied a common humanity, and not even permitted to serve the same God at the same time and place, in the same way and manner as themselves. Change, oh change, we beseech Thee, this state of things! Give us success in this, our most important undertaking and hour of trial, and enable us we beseech Thee to go forth and conquer even unto a mighty conquest!'

'Amen!' responded the council in conclusion, rising to their seats.

Though simple in manner and language, and humble in source, yet so earnest and impressive was this prayer, that many of the principal persons present were moved with deep emotions of sympathy. Sensibly touched with the unexpected scenes around her, the simple, good-hearted Abyssa wept aloud, clasping her hands exclaiming—

'Oh Lord, look down on one of the least of these thy despised children, and protect her from harm!'

'Ef he don't I will!' exclaimed Gofer, her husband, who, until then, stood outside of the door, but now entered the room with his terrible weapon glittering in his hands, eyes flashing and teeth gnashing for vengeance on his oppressors.

'Thank God,' said Blake, 'for this prospect! It much reminds one of the singular days of miserable happiness spent at times while in bondage, agonizing together in our religious meetings in the huts of the slave quarters of Mississippi and other plantations. But bright as we at times, from our faith and dependence on God, then considered our prospects, there is here a much brighter and happier one in view. When faith and hope were our only dependence, expecting God to do everything for us, and we nothing for ourselves, now with the same faith and hope and dependence on God we have learned and know what He requires at our hands, and stand ready in obedience to his divine command to do it. Let us then, for God's sake, profit by this knowledge, self-reliance, with faith and dependence on God. What is now before the council; God has been praised—what comes next?'

'Our policy is the first consideration,' replied Placido.

'What is that policy?' inquired Blake.

'That is for the council to determine,' replied he.

'The rules laid down, whatever they may be, should be plain, simple, and at once comprehensible to every black person, however illiterate,' said Blake.

'That's the idea at once expressed,' sanctioned Placido with emphasis.

'Shall we not discuss the point raised returning from the church of the Ascension—the equality of the black and white races?' inquired Madame Montego.

'I cannot see the utility of it, Madame Montego,' replied Placido.

'A useless expenditure of time, Madame, it would seem to me,' added Blake. 'Ethiopia shall yet stretch forth her hands unto God; Princes shall come out of Egypt; 'Your God shall be my God, and your people, my people,' should comprehend our whole policy.'

'That's the word of God,' said Placido.

'I'm sure God's word is His will,' added the Madame.

'We would what God wills,' responded Placido.

'Then let God's will be done,' said Blake.

A word from the President of the Council and Commander-in-Chief would be in place at this time in stating his own position and intended course of policy, suggested Montego.

'In the name of God, the cause of my brethren and suffering humanity,' said Blake rising to his feet in answer to the call, 'I can only promise for the confidence and trust reposed in me, that guided and directed by Him in whom I have ever trusted, the will and desires of my head, the most elevated feeling of my heart, and the best directed efforts of my hands shall ever be united in endeavors to carry out, as the humble representative of my race, every just measure which comes within the province of my duty.'

The pithy speech ended, Placido, supported by Antonio Blacus, Justin Pampo, and six ladies, among whom were Ambrosina and Seraphina, also Julia Chevaro, the wife of the Principe quadroon planter, taking their stand on the orchestra prepared for the occasion at the extreme end of the drawing-room, commenced in the most stirring strains the following ballad composed for the evening and event:

'Yes; strike again that sounding string,
And let the wildest numbers roll;
Thy song of fiercest passion sing,
It breathes responsive to my soul!
A soul whose gentlest hours were nursed
In stern adversity's dark way,
And o'er whose pathway never burst
One gleam of hope's enlivening ray.

If thou wilt soothe my burning brain,
Sing not to me of joy and gladness;
'Twill but increase the raging pain,
And turn the fever into madness!
Sing not to me of landscapes bright,
Of fragrant flowers and fruitful trees,
Of azure skies and mellow light,
Or whisperings of the gentle breeze.

But tell me of the tempest roaring
Across the angry foaming deep,
Of torrents from the mountains pouring
Down precipices dark and deep.
Sing of the lightning's lurid flash,
The ocean's roar, the howling storm,
The earthquake's shock, the thunder's crash,
Where ghastly terrors teeming swarm.

Sing of the battle's deadly strife,
The ruthless march of war and pillage;
The awful waste of human life,
The plunder'd town, the burning village!
Of streets with human gore made red,
Of priests upon the altar slain;
The scenes of rapine, woe and dread,
That fill the warrior's horrid train.

Thy song may then an echo wake,
Deep in this soul, long crush'd and sad,
The direful impressions shake,
Which threaten now to drive me mad.'

Again the whole assemblage bowed in silent devotion.

Their justification of the issue made was on the fundamental basis of original priority, claiming that the western world had been originally peopled and possessed by the Indians—a colored race—and a part of the continent in Central America by a pure black race. This they urged gave them an indisputable right with every admixture of blood, to an equal, if not superior claim to an inheritance of the Western Hemisphere.

The colored races they averred were by nature adapted to the tropical regions of this part of the world as to all other similar climates, it being a scientific fact that they increased and progressed whilst the whites decreased and continually retrograded, their offspring becoming enervated and imbecile. These were facts worthy of consideration, which three hundred years had indisputably tested. The whites in these regions were there by intrusion, idle consumers subsisting by imposition; whilst the blacks, the legitimate inhabitants, were the industrious laborers and producers of the staple commodities and real wealth of these places. They had inherited those regions by birth, paid for the soil by toil, irrigated it with their sweat, enriched it with their blood, nothing remaining to be done but by a dependence in Divine aid, a reliance in their own ability and strength of their own arms, but to claim and take possession.

'On this Island,' said Blake, 'we are the many and the oppressors few; consequently, they have no moral right to hold rule over us, whilst we have the moral right, and physical power to prevent them. Whatever we determine shall be, will be. What say you brethren, shall we rise against our oppressors and strike for liberty, or will we remain in degradation and bondage, entailing upon unborn millions of our progeny the insufferable miseries which our fathers endured and bequeathed to us?'

'Liberty! liberty or death!' was the frantic response of every voice.

'Then,' concluded he, 'freedom is ours!'

The manifestations succeeding this conclusion were indescribable and such only as an abjectly oppressed and degraded people determined to be free were capable of giving. Applause, shouts, cheers, sighs, heaves, groans, and tears, all with intense feelings of restraint, were there exhibited. They looked each other in the face, then at their chief, wringing their finger ends and pressing the palms of their hands.

'Arm of the Lord awake!' cried some.

'Glory to God!' cried others.

Their course henceforth being decided on, they determined that nothing should daunt their courage nor obstruct their way.

'What hope of assistance have we from our sister islands,' inquired Madam Montego.

'None at all,' replied Placido.

'Nothing from the British colonies, all of which are free?'

'Not any. Because although our brethren there are all free and equal in the law, yet they are a constituent part of the body politic and subject alike to the British government and laws which forbid any interference in foreign affairs by any of her Majesty's subjects.'

'Are not our people, the most numerous part of the population of these islands?'

'They are.'

'Why then do they not at once rise up and assert their independence?' continued Madame Montego.

'Simply because under the circumstances, this is not particularly desirable, if they were able to do so, which they are not. What they most desire is freedom and equality politically, practically carried out, having no objection to being an elementary part of the British body politic.'

'This I can fully comprehend—it is plain,' replied the Madame; 'but why should we who also owe allegiance to our mother country, Spain, be more justifiable than they, in striking for liberty and independence?'

'The cases are intirely different,' explained Placido. 'The British islands have all been fully enfranchised by that nation, all the inhabitants being equally eligible to positions; whilst here in Cuba we are the political and social inferiors of the whites, existing as freemen only by sufferance, and subject to enslavement at any time.'

'Is there no remedy for these evils?'

'We have petitioned and prayed for a redress of grievances, and not only been refused but spurned and ridiculed with greater restrictions placed upon us. And bad as things were before, since the advent of these Americans in the colony, our people have scarcely an hour of peaceful existence. Should we under such circumstance strike for liberty, it must also be for independent self government, because we have the prejudices of the mother country and the white colonists alike to contend against. Whereas, were we as we should be, enfranchised by Spain, we would then only have the opposition of Cuba and Porto Rico, and should be loyal to Spain.'

'This is all very plain Senor Placido. One question more and I shall be satisfied,' said the Madame. 'What aid may we expect from Hayti—she is independent?'

'Hayti is a noble self-emancipated nation, but not able to aid us, excepting to give such of us shelter, as might find it necessary or convenient to go there.'

'What of Liberia?' enquired Maggie Blake. 'I'm sure while living in Mississippi I heard a great deal about the greatness of Liberia. When I went north, I often heard the white folks say, it was the greatest country in the world; that the negroes were better off there than the whites were in America.'

'They are too weak, and too far off dear Maggie, to render us any aid at present, though making praiseworthy efforts to develope their own nationality, and the staple products of their native Africa. The whites did not belive what they said, nor even what is really true concerning the advantages of that country.'

'Brethren,' said Blake, 'you must "tread the winepress alone" so far as earthly aid is concerned, only looking above to Him who "tempers the storm to the shorn lamb," and directs the destiny of nations.'

'God's will be done!' responded Montego.

'Amen!' added the woman of Soudan.

'Let us then,' replied Placido impromptu:

"On God and our own strength rely,
And dare be faithful though we die;
But trusting in the aid of Heaven,
And willing with unfaltering arm,
The utmost power which God has given—
Conscious that the Almighty power
Will nerve the faithful soul with might,
Whatever storms around may lower,
Who boldly strikes for the true and right."

They closed this most portentious gathering with the doxology of 'Gloria in excelsior,' and 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HEAD QUARTERS, HOOKER'S DIVISION, Lower Potomac, March 21st, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—The stupendous retreat of the Confederate army from the whole line of the Potomac, must be conceded by every man in the grand army to be a bold and hazardous military feat. An army of seventy thousand men in the face of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand, encumbered with thousands of civilians, with their moveable property and slaves, carrying all off successfully, leaving behind them a desolate and depopulated country which the grand army, when it takes upon itself sufficient vitality, may take possession of. When this is formally done, I suppose orators will proclaim the wonderful achievement of slumber and inertness, poets will canonize it. The immortal McClellan, the pet young American general, the hater, Young American-like, of abolitionists, good morals, manners, and of liberty, who could not take it into his heart to hurt the poor rebels, or to take from them their dear "niggers," nor, would not a "nigger" see inside the lines of his pickets, unless he has sent a bullet into the heart of some poor mudsill, has become the founder of a new school of warfare. Future generals may emulate his novel tactical genius, those stray imps of the demon of treason and slavery who have escaped the tender mercies of the grand army, and have kept up communication with their satanic emissaries, in spite of glittering bayonets, passports, and frowning cannon; who have robbed the nation of its commerce, its trade, its manufactures, its power, and its fair fame; who have spilled the blood of the best men of the nation; who have robbed four millions of human beings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, may dance with hellish glee and exultation in the lurid glare of burning cities and towns, and while the hundreds of thousands of national troops have been sleeping in their quarters and silently gazing on the rebel entrenchments, the rebels have been preparing a stupendous movement of concentration which they could never have done if the army of the Potomac had two months ago attacked and routed the main army in front of it. But the fortuitous moment has passed, and the grand army is demoralized and to-day is more inefficient than they were three months ago. I will guarantee they are not a whit more efficient or better drilled at least. But I see in it the finger of God. In ninety days the rebels will be concentrated and hidden in the interior and the mountain fastnesses, and the war will be protracted to such a length that the black Unionists will have to step in at last and settle the question. This they will cheerfully do, although how? Montgomery Blair, in the capacity of prophet, declares that in the event of such an action, the result would be a war of extermination. I think so too, a war of extermination of slaveholders as a class: there would not be a soul left who stood in the way of liberty and union! Mr. Blair, the negro has something to say about this matter as well as yourself, though you hold in your possession the portfolio of a cabinet officer.

Although the rebels have abandoned their entrenchments, we still lie here, and we dare not put our feet on the Virginia shore unless we have a pass signed and countersigned by the commanding officer. Day before yesterday I took two hours to myself in the vicinity of Cockpit Point battery. For some reason or other the guards would let me make but a short stay. I saw many deserted log huts, and quite a large number of tents, on one which, was marked in large illy-shaped letters, "No quarters for the Yankees," and quite a large well furnished mansion, which a poor white woman told me had generally been used as the quarters of the commanding officer. I saw the table at which he sat eating his dinner when the Gunboats commenced to shell the batteries. One of the shells fell in the centre of the room. He left his plate, knife and folk and scampered off, his dinner half eaten on his plate, so sayeth a poor white woman. The name of the officer I could not learn. Another woman stated that the rebels had treated her very badly. On the day before they left, they took her last hog. While she related this, a big fat porker stuck his nose in the door and grunted a contradiction. The woman colored up, and if we had not been so black we might have colored up also, but we thought to ourself and looked black. We found numerous secesh specimens, such as ragged coats, wornout shoes, hideous looking knives, buttons, miserably written letters, of which I would fain send you specimens did space allow. Scores of freedmen are coming in. There are now some seventy or seventy-five at Rum Point, and some twenty or twenty-five more at Liverpool Point, added to those who were already there. They are principally from Stafford County, and were forced to secrete themselves in the woods and hedges, to escape being run off to Richmond. Some come in wifeless and childless, some husbandless and fatherless. Wives, husbands, children, and parents, have been run off to aid the cause of slavery and treason. They are generally intelligent. Quite a number can read. One of the most communicative, whose name is Peter King, was held to service and labour by George Moncure, of Kelsea farm, Stafford County. He has a wife and two children, whom he desires to take with him to the North. His sister and grandmother were seized by the retreating rebels and carried off. He states that he has a mother living at Altoona, Pa., whose marriage name is Maria Alexander; Lieut. Baune, of the 26th Regt, the ordnance officer of the division, in company with a telegraph operator ventured too far outside the lines, and were made prisioners by the rebel pickets, and he states that he saw them en route for Fredericksburg, Va., under a guard of twelve men. This is some relief to the uncertainty of their fate, as it was feared that they might have been murdered by the bush-whackers. One man was found three or four days ago with his throat cut from ear to ear.

It is a sight to see these men and women who, though born and bred in slavery, boldly grapple with death itself for the sake of freedom. They tell me they were not badly fed or poorly clad, that there is an abundance of provisions in secessia. All they seem to desire is liberty. I heard some of them telling some officers that they fared very badly, and on investigation I found it to be a rule amongst them to so represent their case, shrewdly knowing that in the majority of cases the white man's idea of the wrongfulness of slavery lies in the bad treatment of the slaves. Their idea is, if he could be convinced that the slaves were well fed, clothed, and housed, he would forget that man has an inalienable right to liberty, and believe slavery to be a sublime and beneficent institution because its victims could revel in hog and hominy. This is one of the lessons slavery teaches. Here is another specimen of the deceptions which the necessities of the slave's condition compels him to resort to. Henry Morsell, the slave of B. H. Eglin, was overseer on his master's plantation. The master one day, revolving in his mind the probability of his whole human stock deserting him, asked Henry whether he intended to leave him like the hundreds who had already left good masters. Henry became terribly enraged, and even shed tears because his master had allowed such a thought to enter his mind. The master pleased and delighted pronounced him a faithful, and a noble fellow. "Indeed I is massa," declared the faithful Henry. That night about 12 o'clock a large robust, deeply colored specimen of manhood, might be seen making steady and rapid strides towards Rum Point. The next evening about the same hour the same specimen, who we may call Henry Morsell, might be seen walking up Broad street, Philadelphia, snuffing free air. Mr. Eglin says he "don't care a d——n for all the niggers in the country," declares that "they will run away in spite of h——l, they are 'fore God." A little boy about 12 years of age who had made his escape, sent word to his mother and two little sisters, that he would soon be in a free country where he could earn money for himself, and that he intended to save his money and buy them out of bondage. When boys of twelve years are animated by such thoughts as these, what must be the thoughts that dwell in the minds of hardy and sturdy manhood?

G. E. S.

MR. COX AND THE SLAVE WHO WAS WHIPPED TO DEATH.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR—The case of "Negro Jack" was in part published in "The Christian Advocate and Journal" of this city in December last, from Chaplain Boole of the 5th Excelsior. This gentleman informed me that the whole truth was not written, in order that certain persons of the regiment might escape censure; but that now, inasmuch as the flat denial is made by the friends of Cox to the facts of the case, there is no longer consistency in nor cause for concealment.

Now for the facts: "Negro Jack" did inform the officers of the 5th Regiment Excelsior of the Secession sympathies of his cruel master and through his information the discoveries were made—already noticed in his letter. He did not live with the regiment, as the jury represent, neither was he a constant guide to them. If he drank whisky to excess it was no more than members of that jury do (my eyes being witness), and in one point, he was more respectable than they; the soldiers never saw Jack drunk publicly. Cox and Davis were generally so. For his patriotic and valuable services Jack was promised, on the honor of an officer, by the Lieutenant under whose command the scout was made, that he should not be given up to his master to be punished, nor should he (Cox) be permitted to injure him.

This was necessary, inasmuch as Cox had become terribly enraged at the Negro for discovering the movements of Secessionists to the military. A detachment of the 5th regiment had left for Budd's Ferry some days before the remaining companies were ordered to join them. It was while this second detachment was on the march that the capture of Jack took place. The detachment was under command of Acting Major Giles. "Ben Franklin" says that when the regiment (2d detachment) left Port Tobacco they were "followed by Mr. Cox in company with about 15 or 20 other citizens of the county, whose slaves had left with the said regiment."

Now, this latter assertion I pronounce an inexcusable falsehood—a plain, barefaced lie. Not a slave went with the regiment; and in proof of this, I assert that those "15 or 20" gentlemen took position in the square of the town and closely inspected the companies as they filed past them on the march, on the look-out for their slaves, and failed to discover a single "chattel."

That their slaves did, very ungratefully leave their kind-hearted masters and come into camp expecting to find freedom under the Union flag, is true, but whose was the blame? Why did they leave? Is the army to be censured for this outgushing inspiration of freedom in the heart of the oppressed blacks when they vainly imagine the stars of our glory and our shame are floating in their sight as the beacon of freedom? These slave vultures seeking their prey had obtained an order from General Hooker requiring the commandant of the 5th Regiment to drive out from the camp all the Maryland negroes, fugitives. The order was presented to Major Glass by some of the same "fifteen or twenty citizens," who also asked of Major Glass that he drive them to a certain point where they could be surrounded by the drivers and captured. This, to the honor of Major Glass be it said, he refused to do "for Gen. Hooker or any other General," but would only issue a command for them to leave the camp, for the woods or anywhere else.

When the second detachment had marched about three or more miles from Port Tobacco, Cox, in company with others on horseback, drove furiously up to the centre of the battalion, and without a word of warning, he (Cox) rushed upon the ranks where he saw his negro. Jack had joined the regiment on the march. "Ben Franklin" says that Cox "was set upon by the soldiery."

The fact is, that Cox broke into the ranks, and with the butt-end of a heavy whip began to "set upon" Jack's head, and in doing this, being drunk, he struck several of the soldiers. It was for this that they "set upon" him, and when they saw the insolent slave vultures on horse heading for the ranks some fixed bayonets and swore that if they drew a step nearer they would run them through. Cox continued to use his heavy whip, striking indiscriminately soldiers and the negro, and in his drunken madness, his stout, closely knit, powerful frame, his eyes glaring all on fire with rage and whisky, he seemed more like an incarnate devil than a representative of human kind.

The officer in command at length quelled the disturbance and brought the men to quiet; and it is true, as asserted by "Franklin," that had it not been for his interference Cox would have been killed. But why? Not because the soldiers thirsted for his blood, but in his insanity of passion he continued to strike at them with his fists and whip to obtain his negro, as though they, too—Americans all—were chattels, "mudsills." Major Glass did, in the presence of those soldiers, rebuke Cox in the strongest terms for his unwarranted and mad assault, and said, "You have insulted these men; they understand law as well as you, and they know that your attack is criminal. You should be thankful, sir, that you have escaped with your life. I am commander of this battalion, and you and these gentlemen should have applied to me, and not have committed such an outrage." Now, it may quiet the consciences of some objectors to be informed that neither the officer in command nor one of the soldiers engaged in the fight was an Abolitionist nor Republican. This is asserted upon a personal knowledge of their politics and sentiments.

After order was restored, the regiment resumed its march. And now began the most shameful part of this odious transaction. Cox and his minions were accompanied by Capt. Morey of the 5th Regiment, Excelsior Brigade, who had been appointed *Provost-Marshal of the town of* Port Tobacco, and who in that capacity had enjoyed free intercourse with the inhabitants. The result was an intimacy with Cox and some others whose names appear among the jury in this case. He accompanied Cox from Port Tobacco, and stood by his side when he rushed upon the ranks and struck the soldiers. Capt. Morey rode in the same carriage with Cox, and *although he doubtless* did not anticipate the result, he encouraged Cox in attempting to drag out his negro. Morey's sympathies were with the slave-vultures before Cox was beaten; before the fight he had offered to obtain his slave for Cox. The battalion marched on till nightfall. Meanwhile, Morey had counseled the defeated chivalry to retire, and wait for him at a certain point some distance in the rear. Under cover of the darkness, and by a false pretext made to allay the suspicion of his lieutenant, who had promised protection to the negro for his services, Morey took Jack to the rear between a file of men, marched him to the place designated, where Cox and his comrades were in waiting, and delivered him to his master.

How many miles he was compelled to walk after Cox I will not presume to say, nor is it of consequence. One thing is certain: Cox and his overseer beat the negro after getting him home, and he died *immediately after the* beating. The story of the Jury and doctor, that he was drunk the day he was captured, is a lie; I saw him upon the *march*—saw the poor old man, when the Regiment came to a halt, craw! away under a tree off the roadside, and with anxious face watch to see whether he was pursued. What do the Jury mean by saying that he lived on less food, and poorer than he had been accustomed to, and died from "exposure and excitement?" Do they insinuate that he fared poorly while with the regiment, and was hard worked while acting as guide? Why then did he not leave and go back to his "indulgent" master! Where did Jack get the whisky which created the "excitement," which, as the Jury say, helped him on to his death? I challenge that Jury to repeat their libel in the presence of any of the 5th Regiment: an excitement would be raised without whisky.

The jury were evidently reduced to straits, and "Ben. Franklin," the justice, "hard up" for testimony, when they admitted the evidence of slaves to make out their case, and relied upon it for substantiating their story; slave testimony is not admissible in law—why did they take it in this case? Was it taken at all?

All the truth told by that jury composed of "twelve of the most upright citizens of Charles County," is contained in one single clause of their report, "*negro Jack died of* exposure and excitement." The conclusion is correct, the premises false, all false! It was the "excitement" of an unmerciful whipping, and the "exposure" for hours tied by the hands to the death post.

So true is it, and so well known, that Jack came to his death by ill treatment, that a movement was begun at the time by several officers which contemplated the arrest of Cox and an appeal to the law, and to test the question whether the Maryland Slave Code would shield such a villain and refuse to punish such an outrage against *common* humanity, because the victim happened to be only a "chattel." And this was only prevented by circumstances of duty *placing them at too remote* distance to prosecute their purpose.

The empanneling of the jury was a screen behind which Cox hoped *to hide the* evidence of his barbarity; why, if Jack died a natural death, and Cox was not frightened, was a jury called to sit on the death of a slave? If "Ben. Franklin," the "upright" juryman, or any other supporters of slave-murderers in Charles County, desire the public to have knowledge of further revelations in that line, they are at hand, and can be given, for the "half has not been told." Ex.

New York, March 22, 1862.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE ANGLO-AFRICAN IN NEW YORK AND VICINITY.

After the exceedingly generous demonstration of the 3d of March in aid of this paper, *I had no right to expect* that you would respond to a second call, nor would it have been made but for the urgent solicitations of many who were prevented from attending the first concert on account of the storm. But the result of the effort at the Cooper Instituttte last Monday evening makes me doubly assured of your determination to make the enterprise a success, and leaves me without words adequate to express my gratitude to you. To the parents of the children performing on that occasion, *to* Miss Sarah Eonalls and assistants, *to* Miss Fanny Tompkins, John Peterson and Ransom F. Wake, Esqs., and to the children I owe obligations that shall not be forgotten.

To the clergy of this city and vicinity, particularly Rev. Moses Manning, of Williamsburgh, I am deeply indebted for their efforts to make the affair successful, by reading the notice from their pulpits and arranging for the sale of tickets among their congregation. Also to my many personal *friends would I return my sincere thanks* for their exertions in my behalf.

Robert Hamilton.

EMANCIPATION.

In looking over the "signs in the heavens" which favor emancipation, the first and most prominent is that state of the public mind which will follow the announcement of peace. In the triumph of the hour of a conquered peace, the enlarged and jubilant public mind will be generous, good humored, charitable—filled with all the better principles of our common nature, and desirous that all may share in the common joy. So, when the people of France triumphed *over a proud and insolent aristocracy*, in the joy of their success they immediately emancipated and affranchised all slaves held in the French colonies. In the enlargement of the heart of England which *followed the passage of the Reform bill in* 1832, a generous feeling towards their oppressed fellow subjects in the West Indies was the principal source of the disposition as well as the power of the people which culminated in the abolition act of 1836. And in our own beloved country it is notorious that the success of the revolutionary arms in 1783 found the most glorious and fitting expression in the initiation of emancipation, which, but for the cotton gin, would long since have blessed our entire republic. *It would seem, therefore*, a normal succession of events, that a triumph in arms over this desperate and wicked revolt of slaveholders must terminate in the abolition of slavery. We are not optimists in regard to poor human nature, and, growing up under the harrow of American prejudice, we cannot be accused of a too favorable view of the American heart; but it is contradictory to all our conceptions of the vilest of mankind even to imagine that the million of men in arms with their bayonets pointing at the heart of slavery, their eyesight sickened with the horrors of slavery, and their hearts already warmed in human feeling towards the slave himself—that these men shall consent to the continuance of this vile institution as part and parcel of the great Union which they are risking their all to preserve.

Another reason why emancipation must follow peace, is found in the fact that peace will find slavery deprived of all its main supports, and with nothing but its own hideous ugliness to oppose against the emancipating tendencies of the rejoicing mind of the people. Let us see what these supports are, and how they are giving way.

The pulpit, the counting-room, and politics have hitherto maintained, upheld, and exalted slavery in this land.

When the New York "Observer" argues in favor of general emancipation; when Dr. Vinton, of Trinity Church in the city of New York, preaches on the necessity, under certain circumstances, of emancipation; when Dr. Francis Hawkes resigns the rectorship of Cavalry Church in New York city, on account of his pro-slavery views and feelings; when the sedate and conservative Brick Church vomits forth a priest for pro-slavery heresy, it is safe to affirm, of the whole North, that its religion is divorced *from slavery henceforth* and forever; for if these things occur among the high-priests of the aristocracy, how much more thorough the revolution among the middle class? The frequent assertion of those revolutionised to anti-slavery, that "they are no abolitionists," is very harmless *in its way*, so long as *they tread in the* path of emancipation.

The commercial aspect of the question is most cheering to the friends of freedom. For it not only presents the fact that the counting-house prop is knocked away from slavery, but the additional assurance that the absence of this prop will keep the pulpit "all right." Our South-side Adamses were the Reverend Cream Cheeses of the cotton lords. The books of our merchants are closed against the slaveholders for a generation at least, and slavery cannot live one generation without the "advances" of our merchants. The end of this war will find the slaveholders as poor and helpless, in regard to the material for growing another crop, and the means of subsistence until it gets to market, as the neighborhood of St. Marks, Hayti, finds the poor hunger-stricken wretches whom the greed of one white man and the treachery of a dozen black men have decoyed away from their comfortable homes in the United States. For at least *thirty years past the great slaveholders have* lived on trust: they had received and spent the proceeds of their crops months before they were ready for market. Their houses, their lands, their slaves, were, like those of the West Indies at the time of emancipation, mortgaged to their full value, when *the rebellion broke out*. And one broad reason for the opposition to the "confiscation bill" consists in the fact that two thirds of the arable land of the South is mortgaged to patriotic men of means in New York, Boston and London. There would seem therefore a pecuniary impossibility in *the resumption of the slave-system on its* old basis. For the slaveholders will not only be without means, they will in vain seek credit. Without means, without credit, the system must die of inanition, even without the triumph call of the brothers of the North for the freedom of their brothers of the South. In addition to their manifest bankruptcy, the slaveholders have openly avowed their dishonesty; and it will be something new in finance, if men holding the strong box, will lend to persons who are at once thieves and bankrupts. This pecuniary element had been tending toward emancipation for many years: and if, early in the rebellion, moneyed men and merchants of the North still upheld the South, it was in the forlorn hope of realising something of what they already knew to be bad debts. In the debates of the Confederate Congress, it is already admitted that "cotton is no longer king:" and the Southern people are urged to cultivate the cereals and raise stock, which pursuits have been the death-blow of slavery in the North, and will be at the South also should time be *afforded for its trial. So that slavery is* driven from the counting-house as well as the sanctuary in the North.

The political support to slavery cannot survive the advent of peace. The unity of the slave States is broken; and with their unity departs their power. On the contrary, there is a unity of political elements at the North on the one subject of opposition to the slave power. The golden bribe which the President has held out and Congress ratified, for the initiation of emancipation, at once severs the unity of the slave power. The nation will be too generous to haggle over the price; the slaves will be paid for magnificently: and the party, now doubly impoverished, which will be but too glad to realise, will be large if not overwhelming in the great border slave States. Then must *come up the agitation of emancipation in* these border States themselves; between taking a fair cash price in United States gold for their slaves, on the one hand, and remote promises to pay from confederate thieves on the other, even the immortal ignorance of the people of Accomac county would not long hesitate. The political power of slavery in the slave States will be shaken if not shattered by another element. Months ago the New York "Leader" well said, "the broad foot of the white man is planted on the far side of the Potomac, and there will be no step backward—his onward march will be the destruction of slavery." Of the million of soldiers now invading the slave States nearly one-half will remain there after the war, attracted by its rich soil and genial climate. These men will have a *powerful influence in moulding the* politics of the slave States; the old slaveocracy will have been crushed out by the war, and these white men from the North will be ten times the match of the poor whites in the said States; and these white men from the North will never re-inaugurate slavery so long as they chant—

"His soul is marching on!"

But the last and strongest hope of emancipation dwells in the slave himself. It is impossible that this war thus far has failed to rouse in his soul all over the South an abiding desire for freedom. The power of *their masters* will be *broken* before their eyes; they already see them fleeing, and hunted, scattered and slain, their pride gone, their arrogance subdued. Tens of thousands of slaves already stand up, freed by the war. Will the remainder submit quietly to their doom? Slavery cannot any longer be kept up at the South without a standing army: such an army the South is all too poor to create and support for such a purpose. Will the North do so? No! a thousand times no.

These views are cheering and hopeful. The day of deliverance is at hand. To such weak-kneed brethren as favor expatriation we need only point to the vote of Maryland within a year, when the people of that State voted to retain in their midst the free colored population as a necessity.

You can easily keep yourself through the winter from freezing, by getting continually into hot water with your neighbors.

STORY OF ANOTHER RETURNED EMIGRANT FROM HAYTI.

Mr. Isaiah Jones of Windsor, C. W., who left this city last September for Hayti, in company with his father, mother, and about one hundred and thirty other colonists, returned a few day ago to this country as we announced in our last. The colony arrived at St. Marks, after a passage of eight days. Mr. Jones' statement is in substance as follows:

After arriving at St. Marks, I was obliged to wait about two months before I received my land which was located near the Valley of the Artibonite, about ten miles from St. Marks, and of which I cleared up a quarter *of an acre before I abandoned it.* I gave up working the land for the want of water, the nearest being about three miles off. After remaining at St. Marks nearly three months, I started on a trip to Gonaive, Cape Haytien, Jeremie, Port au Prince, and other places in search of employment, but met with no success. During my stay on the island, I witnessed much suffering among the emigrants, from the want of the necessaries of life; sufferings that the government were not always disposed to alleviate. I do not know of an agent there, with the exception of Mr. Elie, who is qualified for the position. They are overbearing, neglectful, and frequently treat the emigrants with brutality. Here is an instance: Mr. Wm. Haines, of Canada, for two months was very ill with the fever, during the *greater part of which period* he was neglected by the agents, and consequently was without food, and died from actual starvation. Such cases were not rare. At one time the mortality was so great at St. Marks, that an undertaker, Mr. Henry Johnson, of Rochester, was constantly enployed in making *interments. During my stay there*, I suppose that at least 50 per cent of the colonists died. The number of deaths was probably increased by the crowded state of the hospital. The native females generally were kind to the emigrants, and done much toward their relief. The Haytians are opposed to immigration, and believe that the emigrants have been deceived by the agents here.

A meeting was held at St. Marks in relation to the treatment of emigrants. It *grew out of the ill treatment of* Mr. Josiah Tucker, of New York, on the occasion of his application to Mr. Onwell, a government agent for means to purchase the necessaries of life for his sick family. The abuse consisted in the striking of Mr. Tucker by said Onwell with a club in his efforts to drive him from the office. At this *meeting* resolutions were passed condemning the conduct of said agent, and asking the interference of the government in their behalf. A report of the gathering having been made to the agent, *representing it to* have been the incipiency of a conspiracy against the government, the police were ordered to notify the emigrants that no assemblage of more than fifty persons, would be allowed. Persons composing a large assemblage were liable to imprisonment. Much feeling exists against the agents in *this country*, particularly the general agent, James Redpath, whom they threaten to hang if found there.

Much complaint is made by the emigrants in relation to the publication of letters in the "Pine and Palm," purporting to come from them, but were probably written in the office of said paper. There was one, with my mother's (Mrs. S. E. Jones) signature attached, but was not written by, nor for her. As an illustration of the eagerness of the emigrants to get away from there, I will give the case of a Mrs. H., of Philidelphia, who having lost a daughter, could not attend her funeral, fearing that the vessel might sail without her. I do not believe that there are a dozen persons there but that would return could they get away.

Freedom of speech does not exist in Hayti. I understand that they are about passing a law forbidding the introduction of foreign newspapers into the country, without the consent of the government. The Haytian government is a military despotism *in the strictest sense of the term.* People in this country cannot account for the nonreception of letters containing intelligence unfavorable to emigration. Persons there dare not write such letters; it would cost them their lives.

I will say one word in regard to the customs and habits of the people. The natives, male and female, generally go half clad, bordering on nudity. The women wear turbans on their heads, and do not seem to have any use for hats. The men always go armed. *Persons* standing sponsor for children have a claim on them in case of the death of the parents, and frequently practise the greatest cruelty toward them. One mode of punishment is to place the child with its knees on a stone, with its hands raised to its head with the *palm upward, in each* a stone, and a large stone on its head. In this position it is terribly scourged."

We have not space this week for any more of Mr. Jones statement, but will only add that Mr. Jones declares that he will never be found leaving this country again for Hayti, through a red path or any other path that leads to destruction.

THE MISSION SCHOOL OF CHATHAM, C. W.

To the Editor of the Anglo—Sir: Whatever may have been said in public or otherwise in opposition to this school has as yet failed to prove that it is not doing a great work for the colored people of this vicinity. Heretofore the atmosphere has been freighted with sordid opinions about this school, which were conceived in the evil passion of persons who have never visited it, nor even given themselves the trouble of knowing its true status. We are too prone in becoming the converts of a prevailing sentiment without setting ourselves right upon its veracity. As regard the resolutions which were circulated in opposition to this school, through the Chatham "Argus," Dec. 19th, Toronto "Globe" and "Pine and Palm," bearing my name, I would say that I remonstrated against their publication, because I perceived that it was a Sectarian strife that occasioned the meeting in which they were nominally passed; and furthermore, being a neutral on the church dissension, I did not want to be entangled in church quarrels, and thereby incur the holy indignation of one party, when I had no disposition to do so. On the 18th of March this school held its examination, and truly it was a complete success, and an honor to Mrs. I. D. Shadd, its teacher. Sixty-five scholars were in attendance this term—in which was taught algebra, arithmetic, history, philosophy, grammar, botany, penmanship, &c. &c. There were present *some of the best educated colored men* of Chatham, who took part in examining the several classes. The scholars were neatly clad, and an expression of intelligence beamed on each countenance. The recitations, too, were to the satisfaction of those present, interlarded with music from the melodeon by some of the pupils who are learning this branch. The following pupils received prizes: Miss Mary Hosey, 1st; Wm. Russell, 2d; and Wm. Douglass 3d prize in history. C. Hosey and Loyd Wheeler—prizes in geography. Geo Burton 1st prize in grammar; Mary Levere 1st prize in arithmetic; Elihu Smith 1st prize in catechism of history; John Jones, 2d; Henry Smith—prize in penmanship; Henry Jones 1st prize in Mother's Catechism; and Miss Martha Scott for exemplary conduct. Mrs. I. D. Shadd is a woman of great forbearance and integrity, and under her and Mrs. M. A. S. Cary's (its agent) management, the school will rise above the surges of opposition. My Haytian policy has evaporated into the formation of a new project, which I intend ere long to make known to the public by your permission, through the columns of the "Anglo," and which I am inclined to believe will meet the approbation of the free colored people of the United States.

Yours for American Redemption,
J. W. Menard.
Chatham, C. W., March 26, '62.

THE MISSION SCHOOL AT CHATHAM C. W.

Mr. Editor:—I wish to say through the columns of the "Anglo-African," and notwithstanding the transcendently wicked, and in every particular, false resolutions, published first in the "Chatham Argus," then in the "Toronto Globe," and lastly in the "Pine and Palm," that the lot upon which the Mission School at Chatham is now situated, and upon which a large *number of the children of fugitives and others* are now instructed—many of them entirely gratis—will be lost not to I. D. Shadd, but to the trustees and the people for whom the Mission was established, if the debt due on the lot cannot be met.

The design has been to establish a High School and permanent literary institution. To that end I shall continue to solicit donations for the purpose, from abolitionists and christions. One of the most unpleasant duties conceivable is to fight falsehood, *nevertheless it has to be done.* There is a great war going on in your country at this time; there are jealous, designing, aspiring, dangerous men within it now doing all to defeat success in the right direction by lying on your most capable men.

There is a wicked scheme being prosecuted for the purpose of decoying colored people to Hayti, that certain white humbugs may carry out their scheme of subjugating Hayti to American domination and securing through the imbecile and treacherous *Jeffrard* a place in your *Capital* as the representatives of the Haytians—of a people by whom they are disfranchised—and thus cater to the prejudice against which they hypocritically pretend to disclaim. To carry out this audacious scheme which, however, is fast coming to an end, have not they villified, attempted to deride and lied about the leading colored men of the land, ever since their scheme was questioned? And do they not proclaim a grand falsehood continually, by designating the men of the people the "past" leaders? In view of such well known facts, I should not complain. I suppose that we of the Mission School get our share. There have been but three grand falsehoods—two sets of defeated resolutions—and that Refugee Home story, guite a small list, with a few incidental humtwangs by the western whippers in, surely one woman need not complain. Oh but there will be a day of reckoning for these lying men, and I can afford to wait. But the Mission School will continue—the people have crowded their children in, and Revs. H. R. Simpson, C. H. Pearce, Right Rev. A. R. Green, and other gentlemen who have visited and lectured to them, give encouraging words. Should the Haytian opposition cause the property to be sold, because of inability to meet instalments due, we design to prosecute the object, God willing, for a High School must go up, if only brick at a time.

Mary A. S. Cary.

INTELLIGENCE FROM LIBERIA.

Mr. Editor: We are continually receiving the evidence that the day has arrived when the blacks of the United States are desirous to know what is going on in all parts of the world among the people with whom we are particularly identified. We also notice a growth of liberal sentiments on the part of the whites toward us. I therefore feel assured that you will give place in your valuable paper to the following items of news from the African Republic of Liberia:

The Legislature have authorised a commission of emigration to itinerate in the United States. The Commissioners named are Profs. Alex. Crummell, E. W. Blyden and J. D. Johnson, Esq., all Liberians, who shall present the advantages Liberia posseses over all other countries for the colored man, and shall invite the class mentioned to her shores. This movement will be entirely distinct from that of the Colonization Society. All persons desirous of emigrating will be given a free passage to Liberia, six months support, farm land, and medical aid free of charge. If they are not satisfied they will not be under obligations to remain.

The Ladies Annual Picnic was a fine affair. There were about 250 or 300 persons present, who enjoyed themselves much.

A Grand Masquerade Ball came off recently in fine style.

A Fancy Dress Ball took place also subsequently, at which the following characters appeared: Mr. S. L. L., late of your city, appeared as Norma; Miss A. P. as Lady Macbeth; Mrs. A. G. McG. as Empress Eugenia; Mrs. E., of the Gold Coast, as Princess; Mrs. S. V. B., of Sinoe, as Queen of Spain; Mrs. C. O. L. as La Sonambula; Miss D. J. as Shepherdess; Miss L. B as Flower Girl; Miss E. E. J. as La Cracoveina; Miss H. C. J. as Child of the Regiment; Mrs. G. S. as Spring; Mrs. J. D. J. as Turkish Lady; Mr. C. B. D. as Surgeon in the French Army; Mr. S. as Surgeon in the French Navy; Mr. J. M., of Cape Palmas, as Prince De Joinville; Mr. J. M. M. as Lord Elsmore; Mr. B. A. as Brigand; Mr. E. C. J. H. T. H. as Prince of Wales; H. W. J. as a Miller; C. O. L. as a Black Yankee; Mr. L. L. L. as a Horse Jockey; Mrs. L. L. L. as Lady Gay Spanker. The affair passed off brilliantly.

On the 6th of January the inauguration *of the President took place*, which was attended by a large concourse of persons. The procession formed in front of the President's Mansion, at 10 3-4 o'clock A. M., under the direction of Chief Marshall B. J. K. Anderson; and on the firing of the signal gun, moved off in the following order:

Young Guards, Mayor and City Council, Chief Justice and Associates, Committee of the Senate and House, President and Vice President elect, Cabinet Officers, Diplomatic Corps, Staff and Field Officers, Officers of the Navy, citizens generally, and military.

On arriving on the ground, the exercises were as follows:

National air, administering of oath of office, Inaugural Address, National Air.

—The Liberia Herald of Jan. 15th says:

"About three o'clock, on the day of inauguration, many hundreds of citizens assembled in the Government Square to partake of the dinner that had been prepared for the occasion. There were present at the dinner the President and Vice President and Cabinet, members of the Legislature, Chief Justice and associate Judges, Representatives of foreign governments and other distinguished persons.

Nor did the day end the ceremonies and festivities of this grand occasion. The shades of night had scarce fallen when the mansion was brilliantly illuminated—and many happy faces and joyous hearts were smiling at the anticipation of the entertainment about to be. By ten o'clock there had collected at the mansion nearly two hundred persons of both sexes, and of different ages; and the time passed lightly *off, as different ones found means of enjoy*ment. Mr. Lucas, the celebrated pianist, was there, and added no little to the liveliness of the occasion by his skilful performance on the piano.

Morning had began to dawn ere the last guest left the mansion; and many regretted that night seemed so short, or that their pleasure had so soon come to an end."

Mr. E. J. Roye has offered to invest $50,000 to encourage the growing of cotton in the Republic.

J. D. J.

THE CHILDRENS' CONCERT AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

The concert of one hundred and fifty juvenile performers at the Cooper Institute on Monday evening in aid of the "Anglo-African" and an effort to establish in this *city a mechanical school for colored youths* of both sexes was, without exception, the largest and finest demonstration of the kind ever had in this city. In the absence of a more extended notice, which we will give our readers next week we publish that of the "New York Daily Times" of April 2:

Concert by Colored Children.—The large hall of the Cooper Institute has seldom been filled with a larger audience, and never with one more decorous, than was assembled on Monday evening last to hear the vocal performances of 150 colored children, from some of our public schools. The music was under the care of Mr. Robert Hamilton, and Mr. Waldron performed on the piano, assisted by Miss Virginia Magnan. The proceeds were for the purpose of [illegible] a mechanical school for colored people, and to assist the "Anglo-African, a paper published and edited by colored men. We cannot give space to criticism or speak in detail, further than *to say* that the whole effort was eminently creditable to the conductors, and to the teachers and the young vocalists. *Some of the solos* were very finely sung, and the chorusses, in which the whole united, were rendered in good taste and with fine effect. Rev. Henry Wilson and Dr. Delany, the African traveler, were announced to speak, but owing to the lateness of the hour at which the other features of the exhibition terminated, they declined.

LETTER FROM REV. J. W. LOGUEN.

Mr. Editor: I spend at present a good part of my time in Binghamton trying to do the colored people and others some good, preaching and laboring with them. I have a mixed congregation of colored and white. We have had a good revival with us this winter; many have been added to Zion. We have two meeting houses in the place, a Zion and a Bethel, both Methodist Churches. I judge we have about two or three hundred colored people, all told. We have one school for colored children, taught by a very fine lady (white). The colored people have *a great deal of low prejudice* to contend with in this place; much are from causes that we think we could name, which rest mostly with us as a people. But with all our short-comings we are a great people. We have got this nation all by the ears, and came very near getting old England in with them. Well, let them work at each other; they have worked at us without ceasing for these many years. The President's Message of the 6th inst. shows some progress, glorious progress in the right direction. Willingly or not by the nation, it is God's will and it must come. The slaves have long *prayed*, and their friends, the people of God, have prayed, and their prayers have been heard and they are being answered. The slave must be delivered, come what may to this nation. What is the preservation of this wicked nation to the freedom of four millions of deathless souls! It is nothing more than a drop to the ocean. Souls must live—nations will decay, and will be no more. So let us pray that Pharaoh Lincoln may be made to take another step, and another, until *Liberty is proclaimed to* every slave in this land. It must come, and it will come. They may stone the Prophets that are sent to them in Cincinnati or in any other place, yet emancipation must come; God must and will answer their prayer; and emancipation must come in the Lord's good time coming. I believe it. So let it come, and if the nation cannot stand the shock of emancipation, then it must go down. We have some fine colored people in Binghamton, and I hope that they are on the rise for good. Many of our people here are a hard working, honest people, and they need encouragement. They have had too little of it I think. Many that have labored with us here have thought that the fleece was all that was worth laboring for, and I suppose they got it. They have been kept divided, and therefore they have been kept poor, trying to rear two churches. On another part of my district, at Montrose, Pa., we have the same thing to contend with. There are two Methodist *Churches* with a hand-full of hard working people, not enough for one strong church. Well may it be said that we destroy ourselves in such things. In Montrose our people are owners of more real estate than what we have in this place. But your readers have heard of them from the pen of our present Superintendent of the Third District, Rev. Joseph J. Clinton. They have one school for the colored people, old and young—for both go to it; and report says they have one of the best taught schools in the county, *and it is* taught by a young colored lady only 18 years old, and brought up and educated in Western New York. She possesses one of the best minds in the State. I hope she will prove a great blessing to that people. Many of our people in Montrose have had the Haytian fever, and have it yet. Many of them yet talk of going to Hayti. Some eight persons went from there to Hayti last fall; four out of the eight have died, I have heard. We have Sabbath Schools in both of these places. In Binghamton we have one of the best Sabbath Schools in the State of New York, composed of colored and white all together. When I can see the people united in Churches as they are in Sabbath Schools I shall have some hope of success with them, both in temporal and spiritual things. We are one in the eyes of our enemies; and they know that united we come up, divided we stay down.

Your paper sells in Binghamton first rate by the copy. If I can get a good agent I will send you his name; such are very scarce with us here.

I expect to leave here in a few days for Syracuse, my home, and the head quarters of the U. G. R. R. in Western New York.

Yours as ever,
J. W. Loguen.
Binghamton, March 28, '62.

We call special attention to the programme published in this week in our advertising columns, of a demonstration in behalf of the Gerrit Smith Land movement. We ask the hearty support of the public to this noble object.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington, D. C., March 29th, '62.

Dear Anglo:—I left my home in Middletown Ct., on the 11th inst., to visit my children and friends in the rebellious city of Baltimore, my native city, which is completely surrounded and kept in subjection by the Federal troops. The city shows the awful effects of secession. Stores and warehouses closed, and the white people out of work. Our people have plenty of work at present, and will have during the oyster season, which will close in May. Troops continue to pass through that city to the seat of war. After spending a week in Baltimore I took the cars for this place, and here I found every thing full of life. Regiment after regiment are continually arriving and departing to the South. At least thirty or forty thousand soldiers must have left this city during the present week. There is a continual stream going South. On yesterday, for the first time, I put my foot on the sacred soil of Virginia. I had two objects in going there, and they were attained to my satisfaction.

The rule established here is that every person, without regard to color or condition must go to the Provost Marshal and get a permit declaring themselves to be a loyal citizen of the United States of America. I having received such a certificate in company with the Rev. J. P. Hamor, J. Andersone, and R. Dyson, took the steamer plying between this place and Alexandria, where we found a great number of troops ready to embark and eight or nine vessels loaded with horses for cavalry purposes. My first object was to see the house where Col. Ellsworth was assassinated, which I had the pleasure of seeing occupied by Federal soldiers, or as they are called "Yankees." The 94th have possession of the city. There are a great many of our people here. Times in Alexandria are brisk—plenty of work for those who wish to do it. My second and principal object was to see a colored school in Virginia, and I had the pleasure of visiting and addresing two. The first of about fifty scholars taught by Messrs. Hill and Parker, two young men, the former a young man of my acquaintance from the city of Baltimore, the latter, a citizen of Alexandria. They both seem to be amply qualified for the business they are engaged in. The second is taught by a lady, a Miss Mary Chase. She has thirty children, teaching them the lower branches on the first principles of an English education. These schools are not free, but pay schools. The parents of these children have to pay the teacher. After visiting and talking to the teachers and children, left Alexandria and arrived safe in this city, after meeting several thousand soldiers on their way to Dixie. More Anon.

J. A. Jones.

A. M. E. ZION CHURCH, JERSEY CITY.

Mr. Editor.—Knowing that you take a deep interest in the progress of society in general, as well as in the advancement of Christian intelligence and church organizations, I thought that I would let you know that Jersey city does not lag in the race. The A. M. E. Zion Church under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Wm. H. Pitts, is making good progress, the spirit of peace prevailing within its bounds.

A donation visit was paid to the Elder on the 26th and 27th by the ladies and gentlemen of the city who appeared to enjoy the occasion very greatly, and we are pleased to state that nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of the entertainment. P. P.

Jersey City, March 29th.

Letter From Paterson.

Paterson, N. J., March 24th.

Mr Editor.—In the course of a recent letter 'Young Hickory' cudjels us for irregular attendance at church; but we at least have the satisfaction of not being the only delinquents. Lately "Hickory" himself has been among the missing on some important occasions, and it seems that though formerly interested in Sunday Schools and church matters, he now has his hand on the reversing lever, and is throwing the machinery into a backward motion.

'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.'

Want of other amusements is probably the reason why our people so frequently have their balls, etc. A respectable affair of the kind came off recently, the main features of which may be summed up as follows: lovely women, good music, a substantial supper, and some tall traveling around the room. Among others, Miss Ellen Conover, and her partner Mr. Jos. Jackson, were especially commended for their proficiency in the dance. Messrs Fowler, Thompson and Schacks were the committee of arragements. Index.

A SURPRISE.

Mr. Editor.—One of the most real, and, I may add, agreeable affairs, recognised by the above title, came off at the 3d Baptist Church, on the evening of the 27th of March. The pastor, the Rev. James Hamilton, who had been absent on a visit to Philadelphia, returned late on the said evening, quite travel-worn, and retired to his peaceful slumbers. You may imagine his surprise when informed near midnight that his door was besieged by a bevy of young ladies, whose request was that he should arise and accompany them to the church. Not divining their intention the reverend gentleman made many excuses, but all of no avail, for his young friends were inexorable. Upon arriving there, you might in imagination share our beloved pastor's surprise, on finding the church filled with a happy and smiling crowd of his personal friends and members of his church, all met to do honor to their much beloved pastor; and Mr. Editor, such a sight to see the tables, groaning as it were beneath the load of fat things which were heaped upon them! not to say much of a certain little mysterious corner, which seemed to attract general attention, and into which many precious deposits in the shape of coin were continually dropping. On the whole I think I may be permitted to say that the entire affair reflects great credit upon the ladies, Miss C. R. S., Miss L. A. F., Mrs. C. J. S., and Miss A. M. S., also the gentlemen whose initials are appended: Mr. W. H. F., S. R. T., J. M. S., of Williamsburgh, and W. F. S., of New York, who volunteered their services, and performed at a brief notice the services assigned them so creditably to themselves and all concerned. May their shadows never grow less.

Benevolence.

THE MURDER OF A LOYAL SLAVE.

Mr. Editor: In looking over the "Tribune" of the 21st inst. I noticed copied from the "Baltimore American" an article, over the signature of "Ben Franklin," in which it seems evident that the various presses are hard pressed for arguments suitable to press out the stains of blood caused by the murder of the loyal Jack Scroggins, in relation to which B. F. dashes out at some length what he terms brief facts; and after jumbling together his crude conglomeration, he at length arrives at the death of the poor slave. Then follows a statement well calculated to astonish all civilization. Hear him:

"On Saturday night, at the request of Mr. Cox, I prepared, as a justice of the peace, to hold an inquest upon the body of the negro Jack, whom I learned was dead. I issued my writ," &c. Then follows a list of names to the number of twelve, whom he claims to be as upright men as the country contains.

Well, this I suppose needs but little comment: yet one parallel case I find in the Scripture, which is this: A certain rich man who lifted up his eyes in hell could have, with equal propriety, called for or summoned a posse of his upright neighbors, whose uprightness had caused them to flounder about away down in that doleful situation, and appealed to them to investigate his ruined condition, and thus demand and obtain water from Abraham, as did B. F. in the present case, and who found men just as upright too. But without wasting time with upright men and their situations, let us take a common sense view of the case. What on earth are we to understand—that the law respecting coroner's jurors were made for men, human beings, exclusively, or does it include all manner of goods and taxable property in the whole country? If the provision was made for the former only, by what authority did B. F. officiate in the case of the latter? Did not the law of the State pronounce Scroggins taxable property? Sir, my conclusion is, that after all the bombast we have heard about superior abilities, talents, and literary qualifications, all nations under heaven, yes, even the half civilized, are baffled to understand this monstrous thing. A State law placing man positively on the catalogue of goods, articles, &c, and then in case of death or damage authorises a coroner's inquest. It is time, yes high time, this unparalleled, outlandish thing was exposed from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

Again B. F. tells us he consulted the slaves of Mr. Cox, and their testimony went to show that Cox was never before known to raise his hand to a slave; and in this case he only gave a few cuts lightly with a small leather strap. Pray, Franklin, how long since a slave's testimony has been considered reliable? Remember, B. F., he who does one fault at first and lies to hide it, makes it two.

Take advice, Ben, when you prepare such epistles as those send them South, away down South, as far as you can, for I assure you they will not answer the end for which they are designed here. Such palaver is worthless here. Remember this, every murderer is a liar; therefore cease to trouble yourself, for it does not nor cannot alter the case. Scroggins is dead, and God is alive and at work, and none can hinder. Wait patiently and see the end, it will come, and come right, for the wicked shall not go unpunished.

Joseph G. Smith.

New Haven, Ct., March 24, '62.

"This animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same distance back again, making in all twenty eight feet. He cries in the wood in the night season like a human being in distress, and then devours all that come to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature.

—"Pat, you are wearing your stockings wrong side outward." "Och, don't I know it, be sure: there's a hole on the other side, there is."

MARRIED.

Smith, Berry.—In Hartford, Ct. March 26th, by Rev. A. N. Freeman, George G. Smith, of New York to Mrs. Cordelia P. Berry, of Hartford, Ct.

DIED.

Goosely.—In Liverpool, Nova Scotia, Feb. 18th, Mr. James Goosely, aged 36 years and 4 months. He was at his decease a member of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion. "I called upon the Lord in distress; the Lord answered me and set me in a large place." Ps. cxviii., 5.

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Moses Manning.

Wills.—In Basti, N. Y. on March 19th, Miss Mary Ann Wills, in the 54th year of her age. She was much beloved by all who knew her. She has gone to dwell with Jesus, for she was a lover of our Heavenly Father. Peace to her ashes.

Special Notices.

LADIES' UNION BAZAAR,

For the Benefit of the
COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

In consideration of the many pressing wants of the Asylum, and the great and constant need of funds to supply those wants the Ladies of New York and Brooklyn have consented to hold a Bazaar, to aid the Managers in their labors of love and charity for the Orphans under their charge.

The object is one which speaks for itself; we therefore deem any further appeal to the sympathies of the people wholly unnecessary.

The Ladies most earnestly solicit the aid of the community in donations of money or goods of any kind.

Contributions may be sent to the directress, Mrs. E. Bastien, or to any of the committee.

OFFICERS.

Mrs. Emeline Bastien, Directress, 189 Thompson st. N. Y. Mrs. Ransom F. Wake, Assistant, 99 Thompson st. N. Y., Mrs. Rev. J. N. Gloucester, Assistant Bridge st., Brooklyn, Mrs. D. Roselle, Assistant, South Second st., Brooklyn, Mrs. Mrs. J. H. Jackson, Assistant, Sullivan st., N. Y., Miss. F. Tompkins, Secretary, 52 Laurens st., N. Y., Mrs. C. Graham, Asst., Broome st., N. Y. Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Asst., Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, Mrs. C. L. Reason, Treasurer, 118 Laurens st., N. Y.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. C. Robinson, N.Y.
" Rev. P. Williams, "
" R. Rich, "
" H. Scott, "
" Dr. Smith, "
" C. Fitch, "
" E. Parker, "
" A. Duncan, "
" Bowser, "
" J. Jenkins, "
" J. Bell, "
" J. Peterson, "
Miss E. D. Richards, "
Mrs. C. Topp, "
" P. Guignon, Br'klyn
" Barnswell, "
" W. Leonard, "
" Rev. C. Thompson, "

Mrs Rv. H. H. Garnet, N.Y.
" Margt. Jackson, "
" E Stevens, "
" P. Van Dyke, "
" W. Curtis, "
" Lambert, "
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" Shadd, "
" A. Williams, "
" E. Mann, "
" B. Stanley, "
" J. W. Bowers, "
" H. Mars, "
" R. Jackson, Br'klyn.
" M. Van Stay, "
" Hall, "
" J. C. Morell, "
" Tompkins, "

The entertainment for the benefit of the Rev. Mr. Cary came off on the evening of the 26th in a very spirited manner. The friends of the Reverend gentleman turned out in large numbers, filling the Metropolitan Hall to repletion. Miss Mary Garnet, daughter of the Rev. H. H. Garnet, presided at the piano, and several young ladies and gentlemen took part in the exercises. The solo singing of the Misses Delany, Miss H. Vanostan, Miss M. Eggleston and Miss S. E. Cary, was much applauded, but Miss E. J. Johnson was the only lady whose singing was honored with an encore. These ladies have very good voices, and we hope yet to hear them to better advantage. The performance of Miss M. Day and master A. Thompson in the 'Curtain Lecture' was admirable; indeed we doubt whether Miss Day has her equal in our school as Mrs. Candle. The speaking of the Masters Williams was much applauded, as was also that of Master Harris. We were pleased to observe that the audience made a clean sweep of the refreshments.

ARRIVALS

At Mrs. PLANT'S Boarding House.

Dr. P. A. Skinner and Pupils of the Mute and Blind Institution, Trenton, N. J.
Mr. and Mrs. Margs. of New York.
" Wm. H. Moore, " Norfolk, Va. "
" P. N. Moore, " "
" N. Pindee, " Baltimore, Md.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There having been a misunderstanding in regard to the arrangements for the funeral of Mrs. James Tate, which was to have taken place on the 1st inst., and my name associated with it, I feel called upon to make the following statement: On Saturday, (March 29th) Mr. Tate called on me and informed me of his wife's decease, and requested me to send notices to the churches, which request was faithfully and promptly complied with. On Monday evening I called to see the corpse, and on Tuesday, the day appointed for the funeral, I was surprised to learn that it would not take place owing to the failure on my part to make the necessary arrangements. This was the first intimation that I had received that any such duties were expected of me, inasmuch as nothing had been said to me by Mr. Tate or any body else in relation thereto. Who the blame rests with is more than I can say, but the public may feel assured that I done all that was asked of me.

JAMES F. THOMAS.

Wanted Immediately.—At Tilmon's Agency, 70 East 13th street, one door east of the 4th Avenue, several colored men and their wives, as farmers and gardeners. Best of wages given. Come and come quickly. Good references required.
36 4t.

Apartments to Let, in two first class houses on 129th street, between 3d and 4th Avenues, (Harlaem) for first class colored families;—those without children preferred. Apply at No. 70 East 13th street. L. TILMON.
36 4t.

Boarding and Lodging. Mrs. A. M. Thompson, (late Jackson) respectfully inform the public that she has opened a Boarding and Lodging house at No. 39 Watts street. The house is well situated, being between two railroads, and within 15 minutes walk of the principal colored churches. Terms very moderate.

A GRAND
HISTRIONIC, MUSICAL, AND SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT

Will be given in behalf of the
Gerrit Smith Land Movement,
On Thursday Evening, April 10th, 1862,
AT THE METROPOLITAN ASSEMBLY ROOMS, 178 PRINCE ST.

By a company of Young Ladies and Gentlemen of this city and Brooklyn. The exercises will be of a class entirely new to this community. Musical department under Mr. William F. Sturgis. Solo Manager, James J. Spelman. The piano will be under the control of Misses Victoria Price, Mary Highland Garnet, Jane Ann Williams, and Virginia Magnan. Prof Robert Brown has kindly given his services. The performances will commence with the trial scene of Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.—Shylock, Geo. Bodee;—Doctor of laws, Augustus Powers;—Antonio, John C. Gambier, Jr.;—Duke of Venice, C. Rose;—Bassanio, J. Gray;—piano solo, 'Maiden's Prayer,' by Miss V. Magnan;—solo, 'Gaily through the valley,' by Miss Powers.

After which scenes from Toodles.

Timothy Toodles, Esq., James J. Spelman;—Charles, Augustus Powers;—Geo. Acorn, John C. Gambier, Jr.;—Farmer Fenton, Charles Ross;—Farmer Acorn, Wm. H. Scott;—Mrs. Toodles, Miss Matilda Williams;—Mary, Miss Josephine Williams;—solo by Miss Vogelsand.

After which the elegant parlor comedy of Love in Livery. Lord Sparkle, Geo. Bodee;—Frank Howard, J. C. Gambier;—Paul Patent, J. J. Spelman;—Thomas, Wm. H. Scott;—Violet, by a Lady;—Louise, Miss M. Williams;—Mary, Miss J. Williams;—Susan, Miss Powers;—overture by the orchestra.

Concluding with the amusing farce 'Mistakes of a day.' John Box, J. J. Spelman;—Mrs. Bounce, Miss Ophelia Powers;—James Cox, Geo. Bodee.

☞ Tickets of admission 25 cents. Refreshments will be for sale. Tickets to be had at this office, the Pine & Palm, Dr. Smith's Drug store, 55 West Broadway, J. J. Zuille, 396 Canal street, J. Powers, 18 Greene street, Warren M. Stewart, 72 4th avenue, Miss Mary Stackhouse and Miss Rebecca Anderson, Marion st., Albro Lyons, 174 Rosevelt st., Mrs. Theo. Giles, and Mrs. Chas. Harris, Williamsburg, and at the door.

Theo. Giles and John W. Williams, Com.
J. R. W. Leonard,—Supervisor.

At the conclusion of the exercises the evening will be devoted to social and festive enjoyment.

☞ No postponement on account of the weather.

ANNIVERSARY.

The Young Men's Literary Association of the city of New York, will hold their sixth Anniversary on Wednesday Evening, April 24th, at the Continental Hall, corner of 34th st. and 8th avenue. Several distinguished speakers from abroad are expected to make addresses. For further particulars see small bills.

John W. Williams, President.
Abr'm. W. Larkins, Sec'ry.

GRAND JUBILEE.

The Ladies of
ZION BRANCH CHURCH
16th Street, bet. 7th and 8th Avenue,
will repeat their
GRAND JUBILEE ENTERTAINMENT

At the Church Hall, on Wednesday evening, April 9th, and will make every effort to render it one of the most agreeable Festivals of the season.

Solos, Duetts and Trios will be sung and Addresses made by the following young Ladies and Gentlemen:

Master Edward Esto, Miss Clara Paine,
Joshua Elliott, Mary J. Lee,
Frederick Francis, G. Williams,
Floyd Hutchinson, Sarah Martine,
Miss Jane Esto, and several others.

MADAME GREEN,
will be present and sing some of her Favorite Solos.

The following gentlemen and others are expected to be present: Rev. H. H. Garnet, [illegible], Rev. J. D. S. Hall.

The exercises will conclude with the singing of the Grand Jubilee Hymn, "Blow ye the Trumpet Blow." The audience will then have an opportunity to obtain Refreshments, and join in the marches, etc.

Ice cream, cake, [illegible], lemonade, etc. will be on hand.

Doors open at half past six o'clock.

Tickets 15 cents; children 10 cents.

For particulars see small bills.

A FAIR.

A judicious Committee of ladies attached to the First A. M. E. Bethel Church, Second street, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. D. S. Hall, will give a Grand Union Fair in the basement of M. E. Church, Sullivan street, between Bleeker and Amity streets, opening on April the 1st and continuing for the space of ten days. Open at 4 o'clock every afternoon.

Lodgings. Four Gentlemen can obtain comfortable lodgings by applying to Mrs. Ellen Anderson No. 156 W. 29th street, between 7th and 8th avenues. The house is in a very pleasant part of the city and within half a block of cars and stages.
35 5t.

Apartments to let No. 217 Sullivan street. Inquire on the premises of [illegible] CLARK.
25 4t.

To Let.—Furnished rooms for gentlemen, with or without board, at 68 Sullivan st. J. H. JACKSON.

To Let, in Williamsburgh to a small family, the upper part of No. 64 South 8th st., containing all the modern improvements, within three minutes walk of all the ferries.

For particulars inquire as above. Possession given immediately.

World's Fair Agency.—The undersigned are acting as Agents for Merchants and Manufacturers to Exhibit at World's Fair, and to introduce into England, France and other European countries, articles of American Invention, Procuring Patents, making Sales, or in any way promoting their interests.

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LOWE PRESS COMPANY,
34tf 13 Water street, Boston.

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A. ROBERTS,

120 Clinton Court, 8th st., New York, agent for the Weekly Anglo-African. Copies may be had of him at an early hour after its publication.

To Let.—Apartments in house 153 Thompson Street. A few gentlemen can be furnished with lodging also. Inquire of Mr. Jer. Bowers on the premises.
315t.

ZION CONFERENCE.

☞ Notice is hereby given to the Members of the Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion, that the Annual Conference of the New York District will meet in Zion Church corner of Church and Leonard streets, New York city, on the Third Saturday in May, 1862.

WM. H. BISHOP,
Superintendent of the 1st Dist. of the A. M. E Zion Connexion.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

HELP WANTED

At Tilmon's Agency, No. 70 East 13th st., one door East of the 4th Avenue. Spring is here and now is the time. Never was there a greater demand for all first class colored help than now. Remember that this is the oldest and most responsible office in the city for colored help. Situations constantly on hand for both city and country. Terms cash and strict attention paid to business. All persons coming to this city and wishing to save board will do well to call during Office hours, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

31tf L. Tilmon, Proprietor.

STONE SQUARE LODGE NO. 6, A. Y. M. under the jurisdiction of the M. W. United Grand Lodge of the State of New York, meet every Friday Evening at 8 o'clock, at their Hall 300 Grand st., Williamsburg, Brooklyn, E. D.

J. H. DAVIS, Sec'ry.

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Rev. E. J. Adams, Jefferson Ellis,
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Rev. J. N. Gloucester.

New York.
Rev. H. M. Wilson, Rev. H. H. Garnet.

All letters may be addressed to Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, 194 Plane st. Newark N. J.
27 6t.

Elizabeth City, N. J. Feb. 8, 1862.

This is to certify that I heartily approve of the effort of Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers to establish a Select School for young Misses. I have been acquainted with her for over twenty-five years, and am happy to recommend her and her enterprise to the patronage of the public in general.

DANIEL H. VANDERVEER,
Pastor of the 1st Colored Pres. Church, Eliz. City.

Washboards! Washboards!! Washboards!!!—of the celebrated "Hoagland Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Wm. R. De Cordovey, 419 South 7th st., is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Anglo-African. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

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T. Gilbert & Co's. Celebrated Æolian Pianos,

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18tf

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SHILOH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
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Hours of Worship:—
Prayer-meeting, 10½ A. M.
3 P. M.
7½ P. M.

Prayer-meeting Tuesday Evenings 7½ o'clock,
Lecture Friday Evenings, 7½ o'clock.
Minister's Residence 174 W. 30th st. near the 8th Avenue.

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(Protestant Episcopal)
Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

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R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.

Lect ure every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

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3 " . . . . P. M.
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12-1y

SILOAM CHURCH,

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3 o'clock, ... P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

LECTURE every Wednesday evening.

Rev. Chas. H. Thompson, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

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HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . P. M.
7½ " . . . . P. M.

Rev. J. D. S. Hall, Pastor. Residence—223 Second St.

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Sullivan St., near Houston.

Rev. John T. Raymond, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.

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10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
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Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.
Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.
Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Copies of Anglo-African can be obtained of Mr Samuel Bagard, 61 Union Street, New Haven opposite the Railroad depot.

Agent for Washington.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

Troy Agency.—Mr. Henry Burke, 38 Fulton St., Troy, is the regular agent for that city and vicinity. Subscriptions and advertisements for the paper left with him, will be promptly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. ELIZA LEWIS' SALVE,
ANDERSON'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,
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SPANISH OIL. (For the Hair,)
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BRANDRETH'S SUGAR COATED PILLS.
For Sale at the
Drug Store 55 West Broadway
8 4t

A NEW ORGANIZATION.

The scholars [illegible] now meeting in the 7th Avenue Presbyterian church (Rev. H. M. Wilson's) [illegible] more numerous than can be accommodated in the afternoon, a new organization will take place on Sunday, April 6th, at [illegible] o'clock.

GLASS, CHINA, AND EARTHEN-WARE MENDED,
BY A. ROBERTS,
120 Clinton Court, 8th st., New York.

A Supply of the EGYPTIAN CEMENT, for the above purpose constantly on hand. Price 25 cents per bottle.
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LECTURES AND EXHIBITIONS.

The Subscriber is prepared to Lecture on Phrenology and the Southern Rebellion, before Lyceums and other bodies, [illegible] of John Brown's Raid on Virginia, [illegible] in which the hero Tillman figured. My address is Ithaca, N. Y. box 470.

34 tf WM. F. JOHNSON.

To Let.—Two furnished Rooms in Mrs. Plant's Boarding House suitable for a gentleman and wife, or for single gentlemen or ladies. Apply on the premises.

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Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Please call and see for yourselves.

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IN THEIR VARIETY.
First Premium for Misses and Children's
HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS.
The Clergy supplied at a discount.
KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.
10 1y.

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Residence—134 Christie Street, N. Y.
26 26t

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding. 8 tf

New Sailor's Home. Charles M. Forres, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 199 South Street, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate. 31y

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BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

Mrs. S. Plant (formerly Richardson) Respectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. [illegible] HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

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Boarding for Ladies $2.50
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Lodging per week, 75

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[illegible]

MRS. SARAH [illegible]
FANCY HAIR BRAIDER,
In all its branches
BRACELETS, [illegible]
[illegible]

Poetry.

From the Rochester Express.

SLAVES REJOICING.

Suggested by the President's late Emancipation Message.

Brightly Freedom's morn is breaking;
Hopes that slumber'd are awaking;
Gloom, from souls oppressed, is taking
Flight before its rays!

See the flag of Freedom nearing!
Starry emblem, oh how cheering!
Long we waited thy appearing,
Banner of the free!

See the bayonets' sunbeams glancing!
Drums loud rattle—steeds are prancing,—
Freedom's army bold advancing,
Brings deliverance near.

Slavery's strong supports are falling—
Brandings, burnings, fetters galling,
Blood stained lashes, deeds appalling,
Lose their cruel power.

Years of stolen toil are ended;
Trade in human souls suspended;
Human rights, o'er us extended—
Liberty now reigns.

God has heard our piteous pleading—
Answers now our interceding,
While from bondage he is leading
Us to Liberty.

Thrilled with Freedom's new-born feeling,
Let us each, devoutly kneeling,
See his hand thus freely dealing
Joys of Liberty.

"R., Jr.

From the Morning Star.

THE PRAYER-MEETING OF THE CONTRABANDS.

Night unfurled her sable banner, gemmed with many a starry ray;
Silence, too, her gentle sister, followed where the shadows lay:
Weary men were calmly sleeping, men who in the conflict dire,
Through the anxious hours of daylight wrought with hearts of fire.

Wearily the watchful sentry paced beneath the fortress wall,
Musing how the land was troubled, how the brave and good must fall;
Thinking that perhaps his mother, in the home so far away,
Kept the lamp at midnight burning, while she waked to pray.

Then he turned his head to listen, for the strange notes of a song
On the silent air of evening rose with cadence full and strong.
Many voices, wild, yet mournful, mingled in its plaintive flow;
This the burden of the anthem—"Let the people go."

How Jehovah led his people, safely through the parted wave,
Where the mighty host of Pharaoh, mid the billows found a grave;
How the cloud and fiery pillar went before them night and day,
And the angel of his presence ever led the way.

Thus they sung, and Israel's story seem'd like a prophetic strain,
As their voices rose triumphant, on the loud and bold refrain—
"Let the people go—no longer we can bear this weight of wo,
God will break the chains which bind us—'Let the people go.'"

Ceased the song, and yet the sentry paused another song to hear,
Words of praise and earnest pleading fell upon his listening ear.—
"We have waited—still are waiting," cried the voice; "How long, O God,
Ere thou ope the house of bondage, break the oppressor's rod!"

Then they sung of Christ arisen, of that land beyond the grave
Where no master, stern and haughty, in God's presence holds a slave.
Still the choral notes triumphant answered every closing strain—
"Let the people go! for Jesus soon will break our chain."

Then the holy hush of silence fell upon the midnight air,
Over tent, and tower, and bastion, lay the moonbeams cold and fair.
Yet the wakeful sentry listened, slowly pacing to and fro,
For he heard a voice still crying—"Let the people go!"

Over city, town and hamlet: over mountain, plain and glen,
Rang the wild notes like a war cry, bursting on the hearts of men;
And he knew that God was speaking, as he spoke so long ago,
When he said to haughty Pharaoh, "Let my people go!"

V. G. R.

From the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE FREEDMEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Beaufort, S. C., March 15th, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard:

When I saw you in New York, on my way here, I hesitated about promising to write for "The Standard." My fears have been more than realized, for I have been so busy every hour since my arrival, and find so much work to do, I have no time to write letters. But I must seize this hour, the last that I have before the sailing of the Atlantic on her return voyage, to redeem my promise. I do so the more readily because I presume many of the readers of "The Standard" will be glad to know that any Abolitionist is in the Palmetto State to teach and to preach to the contrabands, or freedmen.

I am here by the appointment of the Board of Missions of the Reformed Presbyterian (Covenanter) Church. My mission is to explore these islands with reference to the location of a missionary station, and to labor for a time for the physical, educational, moral, and religious elevation of ex-slaves here.

I sailed from New York, in the Atlantic, on Monday, the 3d inst. Our good ship was the Mayflower of 1862. She bore fifty or sixty men and women on errands of mercy to the ten thousand slaves here now abandoned by their masters. Your readers have no doubt heard full accounts of the movements to which I refer, and I need to say only that the design of the government is certainly wise and benevolent, and I earnestly hope the plan may succeed. Mr. Pierce, the agent of the War Department, had in his charge some forty or fifty men from Boston and New York, to be located upon the abandoned plantations, to bring order out of confusion, if possible—to superintend and to teach. Many of these supervisors are excellent men—warm-hearted Abolitionists—and are here out of benevolence. It is to be feared, however, that they are not all of this kind. One thing is certain, some of them have never been known to be truly anti-slavery; and I may add, from personal knowledge, some of them have not learned to spell negro with only one g. These superintendents should all be men of deepest compassion and free from negro hate. If not, it is to be feared that the colored people will have only a change of masters and overseers.

Our voyage was rendered still more pleasant by the company of Rev. Mansfield French and twelve or thirteen excellent ladies coming here to establish an Industrial School for the benefit of colored girls and women, and to make up and distribute clothing for the destitute. Among those with whom I formed a pleasant acquaintance, and to whom I am greatly indebted for kindness during the voyage, I wish to make honorable mention of Mrs. Nicholson of New York, and Mrs. Senator Harlan of Iowa. They are eminently qualified for the work, being true friends of the slave. Any clothing sent to Mrs. Nicholson will be well distributed. Mrs. Harlan will not remain long.

We had a stormy and very rough passage, and did not reach the light-ship off Hilton Head harbor until Thursday night; and, owing to the slow operation of things under military control, we did not reach Beaufort until late Saturday night. You are already familiar with the description of this place. The town is pleasantly situated on the Port Royal river, about 15 miles above Hilton Head, at the mouth of Broad river. It has many fine mansions, in Southern style; but the greatest number, probably three-fourths, of the houses are miserable negro huts. In these the colored people are still living, and others coming in from Secessia. In the houses formerly occupied by the slaveholders the soldiers are now quartered. The commissioned officers and government agents are living in these in pomp. The most gorgeously furnitured mansions have been emptied of all their contents, and many of them are almost destroyed by the ruthless hand of the soldier. Good houses are turned into commissary stores, or stables. Gens., Cols., Majs., and everybody down to corporals, roll at ease on richest sofas, faring sumptuously every day. But how sad the contrast! In the negro quarters, among the poor and despised ex-slaves, is great destitution. Clothed in rags, many of them little or nothing to eat, without employment, no one to provide, under the most rigid military rule, so that they cannot pass even from one side of town to the other without a written pass from Gen Stevens, and many of them bereft of husbands, or wives, or children, they are indeed most miserable objects of compassion.

I had thought that I had read and heard of or seen slavery in all its dark features; but after only a few days of observation and inquiry I find I did not know the tenth part. Oh, I have seen and heard what made my heart bleed. How can all this suffering and degradation be removed? How can these outcasts be cared for? The greatest obstacle in the way of their education and elevation now is the military here.

The most marked difference between the slave here and those in the Border States is in their color. Here there are very few mulattoes. Most of them are purely African. This is owing partly to the fact that most of them have been born here, and have been intermingled little with those of other places. And I think that few have ever been sold away from here. The plantations are large, and the slaves have not exchanged hands much.

The other day I explored the northern portion of the island of Port Royal, and passed over upon the Barnwell Island. This is one plantation, formerly owned (claimed, rather) by Trescott, assistant Secretary of State under President Buchanan. Before the war there were two or three hundred slaves on the plantation. When Hilton Head was taken, he ran away from his farm, taking with him the women, young men, and children; leaving only the old men, ordering them, in case the Federals should come there, to set fire to everything and follow him. They disobeyed, and are still on the plantation, together with others who have fled thither from the "main land" in Secessia. The negro quarters are about one or two miles beyond the picket guards, so that when there I was within gun shot of the rebels. Their pickets can be seen over the river on both sides, and sometimes they fire upon ours. On this plantation I saw what I would never see again unless it would be to remove. And bad as was their condition before the war, it is now physically worse. I hope that soon it will be better.

The darkest moral feature of slavery I have here discovered in the slaves is the utter ignorance, generally, of their own rights. Many of them seem not to have known that they ought to have been free. Few, if any, ever desired or hoped to be free. All seemed gloomy. They knew that it was wrong to separate families, to whip and abuse the black man; but they seem to have taken for granted that their masters had a right to own and control them. Many of them have heard the Bible—large portions of it—read in the churches; but other portions they have never heard. And, by the way, I have not found, among the hundreds I have been with, more than two or three that were able to read! One or two could spell out and pronounce words in easy portions that they had often heard read.

Yesterday I had a long interview with an old man, a deacon in the Episcopal Church (colored), who, when I read several portions of Scripture directly anti-slavery, seemed perfectly astonished. Said he: "And dat is de law of de Lord? Dem parts we neber hear read to us." This deacon's children were all taken from him by his master when the army came here.

To-morrow I am to preach in the Episcopal church, where used to worship the largest white congregation of the wealthiest slaveholders on the island—the Rhetts, the Barnwells, the Habershams. To give you an idea of the character of the religion of which this house used to be the headquarters, let me mention an illustration. Samson was the property of an Episcopal clergyman, living most of the time in Charleston. He was sexton of the church here. His wife and children were the slaves of the pastor of this Church, and lived with Samson at the time the army came here. On the night of the flight from Beaufort, Walker, the parson, came into Samson's house at the hour of midnight and tore the wife and children out of bed and dragged them away with him. This I have from the lips of poor, heart-broken Samson, and it needs no comment. Many similar cases have come to my knowledge. But why chronicle them? "The world itself could not contain the books that should be written." As I am to be the first successor of Parson Walker, and as my colored congregation will be invited to sit, not in the gallery as before, but down where their lords and masters used to sit, you may easily imagine what kind of Gospel I will preach to them. I pray God I may be true to both them and Him who has sent me "to preach good things unto the meek."

But this paper is already too large, though I have not written half of what I should. More anon.

N. R. Johnston.

P. S. My work here will be to teach and to preach to the contrabands; also to look after their wants, to distribute clothing, etc. Boxes containing shoes, garments, etc., may be sent to my care for distribution. In this I will be aided by ladies and others here. Direct to Beaufort, to my care. Send to 320 Broadway, whence they will be shipped here free.

INTELLIGENCE OF A SLAVE.

The Burlington "Free Press" tells a good story of the intelligence of a slave:

I lived in the family of a cotton planter who worked from fifteen to twenty hands. He employed no overseer. During the planting season he gave his personal attention to the field work of his slaves, but during the rest of the season contented himself with the inspection of their work once a week, or the like, and carefully questioning them at night as to their work during the day. This he commonly did through one of the older and more trustworthy slaves, whose name was Allen. Cotton picking lasts some three months, the hands going over the field once a week, and oftener, if possible, so as to gather the contents of the freshly-opened balls before it is bleached by the sun, or soiled by the rain. My host entrusted the weighing to Allen, who was required to report at night the amount picked by each man. Allen just weighed with the common steelyards each one's basket—and the picker must use the same basket through the season. The weight of the basket Allen recorded in his memory. At noon all came up to the "gin house" to empty their baskets, and Allen weighed each one's basketful, substracted the weight of the basket, set the amount against the negro's name—all in his memory, for he could not make a figure, nor read it if made with a pen. This work was repeated for the afternoon's picking, and the sums added together for each picking. When the negroes came up at dark, the first thing was to attend to their own little household cares and get their suppers. Then Allan called at the door of his master, sometimes at the window, and reported the amount of cotton picked by each hand during the day. As my pedagogueship made it usual for me to be at my table in the evening, with pen, ink and paper before me, my host used to ask me to take down Allan's numbers. This I did regularly for two years. And though I subjected Allan to the severest tests I could think of to be assured of his accuracy, I never found a single occasion to doubt it. Allan's pleasant voice at the window near my table, so often repeated, "Take the cotton now, if you please, massa," is one of the most distinct remembrances of my Southern home.

Livingston, the African traveler, describes an ingenious method by which the Africans obtain water in the desert: "The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach, then ram down the wet sand firmly around it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects and in a short time rises to the mouth." It will be perceived that this simple, but truly philosophical and effectual method, might have been applied in many cases in different countries, where water was greatly needed, to the saving of life. It seem wonderful that it should have been now first known to the world, and that it should have been habitually practised in Africa, probably for centuries. It seems worthy of being especially noticed, that it may no longer be neglected from ignorance. It may be highly important to travelers in our deserts and prairies in some parts of which water is known to exist below the surface.

THE 10th MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT AND THE SLAVES.

A few weeks ago a statement appeared in the papers that the above named regiment had been engaged in the dirty work of returning fugitive slaves to their owners. In the "Northampton Gazette" of March 18th, appears a letter from Capt. L. Black, of company E., giving an account of what he terms the "sad calamity":

On Thursday, Feb. 27th, Keyes' division was ordered to report at the depot in Washington on the following morning at 6 o'clock The order asserted that we were now needed in the field for actual service, but during the evening of the 27th the order was suspended, still we were instructed to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. On Saturday, the citizens in this vicinity anticipated our departure from camp, and many who had slaves in the regiment were here with a view to reclaim them. This very naturally awakened enthusiasm in the boys, in favor of the bondmen who had learned to look to us for their freedom, and they manifested unwillingness to yield them again to slavery, and therefore commenced hooting their owners from the grounds; whereupon, some of them had the boldness and impudence to tell us that "if we would just call up in Maryland they would give us all the work we wanted," and also had the insolence to ask us how we would like another "Bull's Run" and "Ball's Bluff" affair.

Stung by these reproaches, the boys some hundred in number, under the cover of night and armed with muskets, pistols and knives, left their camp and proceeded to the residences of the offenders, as they said, "to seek redress for the wrong they had done us." They encountered no opposition, but finding the object of their indignation, they forced them to swear alliance, some one of the party administering the oath. Under the excitement incident to such occasions, some of the party committed several petty acts of larceny and some mischievous depredations, which in their more sane moments they would not have done.

This act, in consideration of the good name we had won by all we had previously done, deeply affected the sensitive mind of our much respected and highly esteemed Colonel, who thought it the beginning of mutiny, and after due consideration it was deemed expedient and practicable to expel all contrabands from the camp. This duty fell on the officer of the day, and some one who had not seen "fun enough," as they call it, placed a placard before his quarters stating that if the order was carried into effect, the regiment would rebel. This greatly strengthened his (the Colonel's) apprehensions, who communicated his fears to his command and pointed out the consequences of mutiny in eloquent and telling words. But his fears in this respect were needless I firmly believe that there is not another regiment in the service more contented and more desirous of maintaining their credit for good order, than is the Mass. 10th, and it is our determination to convince our friends of the truth of this statement, and if permitted to engage the foe they will learn that we are composed of the right material.

HABITS OF HUSBANDS.

The habits of husbands, with regard to the treatment of their wives, are so various that the question can only be answered by individual specimens of each mode:

Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "good-bye, dear," in the tone of unwearied love; and whether it be policy or fact, it has all the effect of that, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, provided always that their wives are appreciated and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We knew an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left his home without the kiss, and the "good-bye, dear."

Some husbands shake hands with their wives and hurry off as fast as possible, as though the efforts were a something they were anxious to forget, hold their heads down, and dart around the first corner.

Some husbands say only "well, wife, I am going," and start at the word "go," which comes to them from some back retreat.

Some husbands, before leaving home, ask very tenderly, "what would you like for dinner, my dear?' knowing all the while that she will select something for his particular palate, and off he goes.

Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round at the last point of observation, and waving an adieu at the pleasant face at the window."

Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast-table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind.

Some husbands never leave home without some unnd word or look,
thinking that such a course will
straight in their absince.

Then on returning.

Some husbands come home jolly and happy, unsoured by the world, some sulky and surly with its disappointments.

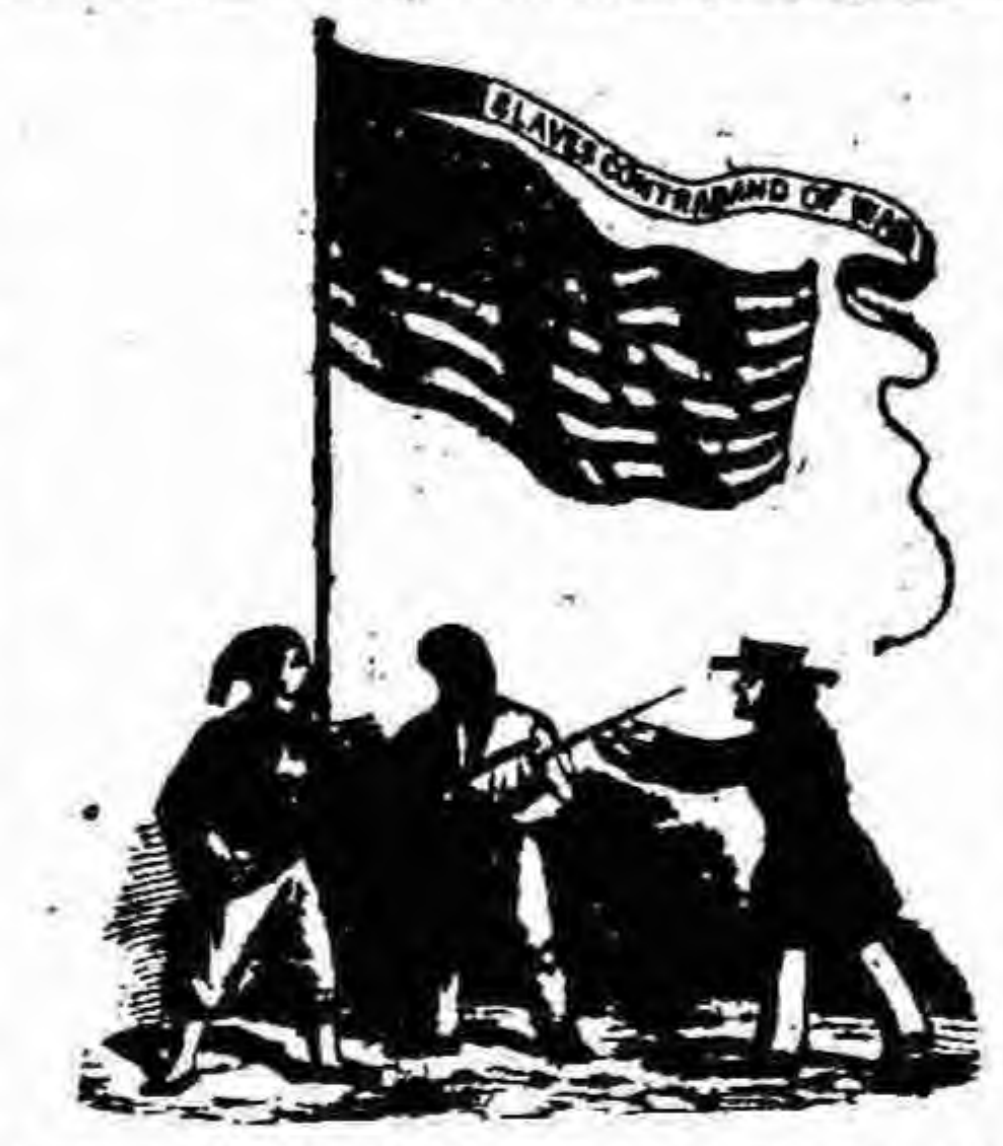
Some husbands bring home a newspaper or a book, and bury themselves in the contents.

Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements; some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa, till bed time.

Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day; others are attracted by nothing short of a child's tumbling down stairs, or the house taking fire.

'Depend upon it,' says Dr. Spooner, 'that home is the happiest, where kindness, and interest, and politeness, and attention, are the rules on the part of husbands—of course all the responsibility rests with them, and temptation finds no footing there.'

MISCELLANEOUS.



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The Weekly Anglo-African.

"MAN MUST BE FREE!—IF NOT THROUGH LAW, WHY THEN ABOVE THE LAW."

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BLAKE: OR THE HUTS OF AMERICA.

A Tale of the Mississippi Valley, the Southern United States and Cuba.

BY MARTIN R. DELANY.

PART II.

Hear the word!—who fight for freedom!
Shout it in the battle van!
Hope! for bleeding human nature!
Christ the God, is Christ the Man!
H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MOMENTOUS STEP.

The time for this important gathering was chosen on the auspicious occasion of the day of Special Indulgence granted by the Bishops to the colonists, and set apart as a general holiday, which presented another favorable opportunity for bringing together many of the negroes and mulattoes from a distance to the metropolis.

The place of meeting was, as before, the residence of Madam Montego, the Cordora mansion, the attendance being general and full. Solemnly they sat in their places, with anxiety depicted in every countenance, not a whisper being heard among them.

'What is the order of the evening?' enquired the chief on taking his seat, who was the first to break silence.

'We should like to have an expression from each member of the Seclusion, and cannot have a more acceptable precedent than that of the chief himself,' replied Placido.

'I have but little to say,' said Blake rising. 'You know my errand among you; you know my sentiments. I am for war—war upon the whites. 'I come to bring deliverance to the captive and freedom to the bond.' Your destiny is my destiny; the end of one will be the end of all. On last Sabbath, a day of rest, joy and gladness to the whites, I was solemnly and sadly impressed with our wretched condition. While passing through the great Cemetery amidst the busy throng of smiling faces and anxious countenances of the whites; the soul impressing odors of the flowers and inspiring song of birds; the sound of the unfettered rolling sand on the beach and untrammeled winds of heaven; and then beheld the costly ornaments and embellished tombs erected at the expense of unrequited toil, sweat and blood wrung from our brother slave still laboring on in misery, inexpressible suffering and wailing, though Sabbath it be, sending up to heaven in whispers of broken accents, prayers for deliverance, all in the sight of these happy throngs and costly catacombs—I could not suppress the emotion which swelled my breast, nor control my feelings when I cursed their bones as they lie mouldering in their graves. May God forgive me for the wickedness, as my conscience admonishes and rebukes me. In contemplation of our condition, my heart is sorrowful to sadness. But my determination is fixed; I will never leave you. An overwhelming power of our oppressors or some stern adversity, brethren, may force you to forsake me, but even then will I not leave you. I will take me to the mountains, and there in the dreary seclusion of the wilderness, though alone, will I stand firmly in defence of our cause. Buckle on your armor then, and stand ready for the fight! Finally, brethren, I may eventually go down to a disappointed and untimely, but never to a coward's or a traitor's, grave! God's will be done.'

To this impressive and solemn speech there was a universal shout of response, when Gofer Gondolier next spoke by request:

'I havn't done nothin', I hadn't no chance; but I'm anxious to do somethin', an' ef the gener'l there hurry up this thing an' give me a chance, I'll show 'im what I kin do. I'm no speaker, but whenever there's any carving to be done, give me a chance; I'm your man. I've nothin' more to say, only that I owe 'em somethin' for what they done to her'—pointing to Abyssa, his wife—'an' I'm ready to pay 'em back with interest.'

'You should 'pray for them that despitefully use you,'' admonished Abyssa.

'I will,' said Gofer as he passed out with a significant nod of the head to one side, eloquent with meaning.

'Are we now certain each for himself,' asked the chief, 'that he is ready to enter into this solemn responsibility of self-emancipation from an otherwise interminable bondage? If you have so decided and determined, I desire each to so express himself audibly and distinctly, that the name may stand on our secret record to be seen and read by future generations.'

'I am,' was the universal response, each rising separately to give his name.

'How,' inquired he; 'what am I to understand by it? Are you for or against?'

'For war!' was the shout sent up with a thrill.

'Then let us pray,' said he—all falling upon their knees with their heads again low to the floor, Blake offering up this petition:

'Oh God of clemency, in humble petition we again prostrate ourselves before Thee, to acknowledge our feebleness and unworthiness to come before Thee. We are more and more sensible that without thy divine aid, we can do nothing. Oh, guide and direct us in this the greatest of undertakings: be a leader in our wilderness traveling: director in our wilderness wanderings: chief in our wilderness warfare: benefactor in our wilderness sojourning, and light in the midst of the darkness in which we are now enveloped. Oh fit and prepare us for the work that is before us—a mighty undertaking: go with us to the battle field—be our buckler and shield, sword and spear, and strengthen us for the conflict: and be with such of us who fall in the struggle, through the dark valley and shadow of death. Be our great captain, I pray thee; for it is written in thy holy word, 'the Lord is a man of war, for the Lord is his name.' If thou art for us, Lord, none need be against us. These things and thy name shall be ever praised, and have all the glory!'

'Amen!' was the response, all rising to their seats.

'In the name of God, I now declare war against our oppressors, provided Spain does not redress our grievances!' proclaimed Blake.

'In God's name, then,' responded Placido, 'let us prepare for war.

'By God's help, I second the motion!' sanctioned Montego, the vote being taken standing, with great sensation.

The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, though prudently controlled within due bounds; and among other preparatory arrangements the regimentals of the general officers were at once to be obtained. Those of Blake, Placido, Montego and staffs were to be ordered from the French capital.

Again summoning the council to a solemn seclusion, the chief at length addressed them, reminding them that it was the last *opportunity* they would have for a regular meeting in Seclusion. The time, he impressed them, was fast elapsing, and Nature being exact and regular in all her fixed laws, suspended nor altered them to suit no person, circumstance nor thing. That the time to strike was fast verging upon them, from which, like the approach of the evening shadow of the hill tops, there was no escape. It would overtake them whether or not they desired it, though in accordance with its own economy, would be harmless and unfelt in its action and progress. This period was a familiar and regular action of nature which suggested the occasion and proffered the auspices.

'Glorious circumstance!' exclaimed the chief; a regular daily visitant, whose hints and suggestions have never, until recently, been comprehended. No longer shall they be neglected, but eagerly accepted of, as sixty or ninety days hence, at most, will verify our appreciation of them. Nature, after all, in uncorrupted purity, is the best and most reliable friend of man.

'Equality of rights in Nature's plan,
To follow nature is the march of man.'

Then let us determine to be ready, permitting nothing outside of an interposition of Divine Providence to interfere with our progress. Whenever an emergency demands it, I shall call a special council in seclusion; until then, let confidence, the most implicit, govern and controll all of your actions toward each other, when a united effort must crown our portentious struggle with success. And may God protect us, and defend the right!'

After singing the solemn hymn of 'Old Hundred' to the words of

'Before Jehovah's awful throne,'

and offering up a solemn prayer by Montego, these people full of hope the highest, and expectation the most sanguine, separated for their homes and lodgings near three o'clock in the morning, amidst the most intense feelings and unswerving determination to make a bold and fearless effort to break the shackles of bondage and throw off the galling yoke that so long and grievously tormented them.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FEARFUL APPREHENSIONS.

Another report obtained currency that the negroes were about to rise, through what medium—whether the legitimate consequence of conscious guilt and fear, or the revelations of a servile black—*never* was known.

As a natural consequence, all Havana was thrown into consternation—effect following cause as the report gained currency—until the whole colony in a very short time was aroused to the most fearful apprehensions. As is usual on such occasions, the Captain-General placed the city under martial law, enforced restrictions upon the negro population, ordered the military to be in readiness for a moment's warning and commenced a rigid inspection of all the military departments.

The negroes and mulattoes were eyed with suspicion, and instead of the accustomed nine o'clock alarm, every hour during the night, a gun from the castle thundered the terrible warning; executing the order throughout the prevailing excitement.

On one of those eventful evenings in the upper Alameda, just after the alarm of the gun, a black man who had been seen in close conversation with a white, was arrested, and exhibited a 'pass' purporting to have emanated from a foreign functionary in the city.

The next day the place was fermented with excitement, the highways being thronged with people eagerly discussing the subject and anxiously speculating thereupon.

Among the absurdities to which this report gave rise, none were greater than those which found their way into the Havana morning journals one of which was "El Diero," hawked about the streets and eagerly brought up by the news seeking population to the effect that "Dr. M——, the British consul, having been caught, tried, found guilty and afterwards confessed to having been concerned in a negro insurrection in Cuba, was to be hanged, shot or garoted;" while another report had him "imprisoned," "publicly whipped," and "transported to the mines in Spain,"

In the mean time this functionary was really seized and thrown into prison, which not threw the authorities into a dilemma, much more perplexing than that of the British Consul.

Whilst the Captain General in fearful suspense was pondering with much embarrassment, and devising schemes to extricate himself from the difficulty of an almost fatal error committed by a stupid blunder, a timely relief was offered by a note received from the minister for Foreign Affairs in Great Britain, politely suggesting that the immediate and unconditional release of H. B. M. Consul for the port of Havana was desirable, concluding with that affability for which the distinguished nobleman who then occupied the Foreign Office, and other British statesmen are remarkable. This was opportune proving a most fortunate and happy pretext for an honorable escape from the fiery ordeal which awaited them, by the terrible displeasure of England.

The first sail from Havana to Great Britain, bore to the Minister for Foreign Affairs the assurance that an apology had been made to Her Majesty's Consul for the rash conduct of two hasty officials who would receive at the hands of the government due attention for their indiscretion.

This speculation was happily disposed of, the Spanish adventurer escaped with little loss of capital in a bold and precipitious *investment*, though at one time the stock had considerably depreciated at the political exchanges.

The whole matter doubtless had been schemed by interested American slave-dealers in the negro brokerages of the Southern States, a number of whom may always be found in Cuba watching the foreign slave trade, for the purpose of purchasing souls to drive on their plantations. It is confidently believed upon good authority, that the American steamers plying between Havana and New Orleans, as a profitable part of their enterprise, are actively engaged in the slave-trade between the two places. These facts though seen and known by all employees and passengers of such vessels are supposed to be a legal traffic of masters removing their slaves.

The excitement consequent to the arrest and the imprisonment of the British Consul had not yet ceased throbbing in the public heart, when a new issue was made of an entirely different character. In this speculators and political jobbers might with impunity make the most reckless investments without a fear of loss, the article being a home commodity.

One evening while the Captain General and lady sat musing on the rear corridor of the palace, a gentleman, who subsequently proved to be a loyalist and one of the first persons of education and wealth, came with hurried steps to the door where meeting a guard, enquired for His Excellency, who being apprised, immediately repaired to the ante-chamber.

"Has your Excellency heard the news?" with quick breathing, inquired the gentleman.

"Of what import senior?" asked the Captain General.

"Concerning the insurrection sir!" replied he with evident fatigue by the hurry of his errand.

"Which one of them senior?" replied his Excellency; "since rumor recently has been so abundant in her productions of insurrectionary reports, we must be certain before proceeding to an investigation, what we have before us."

'The last one your Excellency,' seriously said the gentleman.

'Ah! then that one has been happily settled to the honor of our country. The Consul has been released, an apology made, the British Government reconciled, and Spain satisfied.'

'Your Excellency,' with surprise replied the man, 'I have no reference whatever to that affair, but something more recent.'

'Ah!' again exclaimed the governor gravely, 'I thought you had reference to that, since it is the last of which I had any knowledge.'

'May it please your Excellency!' anxiously importuned the gentleman, 'the intelligence of this has just come to light.'

'Indeed!' responded he in a manner which greatly embarrassed the messenger; 'how many plantations sacked and what the number of whites killed?'

'Your Excellency,' impatiently replied the bearer of dispatches, inwardly feeling what he dared not outwardly express: 'it has not yet come to a strike, but has been discovered in the plot.'

'Yes, yes! that materially alters the case,' indifferently continued the count; 'like all the others it may only exist in the imagination of those who fabricate and vend these alarms for political purposes, keeping the public mind in a continual state of uneasiness and excitement.'

'I hope that your Excellency does not mistake me!' in a subdued tone enquired the disheartened loyalist. 'I am no political newsdealer, huckstering gossip for speculative purposes. I am chairman of a delegation of the proprietors of large estates near Matanzas, appointed as a messenger and bearer of despatches to communicate with the government.'

'Ah ha! something new in reality then?' with some anxiety enquired the governor. 'What is the true state of the case?'

The gentleman at once proceeded to relate the facts that some thirty miles in the interior from Matanzas, the wife of a respectable planter had doubtless from impressions made upon her mind by the reality, become a maniac, making the most startling disclosures. An insurrection was to have commenced on their own plantation, she having been a party to the scheme. Talking incessantly, she raved and screamed frequently startled calling for a black chief to protect her. When to dispel the phantom a black girl child had to be placed in her bed, with the assurance that it was the child of the negro chief sent in advance of him, when she immediately became quiet and apparently reconciled. She had imagined herself in a horrible seclusion or cave surrounded by black serpents, when being attacked by a huge monstrous serpent, was only protected from certain death by the timely interposition of one of those divine black spirits.

'How long has she been thus affected?' enquired the Captain General after patiently hearing the history of the case.

'During the last three days and nights, your Excellency.'

'What do you desire at my hands?'

'Protection of troops—and if thought advisable, the presence of your Excellency.'

'What have her physicians done in the case?' continued to inquire the governor.

'They can do nothing at all, Count Alcora,' positively replied the planter.

'Neither can I,' gravely rejoined he; and would willingly send up troops to restore her to rationality, but see no good reason for detailing at the bedside of a crazy woman a corp of military to frighten her out of whatever mind there might be yet remaining. As to myself, I can see no good to result from my entering the bedchamber of a maniac, dressed up in regimentals. If her greatest hallucination now be black ghosts, it would only change the illusions to white ones. You, sir, will hereby inform your constituents, that it is neither the desire nor duty of the Executive of this colony to carry the national troops in battle array to divert the phamtoms of a prostrated maniac,' when, making a polite bow, he withdrew.*

The planter so unsatisfactorily dismissed, with sullen countenance left the palace gritting his teeth with a determination of being avenged for the neglect and want of care shown to his neighborhood, a loyal district.

The count was a proud and haughty Castilian, and the planters near Matanzas generally being Americans, a restless, dissatisfied class, ever plotting schemes to keep up excitement in the Island, thereby having continual cause for complaint; he hated them as only a member of the Cortez Council could do a colonial 'patriot,' as the American party termed themselves.

For this contempt, however, the country paid dearly, as they made it the immediate cause of dissatisfaction and complaint against the administration of Count Alcora, and also the home government.

They complained that the Creoles had not the right of franchise, being ineligible to positions of honor, the council being selected by the Captain-General, and all the offices of consequence being filled by persons directly from Spain—persons whose every relation was foreign to the interests of society and detrimental to the progress of the colony. Spain, they insisted, was a foreign country, having no right to rule them. They were Creoles, and of right ought to be their own rulers.

To these complaints the Captain-General as also Spain, paid a deaf ear, replying that in general these 'Creole' statements originated in the principal commercial cities in the United States, by such speculators as frequent the exchanges in Dock, Wall and State streets, backed by the brokerages of Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston and New Orleans. They had openly declared that Cuba and Porto Rico must cease to be Spanish Colonies, and become territories of the United States.

All this did the Spaniards hear and know with a degree of tolerance, patience and forbearance worthy of a cause having higher claims upon their magnanimity. But the Captain-General and true loyalists were becoming impatient, who with his Executive Council were maturing a decisive course toward them.

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* So frequent were these complaints to the Captain-General that he often gave them a summary dismissal.

LITERARY TASTE OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.

MR. EDITOR: Besides contributing liberally to the support of the various lectures and other literary entertainments which have taken place in Boston during the past winter, the colored citizens have kept up a series of literary and historical lectures and entertainments for their moral, social and mental elevation. On Monday evening of last week, the "Union Progressive Association" gave their first exhibition at the Joy Street Church, for the purpose of raising means to make additions to their library. The exhibition consisted of speeches, readings and recitations, original and selected, which reflected great credit upon the association. During the evening, Mr. George W. Potter read a very able and interesting essay on Crispus Attucks and John Brown, which was finely delivered, and received with marked applause. Seldom have we heard a better display of truly genuine eloquence than occurred in some of its passages. The essay was Mr. Potter's own production. The declamation by Mr. John A. Newby, on "Eloquence," was tastefully rendered. Mr. Wm. G. Butler did ample justice to "Hotspur's Account of the Fop." The dialogue between "Edward and Warwick" was well represented by Richard T. Greener and Albert Jackson. William H. Simpson, the distinguished young artist, had a most difficult piece in the recitation of "The Maniac," but he did himself great credit, and showed that he possessed genius of a high order in the art of declaiming, as well as in the use of the brush and pallet. Their performance was concluded with a colloquy, written by Wm. C. Nell, which had in it considerable merit, and gave general satisfaction. The "Jonathan Gamut" of Mr. J. H. Shaw was very good. He looked, walked, talked and acted the green down-easter, in genuine Yankee style, and his "story" could not well be beat. Success to the "Progressive Union!"

On the following evening (Tuesday), at the same place, an entertainment was given for the benefit of the fugitives in Kansas. This consisted of dramatic and poetical readings by Mrs. Louisa DeMortie and Miss Susie Cluer. The first piece, a dialogue between "Old Fickle and Son," was finely read by both ladies, and received with applause. Mrs. Caudle's lecture on the "Shirt Button" gave Miss Cluer an excellent opportunity to show her comic powers. Whittier's "Maud Muller" was given in a superior manner by Mrs. DeMortie. The same lady also read "The Leap from the Long Bridge," by Grace Greenwood, Whittier's Toussaint L'Ouverture, and his celebrated "Stanzas for the Times," to the entire satisfaction of the large audience, who testified their approbation by frequent rounds of applause. Of Miss Cluer's ability as a reader we need say nothing, for her reputation in that line has long been established. Of Mrs. DeMortie's capabilities we must offer a few words. This was her first appearance in public, and her friends felt no little interest in her success. However, she soon dispelled all doubts, and convinced every one that she possessed rare genius, that needed only an opportunity for developement. Mrs. DeMortie has a voice of great richness and expression, which tells effectively on an audience. She evinces talent for tragic and comic representations seldom combined. But her great powers lie in tragedy. We should like to hear her read "Hamlet," "The Tempest," "The Maniac," or "The Gambler's Wife." In reading "The Leap from the Long Bridge," she exhibited, in some of its passages, traits that called to mind the finest displays of Fanny Kemble, Miss Glinn, or Mrs. Barrow. Should Mrs. DeMortie make reading a profession, she will attain a high position. Thus one after another of the oppressed race rises up and testifies that

"Fleecy locks and dark complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim."

Boston, March 31, 1862. B.

From the Herald of Progress.

A SLAVE RETURNED TO HIS MASTER.

Editors of the Herald:—We have just received another letter from our son Lieut. C. J. Robinson, from which we copy the following account of an exploit of soldiering by Northmen. See what Uncle Sam is doing by placing muskets in the hands of his boys to fight against rebellion, at the same time using them to knock down negroes so as to kidnap them into them into slavery for a price:

Camp Andy Johnson, near Nashville,
Tenn. March 8, 1862.

'My dear Parents: . . . A great outrage was perpetrated in our camp yesterday, as follows:

'A black boy named Henry has been at work for the Colonel for some days. His owner came after him while we were camped on the other side of the river, but the boys hooted him out of camp. The negro said he would rather be killed on the spot than go back to his master, even if he knew he would not be punished. His master, he said was a secessionist, and had kept him, (the boy) on some fortifications down the river at work for four months. . . .

'Nothing more transpired concerning his return until yesterday. While the greater part of the regiment were out on picket, the boy's owner came with two sentinels of the provost guard from the city, and after chasing the poor frightened boy through the camp several times—he drawing a knife once, and the sentinel knocking him down with his musket!—they captured and delivered him to his owner, who stood waiting outside the lines. The latter paid the catching sentries fifteen dollars each, and led Henry away with him unmolested, flourishing a pistol at his head as he went. They had no order, at least showed none, for the boy from headquarters, and the Lieut. Colonel of our regiment who was in command, need not have delivered him up without such an order, yet allowed him to be caught, and the major forbade our boys from giving him any assistance. One of the sentinels was from Kentucky and one from an Indiana regiment. . . . .

'The former master of our boy will not get him without an order, and an imperative one, I believe; and if one is given for him—his master having been a strong and active secessionist, a quartermaster for the Southern army in fact—I have about concluded to follow it by immediate resignation, and this, whether the order be for him or any other negro. The order would make it an official act. What do you think my duty would be in the premises? Is there any hope that the Government will confiscate the slave property of the rebels by civil act or by military? Is there any use of waiting longer for the slaves to be freed regularly or legally? That is the question with me. I have no interest in the war only in so far as it will result in the progress of ideas and toward freedom. The preservation of 'church and state' merely I have no interest in; and if I knew that this great struggle was to result in that only, I should get out of it in double quick time!'

'C. J. R.'

Why was not this traitor slave-master arrested instead of the loyal black man? Oh, the slave power rules this country and sways its government. A government that tolerates, through its agents, such outrages on a portion of its most loyal people, not only against liberty but against humanity itself, ought to perish, and be brushed from the records of the world!

To our dear soldier-boy the advice of his father and mother is, that, unless the Government adopt effectual measures for the suppression of slavery, which is itself rebellion, without further delay, he leave such disgraceful service, and return again to peaceful pursuits. C. and D. ROBINSON.

A SURPRISE.

The friends of the Rev. Chr. Rush mustered in splendid style on Wednesday evening, the 24th ult., in Zion's Church, to surprise him with solid silvery and pabular tokens of their veneration and esteem. Our venerable father was at a late hour sent for and conducted to the church, where he was warmly greeted by the friends who had met to do him honor; among these we noticed Revs. W. J. Alston, John G. Urling; Messrs. Jno. Peterson, Randall, Jas. Purnell, Johnson, Jas. Stokley, Montgomery, Powers.

Rev. Mr. Alston, on being called upon, stated to Rev. C. Rush the object of the enthusiastic gathering, in a very neat speech. John Peterson, Esq., on being introduced said he remembered that nearly half a century ago, he with others, then boys, but now no more, sat around the altar of Zion (then a framed building) and listened to the *faithful* instructions of our venerable father, and that he would have been greatly hurt had the friends not informed him of this surprise party, etc., etc. Rev. John G. Urling added a few words; after which Mr. Powers gave a comico humorous speech, to the great delight of the risible powers of the party.

Mr. Rush responded. He was indeed surprised. The rev. gentleman always so ready, was taken quite aback. He appreciated the kindness of the friends, but he must in the first place return thanks to God, who had stirred up his friends to this noble act of benificent weal. He must thank them cordially. His best wishes were with them, and he hoped that God would ever smile upon them; again, he thanked them cordially.

After Mr. Randall presented the amount realized, namely goods to the value of $7 15 and cash $48 09, the party haying partook of an excellent collation they separated in the best possible humor.

VIATOR.

From the Herald of Progress.

SOUTHERN CIVILIZATION.

"I visited the medical college in this town where M. D.'s are furnished to the Southern Confederacy. Prominent among the objects in the museum was the body of John Brown, senr., the integument taken off and the muscles, veins and arteries all preserved, the top of the cranium sawn off and the lips purposely distorted in disrespect."—Cor. of the World from Winchester, Va.

This statement is not as most readers will imagine, pure fiction. The remains are not, of course, those of John Brown, sen., for they were delivered to his friends and buried in Northern N. Y. Neither are they those of John Brown, Jr., since he is still alive, and we trust doing good service in putting down the rebellion. We believe the body alluded to, to be that of the son of John Brown, who fell on that fatal morning in the fight between the handful of zealous invaders and the U. S. marines.

The writer was upon the first train from the West which reached Harper's Ferry on the Baltimore and Ohio RR., after the capture of John Brown and the defeat of his party. After spending two or three hours at the Ferry, we took the first train to Winchester. In a seat just in front of us sat a Virginia doctor, evidently a professor at the medical College. He belonged to that (large) class of surgeons who would rather amputate a limb than eat breakfast, and also to that, we trust small class, who would prefer the job of rendering amputation necessary, to eating dinner. He had just purchased one of the Sharpe's rifles bought by Brown and captured in the schoolhouse, by a Virginia company, and ran out of the car once before we left at the cry that Cooke was seen in the mountain across the river, to get a shot at him. Well, this medical warrior said that he had the body of young Brown—a noble form as all admitted—in the baggage car taking it to the college, and which he declared he would preserve in some manner known to surgeons, though it would cost him months of labor. He betrayed as fiendish a spirit as we could imagine it possible for an intelligent educated man to evince, and we doubt not was capable of adhering to his resolution, and preserving the body of the young martyr, with such distortion as suited his insane spirit of revenge. Harper's Ferry has already atoned for the blood of the martyred freemen. And doubtless the Winchester Medical College will need some as enduring monument as this manly form will afford, to preserve the memory of its existence. C. M. P.

Anglo-African War Items.

Gen. Curtis has issued the following Special Order, dated Headquarters of the Army of the South-West, March 26:

Charles Morton, Hamilton Kennedy, Alexander Lewis, colored men, formerly slaves employed in the rebel service, and taken as contraband of war, are hereby confiscated, and not being needed for the public service, are permitted to pass the pickets of this command, northward, without let or hindrance, and are forever emancipated from the service of their masters, who allowed them to aid in the efforts to break up the Goverment and laws of our country.

A Cairo correspondent of the "Chicago Tribune," writing under date of 26th ult., says:

"It seems that there is in Cairo an organized band of unprincipled scoundrels who had for some time before the inauguration of the war been engaged in the nefarious business of kidnapping negroes whom chance or business brought to Cairo, and running them off to Kentucky and Tennessee and selling them into slavery. At the head of this gang are sons of persons of high social position, resident in this city and elsewhere in Egypt. When Capt. Turnley, of the Quartermaster's Department, came to Cairo, he found a half dozen intelligent contrabands, whom he fed, clothed, and employed as laborers in his Department. Some time yesterday a man representing himself as a resident of Chicago, endeavored to induce them to go with him, telling them they were free, and offered $30 a month for their services. They refused these flattering offers, and an attempt was made by a mob, evidently controlled by the parties of standing above alluded to, to take possession of them. This plan failed, and the negroes were placed in jail for safe keeping. To-morrow the matter will be inquired into by the Provost-Marshal, and the guilty parties punished."

A Kansas correspondent of "Zion's Herald says:

"The contraband question meets us at every step; 'colored people,' as they persist in calling themselves, are 'very plenty this year' in Kansas. They come within our lines and go out again as white folks do, many of them are employed as servants by our officers, and really they are 'quite' as apt to look out for number one in their business transactions as are the whites. We saw a company of five the other day as they came in from Arkansas, and by a very close cross questioning we became perfectly satisfied that they knew enough to take care of themselves. True, some of the blacks are indolent and will steal, but the whites are equally vicious. And for people who live by fraud, or are supported by their wealthy relations, to talk about the dishonesty of the blacks, is simply ridiculous. The truth is, our common humanity is about the same the world over. Great numbers of the Missouri slave owners are moving South with their human property, which affords a strong motive to their slaves to take 'French leave' for the North; they have a terrible dread of the term 'going South.'"

The Washington correspondent of the New York "Tribune" gives the following pleasing incident:

"On the return march of Mix's 3d New York Cavalry from Winchester to Washington, a large number of male contrabands followed the regiment. They were not permitted to be turned back or molested by the commanding officer, Col. Mix. They built camp fires and groomed horses for the troops, who in return fed them from their rations. Lieut. Chamberlain, of Rochester, adopted one of them, a fine looking boy of about 20 years, as his servant. On reaching Washington he gave him money to purchase an extra supper out of camp. The negro went without the supper and invested the money in a spelling book. He has studied this intently every leisure hour, and although perfectly ignorant of the alphabet one week ago, he is now master of his letters."

The following is from the Murfreesboro correspondent of the "Cincinnati Gazette:"

"On the road out, the band would play some lively air whenever we passed a house which looked as if human beings could live in it. The music was always the signal for a perfect avalanche of negroes. The scene that generally followed, to be appreciated should have been seen. Dances, jigs, reels, hoedowns, such as would have made Dick Sliter envious in his palmiest days, followed each other in rapid succession, and as the long column moved its way along, cheers and shouts encouraged the dancers, until they were lost by a turn in the road."

An investigation made by a Committee of the Ohio Legislature, relative to the condition of the rebel prisoners from Fort Donelson now at Camp Chase, develops some remarkable facts in the highest degree disgraceful to the military authorities. The Committee found fifty slaves who were taken with the rebel officers, confined in prison with those officers, their former masters—cooking, washing, waiting upon and serving them just as before their capture—the relation of master and slave being as rigorously maintained by the master, and as fully recognized by the negroes and the other inmates of the prison as it ever was in the State of Tennessee. These servants of rebel officers were transported at the expense of the Federal Government, and are now maintained at its cost—thus pampering the very men who are most active in the attempt to destroy that very government!

A correspondent of the "Tribune writes:

"The panting chattle of one Hannan, seeking refuge in the camp of the Massachusetts 1st, the owner chasing him with an order from division and brigade headquarters, that facilities to hunt be afforded, and *unobstructed privilege* to seize and carry off; the presentation of the order to Lieut. Col. Wells; a solemn warning from Wells that no assaults or disorderly conduct would be allowed in his camp, and that his guardhouse impartially received civilians and soldiers, accompanied by a polite permission to search for the chattel; a hesitating and shamefaced master, and a fugitive slave grinning behind a tent, were the *dramatis personae* and the elements of a popular play at Budd's Ferry yesterday.

A correspondent of the Platteville (Wis.) Witness, writing from Charlestown, Va., remarks:

"It must be extremely annoying to the sour old secesh of this place, who so short time ago exulted over the execution of John Brown, to see their fine churches and palaces overrun by those they term his followers, and to hear them sing the song devoted to his memory, and play it upon their church organs. This morning I visited the cell in which John Brown was incarcerated It is like all other cells, a dismal place.

NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

Colored Inventors, Artists, Mechanics, etc. are earnestly requested to lose no time in getting their articles ready for the National Exhibition of Anglo-African Industry and Art, which will positively be held in this city or Brooklyn in the early part of the ensuing fall.—All communications in relation to said Exhibition may be addressed for the present to this office.

Rev. Joshua Leavitt D.D.—A Pervert.

We print in another column the proceedings of a society, the most remarkable incident of which is the announcement by Dr. Leavitt of his perversion from abolitionism to the hell-born creed of the expatriation of freed colored men from the soil and homes which they have earned by their sufferings and their toil.

It is usual for converts, or perverts, in announcing their change of mind, or heart, to give a reason for the new faith that is in them. Dr. Leavitt either will not, or cannot, follow this good old rule. His remarks, as reported, seem rather inflamed and rhapsodical for one of his clear head and cool temperament. It is plain that the new diabolism which has seized upon him, did not find the chambers swept and garnished —empty—of the good old demons so long inhabiting there; the writ of ejectment met with some opposition, hence the Doctor announces, instead of a clear, sound reason, the simple fact that "he is excited by this lecture," and has "glimpses of an almost unoccupied paradise." We hope Dr. Leavitt will be careful. Let him with fitting and prayerful preparation sound again the dim and perilous track on which he has wandered. Let him be sure that the paradise—unoccupied—which beckons him on, is not the baleful gleam of a very different locality. Those Haytian mountains are a volcanic region frequently disturbed by quakings of the earth; and among them may be that *facilis descensus* in which Hiram Ketchum and all other barbarian colonizationists may tread and welcome—but we cannot suffer abolition friends who have done good service, to be decoyed thither without an attempt on our part to pull them back as brands from the burning.

It is well enough for ignorant English penny-a-liners to seize upon the expatriation scheme to coin money out of it; it is well enough for heartless office seekers to foment this huge scheme, in the hope of obtaining prominent and profitable offices for themselves in the national provision to carry it out; it is even excusable in black men of intelligence whose hope of otherwise rising to wealth or notoriety, is blasted, to buzz about those in power, in the hope of obtaining a demi-semi old pair of pantaloons sort of commission, with the covert assistance of the American Colonization Society; it is well enough for the life-long supporters of the American Colonization Society to see, in coming events, the only solution of the freedman question in expatriation: but it is not well in Joshua Leavitt, one of the primary managers of the American Anti-Slavery Society—Joshua Leavitt, for many years a prominent officer of that society—Joshua Leavitt, long editor of the "Emancipator," in which, with relentless logic, overpowering facts and statistics, and an eloquence the stronger for its purity in reasoning, he opposed the principles, aims and means of the American Colonization Society—Joshua Leavitt, who as managing editor of the "Independent," lends that great journal its odor of Anti-Slavery—we say it is not well for him at this moment, when he can crown the labors of a long and gloriously laborious life, by adhering to and advocating his long cherished doctrine of the equal humanity and equal rights of the negro; it is not well for him to desert and go over to his life-long enemy, and lend him aid in upholding the very vilest principle which lies at the foundation of our national troubles, and thereby render the very act of emancipation, which he has helped to bring about, and which should heal all our woes, a damning blot upon the unconverted national heart.

In calling upon Dr. Leavitt to stand by his old principles, we could easily from his voluminous writings quote passages which are unanswerable even by him, because they are unimpeachable as facts and arguments. We are content with one record, from which he cannot escape. In the "Emancipator" of Dec. 14th, 1833, he is announced as one of the managers of the newly formed American Anti-Slavery Society. In the same paper we find, issued by that society, that famous "Declaration of Principles," which, in the true history of the United States, will be hardly less famous than the Declaration of Independence. Among the sentiments contained in the 'Declaration of Principles,' by the society of which Joshua Leavitt was an officer, is the following:

"WE REGARD, AS DELUSIVE, CRUEL, AND DANGEROUS, ANY SCHEME OF EXPATRIATION WHICH PRETENDS TO AID, EITHER DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, IN THE EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES, OR TO BE A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE IMMEDIATE AND TOTAL ABOLITION OF SLAVERY."

This is clear, sound and explicit. We defy Joshua Leavitt D.D., with all his new friends, to contradict or gainsay the dotting of an i, or the crossing of a t, in it. In the speech announcing a change of view, Dr. Leavitt, for the first time in his life, indulges in a flight of imagination. It will remain among his writings like the solitary passage in Locke, if the frightful may be compared with the beautiful. The announcement that Divine Providence has selected a man of Consul Fabens' antecedents, to deliver a message to Joshua Leavitt, is but an evil dream; unless it were that Divine Providence, so often sneered at of yore by Dr. Leavitt, "which has placed an inseparable line of demarkation between the whites and negroes which it is impossible to overcome." How William Lloyd Garrison, Oliver Johnson, S. H. Gay and Abby Kelly Foster will shout with laughter at this new revelation of Divine Providence to their whilome friend Joshua! If we could but carry him back twenty years, and introduce him to himself as he was then, he would see as clearly as we do that this Divine Providence was only a messenger and a message sent—"to buffet him."

Hear Dr. Leavitt a little further: "a paradise, so near, so inviting, and waiting for the free blacks of this country who need a home." We do not wonder that the reverend gentleman felt excited when he uttered that monstrous statement, for all the burial-places of his memory must have given up their dead as swift and angry witnesses against the living lie. There could not but have crowded upon his recollection the times without number when he had branded this statement as false and devilish. No home indeed! If there be upon this earth any people with a home, and an indestructible title thereto, then is that people the blacks, free and enslaved, in these United States. They hold it by right of birth, they hold it by right of culture, they hold it in the teeth of an opposition surely as no people in ancient or modern times ever bore up against, and they will continue to hold it, by God's promise and blessing, against all comers, be they rebels at the South, traitors at the North, or reverend renegades who deny in its extremity the cause of justice and love and mercy and sweet human brotherhood.

IMPERSONAL.

Our delightful neighbor and contemporary, announced last week that the "Pine and Palm," would henceforth be edited solely by James Redpath and G. Lawrence, Jr., and that it would be hereafter an "impersonal newspaper."

We heard that things "looked dusty" next door, but did not know that they had come to this. We felt sorry for friend 'Jeems' when he ran away from his fighting principles, although we knew that he did not have to run far. But now when we find him fleeing from himself—that is, his personality—we are filled with the deepest commiseration. We recommend to his consideration the following story:—An ancient pimp having "hoped that —— might strike him dead in his bed if he ever drank another drop," was overpowered a few days afterward and went home tipsy; he took the back log and laid it in his bed and went to sleep in the fireplace. Brother Jeems might dress up a stick of wood in Shoddy, and leave it to the tender mercies of the next arrival of emigrants FROM Hayti.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.

A very large audience assembled at said church on the evening of the 2d inst. to witness the ceremonies attendant on the rite of confirmation. Bishop Potter, whose appearance is quite commanding, and whose words and actions indicate a full knowledge of the duties of his position, was assisted in the service by the Rev. Dr. Morris and the Rev. Mr. Alston, the minister of the church.

The service preceding the confirmation was led by the Rev. Dr. Morris.

The candidates, being eighteen in number, were then assembled around the altar. They looked exceedingly neat, most of them being attired in white.

The Bishop put the usual questions, and after a fervent prayer proceeded to administer the rite that relieves the sponsors from the vows taken by them in behalf of the candidates in earlier life, and places the esponsibility of their salvation wholly upon themselves, they having arrived at years of maturity.

The address of the Bishop to the candidates was very appropriate; there was nothing brilliant about it, yet every word was a light to the feet of those who stood before him. The manner of the Bishop was very solemn and had its due effect upon the audience. From a remark made by him we were pleased to learn that the Bishop approves of congregational singing. This mode of singing has always been in vogue in St. Philip's church, as well as all other colored churches, and we trust it will always be so.

How very different must have been the Bishop's feelings while joining in the hymn of praise gushing in full tone from the lips of six or seven hundred people—as was the case at St. Philip's—to being penned up in a fashionable church and being obliged to listen to some three or four voices away off in the gallery.

Closing prayers were made by the Rev. Mr. Alston, and the benediction was pronounced by the Bishop.

A PICTURE BY A COLORED ARTIST.

Mr. Editor: I have had the pleasure to see a truly magnificent work of art by Mr. Chaplin, the Huntingdon artist, painted for Mr. Solomon G. Brown. In my humble judgment it is a triumph of art. The subject, however, is one likely to call forth the greatest talent of an artist—Mr. Chaplin has responded to the call with the most triumphant success.

The Adoration of the Wise Men of the East is the chosen subject. I cannot but admire amongst the many grand figures in the picture the retired one of Joseph, who stands near the Virgin, whose youthful face glows with maternal pride as she beholds the honors bestowed by the Magi upon the infant God. The figures of the wise men are grand. One with holy reverence presents the infant with his gifts, and with delight sees the infant God receive his offering, while the others hasten to honor him in the same manner.

The grouping is admirable. The artist's ability in the management of the clare-obscure is wonderful, while the flesh coloring is entrancing. I hope the happy owner will place his gem in the exhibition, and let the public eyes feast upon its great beauty. I hope also that Mr. Chaplin will have ready a match for his masterly painting, "the death of Hannibal," to place in the contemplated art exhibition; I know they will certainly be grand, coming from such a source. Edward M. Thomas.

Washington, March 29, '62.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW YORK AFRICAN SOCIETY FOR MUTUAL RELIEF.

This venerable institution celebrated its 52d anniversary on the evening of the 25th of March, in the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms.

As the yearly festivals of this society are always of the most pleasant character, many of our citizens, both old and young, look forward to their return with the most pleasing emotions.

The performances at this meeting were of more than usual interest, although there was no Oration delivered. The President, Rev. C. B. Ray, made a few appropriate remarks, which were preceded by a prayer by the Rev. Sampson White, at the conclusion of which Miss F. Clark, daughter of E. V. Clark, Esq., performed upon the piano the overture from "Robert le Diable." The President's address was followed by the chorus of the "Water lilies," sung by several young ladies, led by the Misses Vogelsang. This chorus was followed by "The Maiden's Prayer," piano solo, by Miss M. R. Lyons, daughter of Albro Lyons, Esq.

Mr. John J. Zuille, the Secretary of the Society, then read an oration delivered before the Society in 1811, by Mr. John Teasman, the first colored school teacher that ever taught in this city. Of course this ancient document was listened to with marked attention, and was loudly applauded. The ode "Mutual Relief," written by the late James Latham, was then sung by the volunteer choir; but we think they will execute it much better the next time, although their singing was loudly applauded.

Mr. Geo. Bodee sung, with very good effect, the highly popular song "Where liberty dwells there's my country;" as did also Mr. John C. Gambier the beautiful solo "By the sad sea waves." Miss Lyons then performed "The Battle of Prague;" after which the duett from Norma, "Take them, I implore thee," was sung by Misses Mary Remsen and Martha Wary. Mr. Jas. Spelman sung the solo "Let me kiss him for his mother," in good taste, but it is not a tenor solo. Miss C. E. Ray, daughter of the President, performed airs from "Ernani," and Miss Clark performed selections from "Lucia." The musical portion of the exercises were closed by Miss Louisa Vogelsang and Mr. Spelman singing the comic duett of "Mr. and Mrs. Snibbs," which was received with roars of laughter and applause. The singing of the young ladies and gentlemen was excellent, being full of life and spirit. We sincerely trust that they are securing a knowledge of that beautiful art which they take such great delight in.

Of the three young pianists we are glad to be able to speak in terms of praise—not that their playing was perfect, but when the fact of its being their first public appearance is taken into consideration, it was excellent. We sincerely hope that they may prosecute their studies of the instrument until they may take rank as pianists among those who are pianists indeed.

Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Lively, and Geo. T. Downing, Esq., whose remarks elicited much applause. John Peterson, Esq., read a short extract from an address delivered before the Society in the year 1810 by the Rev. Peter Williams, also a hymn written by Wm. Hamilton, and sung on the same occasion.

It is hardly necessary to say that the reading of these old documents was listened to with marked attention. The reader was loudly applauded.

At the conclusion of these exercises, the company passed to the upper hall, where Mr. E. V. Clark had prepared a very fine repast, consisting of tea, coffee, sandwiches, cakes, cream, &c., which were furnished to the guests with a lavish hand. After this the young enjoyed about two hours in the dance.

The price of admission to this literary, vocal and corporeal feast was only twenty-five cents. Is it a wonder that the company retired well satisfied with the evening's enjoyment?

PHILADELPHIA AFFAIRS.

The "Press" of 1st inst. says:

Last evening a lecture was delivered in the Shiloh Baptist Church, Clifton and South streets, by John S. Rock, Esq., a colored lawyer of Boston. The subject selected was "A Plea for my Race," which was handled in a masterly manner. The lecturer did not enter into any lengthy discussion of slavery, but merely alluded to the present condition of the colored race, and the part they are destined to act in the future. He spoke of the colored people as fighting side by side with the whites during the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812. He made mention of the late message of President Lincoln touching emancipation, which the speaker thought, showed that he was on the way to salvation. The lecture was both interesting and instructive, and was listened to with the deepest attention by the audience.

On the evening of March 31st the brick Wesley Church, Lombard st., was crowded to its utmost capacity for the reception of a number of contrabands, one of whom was a mother of over a hundred and four years. The meeting was organized by the appointment of Rev. Jno. D. Brooks as chairman, Prof. A. M. Green, Secretary. There were some of the most respectable citizens, white and colored, in attendance, a number of whom addressed the meeting in relation to the down-trodden and outraged descendants of Africa. Several of the contrabands narrated their escape from the prison-house of bondage, and were congratulated upon their change from oppression to freedom. An admission fee of ten cents was charged. After the speaking was through the assembly joined in the singing of a verse given out by the chairman, commencing with,

"Whate'er I say or do Thy glory be my aim."

after which a prayer was made by Rev. J. A. Williams. The meeting was closed by the singing of the doxology and the benediction by Rev. J. A. Fuller, of the A. M. E. connexion.

The colored Presbyterian churches of Philadelphia have for sometime past been in the habit of communing together every three months. This very commendable arrangement is to be continued and we are pleased to learn that our friend Rev. Jas. N. Gloucester of Brooklyn will administer the communion for this quarter in the St. Mary Street church on Sunday next. He will also visit Reading and other places in Pennsylvania.

In another column will be found recorded the death of Mrs. Esther Burr wife of the much esteemed John P. Burr. Mr. Burr, in his great affliction, has the condolence of many friends.

Miss Anna E. Dickinson lectured before the Philadelphia Library Company on Tuesday evening, 25th ult, in the lecture room of St. Thomas' Church. Although an admission fee of five cents was charged the room was densely packed with a very intelligent audience. The subject of her lecture was "Emancipation."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

A correspondent, W. B., writes us that a great revival is now in progress at the A. M. E. Zion church, (Rev. J. F. Lloyd, pastor) Gasper st., Providence. The meetings have continued now for more than five weeks, during which time 18 males and 24 females have expressed a hope in Christ. Thirty-six (of them have already united themselves with the church, and the good work still continues. "Let the Lord's name be praised for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

As the fruits of a revival now going on in the Abssynian Baptist Church (Rev. Mr. Spelman pastor) sixteen persons will be baptized at the foot of 16th street, North River, on Sunday morning at 10 oclock.

Protracted meetings are being held in the Zion Mission Church, Philadelphia, Rev. Stephen Smith, pastor. Already twenty conversions have taken place and the altar is nightly crowded with anxious penitents.

A Benefit.—In our advertising columns will be found the advertisement for an entertainment gotten up by a commmittee of ladies and gentlemen connected with Zion Church, Williamsburg, for the benefit of Rev. Moses Manning the esteemed pastor of said Church. As this will be the last demonstration for his pecuniary benefit, unless the General Conference will accede to the wishes of not only his congregation but the entire community and leave him in charge for at least another term, we hope that a special effort will be made to make it a benefit in reality.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp Thomas, Md.,
Headquarters of 95th Regiment.
Warren Rifles, April 6th, 1862.

Mr. Editor: I cannot remember at any time of my life of being so supremely happy as I have been for these few days past, for so much has transpired for the future weal or woe of the colored people of the District of Columbia. On Wednesday, the 2d inst., the countenance of every colored person you met was expressive of hope and fear blended, and that of almost every other white person was fearfully distorted with vindictive hate. They have done everything to excite the colored people to exhibit a feeling whereby their opposers might get some hold upon them, but it was no go, for the timorous predicted a mob, and the more wise spoke almost in whispers within their doors; but none gave public expression to their feelings, although a lying journal said that they had became insolent on the streets, even before the passage of the bill. But since the passage of the bill in the Senate the feelings of the colored people are differently expressed. As the face is the index of their heart, so they show in their countenances the great joy they feel, but they give no other demonstration of it. But in the midst of all that is transpiring the gloom has not all receded, the shadow is not wholly gone, for out of the dark shadow of slavery comes flashes of the malignant serpent eyes of our enemies.

I was not in Washington on Friday, the 4th, for my attention having been called on the 3d *to an attempt to run off some four* contrabands secretly, I was consequently absent. The kidnappers had succeeded in getting the contrabands as far as Rockville, some 18 miles from Washington, when I and a few influential persons pursued them, and after a little reconnoissance we found them in the basement of a tavern, whose sign showed the words of "Union Hotel." The kidnappers were in the upper part of the tavern drunk and asleep. We then called the landlord, and showed him our authority, and gave him the details of the abduction, when he immediately proceeded to the basement and gave us the charge of the persons, two men and two boys. Having accomplished our object, we started on our return for Washington, leaving the slaveholders still asleep, to awake in the morning and find themselves in charge of the guard detailed to police Rockville, to which place, within the past week, those slaveholders in the District of Columbia, who have anticipated the passage of the bill, have sent their slaves, in order to hold on to them, and not give them the benefit of the manumission; and even now they are smuggling the ignorant and the young away, and before that bill is in full force many poor wretches will be hurried away into hopeless slavery. O, may God save His people in this day of their utmost trial. Even in this one sunny spot of our existence we feel the wicked hate of our oppressors coming thicker and faster and swifter around us, clutching at our vitals and drinking up our blood; an intensely wicked will working day and night to create some evil to crush us down lower than the brute. John V. Givens.

From the N. Y. Evening Post, April 4th 1862.

SAN DOMINGO AND ITS RESOURCES.

The Colonization of Free Blacks—A Paper by Mr. Fabens and a discussion.

A meeting of the American Geographical Society was held last evening at the rooms of the society in Clinton Hall. A paper was read by J. W. Fabens, late United States Consul at Cayenne, on "San Domingo and its resources," comprising the results of careful personal observation. Mr. Fabens began with the discovery of the island by Columbus, tracing the progress and subsequent failure of the Spanish rule, and explaining how, after three centuries of Spanish occupation, the country returned again to its first condition of savage occupation. He then considered the state of facts at the present time, remarking that the subject was, in some of its bearings, more important to us than any other in which we were interested. In the western end of Hayti there is a free black republic, which is not a failure; and a consideration of the subject in this connection (he added) might aid in solving one of the great problems of the age.

Mr. Fabens then gave an elaborate description of the island of San Domingo; its physical geography; its climate (which he declared to be one of the best, if not the very best, in the world); its natural productions, among which are nearly all the products of the temperate as well as tropical zones; its forests and mineral wealth; the extraordinary fertility of the soil, and its special adaptation to the culture of cotton, tobacco and coffee, of which the first grew spontaneously, and was of excellent quality; and he expressed his belief, founded on much observation and reading, that San Domingo, in its natural gifts and resources, is the paradise of the world. He referred, in conclusion, to the voluntary return of the people of the island to Spanish rule. In their helplessness—which Mr. Fabens explained as a necessary condition of the circumstances—they naturally looked abroad for aid, and only from Spain, the mother country, was there any response. There was a semi-recognition on the part of England, France and the United States, but this was given mainly for the purpose of securing certain claims. From the great republic of America, to which the eyes of the people of San Domingo naturally turn, they receive no genuine sympathy or assistance; we were not quite ready to stand by our principles. Besides, the people knew, what we all conceded with lively pleasure, that the Spain of to-day was not the Spain of the sixteenth century; and the speaker from his own experience testified to the entire change of the policy of that country towards her colony. She was now liberal and tolerant, seeking not to absorb and supplant the nationality of the people. She has guarantied perfect equality, decreeing that no one man should own another. She was by her legislation encouraging emigration, and the future liberality of her legislature could not be doubted.

At the conclusion of Mr. Faben's remarks Mr. Hiram Ketchum said: something should be done towards carrying out the suggestions which must have occurred to many minds. A question of great interest now in this country—a question of absorbing interest—is the colonization of the blacks. The subject has attracted a great deal of attention for years. We have a colony on the coast of Africa, which engages the attention of a great many very wise and philanthropic citizens of this country, and it is now the home of many thousands of the blacks, who, it was hoped, would demonstrate their capacity for self-government, if indeed they have that capacity. I suppose it is to be conceded now, without entering into any discussion on this occasion, that though there is a large class of free blacks in this country, their number must from necessity be greatly increased before long [applause].

What shall be done with this increased population of free colored people, is the problem to be solved. They are natives of our country—they are Americans—and it is not to be doubted that a great many of them love this country very sincerely. In my judgment it would be very unwise, very unjust, to force them from this land of their nativity. Yet at the same time, if by their own consent they should be willing to emigrate, it would be to their advantage. And now the point arises—a very important point, upon which we have heard an interesting paper read—whether this population should be encouraged and assisted to go to San Domingo. We have heard a glowing, and I doubt not truthful, description of that country—of its abundance, its salubrious climate and fertile soil. If there be a paradise upon earth, or that which is capable of being made a paradise, it is San Domingo.

[Mr. Fabens, at the request of the speaker, indicated on the map the part of the island under the government of Hayti—about one-quarter of the whole.]

Mr. Ketchum continued: Less than one-quarter is under the government of Hayti. All the rest and perhaps the best part, is under Spain, and to that part the free colored people are invited. Some thirty years ago I belonged to an association in this city—embracing Colson, Drs. Clarkson, and Wainwright and others—for the encouragement of such colonization. An invitation had been sent from Hayti to colored persons to come there, and quite a number went. Now the question arises whether it *is desirable to promote emigration to this* island (San Domingo). I suppose we should be very certain of two or three things before any of us could encourage this emigration. We must be certain, first, that those who go could never be reduced to slavery. [Applause] Further, that they should be guarantied full religious liberty. I am very certain that the colored race in this country would be very tenacious upon this point. And finally, whether, by reasonable industry and care, they can earn enough to support themselves and their families. If we were reasonably sure of these things, there are a great many people—I might say the government itself—would encourage and aid this emigration. Perhaps it may be insisted that it should be connected with this country—connected wih our government. But it is very difficult to have them here without allowing them to be a part of the government, that is, to be represented, and it might be better that they should go to another country, so near us that we can help them if neccessary. In order that some action should be taken on this important subject, I offer a resolution which has a preamble embodying the sense of which I have already said.

Resolved, That a committee be now appointed to make inquiries and to thoroughly investigate the facts of the case, and especially to what extent the Spanish government have acknowledged rights of jurisdiction of that island (San Domingo); what sureties like those contemplated in the foregoing preamble (and stated by Mr Ketchum) can be given, and generally the advantages and disadvantages which would result from such emigration; and to take such action therein as to said committee may be deemed desirable.

Resolved, That such committee consist of—persons, to be appointed by the chair, with power to fill vacancies and add to their number.

Rev. Dr. Leavitt said: Mr. President; I am in favor of that resolution. I have been very much interested and instructed and excited by this lecture, disclosing to us the existence of an almost unoccupied paradise, so near, so inviting, and waiting for the free blacks of this country who need a home. And I wish, also, in this place to express my concurrence in the main in the remarks of my honorable friend who has just taken his seat.

He and I have long differed before the public on questions connected with this very subject—differed earnestly and honestly. I have long been aware of the immensity of the question involved in what is now before us; and I long ago made up my mind that when this should become a practical question before the people of the United States, it would be the occasion of a great national movement, before it could be satisfactorily disposed of. And so it is, sir: I look upon the lecture we have just heard as the *gift of an overruling Providence*, bringing up a new aspect of the whole question—bringing us in this time of trial a common ground of feeling and co-operation we have never had before.

Dr. Leavitt concluded with the remark that time was moving on as fast as we needed to go. That there was no fear that this great question would sleep.

After some further discussion, Judge Daly opposing the passage of the preamble, and stating that he disagreed with the gentlemen as to the feasibility of the project, both the preamble and resolution were referred to counsel for consideration, who are to report them to the next meeting of the society, with such changes as they may deem advisable.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

A few evenings since, whilst in conversation with a friend at my house, I was startled by a tolerably loud rap on the door. It being about 10 o'clock at night, I was at a loss for a moment to account for it, when the thought arose, perhaps some one is sick, or my services may be needed somewhere; of course the thought passed rapidly through my mind. Opening the door, judge of my surprise when there came pouring in quite an imposing number of young ladies, attended by several gentlemen. In they came and on they went, filling every available spot in the house. It was a beautiful sight. Another feature of this remarkable visit was, that each one bore a basket, bundle or package of some kind—and I might add just here, that smiles and pleasantry pervaded them all. It was a happy gathering. One of the ladies very facetiously remarked:—"Mr. Catto, we have called to pay you this visit without invitation, and in fact without your consent; we hope we have not acted amiss." I could but most cheerfully reply:—"Of course not, ladies; you are ever welcome"—casting a glance at the piles of the good and substantial things of life which lay in heaps around me. And this was not all: these friends seemed to have considered the words of our Saviour—"that man shall not live by bread alone;" and stopping at that point, they on this evening gave a practical turn to the text, by presenting me with that which, in the pocket or purse, enables one to feel bouyant and cheerful, and, in these war times, to wish that all could engage in such visits of love.

Permit me, through the "Anglo-African," to thank those dear friends for their kindness in this instance, and for the many proofs of affection shown me since I have been among them.

William T. Catto,
Pastor Temple St. Church.
New Haven, Ct., April 7, 1862.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE CONCERT AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

Was decidedly the most numerous and brilliant assemblage ever witnessed at a colored people's concert in this city, and had it not been for the rain, which ceased falling but two hours previous to the commencement of the exercises, we verily believe that every seat in that great hall, the largest in the city, would have been filled.

A rainy day in March being most disagreeable to invalids, of course many were kept at home.

THE HALL,

which will seat 2,000, exclusive of the platform, is a very fine room, but an exceedingly poor place to sing in, the ceiling being supported by girders and columns.

THE PLATFORM,

which will seat about 300, was occupied by the children, who made a very beautiful appearance. The girls occupied the right and the boys the left of the stage, the larger ones in the rear.

The concert was opened by a fantasia on the piano by Miss Virginia Magnan, which was loudly applauded; after which the children from the Primary department of School No. 2 sung two lively little choruses, which were also loudly applauded. These were followed by a solo by Miss Lydia Dangerfield, whose singing was honored with an encore.

"Eva's vision," by Miss Alice Taylor, was very prettily sung, and much applauded—such was also the case with the solo "Bacon and Greens," by Master Jas. Hamilton.

Miss Pauline Green, who is a great favorite with the public, sang the charming Scotch song, "Twas within a mile of Edinburg town," handsomely, and was honored with an encore. Standing before such an audience and singing without a copy a song which four days before she had never seen, we considered rather an extraordinary feat.

Master Edward Thorne volunteered to sing, in the place of another, the solo "Where liberty dwells there's my country," which he rendered with fine effect, and was much applauded.

Miss P. C. Groves sang the solo "Spring flowers are coming again," but this being her first appearance, and she being rather timorous, of course she could not do it that justice which a second trial will enable her to do. The solo "I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie," was well sung and deservedly applauded. Miss Mary Day and Miss Mary Hamilton also sung, but their voices were not in a fit condition, so they must try again. The solo "Come my love, my dearest," is a very pretty song, and was well executed by Miss Mary Brown, and for which she received the hearty applause of the audience. We predict that she will make that song a favorite one with the public.

The solos "Let me alone," by Miss Addie Hamilton, and "Annie of the vale," by Master Edward Thorne were both honored with a tremendous encore, as was also the solo singing of Miss Caroline Brown of Brooklyn. These solos were interspersed by choruses, sung by classes of young ladies and gentlemen from Grammar School No. 2, (Mr. Wake and Miss Tompkins principals) and by a class of young gentlemen from Grammar School No. 1 (Mr. John Peterson, principal), by some of the Primary department of School No. 2, and the full force of the company. The choruses were well executed, and loudly applauded. As proof of the deep interest taken in the affair, we would state that very few persons left before eleven o'clock, although they began to assemble before 6 o'clock.

YOUNG FOLKS CONCERT IN BROOKLYN.

This concert, which was given in the Bridge street Church on Thursday evening, the 3d inst., for the benefit of the great Union Bazaar soon to be held in this city for the benefit of the Colored Orphan Asylumn, was a very creditable affair. The little children were very neatly dressed, and their behavior was all that could be desired. Mr. Henry Latham acted as conductor, and Miss Susan Smith presided at the piano. The chorus singing showed much practice; and to hear the young voices blending harmoniously in the parts, sounded beautiful indeed. The duetts sung by Misses Elizabeth and Mary Smith, and Alice Taylor and Susan Tompkins, were sang very sweetly, as was also the solo by Miss Annie Hoffman, of Williamsburgh. The solo of Master J. McC. S. Hamilton was honored with an encore. During the exercises the Rev. Mr. Cain made some appropriate remarks, and the concert was concluded with the appropriate chorus of "Home, sweet home." The whole affair reflects much credit on Mrs. Tompkins and her sister Miss Smith; and we are pleased to learn that the concert is to be repeated in Williamsburgh.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Dr. Haven, the able editor of "Zion's Herald," lectured in Springfield on the evening of the 1st inst. He spoke of the "White races in America" as inevitably superseding the savage tribes, and working out a new civilization under free institutions, which not even rebellion could put down. The peculiar effect of our climate in developing brain and nerve, imparting quickness of decision, fertility, inquisitiveness and invention, were dwelt upon, and a bright future anticipated when the white races of America shall be inspired with the sentiment of justice toward all other races.

A Washington correspondent of the New York "Express" having stated that a rumor had been going the rounds in Washington that Frederick Douglass was to lecture in that city, with strong probabilities of a riot, the "National Republican" remarks:

> "This 'rumor' is about as true as many other statements found in the 'Express,' designed to give a stab at Freedom and its advocates. No proposition has ever been made to, or entertained by the Washington Lecture Association to invite Mr. Douglass to lecture before them, although a large number of members of Congress and other distinguished gentlemen have urged its propriety. Let it be understood, however, that if, this year, or the next, the Association sees proper to avail itself of this distinguished and eloquent Virginian's talents as a lecturer, it will do so, in defiance of any pro-slavery opposition or mobs which the enemies of freedom can rally."

The President of Liberia has appointed John D. Johnson, Esq., formerly of this city, now a citizen of Liberia, a Special Commissioner, on behalf of said Republic, to this country, to represent to our Government their claims on the sympathy of the civilized world, and to afford the necessary information preparatory to the formal recognition of the Republic by this Government as a sovereign and independent State. He s also authorized to bring to the notice of he United States the desires of his Government to enter into an arrangement for the comfortable settlement in Liberia of such persons of African descent as may be desirous of going there. Mr. Johnson is empowered to appoint one or more persons, citizens of the United States, as Commissioners to be associated with himself for the furtherance of the above named objects.

We learn that Mr. James Redpath left this city a few days ago for Canada, for the purpose of bringing down a colony. We wonder if it will consist of the balance due on the five thousand emigrants that were to come from Canada before the 1st of last January? If so, "Jeems" will have to put on another steamer. By the way, the "Chicago Tribune" and other influential papers in the West are doing our people in that section a great service by publishing an account of that ruse, and declaring truthfully that "the movement has fizzled out."

APRIL SHOWERS.—Snow storms in the North and bomb shells and cannon balls in the South.

SOLDIERS NO LONGER SLAVE-CATCHERS.—The correspondent of 'The Cincinnati Gazette,' with Gen. Mitchell's Division, writes:

> Yesterday morning I was in the quarters of a Colonel of one of our Ohio regiments. A slaveholder, clad in the inevitable butternut-colored stuff, with a black cloth overcoat, entered the tent.
>
> 'What is your business, Sir?' queried the Colonel.
>
> 'Why I've lost a boy. I understand he is in your regiment, and I want to look for him.'
>
> 'Have you a pass?' demanded the officer.
>
> 'No; I was told it wasn't necessary to have a pass.'
>
> 'We want nothing more to do with you here,' replied the Colonel. 'Adjutant, conduct this man over the lines.'
>
> My lips remained closed, but my heart said, 'God bless you, Colonel, for a soldier and a man.' I have seen officers cringe in similar cases, as though they supposed that only the most disgusting servility would save their backs from the slaveholder's lash. But those officers did not belong to Gen. Mitchell's Division.
>
> Gen. Mitchell himself yielded strict obedience to orders, as every soldier should; yet I know that in his heart he sympathizes, not with the oppressor, but with his victims, and looks upon the institution of Slavery as an almost insurmountable obstacle to the restoration of Union and peace.

THE CONCERT AT COOPER INSTITUTE.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer in his letter to that paper under date March 29th, says:

> "The colored people of this city, with commendable enterprise, are getting up a grand concert in aid of the weekly 'Anglo-African'—their newspaper organ—the editors of which have recently made a touching appeal to their sympaties. The entertainment comes off on Monday evening, at Irving Hall, and will include one hundred and fifty colored vocalist of all ages and of both sexes. Invitations have been sent to the Rev. Mr. Beecher, Wendell Philips, and other distinguished humanitarians. This little affair is making a great flutter among the African fasionables, and the chances are that the newspaper editor, on whose behalf it is gotten up, will have occasion to give thanks for the money it will put in his purse."

The advertisement of Mrs. Hawkins in our issue of March 29th, should have read instead of "white silk," a fine needle worked cambric handkercheif. The finder of said article will be liberally rewarded on returning it to the owner.

Binques smiled when he read the announcement in the last "Pine and Palm", that hereafter, that *journal* will be an "impersonal newspaper." He says that the few readers of that paper in this neighborhood always considered it an *imp*-ersonal newspaper.

In the recent editorial *rencontre* at the Tribune Buildings, Horace is said to have quoted Virgil thus, "*Tie me O Dana, O!*" (*timeo danaos!*) But whether he wanted some one to hold him, or whether he was afraid of the great manager, does not appear.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Land of the Free," song and chorus by Wm. Oland Bourne. We beg to return our thanks to the author of the above song, for copies which enabled us to sing it at our Concert at the Cooper Institute. We found it to be a production easy of execution, yet full of life and spirit. We also thank him for interest taken in the success of our paper.

We have received from Mr. Horace Waters a copy of the "Harp of Freedom" (part 1st) a collection of Anti-Slavery, patriotic and contraband songs, solos, duetts and chorusses. As this is the kind of music wanted at this time let there be an extensive purchase of this book. In addition to many others, it contains the "Song of the Contrabands" and Whittier's celebrated song, "We wait beneath the furnace blast." price 5 cents single, $3 per hundred.

SUMMARY.

The Albany Statesman of April 7th, says: "Yesterday afternoon, a colored woman on her way to Church, fell upon the sidewalk, corner of Second and Swan street, in a fainting fit. A crowd immediately gathered around, but their serious apprehensions were removed by a citizen, who coolly informed them that the woman was accustomed to such fits, and would 'soon come out of it.' The rabble gazed with indifference upon the sad spectacle, while Pharisees and Levites passed by on the other side. But, by chance, a U. S. soldier came that way, and unwilling to leave a friendless woman in that condition, with the aid of another gentleman, removed the unfortunate stranger to a neighboring drug store, and like the good Samaritan, committed her to the care of the proprietor. 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

The Washington Star says that a colored woman named Sarah Longstreet, living on the Island was badly burned on the evening of the 27th ult, by her clothes taking fire from a lamp.

In Baltimore on the 1st. of April a baker keeping a shop on Howard St. near Franklin amused himself by furnishing a crowd of colored boys who had been in the habit of hanging around his windows, with confectionery filled with cotton, and seeing them attempt to masticate it.

On the 22d ult, a colored convict, was caught in the attempt to scale the walls of the Ohio Penitentiary. On examination he was found to be encased in boiler iron so as to be completely bullet proof.

The following is from the Washington Star of the 28th ult.

Officer McCauley yesterday afternoon arrested a cavalry man who gave his name as Thomas Ryan, for firing at a colored man near the corner of Virginia avenue and Third street. It is not known yet what was the cause of his shooting at the negro, nor who the negro was, for he ran so fast that the police were unable to overtake him. Justice Stratton holds Ryan for a further examination.

From the N. Y. Daily Times, April 6th, 1862.

COLONIZATION OF BLACKS.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

The colonization of American negroes, now amounting to one fourth more than our entire population in 1776, is proposed by some statesmen. Several insuperable objections occur: First—The labor of the one million or so of these negroes—its working force—is essential to the Southern and Southwestern planters, and without them, for several years, there would be a ruinous reduction in the American product of cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco, affecting, injuriously, our whole country, and the South most of all. Second—It is inhuman to drive forth the poor negro from his native home and abode, and break up his local and social attachments. Third—The expense of removing and settling four millions of people in a new home, would be from five to eight hundred millions of dollars. Fourth—If these poor negroes are to be driven forth by legal inflictions, or forcibly expelled, the curse of God and the execrations of all Christian nations would fall deservedly upon us. This colonization scheme is wholly impracticable. Gradual emancipation—changing within twenty-one years our slaves into free laborers by a slow and sure process, leaving them, in the meantime, in compulsory apprenticeship, in the place of Slavery and its wrongs and dis-qualifications.

WILBERFORCE.

MARRIED.

HOGARTH—JOHNS.—On Wednesday evening, April 2d, at the residence of the bride's father, Atlantic near Troy Avenue, Brooklyn, by the Rev. Henry M. Wilson, George Hogarth to Miss Octavia Johns, all of said city.

☞ Christian Recorder will please copy.

LATHAM—BROWN.—In this city, March 27th, 1862, by the Rev. Thomas Johnson, Mr. Henry F. Latham to Mary L. Brown, all of this city.

DIED.

TATE.—In this city, March 29th, of hasty consumption, Sarah Tate, daughter of the late Wm. P. Johnson, aged 32 years and 10 months.

MASON.—In Medina, N. Y., April 1st, of diphtheria, Miss Lovenia M. Mason, of Lockport, N. J., in the 18th year of her age.

COONIS.—In Philadelphia, on Thursday, March 20th, Harriet Coonis, aged 67 years.

BURR.—In Philadelphia, Wednesday evening, March 19th, Esther, wife of John P. Burr, in the 67th year of her age.

Special Notices.

THE GREAT AFRICAN MAGICIAN AND WIZARD, MONS. KELLIES.

Begs leave to announce his appearance in a series of Grand Drawing Room Entertainments, consisting of astounding transformations and illusions, as presented before Queen Victoria and the Court at Balmoral Castle, Scotland, to be given at

THE METROPOLITAN ROOMS,
178 PRINCE ST., ON THURSDAY AND FRIDAY EVENINGS, APRIL 17th, and 18th, 1862.

These Entertainments have been extensively patronised by distinguised clergymen of all denominations, and are universally pronounced by the public and the press to be unequalled.

Mons. Kellies will give selections from the most *recherche* of his experiments, many of which are entirely new. The whole will be illustrated by new and gorgeous paraphernalia, manufactured expressly for him in London and Paris.

Tickets of admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years, 13 cents.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances to begin at 8. ☞ No postponement on account of the weather.

For further particulars see small bills.

AN ENTERTAINMENT WILL BE GIVEN ON

THURSDAY EVENING, April 17th, 1862,

In the basement of Zion M. E. Church, Devoe st., Williamsburg. Rev. Mr. Manning, Elder in charge.

The proceeds are expressly for paying him his salary. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and the Committee pledge themselves to make the Entertainment agreeable to all who may honor us with their presence.

All Donations to be left with Sister A. E. Woods, No. 289 South Third Street.

Tickets 25 cents.

To be had of the following Committee.

LADIES.—Mrs. E. M. Dunn, 26 Varets st., Mrs. J. A. Seaman, 17 Skillman st., Mrs. A. E. Woods, 289 South 3d st. Mrs. R. Graham, 22 Ewen st., Mrs. F. A. Hicks, corner South 3d and 11th sts.

GENTLEMEN.—Mr. I. Pernel, 218 Church st., N. Y., J. Seaman, 17 Skillman st., J. Dixon, 64 11th st., Wm. S. Manning, 26 Varet st.

THE AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY stands adjourned to meet in the 7th Avenue Presbyterian Church, on Monday, April 21st, at 8 o'clock P. M.

HENRY M. WILSON,
Secretary.

GRAND CONCERT.

The Young Folks of Brooklyn will give a Grand Concert in aid of the Ladies' Union Bazaar, for the Colored Orphan Asylum, on Tuesday evening, April 22d, in the Congregational Church, cor. South 3d and 11th sts., Williamsburg.

Doors open at 6½ o'clock: Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock. Admission 15 cents.

ARRIVALS

At Mrs. PLANT'S Boarding House.

Dr. Skinner, wife and pupils, of Trenton, N. J.
Wm. Rhodes, of Washington, D. C.
Alex. Wildey, of Frederickton, N. B.
Mr. Pelham, of Newburg, N. Y.

A. T. HARDY,

MUSICIAN,

109 Thompson street, (near Prince) New York.

HELP WANTED.

AT TILMON'S AGENCY, 70. East 13th st. one door east of 4th Avenue. Farmers and Gardeners with their wives for the country; and young men and boys as waiters and cooks, chambermaids, laundresses, house-workers for city and country.

Also immediately,—a head and second waiter; a head and second cook, and pantry maid for a summer house.—Wages good.

37 tf.

WANTED.

A Colored Waitress, who perfectly understands her duties and can give undoubted references.

Apply at 5 West 16th st., between the hours of 9 and 11 A. M.

NOTICE.

Is hereby given that Phoenix Union Lodge No, 3, of Hudson, N. Y., under the jurisdiction of the E. D. Grand Lodge, No. 1, of G. S. & D. of S. is indefinitely suspended for non compliance with the rules and regulations of the Order.

JNO. R. PORTER, G. Sec.

LADIES' UNION BAZAAR,

For the Benefit of the
COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

In consideration of the many pressing wants of the Asylum, and the great and constant need of funds to supply those wants the Ladies of New York and Brooklyn have consented to hold a Bazaar, to aid the Managers in their labors of love and charity for the Orphans under their charge.

The object is one which speaks for itself we therefore deem any further appeal to the sympathies of the people wholly unnecessary.

The Ladies most earnestly solicit the aid of the community in donations of money or goods of any kind.

Contributions may be sent to the directress, Mrs. E. Bastien, or to any of the committee.

OFFICERS.

Mrs. Emeline Bastien, Directress, 89 Thompson st. N. Y. Mrs. Ransom F. Wake, Assistant, 99 Thompson st. N. Y., Mrs. Rev. J. N. Gloucester, Assistant Bridge st., Brooklyn, Mrs. D. Roselle, Assistant, South Second st., Brooklyn, Mrs. Mrs. J. H. Jackson, Assistant, Sullivan st., N. Y., Miss. F. Tompkins, Secretary, 59 Laurens st., N. Y., Mrs. C. Graham, Asst., Broome st., N. Y. Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Asst., Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, Mrs. C. L. Reason, Treasurer, 118 Laurens st., N. Y.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. C. Robinson, N.Y.	Mrs Rv.H.H. Garnet, N.Y
" Rev. P. Williams, "	" Margt. Jackson, "
" R. Rich, "	" E Stevens, "
" H. Scott, "	" P. Van Dyke, "
" Dr. Smith, "	" W. Curtis, "
" C. Fitch, "	" Lambert, "
" E. Parker, "	" E. Symonette, "
" A. Duncan. "	" Shadd, "
" Bowser, "	" A. Williams, "
" J. Jenkins, "	" E. Mann, "
" J. Bell, "	" B. Stanley, "
" J. Peterson, "	" J. W. Bowers, "
Miss E. D. Richards, "	" H. Mars, "
Mrs. C. Topp, "	" R. Jackson, Br'klyn
" P. Guignon, Br'klyn	" M. Van Stay, "
" Barnswell, "	" Hall, "
" W. Leonard, "	" J. C. Morell, "
" Rev. C. Thompson, "	" Tompkins, "

ANNIVERSARY.

The Young Men's Literary Association of the city of New York, will hold their sixth Anniversary on Wednesday Evening, April 24th, at the Continental Hall, corner of 34th st. and 8th avenue. Several distinguished speakers from abroad are expected to make addresses. For further particulars see small bills.

JOHN W. WILLIAMS, President.
Abr'm. W. Larkins, Sec'ry.

A GRAND MENTAL FEAST.

The ladies of the Zion Baptist Church intend giving a Grand Mental Feast, commencing on Easter Monday, April 20th, and continue the 22d and 23d, for the benefit of the Church. Doors open at 4 o'clock P. M. Admission 10 cents; children, 5 cents.

A FAIR.

A judicious Committee of ladies attached to the First A. M. E. Bethel Church, Second street, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. D. S. Hall, will give a Grand Union Fair in the basement of M. E. Church, Sullivan street, between Bleeker and Amity streets, opening on April the 1st and continuing for the space of ten days.

Open at 4 o'clock every afternoon.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Wm. R. De Cordover, 419 South 7th st. is authorised to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Anglo-African. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER. A Printing Office for $10. LOWE'S Improved Printing Presses are the *Best, Cheapest, most Durable* portable Card and Job Presses ever made, and have been awarded Diplomas and silver medals. You will find a press a source of pleasure and profit, by printing for yourself or your neighbors. Many persons are saving and making money by using one at their homes or places of business. A comfortable living may be obtained in any city, town or village, with a small outlay for press and types. The press costs but one-tenth as much as a common job press, and is so simple, a boy or girl of twelve can do common and fancy printing with ease. Cards, Bill-Heads, Labels, Receipts, Circulars, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Presses—No. 1, $5; No. 2, $10; No. 3, $15; No. 4, $20. Price of Printing Offices, including press.—No. 1, $10; No. 2, $20; No. 3, $30; No. 4, $40. Send for a Circular to the

LOWE PRESS COMPANY,
34tf 13 Water street, Boston.

A. ROBERTS,

120 Clinton Court, 8th st., New York, agent for the Weekly Anglo-African. Copies may be had of him at an early hour after its publication.

APARTMENTS to let No. 217 Sullivan street. Inquire on the premises of

E. V. CLARK.

25 4t.

ZION CONFERENCE.

☞ Notice is hereby given to the Members of the Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion, that the Annual Conference of the New York District will meet in Zion Church, corner of Church and Leonard streets, New York city, on the Third Saturday in May, 1862.

WM. H. BISHOP,
Superintendent of the 1st Dist. of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

STONE SQUARE LODGE NO. 6, A. Y. M. under the jurisdiction of the M. W. United Grand Lodge of the State of New York, meet every Friday Evening at 8 o'clock, at their Hall 309 Grand st., Williamsburg, Brooklyn, E. D.

J. H. DAVIS, Sec'ry.

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

SHILOH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

REV. H. H. GARNET, MINISTER.

New York—corner of Prince and Marion street near Broadway.

Hours of Worship:—
Prayer-meeting, 10½ A. M.
3 P. M.
7½ P. M.

Prayer-meeting Tuesday Evenings 7½ o'clock,
Lecture Friday Evenings, 7½ o'clock.
Minister's Residence 174 W. 30th st. near the 8th Avenue.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,

(PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL)

Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

Rev. WM. J. ALSTON, Pastor. Residence—70 Sullivan St.

R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . P. M.

Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—
10½ . . . . . . A. M.
3 . . . . . . P. M.
7½ . . . . . . P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn.
13-1y.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

DeKalb, corner of Hudson Avenue.

REV. ELI N. HALL, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:
10½ o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . P. M.
7½ " . . . . . P. M.
10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . P. M.
7½ " . . . . . P. M.
12-1y

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue

Hours of worship:—
3 o'clock, ... P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

LECTURE every Wednesday evening.

Rev. CHAS. H. THOMPSON, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

Second Street, between Avenues B and C

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . P. M.
7½ " . . . . . P. M.

Rev. J. D. S. HALL, Pastor. Residence—293 Second St.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sullivan St., near Houston.

Rev. JOHN T. RAYMOND, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . . P. M.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.
Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.
Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

AGENT FOR WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

TROY AGENCY.—Mr. Henry Berke, 36 Fulton St., Troy, is the regular agent for that city and vicinity. Subscriptions and advertisements for the paper left with him, will be promptly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. ELIZA LEWIS' SALVE,
ANDERSON'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,
(New London,)
SPANISH OIL, (For the Hair,)
WHITE'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT,
BRANDRETH'S SUGAR COATED PILLS,
For Sale at the
Drug Store 56 West Broadway
4-47

GLASS, CHINA, AND EARTHEN-WARE MENDED,

BY A. ROBERTS,
120 Clinton Court, 8th st. New York.

A Supply of the EGYPTIAN CEMENT, for the above purpose constantly on hand. Price 25 cents per bottle.

29tf.

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,

CARD AND JOB PRINTER
219 Greene Street New York.

LODGINGS. Four Gentlemen can obtain comfortable lodgings by applying to Mrs. Ellen Anderson No. 156 W. 29th street, between 7th and 8th avenues. The house is in a very pleasant part of the city and within half a block of cars and stages.

24 5t.

NOW IS THE TIME

To Use Dr. CLARKE'S

SHERRY WINE BITTERS!!

Composed of

Dock Root,	Wild Cherry,
Sarsaparilla,	Prickly Ash,
Thoroughwort,	Poplar Bark,
Rock Rose,	Rhubarb,
Wintergreen,	Dandelion,

&c. &c.

For Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Sour Stomach, Jaundice, Headache, Piles of long standing, Humors,

And all Diseases which arise from an unhealthy state of the Stomach, Bowels, and Blood.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE!

For Sale at the office of the Anglo-African, 48 Beekman street.

TO LET.—Two furnished Rooms in Mrs. Plant's Boarding House suitable for a gentleman and wife, or for single gentlemen or ladies. Apply on the premises.

BOSTON HOUSE

MRS. CHURCH, PROPRIETRESS,
105 *Park Street, near Mott*,
NEW YORK.

This is the oldest Colored Boarding-House in the city, having been

ESTABLISHED IN 1841.

It is centrally located, being within fifteen minutes' walk of the steamboat landings, and of al the principal colored Churches.

19 26t

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Gentlemen if you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this in any other city, please call at the Merchan Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,
BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG

Where you will find a splendid assortment o seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,
CASSIMERES
AND VESTING

of every description. Also constantly on hand well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.

DON'T FORGET,
168 EWEN ST.,
9 1y. Williamsburg

MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS, EMPIRE STATE HOTEL

AND

UNION HOUSE, 541 BROOME STREET

Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. RAMSEY.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Please call and see for yourselves.

AGENTS WANTED.

SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand sewing; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal oil lamps; Egyptian Cement, for mending furniture, crockery, &c.; Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) P. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.

19 13t

MRS. M. E. EDY,
EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE.
RESIDENCE—134 Christie Street, N. Y.
23 26t

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding.

8 tf

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. FORTEN, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 199 SOUTH STREET, N. Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate.

81y

HENRY G. LEASK,

HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS AND FURS.

COR. PEARL & CHATHAM STS., N. Y.

Shipping Furs Bought. 12-26

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly RICHARDSON) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

MRS. E. LEONARD,

FASHIONABLE

DRESS MAKER,

25 SULLIVAN STREET, NEW YORK.

Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.

3tf

BOARDING AND LODGING

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON, 120 West [illegible] Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies [illegible]
" Gents [illegible]
Lodging per week 75

MRS. SARAH A. TILMAN,

FANCY HAIR BRAIDER,

In all its branches—such as BRACELETS, EAR-RINGS, WATCH GUARDS, FINGER RINGS, CHAINS, ETC. Residence—126th St., between 3d and 4th Avenues, Harlem.

18 26t

HATS CAPS & FURS,

IN THEIR VARIETY.

First Premiums for Misses and Children's HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING HATS. The Clergy supplied at a discount.

KELLOGG, 381 Canal St., N. Y.

10 1y.

THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS, MELODEONS, ALEXANDRE ORGANS,

T. Gilbert & Co's. Celebrated Aeolian Pianos,

are the finest instruments for Parlors and Churches now in use. A large assortment can be seen at the new Warerooms 481 Broadway, between Grand and Broome streets, which will be sold at extremely low prices. Pianos and Melodeons from sundry makers, new and second hand, *to let, and rent allowed if purchased, as per agreement*. Monthly payments received for the same, Also, second-hand pianos at great bargains, prices from $25 to $100. Sheet Music, Music Books, and all kinds of Music merchandise at war prices. A Pianist in attendance will try new music.

HORACE WATERS, AGENT.

32 13t.

GEORGE OTON'S

QUADRILLE BAND

BALLS, PARTIES, &c., furnished with MUSIC at the shortest notice.

MR. GEORGE OTON,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St., and with G. Oton.

18tf

TO LET.—Furnished rooms for gentlemen, with or without board, at 68 Sullivan st.

JOHN H. JACKSON.

TO LET in Williamsburgh to a small family, the upper part of No. 64 South 8th st., containing all the modern improvements, within three minutes walk of all the ferries.

For particulars inquire as above Possession given immediately.

WORLD'S FAIR AGENCY.—The undersigned are acting as Agents for Merchants and Manufacturers to Exhibit at World's Fair, and to introduce into England, France and other European countries, articles of American Invention, Procuring Patents, making Sales, or in any way promoting their interests.

DEXTER & CO. 17 Spruce st. N. Y.; 86 Milk street, Boston; 149 S. Fourth st., Philad

1m 3ap.

HELP WANTED

At Tilmon's Agency, No. 70 East 13th st., one door East of the 4th Avenue. Spring is here and now is the time. Never was there a greater demand for all first class colored help than now. Remember that this is the oldest and most responsible office in the city for colored help. Situations constantly on hand for both city and country. Terms cash and strict attention paid to business. All persons coming to this city and wishing to save board will do well to call during Office hours, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

31tf L. TILMON, Proprietor.

PETER S. PORTER,

GENERAL AGENT FOR

HOUSE LETTING,

170 WEST 29TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Colored Families furnished with apartments in suits of Rooms or whole Houses, in different parts of the City.

17 13t

PLANE St. SELECT SCHOOL.

195 PLANE ST., NEWARK, N. J.
MRS. HARRIET E. ROGERS, PRINCIPAL.

The branches taught are Reading, Writing Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography and History.

Plain Sewing. Ornamental Needlework, Worsted Embroidery and Fancy Knitting.

Piano Forte, Melodeon, and Vocal Music by Prof. John H. O'Fake.

A limited number of Misses between the ages of ten and fourteen may be boarded in the house on moderate terms. Healthy location, and a fine yard for exercise.

REFERENCES.

NEWARK, N.J.

Rev. E. J. Adams, Jefferson Ellis,
Adam Ray, Abram T. Cook.

BROOKLYN.

Rev. J. N. Gloucester.

NEW YORK.

Rev. H. M. Wilson, Rev. H. H. Garnet.

All letters may be addressed to Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, 194 Plane st. Newark N. J.

27 6t.

Elizabeth City, N. J. Feb. 6, 1862.

This is to certify that I heartily approve of the effort of Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers to establish a Select School for young misses. I have been acquainted with her for over twenty-five years and am happy to recommend her and her enterprise to the patronage of the public in general.

DANIEL H. VANDERVEER,
Pastor of the 1st Colored Pres. Church, Eliz. City

WASHBOARDS! WASHBOARDS!! WASHBOARDS!!!—of the celebrated "[illegible] Patent," equalling in durability and utility three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African." Price 50 cents. Give them a trial.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—At Tilmon's Agency, 70 East 13th street, one door east of the 4th Avenue, several colored men and their wives, as farmers and gardeners. Best of wages given. [illegible] quickly. [illegible] required.

36 4t.

APARTMENTS TO LET, [illegible] houses on [illegible] street, between [illegible] Avenues, (Harlem) for first class colored families,—those without children preferred. Apply at No. 70 East 13th street. L. TILMON.

36 4t.

BOARDING AND LODGING. [illegible]

Poetry.

CZAR AND SERF.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

There came out word from Muscovy
  To all the Christian lands—
That Kaiser Alexander
  Had loosed his vassals' bands;
That the Czar of all the Russias,
  By brave and wise commands,
Had risen the yoke from bondmen's necks,
  The shackles from their hands.
    Then the wide world shouted—
      Wherever Christians are—
    "'Tis a noble deed this man hath done!
      All hail the Russian Czar!"

O'er all the land of Muscovy
  Was slavery's leprous scurf—
Till Kaiser Alexander said,
  "Emancipate the serf!"
Till the Czar of all the Russias
  To shapes of breathing turf
Gave thrice ten million freemen's souls—
  A soul for every serf.
    Then all the wide world shouted—
      Wherever Christians are—
    "'Tis a noble deed this man hath done!
      God keep the Russian Czar!"

I think if he of Muscovy
  Were ruler here, this day,
And underneath Rebellion's foot
  His bleeding country lay,
With twice three hundred thousand men
  Behind him fierce for fray,
He would not brook that Slavery
  Should hold him long at bay;
    With all the wide world gazing—
      Wherever Christians are—
    I'm sure a deed would soon be done
      By Russia's valiant Czar!

God knows this land, like Muscovy,
  Was rank with Slavery's scurf;
God knows it made the ruler oft
  More leprous than the serf:
And yet, in sight of Bunker Hill,
  In sight of Vernon's turf,
We shrink from Alexander's cry—
  "Emancipate the serf!"
    With all the wide world gazing—
      Wherever Christians are—
    We are cowering still at Slavery's feet
      Rebuked by Russia's Czar!

KIND WORDS.

Kind words are links that draw us near,
  In hope and peace and love;
They fall like music on the ear,
  And dew-drops from above.

Like links, they mend affection's chain,
  Each broken heart they bind,
And cause old enemies again
  The path of friendship find.

O, what a world of happiness
  Would be this earth of ours
If kind words in their potentness
  Would be the ruling powers.

O, then each face would beam with love,
  Each heart with joy would leap;
Our lives in union then would move,
  In peace we all would sleep.

When life's appalling storm doth blow,
  And bow us down in tears;
Kind words our wonted hopes restore,
  And drive away our fears.

Yes, friendly whispers often bring
  Fond yearnings to the heart;
And with their magic potent wing
  Our thoughts to Heaven start.

JOHN WILLIS MAYNARD.

Detroit, March 31st, 1862.

"DEAL GENTLY WITH THE ERRING."

The following circumstance was related to me about three years ago by an aged Friend, a *well esteemed minister of the gospel*, who has since been gathered to his heavenly home. The relation so much interested me that I thought it worth writing down, and if thou shouldst think proper to insert it in the Review, thou art at liberty to do so. D. G.

WARREN CO., Ohio, 1st mo. 10th, '58.

"When I carried on farming many years ago, I had a man sometimes in my employ who was very intemperate and often abused his family, and was frequently in want of the necessaries of life. At length I told him that if he would refrain from intemperance and the abuse of his family, I *would purchase a cow for him*. He promised to do so, and accordingly I bought the cow. He worked for me faithfully until he had nearly paid for her, keeping his promise, as far as I knew. But I became suspicious that he was not entirely honest. During hay harvest we had a rain one afternoon, and he starting homeward through a piece of woods, I followed unobserved after him, having my dog with me. After he was fairly out of sight of my house he turned square out of his course and went some distance to a stone fence, and took something white out of a hole putting it under his coat, then went back and took his first course. I went to the hole in the fence and found an article belonging to me, which I took home, and communicated the circumstances to an aged uncle of mine. The next day, when dinner was over, and the man and several other hands were starting to their work, I spoke to him mildly, and, asking him to come back into the house, I took him *into the room where* my uncle was, and requested him to be calm as I had somewhat to say to him. I told him that having cause to suspect his honesty, I had followed him the evening before, and saw him take something out of the stone fence, and put it under his coat, and that I had been at the place and found an article which *I showed to him.* He seemed much startled, but confessed to the stealing of all that I had missed, and asked it I had sent for a constable. I told him that I wanted no constable, but would propose that if he would still refrain from intemperance and use his family well and act honestly hereafter, I would book the articles he had taken, and he might work out the price of them; and as the circumstance was only known to himself, my uncle, and myself, it should never be divulged in his name; but if he again became intemperate, abused his family or acted dishonestly, this affair would be exposed, and he would have to answer to the law for the offense. He conducted himself well whilst in the neighborhood, and removed some time afterwards more than one hundred miles from me. In the course of a few years he and his family became members of our religious society, and he afterwards came back to my neighborhood and was on a visit at my house."—Friends' Review.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN TENNESSEE.

The Nashville correspondent of the World writes a very interesting letter about the remarkable speech which Mr. Etheridge gave at Nashville a few days ago, to a crowded audience. We make the following extracts:

"But the huge thing of the speech was its declaration, in this proud slave capital, that whenever the question arose, the constitution or slavery, slavery must go down—that every negro would be liberated. He declared emphatically that slavery would *never be allowed to embarrass the United* States government, or to protract the war.

These sentiments were announced explicitly and emphatically, and were received with as much enthusiasm as they could have been in Boston. I turned to a gentleman by my side with the old remark, 'the world moves.' And so it does.

Mr. Etheridge said also that this war had made more abolitionists than all the thirty years of anti-slavery agitation, and that slavery could never have the security it once had in this country. With the whole civilized world against it, the government of the United States had sheltered and protected it.

He said slavery was much more easily defended as a permissive than as an aggressive thing. You have got to live in the Union with your slaves if you will, without them if you must.

He specified the nations of the earth that had abolished it. He proved it an outlaw. *These points were put and pressed with fine* force and frankness—with a frankness that amazed me, accustomed as I have been to the public reserve and caution on this question of questions in the south country, during all my life.

Etheridge is a slaveholder. So are hundreds of others in this State who breathe freely and talk frankly on this importunate Banquo's ghost of negro bondage.

If this war is protracted, exclaimed Mr. Etheridge, then confiscation and emancipation! And slaveholders shook him by the hand afterward and said amen. I have heard and seen enough here to convince me that Tennessee is beyond any border State on the slavery question, unless it be Delaware. I have been told by large slave owners that they would be mightily glad to get rid of the institution. They spoke in praise of President Lincoln's late message. They are in favor of its experiment. One gentleman said: 'I was born among slaves; I was *nursed by them, and have always owned* them; but I confess to you that I am thoroughly sick of the whole institution. When this army came I called my negroes together and said: "If you have any notion of leaving me I have only one request to make: leave me altogether and forever; stop nowhere within my reach. If you turn up around here I'll take you back and flog you; if you get out of my sight I'll not stir a step after you." Sir,' he continued, 'the owner is the slave in the border States. Free white labor is the best for all concerned.'

Upon expressing my surprise at such sentiments, I was told they were nothing unusual in this State."

THE CATS AND THE BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Rev. Robert Boyd, of the Pittsburg Conference, in his Personal Memoirs, just published, narrates the following:

'I recollect a sore red eyed woman, that wore an old hat, on the first circuit I traveled, who had prepared dinner before going to meeting at the old log school-house. And as it was her purpose to bring the preacher home with her, even the buckwheat cakes were all baked, and set in what was called the stockhole, in the back wall of her cabin chimney. As all had gone to meeting except the cats, when the door was opened the cats were seen helping themselves to the cakes. The old lady halloed ''scat!' at the top of her voice, and then, in the way of heavy complaint, remarked that she believed they had the worst cats in all the country, for they would'nt let anything alone.' But as they only nibbled round the edges and did not eat much, the old lady sprung around and got the cakes on a slab table, with some milk in hard looking tins, and some butter on an old pewter plate which reminded me of Joseph's coat of many colors. I managed so as to wait till some one took the top cake, on which the cats had sat, and in taking off another, I was careful to use only the middle part, leaving the edge part marked with the cat's teeth on my plate. I have often felt that it would have been a great relief if I could have kept away from such meals. And I only sat at these tables lest I should offend them by staying away. I frequently tried to talk about hunting, or any thing that came to hand, in order to keep them from noticing how little I ate. Yet I often heard the wonder expressed how it was I looked so well and ate so little. But they did not know that I sometimes had bread in my saddle-bags, which I used along the road, and drank pure water from the rocks instead of dirty milk.'

EMANCIPATION IN RHODE ISLAND. From an elaborate article in the New York Commercial Advertiser, showing how and when slavery was eradicated from the States now free, we select the following concerning Rhode Island:

"Rhode Island took her first step in the same direction, (towards emancipation) in 1778, when she proclaimed freedom to all slaves who would enlist as soldiers. Many of them took advantage of this act and served with fidelity. Next year slaves were *prohibited from being sold out of the state.* In 1784 a law was passed for gradual abolition, declaring all children who should be born after that date free. This was modified in part the next year; but the principal features remained untouched. In 1787 severe penalties were imposed on the foreign slave trade. The new constitution adopted in 1843, provided expressly against the longer existence of slavery in that State; yet it would seem that it still continued for a time, from the language of certain clauses in acts relating to the support of the poor."

"Are you not alarmed at the approach of the king of terrors?" said a clergyman to an invalid.—"Oh, no," was the reply, "I have been living six and thirty years with the queen of terrors: the king cannot be much worse!"

LETTER FROM NEWBURGH.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., March 28, '62.

MR. EDITOR: Newburgh is still extant, and still continues to improve not only in beauty but in wealth and population. Since my last visit to this place the colored Baptist Church has become extinct; but the Zion still flourishes. The church has been *re-painted, and other improvements made*; the greater part has been done through the exertions of the young ladies, who have formed themselves into an association for that and other benevolent purposes. Such conduct upon the part of the young ladies is worthy of emulation.

The weather is bright and clear, but cool. There is yet some ice in the river, and considerable snow upon the hills and mountains, which may account for the backwardness of Spring.

From appearances the war seems to have little effect upon the colored inhabitants of this place; all appear as cheerful and happy as though they were not identified with the cause that is now convulsing this once great but always degraded country.

S. E.

THE HAYTIAN MOVEMENT DEAD IN THE WEST.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, March 27, '62.

MR. EDITOR: We deem it proper to inform our Eastern friends that the Haytian emigration scheme is played out in the West. We are beginning to have our eyes opened, although there has not been one emigrated from Columbus, but there has been quite a number from this State. We think the scheme is a perfect humbug inducing our best citizens to leave their *homes, led on by the accomplished deceiver,* the notorious Jim Redpath, who cares nothing about the colored people of this country no farther than self-interest goes. Joseph E. Williams has been converted from the scheme since his return from Hayti, and is now lecturing against the mischievous enterprise. This gentleman lectured in the colored Methodist Church last evening. His subject was the exposition of the Haytian scheme of emigration. Mr. Williams is very popular among the colored people of the West. He is persevering in whatever he undertakes, and ready at any time to meet his opponents. William M. Cook is also in the field lecturing against the scheme. This gentleman is an honest young man, and has the confidence of this people. We hope that the scheme is entirely broken up in the North-west, and that our friends in the East will protest against this infernal scheme, and not suffer any more agents to pollute their churches with this deception.

BUCK EYE.

LETTER FROM ITHACA.

Ithaca, N. Y. April 4, 1862.

DEAR ANGLO.—Once more we have reached our cottage home in this beautiful village. I have some anxiety that the name of this village and its transactions should occur oftener in your columns.

Many excellent reasons might be given for this desire, but let a few suffice. Ithaca contains a population of 7,000 white, and 250 colored. The latter have two churches, both of the Methodist denomination, Zion and Wesleyan. The people generally are intelligent and industrious, and most of them possessing their own pleasant little homes, the appearance of which would be creditable to any community, and may be found interspersed through the fairest portion of the village, shaded by well arranged trees. It differs materially from many other villages, where the Anglo-African can only be found in his well known colored settlement, which is either a well selected narrow lane, alley, or hollow.

On Tuesday, the 1st. inst., we returned from a short leave of absence just in time to cast our vote at town election, which resulted in a republican victory. In this contest the figures showed that the Anglo-African held the balance of power, and made not bad use of it, but cast their votes as they believed, for such men as would act for the best interests of their beloved town. Miserable, modern democracy was made to surrender. When we expressed our sovereignty by the exercise of our right at the polls, we were reminded of the insignificance into which this party had dwindled. Our vote was challenged by one of its numbers, a well known citizen, (with a face but an apology for white,) whom we hitherto had desired to respect; but as this was but one of the meager measures of the weakest instrument of the abandoned and corrupt party, we "stooped to conquer." The oath was administered, and our vote equalled the chief magistrate's. We shall remember with pity our citizen, who attempted to retard by his conduct our manhood, as the tool of a fallen and inevitably lost party.

On Monday evening the Colored Literary Association of Ithaca held a meeting and discussed the following proposition: "Resolved that secret societies are injurious to the community at large." Disputants Mr. Henry Moore, affirmative, Mr. Adam Boardman, negative.

There were two other gentlemen chosen for each side. A warm and intellectual discussion ensued, which resulted in a decision for the affirmative. A John Brown song was sung and the Lyceum closed.

On the morning of the 3d inst., we were by death deprived of one of our most active female citizens, Mrs. Sarah Sanford, wife of the Rev. Wm. Sanford, of Zion Connexion. She died at her residence, after a painful illness of some seven weeks, and leaves a husband and seven children to mourn her loss.

Perhaps this disconnected letter may induce some of our young men and women of superior letter-writing capacity (by reason of our excellent schools,) to contribute to the columns of yours—the best of good periodicals. I shall say more in my next of the village, white citizens and schools. The latter I trust I have not a little interest in.

W. F. JOHNSON.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT BALTIMORE.—About 8 o'clock on Saturday morning a colored boy, about 18 years of age, named Jabez Sangston was seriously injured by being run over by a car at the north side of Calvert Station, of the Northern Central Railway. He had just placed a trunk in the baggage car of the Western Maryland train, and was side of the gateway near Centre street, when the baggage cars of the train were backed out so as to make a connection with the passenger cars. At this juncture the Buffalo Express train passed round the curve from North street to the Station. Sangston, in trying to get out of the way of the first train, was knocked down by the front of the Express train, one wheel of which passed over the right leg, midway between the knee and ankle, crushing the bones thereof completely. After the first wheel passed over the leg he had the presence of mind to roll himself off the track, and was thereby saved from further injury, though, when he was knocked down, his face was badly cut coming in contact *with the ground.* He was placed in a carriage and conveyed by Policemen Batchelor and Knipe to the dwelling of his mother on Hill street, near Hanover, where Dr. George W. Benson was called to render his surgical services. The injury to the leg is such that it is apprehended amputation will be necessary.—Baltimore American March 24th.

AMUSING ANECDOTE.—Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskin breeches in cool weather. On *Sunday morning in the autumn*, Father Searl brought his breeches down from the garret, but the wasps had taken possession during the summer, and were having a nice time of it in them. By dint of effort he got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. But, while reading the scriptures to the congregation, he felt a dagger from one of the enraged small waisted fellows, and jumped around the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced, the more they stung. The people thought him crazy, but he explained the matter by saying: "Brethren, don't be alarmed; the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches!" Webster always told it with great glee to the ministers.

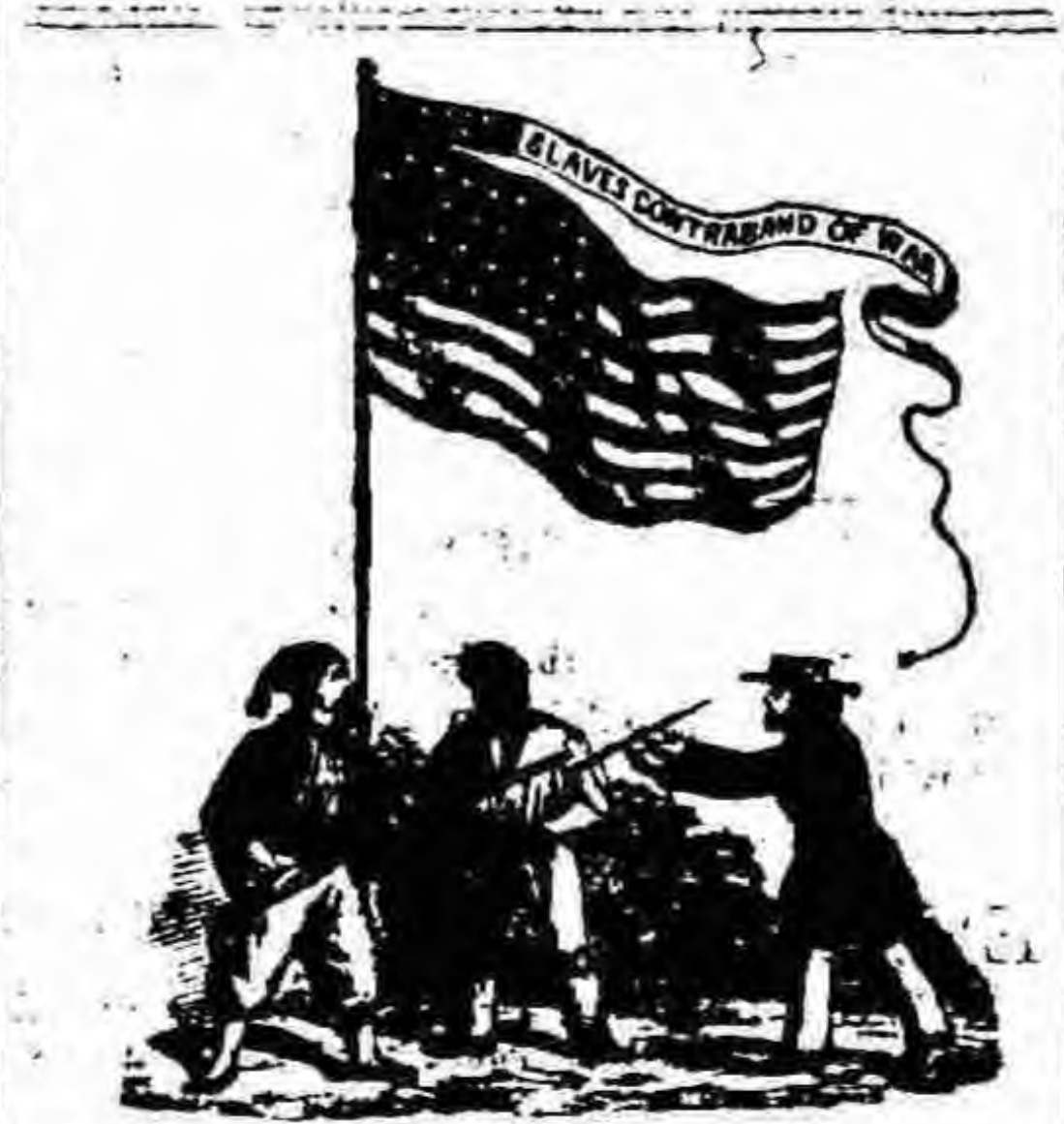
People who go out of church before the benediction ought to have the old Scotch clergyman, of whom this story is told, speak to them. The ancient reverend had just raised his hands to give the parting blessing, when the noise of the escaping multitude attracted his attention and disturbed the quiet of the church. Quietly opening his eyes, he thus addressed the door-keeper, and effectually stopped the practice, for that day at any rate:—"And now, John, open the doors, and let all these cursed people *who don't want the blessing retire!*"

An Explanation.—"Doctor, kin you tell what's the matter with my child's nose?" "Yes, ma'm: its probably irritation of the gastric mucous membrane communicating a sympathetic titillation to the epithelium of the echoerian." "Thar, now, that's jest *what I told Becky!*"

A minister, appointed chaplain in an Ohio regiment, lately wrote the following note to a brother preacher; "Dear brother, if you can git a comishun as chaplin it will pay you $6ty a month and a livin beside. The cause of krist kneads you in *this army.*"

"I like to see the dear little creatures amuse themselves," said Mrs Brown when her eldest boy took a visitor's new bonnet and affixed it on the tail of his kite. "Never fear," said the good old lady to her visitor, when she saw her bonnet in the air, "*as soon as the kite comes down he will* give it back to you."

MISCELLANEOUS.



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Hear the word!—who fight for freedom!
Shout it in the battle van!
Hope! for bleeding human nature!
Christ the God, is Christ the Man!

H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

KING'S DAY.

It was now in January, the sixth day of the month, on the occasion of "El Dios De Los," or "King's Day," at Havana, to witness and enjoy which, many of all classes, both strangers and residents, white and black, had come from different parts of the island to the city.

Should the disaffected party persist in their seditious indications on this occasion, the Captain-General intended at the head of an army of negroes, to put the rebels to a merciless sword.

The demonstration consisted of a Festival—physical, mental and religious—by the native Africans in Cuba, in honor of one of their monarchs; being identical, but more systematic, grand and imposing, with the "Congo Dance," formerly observed every Sabbath among the slaves in New Orleans.

I am indebted for the following description of the grand negro festival, to a popular American literary periodical, given by an eye witness to the exhibition:

"For the week preceding the sixth of January, the native African servants of Havana are in a state of intense excitement. Their Amor masters and mistresses are begged for every spare feather, flower, bit of tinsel, ribbon, or finery of any description whatever; their pocket money is spent on the conventional trash consecrated to the occasion; and every leisure moment is consecrated to preparing for that great day on which they may at least fancy for a few hours that they are free. In all the year, this is the only day the black can call his own; the law gives it to him, and no master has the right to refuse his slave permission to go out for the whole day. At last the important day arrives; the dawn is ushered in by saloos of artillery from Moro Castle—the negroes pour out of the city gates in crowds to assemble at the places where they are to dress—dainty dressing rooms are they—and the delicate ear is agonised by sounds proceeding from the musical instruments of Africa. They generally assemble according to their tribes. The Gazas, the Lucumis, the Congoes, and Mandingos, etc, in separate parties. One party ordinarily consists of from ten to twenty. There are about half a dozen of principal actors, and the rest hang around and are ready to do any extra dancing or shaking that may be required. Women there are too, in plenty: their dresses 'low in the neck and high in the arms,' covered with gay ribbons, and tinsel flowers, that dance all day long for the pure love of the fun, joining first one party and then another, constant to none, and therefore have no right to a portion of the money collected.

"Their place of rendezvous on the King's Day being the grand square or Plaza de San Francisco, called after the church and convent of that name.

"There are three principal personages that appear, with but slight variation of costume, in every group, no matter to what tribe it belongs. They are always chiefs, princes or prophets, or if these elevated individuals are not sufficiently numerous to head the numberless parties, the highest in rank is always chosen to wear the regal African paraphernalia. * * * The king is dressed in a net work of red cord, through the insterstices of which glisten oddly enough, square inches of the royal black skin. Round his waiste is an immense hoop, with a thick drapery of horsetails with every color of the rainbow, with many hues not found therein.

"Another has a hideous mask surmounted by horns. He is the prophet of the tribe, and is sometimes supposed to be gifted with magical powers—a full belief in charms being a part of the negroe's native creed. * * * This Obesh or Jumbo butts with horns, yells, and perform various antics that impress deeply the surrounding negroes. If a white person pretends to be alarmed at the unearthly sounds or sights, it is, of course, a great triumph.

"Around the feet of the principal performers are fastened branches of horsehair, that divide the mind between Mercury and a bantam cock.

"Placing themselves in the attitudes of Kangaroos, they go through a series of shuffling, screwing and shaking that utterly defy any description. It cannot be called dancing, for Sorocco would disown it; neither can it be called convulsions, for the doctors would pronounce them perfectly healthy. St. Vitus himself would be puzzled what to call it, though he could not but be gratified at the favor of his votaries.

"All day long they keep up a movement of some kind, either dancing or waltzing to an almost incredible degree. The parties roam all over the city, stopping in front of the principal houses, or before the windows in which they see Indies and children. They have also their favorite corners, and there they will go through with fifteen or twenty minutes violent agitation, during which the perspiration pours off their faces, and one unaccustomed to the sight is momentarily expecting to see them fall exhausted to the ground, perhaps never to rise again. The only stoppage, however, is when that elaborately dressed personage with a cane, so beruffled and beringed, hands round the box to the spectators for 'pesetas' and 'medios.' He is the steward of the party, and after all is done, he produces the money which pays for the room in which they hold their ball at night—all night indeed, for they keep it up till morning.

"Large sums of money are often collected in this way; and gold occasionally finds its way in; but the negro improvidence of character makes it of very little consequence whether they have much or little. * *

"The inside of the hall is extraordinary, but not pleasing. A piece of parchment stretched over a hollow log beaten with bones, or a box or gourd filled with beans or stones, rattled out of all time, comprise their instruments. The songs are quite in keeping with the instruments and performers. On this day they are allowed to use their own language and their own songs, a privilege denied them on other days, lest they might lay plans for a general rising.

"As it is, the sights, the sounds, the savage shrieks, the uncouth yells suggest very uncomfortable thoughts of negro insurrection. One cannot help thinking of the menace of the Spanish Government that Cuba shall be either Spanish or African, and when we see these savages in their play more like wild animals than human beings, the idea what their rage would probably be, makes the boldest shudder. It would be easy on King's Day for the negroes to free themselves, or at least to make the streets of Havana run with blood, if they only knew their power; Heaven be praised that they do not, for who can count the lives that would be lost in such a fearful struggle?

"The whites of Havana are rejoiced when the day is over. Apart from a certain uneasy feeling of distrust which the government shares, for it doubles its guard everywhere, the cessation of all business, and the circumstance that the streets are not safe after an early morning hour, make one such day quite enough for a year. The tintimar is such, that the head must indeed be strong that escapes a furious aching by night fall. To a stranger the first few hours are amusing enough in their novelty, but he speedily wearies of the scene, and is not apt to wish for a repetition of it.

"In 1849, Roncali, the Captain General, then in power, took advantage of the Dia de los Reyes to give the Creoles of Cuba a significant hint of what they might expect from the government if they gave any alarming degree of aid to the revolutionary operations of General Lopez. He prolonged for three days, the privilege of the day to the Lucumis, the most warlike of the tribes of the African slaves in Cuba. The hint was well understood, and many a Creole family shuddered and trembled within doors at the fearful illustration thus exhibited under their eyes of the standing threat that Cuba must be Spanish or African.

"As night comes on all the scattered parties begin to crowd back again to their starting places; they replace the paint and feathers they have danced off, and repair the ravages of the day. Let it be remembered that all this dancing has been done under a tropical sun, and that the January of Cuba is sometimes like our June, or even July. All is then wound up by a ball. The money derived from the sale of licences for negro balls forms no contemptible item in the income of the Queen Mother Christiana."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

INCREASED ALARM.

On the evening of "King's Day" the disaffected whites sought by device to aggravate a tendency to insubordination of the blacks, hoping thereby to destroy confidence in them and turn the suspicions and rigor of the Captain General from themselves to the negroes.

To accomplish their designs, no act however derogatory to manhood and justice, equity and honor, was too atrocious for them to perpetrate.

During the African Ball this evening, a party of the rebels called at a restaurateur, where getting among them a stupid, demented slave whom for hours they kept stimulated with spirits, then aroused to a state of intense excitement by dreadful tales of horror, they placed him in a close carriage, had him taken to the door of the hall in which the ball was held, and when at the height of their amusement he was ushered into the hall crying, "blood, blood, blood! Rise negroes, rise!" when being soon forced out he continued thus to scream in the street.

Soon was the city in the greatest consternation; the streets in a few minutes filled with troops, and the National Guards were seen in every direction. The sound of the bugle, rattling and ringing of arms, hasty dashing forth and back of expert horsemen, made the scene one of portentious warning.

The frantic black was shot as he ran through the street; fell bleeding, and arrested: the ball immediately surrounded, the inmates arrested and confined in Moro Castle. Arrests were continued during the night, with reports the most extravagant. And although the free black and colored inhabitants were generally safe in their own houses, but few enjoyed sleep that evening.

Early next morning the sound of the reveille was heard and the troops hastening to their posts while the city was alive with the excited inhabitants anxious to catch every word of passing gossip. The Captain General ever on the alert and always suspicious of the dissatisfied rebellious American settlers, was early at his post, determined as was his wont in criminal transactions, to make summary work of the whole affair.

The first step in the proceedings was to hear the story of the wounded black, shot by the *gens d' armes*, wherein the Americans objected to the testimony of a negro being taken before white men's.

This the Captain General declared was done in due deference to the Americans, that it might not be said, that they had been disparaged by a negro giving evidence against them. As no white man had yet testified, the negro's testimony was against none. He would, therefore, take the negro's first and their's afterwards. There was nothing out of the usual course in those proceedings, except the order of taking the testimony, which gave them the advantage. Negroes in Cuba, had the right of testimony; but a slave could not rebut the evidence of a freeman whatever his color, and all free persons in evidence, stood equal before the law.

There had been nothing on the part of the negroes done out of their usual course on the celebration of King's Day. By all the evidence, even that of the *gens d' armes* themselves, there was nothing to convict them of an overt act. But the testimony of the carriage driver and the wounded negro implicated a number of white Americans, as being conspirators assembled at the Hotel de Americana Nord for the purpose of getting up a "patriot" demonstration, by turning the attention of the authorities to the negroes.

"We'll force the Captain General to terms whether he will or not. Can we but once get him at issue with the negroes, his only dependence will be cut off, and if not they'll be too feeble to be either formidable or dangerous," said one.

"The negroes," said another, "the only formidable enemy in the event of a patriot movement we should have to contend against, must be got out of the way. That can only be done successfully by getting the government down on them. This once effected, we are safe, as they will never again place confidence in those who once go against or deceive them.'

'Never!' was the reply, 'the Spaniards have taken great pains to prejudice them against us Americans by impressing them with the fear that should we be successful in taking the Island they will not be allowed King's Day, nor any of the privileges they now enjoy under Spanish rule.'

'Then,' said a fourth, 'the sooner the government is brought against them the better. Let it be done, by all and every means in our power, and I know of no more favorable time than this evening.'

'Yes,' this evening, by all means!' exclaimed a voice, "as we can't tell what may take place against another King's day. Let it be done at once, as we have a negro in readiness to make the alarm.'

'Come then and let us be at it!' exclaimed the crowd, rushing into the dining apartment where the black was confined.

This the *gens d'armes* testified that they heard, and following closely in their wake saw the slave put into the carriage, three of the Americans entering with him, drove to the doorway leading to the dancing hall, taken out by whites standing near the door the three Americans remaining inside, when he rushed forth exclaiming the insurrectionary words.

Instantly releasing the blacks from confinement and proclaiming the city again under martial law, the Captain General caused the arrest and imprisonment of every white in the least suspected of seditious designs. A *coup de main* upon the American Hôtel seriously implicated the proprietor and all the white inmates, resulting in a destruction of the establishment.

But a short time was required to counteract the report of attempted insurrection of the blacks, which like a flash of light spread over the city. The report of their release from Moro Castle by order of His Excellency the Governor, took the community by surprise, producing great dissatisfaction, but soon became reconciled in the security they enjoyed from the calamity of a servile Negro Insurrection.

Few people in the world lead such a life as the white inhabitants of Cuba, and those of the South now comprising the "Southern Confederacy of America.' A dreamy existence of the most fearful apprehensions, of dread, horror and dismay; suspicion and distrust, jealousy and envy continually pervade the community; and Havana, New Orleans, Charleston or Richmond may be thrown into consternation by an idle expression of the most trifling or ordinary ignorant black. A sleeping wake, or waking sleep, a living death or tormented life is that of the Cuban and American slaveholder. For them there is no safety. A criminal in the midst of a powder bin with a red hot pigot of iron in his hand, which he is compelled to hold and char the living flesh to save his life, or let it fall to relieve him from torture, and thereby incur instantaneous destruction, nor the inhabitants of a house on the brow of a volcano could not exist in greater torment than these most unhappy people.

Of the two classes of these communities, the master and slave, the blacks have every thing to hope for and nothing to fear, since let what may take place their redemption from bondage is inevitable. They must and will be free; whilst the whites have everything to fear and nothing to hope for. "God is just, and his justice will not sleep forever."

The general orders issued by the government were stringent bearing directly and heavily upon all Americans resident or transient in the colonies. All who visited the Island were required at Quarantine to obtain from an officer a passport for landing, couched in Spanish, French and English. For this during the restrictions two spanish dollars each were paid, ordinarily the price being only fifty cents Spanish, by which police regulation large sums were realized to the revenue on the arrival of every steamer, especially the California mails touching there, the passengers of which were generally curious to go on shore.

The government continued its rigors, sparing none on account of age, position, or family; the high and low, rich and poor, all faring alike; consequently many were made to feel the force of the strong arm of the law: among whom were several connected with some of the first families of the United States.

Thus, the expense to those who connived at the prerogatives of the Castilians, Spanish colonists and negroes, was far greater than they had reckoned in their calculation; the first installment being paid under a pressure, it was reasonable to suppose that the full share when demanded would be hard to meet.

For the time it had the desired effect of checking the extravagant political experiments and military adventures in Cuba, the stock becoming depreciated, shares were rated far below par, so that the brigand jobbers were at a loss to meet the second installment of rebellions.

For a time political brokers suspended operations in all of the conclave exchanges in the United States, whilst their marauding agents in Cuba repudiated not only the claims again them, but really denied their own identity. The concern proving a bankruptcy, ruined many more in the fall with themselves by the final execution of Lopez on the garrote with his many American followers.

From the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM KENTUCKY.

MR. EDITOR:—As it has been some time since I have corresponded with you, and my mind being pregnant with many thoughts concerning our condition and situation in Kentucky, I thought that it would not be amiss to give you a few items by way of information, and also the many readers of the "Recorder." Your correspondents from Washington, Baltimore, and other directions in the East, have thrown much "light, West," on the various topics of the day, especially as it regards our people, and we feel honored to reciprocate the favor.

We are truly glad to learn that the effects of the war has so far proved beneficial to our race in the vicinity of Washington, Alexandria, Baltimore, and elsewhere, our prayers are, that it may continue, for to enjoy the privileges of a free man, and then be kidnapped, and taken into bondage, is but little less than death, from which good Lord deliver me.

Louisville has been noted as being one of the best Southern cities for privileges toward our people, but it has undergone many changes for several years—for the worst. When the rebellion broke out we were worshipping every Sabbath and once through the week, in our churches, and when the legions of the North made Louisville their headquarters, it seemed that a new reign was instituted, and we worshipped in our splendid churches, almost *ad limitum*, and nothing said to the contrary, notwithstanding.

But lo! a sad change has taken place, the Northern army has proceeded southward, forcing its passage into the "Land of Dixie.' Kentucky has been redeemed; "her white people are free" and her "free blacks are enslaved," and they have no more "rights that white men are bound to respect." Our condition so far is worse than before the war. Our churches are closed, and a free man cannot walk after dark though he has his free papers, with the great seal of the state and county, and owns thousands of dollars' worth of property, (which some do) and pay taxes, and support the war, and be also loyal to the government. All this has been brought about by a slaveholder and a negro hater, the Provost Marshal, whose name is Dent, he having control of the city since the removal of the headquarters of Gen. Buell to Nashville, and instead of hunting rebels, as there are thousands in the city, he has made the colored people his subjects of oppression and inhuman treatment. He commenced his cruel operations by ordering his provost guards, the cavalry men, to flog all colored persons out after dark, free or slave; so we were then pounced upon with the cow hide and cat-o'nine tails in old "plantation style" without hinderance, for his order was supreme. He had many visitors the next day to inquire into his order: he replied, it was a "military" order and must be respected. All free negroes who had business out after dark, must have passes.

COPY OF PASS.

Headquarters, Provost Guard, }
Louisville, Mar. '62. }

By order of Lt. Col. Henry Dent, A. B., is permitted to pass from his shop on C street to his home on W street. This pass will be respected until 10 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

SELLY HARVEY,
Major, Pro. Guard.

Before one of these passes could be obtained you would be compelled to take some responsible white citizen with you, and then undergo the most severe and rigid investigation, as though the blacks were conspiring to overthrow the government; at first he refused to respect passes given by masters to their slaves, but after receiving some severe cursing, he concluded to respect white men. Mr. Editor, these are some of the ordeals we are passing through in the "neutral state of Kentucky," and we have yet to see the first remonstrance raised against it by the press; our daily editors are dumb: they open not their mouths; from their silence I judge it is approved by them. I think that if the government has any loyal people in her midst, it is the colored people, and they have done good service even in this city towards detecting smugglers and traitors, and the marshal has at times been suspected of secession proclivities; I judge that he is now being revenged on the colored people for their faithfulness to the Union cause, as his guards have dispensed with fire arms and formed into "patrols" and instituted the cow hide and cat-o-nine tails, which seem to please them well, for they are very nimble and dexterous in chasing the blacks after dark through the streets, on the pavements, down lanes and alleys, as though they were riding down wild bulls, and when caught their cries and screams are heart-rending, but no one dare interfere for the patrol are dressed in "Uncle Sam's livery." Some have been whipped unmercifully.

Our churches have suffered much since this barbarous treatment. He has told them to open on Sunday, but some have had the flogging meted out to them after benediction, so many have concluded to stay at home, (since old Satan has been loosed) but we trust "only for a little season." Now you see the effect of the war in this direction This is considerable worse than the old status, and if it is to continue, I think of all men we will be the most miserable. And as it regards the subject of emigration, such treatment as we have been receiving for two weeks, if not discontinued, we will be willing to go any where rather than suffer such degredation, and it is now the theme of many, Where shall we go? And where can we go?

About three weeks ago, our esteemed and worthy brother, Rev. M. M. Clark visited us, and he preached and lectured in both of our churches and in two of the churches under the M. E. church, on the subject of Liberia, his tour while in that country, &c., &c. His lecture was highly interesting to our community from the fact that the information was general and satisfactory to nearly all who heard him, and he had crowded houses on each occasion. He was tendered the hospitality of the city by the mayor, and the police forbidden to disturb him; he has proceeded to the capital of the state and other surrounding towns, where no doubt he will be treated kindly, but we venture to say, that on no other subject could he get permission to lecture in this state, hence the cause of so much mistrust among our people on the subject of Liberia and colonization.

The sympathy and prayers of our people have been for the ultimate triumph of the Union cause, but if these are the fruits we fear that we have not prayed aright, but we shall continue to pray, and also begin to work some with our hands, and feet and legs. Perhaps our faith hath been without works, and if so, pray for us, that we may have strong faith, living faith, and great works also.

AN OBSERVER.

Louisville, Ky., March, 1862.

COLORED PEOPLE OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

STATISTICS OF THEIR CONDITION.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, March 24, 1862.

When it was stated, in a recent number of the "Evening Post," that for thirty years past no colored person had been buried in the District of Columbia at the public expense, the reference was to the free blacks alone. In a few cases slaves have been buried by the municipal authorities, their dead bodies being neglected, (some of them in old age and infirmity,) as their living bodies had been, by their pretended "owners." There have been cases in which the free blacks have buried dead slaves, without any resort to public charity.

The total number of colored persons in the District of Columbia is now fourteen thousand three hundred and sixteen. They are divided as follows:

Slaves in Washington City	1,744
Slaves in Washington county . .	834
Slaves in Georgetown . . .	577
Free people of color	11,131
Total	14,316

PROPORTION OF FREE BLACKS AND SLAVES.

The free blacks of the District are distributed through the city of Washington proper, a district called the island, (being that part on the point of land running down between the Potomac and Anacostia rivers) the navy yard vicinity, Capitol Hill, Meridian Hill, and Georgetown. The most dense portions of the permanent residents are on the island. Here many of them occupy small wooden tenements, as they do in other places in the District, with garden patches attached. Here they keep their horses and hacks, used for hire, having small barns or stables attached to their premises. These properties are their own, generally, the products of hard earnings, obtained in small sums, by public and private service. Nearly all of them have families, with the strongest natural attachments binding them to the soil and each other.

THE SLAVES.

Probably about one half the slaves now in the District are brought in by non-residents and are retained for limited periods and for temporary purposes.

A large proportion of the slaves here are females. The reason of this is obvious. They are the most profitable. They allow of an increase of numbers, and consequently in value, as the condition of the child always follows that of the mother. There is less danger, on this account, also, of their attempting to escape. The sacred tie of consanguinity is thus used to fasten the slave.

PROPERTY OWNED BY BLACKS.

The amount of property, real and personal estate, distributed among this population, is shown by the official records to be at least five hundred thousand dollars. It is believed by persons well acquainted with the facts to be 100,000 more. There is one colored man in the District worth, in real estate and personal property, seventy-five thousand dollars. This amount has all been earned in an honorable business, which this man has pursued for years under many difficulties of unjust laws. He has frequently lent his money to white men; has had mortgages on the houses of three public men here, two of whom have been, and one of whom now is, a Senator in Congress. One of the ex-Senators and debtors is no less a person than the ex-honorable John C. Breckenridge. The traitors Floyd and Wigfall are of the number who borrowed money from this black capitalist. It is generally understood that he does not value his claims against these distinguished secessionists at a very high figure.

A clergyman in the District of Columbia, who has always been most vehement in advocating the enslavement of men, had occasion a few months ago to remove further South. Just previous to his departure he magnanimously borrowed two hundred dollars of a black man, for traveling expenses but, unfortunately for the generous lender, the borrower has never been heard of since! So much for "chivalry."

It has been ascertained from the records that in addition to the taxes they pay on their real estate and personal property, the colored people pay ten cents on every hundred dollars' worth of property for school purposes, or to be applied to the Common School fund, for the education of white children exclusively; so that the negroes of the District of Columbia are taxed to pay for the education of the whites. The amount annually paid by them for this purpose is not far from six hundred dollars.

THEIR SCHOOLS AND PAPERS.

The children of the blacks are forbidden by law to be educated in the very schools they are thus taxed to support! They are obliged to support their own schools.

A magazine and weekly paper are circulated among the blacks in this District. The monthly is printed at Baltimore, called the "Repository." It is devoted to religion, literature, science and art. It is owned and conducted entirely by black men. The number for February contains sixteen articles—all original.

They have a large and handsome weekly paper, also, published in Philadelphia—the "Christian Recorder." A colored man is the editor, and acts also as the general book steward for the church that owns the concern. There are several corresponding editors.

CHARACTER OF THE BLACKS.

They are docile, and have—even the free blacks—a curious willingness to listen to advice. They resort to it, among those they believe to be their friends, habitually and constantly. Touching instances of this kind are frequently occurring.

They are willing to labor. This is abundantly proved by what they have done and are doing. In every case where they are fairly compensated they acquire property.

Within my knowledge a colored servant man of the late Daniel Webster, who was paid reasonable wages, supported his family respectably, purchased a lot of land on the island and erected a neat and convenient house out of his savings.

The expenditures of many large establishments are managed entirely and with complete success by black men.

EDUCATION OF THE BLACKS.

Though they pay to support the schools for white children, and though they live too far apart for advantageous combinations, yet the blacks of the District maintain schools for their children. These are generally kept in the basements of their churches, which are not as well fitted for such purposes as they should be. Some of them are damp and injurious to health. Notwithstanding these and many other disadvantages, they exhibit a decided love for education, and acquire the rudiments with marked success. In numerals and geography, they soon become experts. In recitations, especially of pathetic or descriptive poems, they are excellent.

SOCIAL PECULIARITIES.

They have a great number of voluntary associations, and some of their benevolent and literary societies are of the most creditable character. Considerable sums of money are constantly raised in this way. Literary tastes are fostered. Cemeteries, public grounds and edifices, schools, libraries, clothing and food for the poor are thus procured, and objects connected with the Christian church and its ministry are permanently established. There are at least thirty associations of this kind in constant operation among the people of color in the District of Columbia.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION.

The number of their churches, in all, is twelve. The average attendance at each service is about three hundred. The congregations vary considerably at different seasons of the year. Those who come with their employers to the District, go away with them. In proportion as these employers are engaged on Sundays, so will the blacks often be.

Their appearance in church is creditable. Their dress is decorous and becoming. In some congregations the plain garbs of the primitive Methodists—similar in several respects to those of the Friends—quite extensively predominate. Quiet, solemnity, order, everywhere prevail, with only such exceptions as are always found in certain portions of every society.

One of their churches has a neat organ, and some large choirs. Congregational singing is popular. One or two of the churches pay their pastors salaries of a thousand dollars a year. All these are worthy men, and render the most efficient service. A more self-denying, persevering, laborious, body of men than the colored ministers of the District of Columbia cannot be found in any country. Their influence is deservedly great, and may be safely trusted by the friends of the Union and popular government.

ATTACHMENT TO THE COUNTRY.

No people in the United States are more ready and willing to "follow the flag and keep step to the music of the Union," than are the blacks in the District. Their patriotism is well informed, strong, and zealous. They understand the great question of the day—having a deep personal interest in all its practical bearings. The sacred preservation of the Union is everything to them.

They know, by means of information accessible as well to no others, the exact condition of their brethren in the South. Communications at certain important points are constant, and sometimes frequent. All these convey arguments and appeals in favor of the Union. An intact Union is believed to be the death-knell of slavery. Escaping slaves, passing through the District, are quickly taught who their real friends are, and inspired with true Union sentiments.

It is certain that a large number of the able-bodied colored men all through the District are ready to take up arms in defence of the Union. A regiment of a thousand picked men could be obtained at a very short warning. These men are constantly watching the progress of events. They study the military and naval tactics of the day with a zest and enthusiasm impelled by the vital interest they have in the struggle. Not a man of this body but knows what drill is; not a man but is inured to fatigue; not a man but would fight bravely to the last.

The conflicts of the ancient people of God with their enemies are symbolical to these people of their struggles for universal freedom. They think and speak of General Hannibal as one of their own immortal heroes. The brave deeds of Toussaint L'Ouverture, of Christophe, Rigaud and Geffrard abroad, of Attucks and Turner at home, are as familiar to these people as household words. They remember the histories of Polydora and Boston, of Macardel and New Orleans, of Padryan and Virginia, and their strong arms and stout hearts are nerved for battle and victory.

C. W. D.

WASHINGTON—ALEXANDRIA—COLONIZATION.

MR. EDITOR: Encouraged by your kind notice of my last letter, I take pleasure in communicating to you again. I promised that the burden of this should be Washington, and yet you will, I have no doubt, permit me, in your liberality, to go beyond its limits proper, to that place which has played both first and second to it in the great drama of human bondage—Alexandria. Alexandria lies but a few miles distant, along the banks of the beautiful Potomac, with a commodious harbor; and, for a city environed by slavedom, is one of much attraction, activity, and trade. But here you see brilliant traces of its long barbarism—its past active service in the merchandise of men. Here were two human markets where its shambles were continually wet with the blood of its victims at the ply of the terrible lash. Here was the great barter depot that, ever since the righteous indignation of a free people drove it out of the Capitol city, was kept here; where the gentleman slaveholder of Washington bought his slave, or sent him for the further trade of the South. Here were acts of cruelty and sorrow enacted, enough to make an angel weep, and that reached the ear of the Great Jehovah, until, in his justice, he could no longer withhold his judgments. Now we see, in this city, the palace garnished with the tear, blood, and toil of the slave, forsaken by the treacherous cruel master; his once splendid home now barracks for the army; here and there an empty, humble dwelling;—the intelligence you receive is—"Ah, ha! he who was once master of this, has fled to parts unknown." Here is the house where the brave Ellsworth lost his valuable life. Compared to what it was, I am told, it is but a wreck.

Farther on, is the charred remains of once a splendid edifice, made desolate that day by those faithful Zouaves, when their loved leader fell; and I am told, that had not his death been adroitly concealed from the mass of them that day, Alexandria to-day would have been but a mass of ruins; and now, as if to keep up in this city a fearful remembrance of his name and deeds, the Union spirit here has graced one of their beautiful hills—Mount Ellsworth—hard by these slave hells (that once were), but now army barracks. So that this hill, that once was redolent with the wailing music that came up from the lips of the slave, as he lay chained in his prison, is now but the clash of arms, made to beat to the unity, the symphony of a promised, impartial joyous liberty.

While standing in view of this beautiful eminence, along side of the walls of this prison, this American Bastile, there came along, on the last mile of the last thirty miles tramp, between twenty and thirty weary fugitive travellers (contrabands) of all ages, sizes and colors—some children nursing at the bosom, while others were led by the hand; the adults carrying on their backs what was once called masters, but now promising, joyfully, to become their own. They were on their way to Washington to the care of the Provost Marshal, where, I rejoice to say, they are humanely provided for. Ah, but what a scene to witness in a professed civilized Christian land, for hard by this graphic, all-moving picture afforded by these unhappy and yet joyous travellers, stood the barren walls of this prison, on which was pencilled in shameless letters, "Price, Burch and Mellon, Dealers in Slaves," and within hailing distance, too, of the professed temple of God, daring to cast its elevated front, as if it would touch the silvery heavens, as if it would offer praise, surrounded with such hellish inconsistencies. God has no sympathy with such temples, which keep closed lips amid such a surrounding iniquity.

The colored people, the most of them do well here; they own neat dwellings, are persevering and thoughtful. Some of them with heroic spirit sent their children every day to Washington to be instructed, when they were prohibited from receiving instruction in this city, at a considerable expense and peril, for there was a very stringent law *against it*, and it required a good deal of adroitness to escape its unrelenting, fearful penalties. But, thank God, the danger now appears to be past, so that there is now no longer fear, or a necessity to send to Washington, but an excellen school or schools at their own doors. You see the dear little ones tripping, at the hour appointed, with their neat little baskets, with, ensconced under a pretty little napkin, mother's choice little bits for her darling; and all this a midst the smiles of the approving citizens, and the scowls of the not approving. But who cares for scowls? say they. Secesh has, here, his back broke, and the most he can now do is but to limp and howl; soon, we trust in God, we will have him under the sod. In plain terms, the people here are most joyous and grateful to God for the glorious change. One man said to me, "sir are you from the North?" I replied, "yes." He then said, "from New York, where that "Angoli-African" paper is made?" I told him I was from New York, but that he had made a mistake in its name; it was the "Anglo-African." "Ah, that is it—the greatest paper I ever read. It gives us poor souls so much comfort to know what is going on for our poor race, to see so much talent in our people. I read it to one of my old friends the other day. The old man almost shouted, it filled his mind with such a mighty comfort." "Could I get this paper, sir?" "I replied, yes you might, if you could make it an object to the Editor to send it." Here he seemed to be puzzled, but finally said it would pay him well should he bring it. Ah, sir, here are thirsty souls waiting at the promised pool for the flow of the life giving waters. The American heel of a crushing, cruel despotism from them, we trust in God, is about to be removed; and now there is no seeming reason why they should not be brought to the full fount of both secular and religious knowledge. I rejoice to know that our Methodist friends have their eye on this promising field, and will aim to occupy it as soon as possible. Send your organ, or take it there without fear, for He who is now so visibly for us, is more than they who be against us.

Now for Washington. This city, in the first place, is anything but beautiful, unless you call mud, almost knee deep, and dust, driving in a clear day at the rate of a perfect hurricane, beautiful—then indeed you have it. Perfect annoyance, when you call upon a lady, when she asks you, in that sweet bland, and yet majestic style that only a Southern lady can do (now don't get jealous, Northern dames)—"Pray, my dear sir, how do you like our city?" Now, sir, you feel as if you ever had a stumper. you have one now; and as soon as you can get your would-be convulsed tongue to come out from between its ivories to do its office, and utter the qualifying word, 'well,' you see a brow, just before noble and beautiful, favor a scowl. Ah, I will stop. Go yourself, Mr. Editor, and perhaps with your clever smile, ever radiating your face, and your quick wit, you may come out of the contest better than I did: for my tongue, never the clearest, never so unwillingly hung.

But amidst this mass, sometimes of mud and then again heaps of rolling dust, there is much surrounding beauty, in the elaborate architecture and finish of its public buildings, though sadly speckled by the surrounding dirt. The exterior and interior of the President's mansion might be well improved; the outside, by a more modern architecture, and the inside by the attendance of a careful, cleanly steward: for with all its elegance there is much in the way of dirt—yes dirt, to offend the eye if no more. The Capitol is being now most extensively, elegantly and expensively built. The sculpture that is intended to adorn its outside is of the most elaborate and exquisite finish, the work of some of the ablest masters. Inside of this spacious building, it appears to me, that there is much going on in the way of frescoing—especially at this juncture of the nation in its finances—both useless and extravagant; however, as it furnishes food for some hungry stomachs I will not complain, but yet I think the Government might do better with its stinted means. There is certainly great beauty in the interior of this building; costly and elegant paintings, the black man not certainly left out; any quantity of marble trimmings—indeed the hall and stairways completely *marbleised*. *The stairs* and wainscoating leading to the Senate Chamber is of beautiful Tennessee marble, the handsomest I ever beheld. To bring it to such a perfect, brilliant finish, must have cost many days of earnest, patient toil, intellectual and physical. Ah, I thought, as I looked upon this splendid edifice, the costly materials, how few of them but that have been wet with the tears of the toiling slave. No black man, though he may visit the Capitol, may not visit either one of its Legislative Chambers when in session; an oppression that is inflicted, to say the least, on no decent class of men throughout the civilized world but here. I am much mistaken if God, in His Providence, don't give the black man claims in such an auditory as will make the ears of the whole civilized world tingle. Yes; black men will not only soon enter these chambers with pleasure, to hear the wisdom of their vaunted superiors, but shall ultimately sit here, on a broad equality, to administer it themselves. Till then, let us wait and be hopeful.

You are aware, Mr. Editor, what efforts are now making to free this District from the bitter curse of negro slavery, therefore I shall not burden your columns with its notice, except to say that no bitterer opposer has been found to this scheme than colonization. unless attached to it was their ill-scheme of expatriation; for you must know that as emancipation progresses this infernal scheme, expatriation, dies. It lives upon the life-blood of slavery. Let emancipation take place to-morrow, and no barrier raised against its attending legitimate blessings, and these so very benevolent gentlemen—these lovers of black men, a thousand miles off with their colored associates—that have been hanging around Congress this winter pushing their very benevolent schemes, (but, in truth, infamous ones), would soon have nothing to do: for the slave, as well as his brother who is free, is wedded to the soil, and nothing but utter hopelessness will ever drive them from it. Strike off his chains: lift disabilities from the nominally free, and you have them united in one permanent home. Colonizationists have ever perceived this—that no black man *would ever leave the United States, his legitimate home*, unless he grew desperate over his seeming unchanging position; hence it has spared no efforts wherever there has been the least despondency in the heart of any black man to increase it: increase it in his own bosom, and to spread the contagion to others. Thus, in its long career, it has dropt many a soul, unprepared in every sense, on Liberia's deadly shore. It has also by its machinations taken from us some valuable men, and thus enfeebled us who have had the good sense to remain, in our resistance to our country's wrongs; and now after forty years trial: after scores of good men have left its ranks, convinced of its inexpediency, its supreme wickedness: after, amidst the philanthropic, benevolent objects of the day, it has almost become a dead letter,—and now, as if to galvanise it into life, societies have been formed, which, if not upon the same principle, they and it, find it convenient to perfectly affiliate, and has offered a premium to intelligent black men to stump its interest through the country. But, sir, I am now persuaded that, at least at Washington—Washington which has always been the strong-hold of this iniquity—that it will not be able to clog the wheels effectually of the glorious car of emancipation. That car, God be praised, will march on in spite of it—in spite of the opposition of men or devils. God is now in the fiery chariot of his truth, and he will guide it to glorious victory.

The colored people here, to use a homely phrase, "are alive and kicking"—alive to all their rights, and kicking off their shackles. There are men here in extensive business, and those that are qualified for any exalted sphere in life. I have no doubt if their lives are spared they will make things hum: for I feel free to say, that for a full, profound knowledge of American politics, no class of men over the broad country understand them better than the colored men of Washington; and I would, if I were not afraid of making invidious distinction, name some of them; but you will, no doubt have the pleasure to see some of them at the Art Exhibition. Edward M. Thomas, Esq., Professor Solomon G. Brown, Edward Crusoe, Esq.; these gentlemen look forward with great interest to that proposed measure, and are making strenuous efforts to be present, and be eminent in their dedications to it.

Allow me, in conclusion, to say that the religious interest of the colored people here is good; they have fine churches, and intelligent ministry: and thus are making substantial progress in life. May God bless them, and make them an opening, mastering, glorious power to the whole, South.

James N. Gloucester.

NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

Colored Inventors, Artists, Mechanics, etc. are earnestly requested to lose no time in getting their articles ready for the National Exhibition of Anglo-African Industry and Art, which will positively be held in this city or Brooklyn *in the early part of the ensuing fall*.—All communications in relation to said Exhibition may be addressed for the present to this office.

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

It was a fitting celebration of the anniversary of Fort Sumter, that Congress should pass a bill to emancipate the Capital from the thrall of slavery forever. Henceforth, whatever betide the nation, its physical heart is freed from the presence of slavery: for, to use the words of "freedom's best and bravest man,"—"It will never come back to curse us. The nation that has tried slavery and abolished it never recalls it.*"

This event is so sudden and so unexpected that we can scarcely realize it as a matter of fact: it falls on the ear like the reading of the emancipation of the Danish West Indies, or of the Serfs of Russia; it can scarcely be our turn yet: it can not be the American Congress at Washington, with the voices of Calhoun and Mason, Jeff. Davis and Crittenden, of Pugh and Vallandigham yet echoing through its halls, it cannot be the American Congress which has done this thing! And yet, blessed be God, who maketh the wrath of man to praise him—it is true—Slavery is abolished in the District of Columbia.

If we rejoice and give thanks to the Almighty for this great boon, we rejoice less as black men than as part and parcel of the American people: for it is clearly a greater boon to the nation at large than to the class more immediately concerned. There will not be set free by this act one tenth as many persons as were liberated by the guns of the Wabash at Port Royal: and of these actually set free the expiring malignity of slavery will leave a large proportion too old or too decrepit to vindicate in their conduct the benefits of this act of emancipation. But to the nation at large the good wrought by this act is incalculable: there is no such thing as measuring it by the ordinary tests of value. The first burst of sunlight to a man immured for years in a dark dungeon, the first breath of fresh air to one imprisoned in choke-damp to the verge of suffocation, the first throb of returning health to one tossed for months on a fevered couch—are but faint glimmerings of the glorious healing which emancipation bears on its wings to the great national citadel. The heart once clear, the core once sound, there is no restraining the return of health and vigor and freedom to the whole national body. The profound sagacity of the slave power saw all this, knew all this, acted on this knowledge. The temple, the chariot and the arms of the dark daughter of death were entrenched in the Capitol where she hoped to dwell forever. No victory by arms will shoot such a panic through slavedom as will this victory by votes; this weapon,

Keener yet
And better than the bayonet,

will reach farther than the cannon of McClellan, or the sabres of Grant and Buell.

It is an act of emancipation which frees a hundred thousand white men for every individual black man. Washington is at last free—to the white man. The man from Maine or the man from Massachusetts can each go to the Capital, and say aloud that his soul is his own. Members of congress from the free North can take their seats and vote and speak without first bending their knees to Baal on the one hand, or courting the bludgeon and the stiletto on the other.

Then the glorious effect of this act among Christian nations, is truly a national concern, which stirs up all our patriotism. There will be one place at least in the national territory where slaves cannot breathe and where the old flag floats over freemen only. We can point to our Capital and say to all nations, "It is free!" Americans abroad can now hold up their heads when interrogated as to what the Federal Government is fighting for, and answer "There, look at our Capitol and see what we have fought for."

We say no more on this topic now, believing that a movement is on foot among our brethren in this city—and we hope in every city—to celebrate this glorious event

*Letter of Hon: Gerrit Smith to Montgomery Blair, Apr. 5, 1862.

THE BILL EMANCIPATING SLAVES IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The following is a copy of the bill introduced in the United States Senate by Senator Henry Wilson and which passed that body by a vote of twenty nine to thirteen and subsequently the House of Representatives by a vote of ninety three yeas to thirty nine nays.

A BILL FOR THE RELEASE OF CERTAIN PERSONS HELD TO SERVICE OR LABOR IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That all persons held to service or labor within the District of Columbia, by reason of African descent, are hereby discharged and freed of and from all claim to such service or labor; and from and after the passage of this act neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for crimes, whereof the party shall be duly convicted, shall hereafter exist in said district.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That all persons loyal to the United States, holding claims to service or labor against persons discharged therefrom by this act may, within ninety days from the passage thereof, but not thereafter, present to the commissioners hereinafter mentioned their respective statement or petitions in writing, verified by oath or affirmaton, setting forth the names, ages and personal description of such persons, the manner in which said petitioners acquired such claim, and any facts touching the value thereof, and declaring his allegiance to the government of the United States. And that he has not borne arms against the United States during the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid or comfort thereto: Provided, That the oath of the party to the petition shall not be evidence of the facts therein stated.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That the President of the United States, with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint three commissioners, residents of the District of Columbia, any two of whom shall have power to act, who shall receive the petitions above mentioned, and who shall investigate and determine the validity and value of the claims therein presented, as aforesaid, and appraise and apportion, under the proviso hereto annexed, the value in money of the several claims by them found to be valid: Provided, however, That the entire sum so appraised and apportioned shall not exceed in the aggregate an amount equal to three hundred dollars for each person shown to have been so held by lawful claim. And provided further, That no claim shall be allowed for any slave or slaves brought into said District after the passage of this act, or which originates in or by virtue of any transfer heretofore made, or which shall hereafter be made by any person who has in any manner aided or sustained the rebellion against the government of the United States.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That said commissioners shall, within nine months from the passage of this act, make a full and final report of their proceedings, findings and appraisement, and shall deliver the same to the Secretary of the Treasury, which report shall be deemed and taken to be conclusive in all respects, except as hereinafter provided and the Secretary of the Treasury shall, with like exception, cause the amounts so apportioned to said claims to be paid from the Treasury of the United States to the parties found by said report to be entitled *thereto as aforesaid*, and the same shall be received in full and complete compensation: Provided, That in cases where petitions may be filled presenting conflicting claims or setting up liens, said commissioners shall so specify in said report, and payment shall not be made according to the award of said commissioners until a period of sixty days shall have elapsed, during which time any petitioner claiming an interest in the particular amount may file a bill in equity in the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia making all other claimants defendants thereto setting forth the proceedings in such case before said commissioners and their action therein, and praying that the party to whom payment has been awarded may be enjoined from receiving the same; and if said court shall grant such provisional order, a copy thereof may, on motion of said complainant, be served upon the Secretary of the Treasury, who shall thereupon cause the said amount of money to be paid into said court, subject to its orders and final decree, which payment shall be in full and complete compensation, as in other cases.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, That said commissioners shall hold their sessions in the city of Washington, at such place and times as the President of the United States may direct, of which they shall give due and public notice. They shall have power to subpœna and compel the attendance of witnesses, and to receive testimony and enforce its production, as in civil cases, before courts of Justice, without any exclusion of such testimony, on account of color, and they may summon before them the persons making claim to service or labor, and examine them under oath; and they may also, for purposes of identification and appraisement, call before them the persons so claimed. Said commissioners shall appoint a clerk, who shall keep files and complete record of all proceedings before them, who shall have power to administer oaths and affirmations in said proceedings, and who shall issue all lawful process by them ordered. The marshal of the District of Columbia shall personally, or by deputy, attend upon the sessions of said commissioners, and shall execute the process issued by said clerk.

Sec. 6. And be it further enacted, That said commissioners shall receive in compensation for their services, the sum of two thousand dollars each, to be paid upon the filing their report; that said clerk shall receive for his services the sum of two hundred dollars per month; that said marshall shall receive such fees as are allowed by law for similar services performed by him in the Circuit court of the District of Columbia; that the Secretary of the Treasury shall cause all other reasonable expenses of said commission to be audited and allowed, and that said compensation fees and expenses shall be paid from the Treasury of the United States.

Sec. 7. And be it further enacted, That for the purpose of carrying this act into effect there is hereby appropriated (from the Treasury of the United States), out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, a sum not exceeding one million of dollars.

Sec. 8. And be it further enacted, That any person or persons who shall kidnap, or in any manner transport or procure to be taken out of said District, any person or persons discharged and freed by the provisions of this act, or any free person or persons with intent *to re-enslave or sell such* person or persons into slavery, or shall re-enslave any of said freed persons, the person or persons so offending shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and on conviction thereof in any court of competent jurisdiction in said District shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary not less than five nor more than twenty years.

Sec. 9. And be it further enacted, That within twenty days after the passage of this act a statement, in writing or schedule, shall be filed with the clerk of the circuit court for the District of Columbia, by the several owners or claimants to the service of the persons made free or manumitted by this act, setting forth the name, age, sex and particular description of such persons severally; and the said clerk shall receive and record in a book by him to be provided, and kept for that person, the statements or schedules, on receiving fifty cents each therefor; and no claim shall be allowed to any claimant or owner who shall neglect this requirement.

Sec. 10. And be it further enacted, That the said clerk, or his successors in office, shall from time to time, on demand, and on receiving twenty-five cents therefor, prepare, sign and deliver to each person made free, or manumitted by this act, a certificate under the seal of said court, setting out the name and description of such person, and stating that such person was duly manumitted and made free by virtue of this act.

Sec. 11. And be it further enacted, That the sum of one hundred thousand dollars out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, is hereby appropriated to be expended under the direction of the President of the United States, to aid in the colonization and settlement of such free persons of African descent now residing in said District, including those to be liberated by this act, as may desire to emigrate to the republics of Hayti or Liberia, or such other country beyond the limits of the United States as the President may determine; Provided, The expenditure for this purpose shall not exceed $100 for each emigrant.

Sec. 12. And be it further enacted, That all acts of Congress and all laws of the State of Maryland in force in said District, and all ordinances of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, inconsistent with the provisions of this act, are hereby repealed.

The District of Columbia Emancipation Bill.—The following is the vote on the bill in the House of Representatives on Friday Feb. 11th.

Yeas.—Messrs. Aldrich, Alley, Arnold, Ashley, Babbitt, Baker, Baxter, Beaman, Bingham, Blair of Mo., Blair of Pa., Blake, Brown of R. I., Buffington, Campbell, Chamberlain, Clark, Colfax, F. A. Conk. R. Conkling, Covode, Davis, Dawes, Delano, Diven, Duell, Dunn, Egerton, Edwards, Eliot, English, Fenton, Fessenden, Fisher, Franchot, Frank, Gooch, Goodwin, Granger, Haight, Hale, Hanchett, Harrison, Hickman, Hooper, Hutchins, Julian, Kelley, Kellogg of Mich., Kellinger, Lansing, Loomis, Lovejoy, McKnight, McPherson, Mitchell, Moorhead, Morrill of Me., Morrill of Vt., Nixon, Odell, Olin, Patton, Pike, Porter, Potter, Rice of Mass., Rice, of Me., Riddle, Rollins of N. H., Sargent, Sedgwick, Shanks, Sheffield, Shellaberger, Sloan, Spaulding, Stevens, Stratton, Thomas of Mass., Train, Trowbridge, Van Horn Van Valkenburgh, Verree, Wallace, Walton of Vt., Washburne, Wheeler, White of Ia., Wilson and Windom.—93.

Nays.—Messrs. Allen, Bailey of Pa., Biddle, Blair of Va., Brown of Va., Casey, Crittenden, Delaplain, Grider, Hall, Harding, Holman, Johnson, Knapp, Law, Lazear, Mallory, May, Menzies, Morris, Noble, Norden, Nugent, Pendleton, Perry, Price, Rollins of Mo., Shiel, Steele of N. Y., Steele of N. J., Thomas of Md., Vallandigham, Voorhies, Wadsworth, Wood, White of Ohio, Wickliffe, Wright.—39.

EMANCIPATION IN THE DISTRICT.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Fellow Citizens of the Senate
and House of Representatives:

The act entitled "An act for the release of certain persons held to service or labor in the District of Columbia," has this day been approved and signed.

I have never doubted the constitutional authority of Congress to abolish slavery in this District, and I have ever desired to see the National Capital freed from the institution in some satisfactory way. Hence there has never been in my mind any question upon the subject, except the one of expediency, arising in view of all the circumstances. If there be matters within and about this act which might have taken a course or shape more satisfactory to my judgment, I do not attempt to specify them. I am gratified that the two principles of compensation and colonization are both recognized and practically applied in the act.

In the matter of compensation, it is provided that claims may be presented within ninety days from the passage of the act, but not thereafter; and there is saving* for minors, *femmes covert*, insane, or absent persons. I presume there is an omission by mere oversight, and I recommend that it be supplied by an amendatory or supplemental act.

Abraham Lincoln.

Washington, April 16, 1862.

*[So telegraphed; but the word "no" is undoubtedly omitted.—Ed.]

Washington, Wednesday,
April 16, 1862.

The President to-day nominated to the Senate James G. Berret, ex-Mayor of Washington, the Hon. James F. Vinton of Ohio, and Daniel R. Goodloe, formerly of North Carolina, Commissioners under the act for the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, whose duty is to investigate and determine the validity and value of the claims presented.

LETTER FROM TROY.

Troy, N. Y., April 14, '62.

Mr. Editor: We had here, last Thursday evening, an exhibition, comprising tableaux, singing and recitations, for the benefit of the pastor of the A. M. E. Church, and we are pleased to say that it was a perfect success, there being over sixteen hundred persons in attendance, and at least two hundred who could not get into the hall. The "Troy Whig" of the following day contained the subjoined notice:

"The entertainment gotten up by our colored fellow citizens at Harmony Hall last evening, for the benefit of the pastor of the African M. E. Church, was largely attended, and passed off *very successfully*. The exercises consisted of vocal and instrumental music, tableaux and recitation. The tableauxs were all finely rendered, and several were deservedly encored. The vocal music was of a superior order, as was also the recitation of Poe's 'Raven,' by Mr. R. M. Dunmore. Mr. D. is a good elocutionist, and was highly complimented for the admirable manner in which he recited this difficult production. The stage was handsomely decorated, and the different exercises were very cleverly performed. The entertainment would bear repetition, as many persons went away from the Hall last evening unable to gain admission."

The repetition of the affair is talked of, but not yet decided upon.

S. H. Smith.

MEETING IN WILLIAMSBURG.

At a public meeting of the colored citizens of Brooklyn, E D., held at the church of the Rev. Wm. J. Hodges, on Monday evening, April 14th, 1862, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas the Congress of the United States have recently passed an act emancipating the slaves of the District of Columbia, and abolishing slavery therein, and which said District is the heart and seat of Government of this our great republic, thereby showing to the world that they still adhere to, and act in accordance with, the principles maintained by Jefferson, and which are embodied in the constitution of this United States, "that all men are created free and equal, and endowed with certain enalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Resolved, That we, the colored citizens of Brooklyn, E. D., do highly approve, sanction and endorse the recent action of Congress abolishing slavery in this District, and do return our sincere thanks to those noble and Christian like statesmen who voted in favor of the same, for so faithfully discharging their duties in behalf of those oppressed people.

Resolved, That we will ever stand by the country that gave us birth, and that we will do all we can to maintain this Government and support the constitution of the United States at any sacrifice of life and property, if called for at our hands.

Resolved, That we hail this as a day of deliverence and a year of jubilee to the colored people of this country, and of the African race in general, and as the commencement of the great work which will yet be performed for the enfranchisement of the colored people of this country.

Wm. J. Hodges, President.
Wm. A. Gibbs, Jun., Sect'y.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Joseph C. Bustill, of Harrisburg, arrived in this city last Saturday, expecting to leave shortly for Hayti, but intelligence gleaned from parties from that country and other sources, has not only led him to abandon the idea of taking his family there, but he has written to parties who were to have gone along not to leave their homes until they hear further from him. In fact Mr. Bustill is quite undecided in regard to his own movements; but it is very probable that he will return to Pennsylvania.

Mr. Henry Hopper of Paterson N. J. manufacturer of machinists' tool handles, has lately erected a new workshop in the rear of his old one, the increasing demand for handles making the enlargement necessary. His reputation as a handle maker is not surpassed by that of any Anglo Saxonin this country. We hope that Mr. Hopper will have some specimens of his workmanship in the approaching Exhibition.

THE EMANCIPATION BILL SIGNED.

Special Dispatch to the Evening Post.

Washington, Wednesday,
April 16, 1862.

The hearts of all the friends of Freedom are rejoiced by the report just made current that Mr. Lincoln has signed the bill for the emancipation of the blacks of this District. True to his instincts, true to his noble principles, true to the benevolent policy which his Message recently inaugurated, he has put his name to the great act which carries joy to thousands upon thousands of homes and hearts. If our cannons roar out the glorious triumphs of the battlefield, surely they should announce this triumph with double thunders of sound.

Mr. Lincoln has not hesitated in affixing his name to the charter which brings liberty to so many because he had any doubts of the propriety or the justice of the measure, but simply in obedience to his just-mindedness. He does nothing hastily; he is disposed to hear arguments on all sides, and for the last two days he has listened patiently to the objections of those who were interested in the retention of Slavery.

The Border-State men have said all they could say; the President has given mature consideration to their words, but he decides, at last, that he is unable to stain his fair fame with the reproach that he had been the obstacle to the great work of the day.

Even if the President had withheld his name from the bill there were votes enough in Congress to pass it over his head; but he preferred to attach the "Abraham Lincoln" to a measure which will reflect such lasting honor upon him and his administration. At home and abroad this deed is of more use to our cause than any great battle.

The Baptism on Sunday Last.—By a sad blunder many of our readers were sent to the foot of 16th street, instead of 34th St. and were obliged to walk to said point: some arriving there too late to witness the ceremony. This is a matter of regret to us and would have been made right had we discovered the error in time. We learn that there was a very large number present and that every thing passed off quietly. In the afternoon the Abyssinian Baptist Church was crowded and twenty-one persons were abmitted to membership.

Festival of the Young Men's Literary Association.—In our advertising columns will be found the programme of the aforesaid Association for their festival on Thursday evening next, from which it will be seen that invitations have been sent to many of the leading minds of this country, and no doubt the speaking on that occasion will be of the highest order. We learn that already over two hundred tickets have been sold. This looks as though the committee of arrangements had made a blunder in selecting so small a hall, although one that would accomodate an audience brought out by an ordinary occasion. Aside from the great efforts of the members to make the affair a perfect success the novelty of the exercises would be likely to attract a very large audience.

The following persons have been made honorary members of the Association: Mrs Rev. Alex. Crummel, Mrs. Rev. H. H. Garnet, Mrs. Rev. W. J. Alston, Mrs. Caroline W. Groves, Mrs. Sarah M. Douglas, Miss Sara G. Stanley, Mrs. Frances Ellen Watkins Harper, Mrs. Mary A. Shadd Cary, Rt. Rev. Danl. A. Payne, Rev. Wm. Douglass, Prof. Sol. G. Brown, Jerh. Bowers, Ezekial Dias, Warren M. Stewart, Saml. S. Rankins, Jas. R. W. Leonard, and Thomas Hamilton.

PERFORMANCE OF MONS. KELLIES.

New Haven, Conn., Ap. 14th, 1862.

Mr. Editor,—Noticing the advertisement of Mons. Kellies in your paper of the 10th inst. and having had the pleasure of seeing him perform in New Haven some weeks ago, I take this opportunity of saying to the colored people and the public of New York city in general, that it is impossible for a person who has not been an eye witness to form an idea of the almost superhuman feats performed by Mons. Kellies. I venture to say no exhibition of the kind was ever given in New Haven which afforded equal satisfaction to those who have witnessed it as that of Mons. Kellies. Will not your colored citizens improve the opportunity of witnessing some of the greatest feats ever performed, done by an individual of their own color, as well as to give a worthy man what he really deserves, a good benefit!

S. F.

SHILOH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, N. Y.

At a large and influential meeting of the members and pew holders of this church on Tuesday night, the 14th inst., a resolution was adopted requesting the whole Board of Trustees to resign their office, only one single person voting in the negative. The meeting was one of unusual harmony and decision.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE GERRIT SMITH LAND MOVEMENT —CONGRATULATORY.

Friends: Your powerful and earnest response to our humble demand on Thursday last has answered our object, and we greet you to-day the truly interested friends of our cause, fully appreciating its lofty and independent principle.

Nearly *six months* ago we ventured an experiment single handed and alone, in test of the public interest in the improvement of the Gerrit Smith Lands, many of which, we learned, were being stripped of their valuable timber, whilst vast tracts were but awaiting the fall of the auctioneer's hammer to become the coveted property of the appreciative speculator, for non-payment of taxes. But our zeal outstripped our caution, and the effort failed. In falling back to recruit, of course we were obliged to run the gauntlet of old fogy derision, badly damaged in the sacrifice of our scanty means. Our faith, though once defeated was not destroyed. Abiding our time, the mammoth expression at the Cooper Institute told the ripe season: and pressing hot upon its heels, we urged the claims of our movement. We again beat the alarums, but the old fogies flew the track with epithets of disapprobation for our presumption. Suddenly, however, as though inspired with the "forward" spirit of the movement, the gallant young yoemanry, together with a few progressive though retired old veterans, vaulted into the arena, and with your cheering encouragement, gave us a victory. Your liberal support of our enterprise has placed in our hands the necessary means to secure the first step toward the accomplishment of our purpose, and a few weeks shall develope its import.

We cannot adequately express our sense of obligation for the sterling and and excellent entertainment rendered on the occasion by Mr. Manager James J. Spelman, with his Dramatic troup, represented by Misses Tilly and Josephine Williams, Miss Ophelia Powers; Messrs. Geo. Bodee, Augustus Powers, John Gambier, Chas. Ross, Josh. Gray and John Jacobs. Also, to the Misses L. and M. Vogelsang and Miss Powers for the rich attraction of their sweet voices; and to Miss Victoria Price, the popular organist and piano instructor of Brooklyn, Miss Virginia Magnan and Miss Jane A. Williams, of New York, we offer our grateful acknowledgment for their skillful services at the piano, as well as to Miss Mary Highland Garnet, though disabled, we regret, by a severe accident to a finger, she was, nevertheless, present.

The volunteer musicians advertised on the programme not appearing, the public as well as ourself are deeply obliged to Prof. A. T. Hardy who generously volunteered on the spot to relieve our embarrassment, and electrified the delighted audience with his magic bow. The violin solo performed by him, together with his masterly success in his entertainmen of the guests during the evening and after the close of the performances, will not be forgotten by those who heard him.

We also tender our thanks to the committee of arrangements, Messrs. Theo. Giles, Peter Vogelsang, John W. Williams and Wm. H. Leonard for their very valuable services, the remembrance of all of which shall give new impetus to our zeal, and render certain the accomplishment of a noble object, but shortly since so gloomy and obscure.

James R. W. Leonard.

Bethel Fair.—The ladies of Bethel Church opened, on the 1st inst., in the basement of the M. E. Church, in Sullivan street, above Bleecker, a Fair for the benefit of their church, which we are pleased to say has been a perfect success. The room has been crowded nightly by our citizens and quite a large amount has been realised by the ladies. The fact that the authorities of Bethel Church are talking about purchasing the property where the fair was held, and their using it to worship in for the last month, gave the ladies an immense advantage, which they have made the best possible use of. The purchase of this property by Bethel would be an act of very great wisdom, as the place is centrally located and easy of access from all parts of the city.

Youths' Literary Society of Brooklyn.—This society gave an entertainment on the evening of the 10th in the Concord Street Baptist Church, for the benefit of said church. The attendance was not very numerous, but we hear that those present were well pleased with the performances. The entertainment was concluded with a ball at Poplar Hall.

Prof. Wm. J. Wilson's School at the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn.—This school repeated their exhibition on the evening of the 11th inst., at the above named place, before a densely crowded audience. The children—some of whom possess fine natural abilities—acquitted themselves superbly. Indeed we do not know that we ever witnessed a more spirited performance. Miss Laura Williams, whose singing in the duett from Norma with Miss Anna Lamas was so deservedly applauded at the last exhibition, received a splendid bouquet in acknowledgment of said performance. The little farce of "Bluster and Fuster," written by Mr. Wilson expresely for the occasion, was capitally performed and elicited unbounded applause.

SURPRISERS SURPRISED.

Having received a very pressing invitation to attend a party on the 15th inst.—we knew not where—we made due acknowledgments and repaired to the place of rendesvous, which was in 34th street near the 7th avenue. About 11 o'clock a long line of pleasure seekers might have been seen wending their way up 7th avenue with baskets, which seemed to be somewhat weighty; kettles carried very carefully, and suspicious looking bottles—the whole procession being guarded in the rear by three rather small men, two of whom carried black boxes, and the other a tremendous big fiddle. Some of the party having no idea where they were going, would frequently ask the others to let them know when they had passed Harlem, Sing Sing, &c. The leaders kept steadily on until they had arrived at the house of Miss B——e, 54th street corner of 7th avenue, about 5 miles from the City Hall. It was very evident that a very few of the party expected to go in the country so soon in the season, therefore this was surprise the first. On the way up we had anticipated much pleasure from turning people out of bed, &c.; but we had also expected some little deprivation of comfort from crowded rooms, but you may judge of our surprise when we say that everybody was up, and the house all prepared for our reception. The room into which we were ushered measured just 39 feet by 23, thus affording ample room to the company. The musicians, Messrs Douglass, Flow and Snyder, having secured a position, soon brought the company to their feet, who whirled the night away amid the mazes of all the fashionable dances.

Reader, you must not suppose that the creature comforts were lost sight of, for we can testify that the contents of a certain very large bowl was not forgotten, nor were the viands, including the oysters and their "fixins" neglected. This being a private affair, it is not lawful to introduce the public nose thereinto, and we hope the ladies will excuse us for making public what we have. The ladies were very finely dressed—too much so, we thought, for the occasion—but as many of them expect to make a "change" this season, we suppose that they must make themselves look as lovely as possible. The aid rendered by the gentlemen was prompt and unceasing, thus rendering the labors of the committee light indeed; in fact so little did the committee have to do, that to this moment we do not know to whom we owe the exceedingly pleasant evening's enjoyment.

Wanderer.

A NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Mr. Editor.—Some little time ago I read in your paper a communication from Dr. Delany urging upon our people the importance of holding a National Convention. I have waited for some time, hoping that many would follow recommending the same thing, but as yet few have said anything about it.

Now Sir, allow me to ask why such a convention should not be held? When was there ever a time when such a convention was more needed?

Sir, I hope that this matter will not be overlooked.

If it were here necessary many considerations might be urged why such a convention should be held.

Let us meet, then, say about the first week in October, or sooner if thought best. What say you, Mr. Editor? Yours,

A. N. Freeman.

Hartford, Ct., March 29th, 1862.

Negro Regiments.—A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore "Sun" intimates that the War Department have in contemplation the formation of a few negro regiments to garrison the Southern forts when the sickly season approaches. I have reason to believe that Mr. Stanton is now entertaining this proposition. It is evident to all that if the rebels hold out in the summer, it will be necessary to make use of the acclimated native population. Mr. Stanton will not hesitate to make use of this class of people the moment the necessity becomes apparent.—Cor. N. Y. Post.

The loyal whites then, are deemed adequate to whip all the rebels of the South, though aided by forced battallions of slaves and free negroes, but they shrink from an engagement with "Yellow Jack." We wonder if Mr. Stanton will follow Mr. Cameron in forbidding colored soldiers to wear the U. S. uniform? Won't it degrade the white soldier?—Albany Statesman.

The Churches.—The war has made great changes in the churches of Alexandria. The following are the statistics.

Three Protestant Episcopal; the ministers all gone into Secessia.

Two Presbyterian; one minister gone.

Two Episcopal Methodist; one minister gone.

One Protestant Methodist; minister remains.

One Baptist; minister went but has returned.

One Catholic; minister remains.

One Quaker; sound on the goose.

Two colored; very ditto, ditto.

To this may be added, as a general remark,—"Like people like priests."

OBITUARY.

Frances J. Clinton, oldest daughter of Joseph J. and Letitia Clinton, was born on the 23d of August 1847, departed this life on the 29th of March 1862; Aged 14 years 7 months, 6 days

Of an exceedingly amiable disposition—a dutiful and affectionate daughter, she was the idol of fond parents, and beloved by all who knew her. Zealous in the pursuit of knowledge, and eager for mental improvement she was always attentive to instruction, obedient, and respectful to her teachers, and kind and conciliating toward her schoolmates. Stricken by fell disease while pursuing her studies, she lingered but a few days, before her classmates and companions were called to pay the last tribute of respect to the mortal remains of one, whose kind and gentle bearing had won the hearts of all.

Her last words were "mother I am not afraid to die," so calmly, and peacefully passed from earth a spirit, that will long be "mourned and missed," by the home circle and by her school companions.

While we sympathise with the bereaved parents and friends we feel that the change, for her, has been a happy one, that her ransomed spirit has now entered upon a course of heavenly instruction, that angels and the spirits of the just made perfect are her associates and fellow pupils, and Infinite Wisdom her teacher.

M. H. Freeman

Principal of Avery College

Allegheny City Pa. April 8th, 1862.

DIED.

Johnson.—In this city, April 11, of apoplexy, Rachel Johnson, aged 71 years

The deceased, whom many of our readers will better remember as Mrs. Michael Johnson, was a lady of very great usefulness in this city, and exceedinglypublic spirited for one of her age At the time of her death she was a member of Shiloh Presbyterian Church, where she had belonged for the last forty years; and during that long period her name has scarcely been lost sight of in all movements whether for the church or the public good. She was a person of quick perception and of good judgment; hence her counsels were always sought after by those who knew her best.—On the evening of her death she bid fair for a long continuance of life, having entertained company in her usual vivacious manner until the hour of retiring; when on ascending the stairs she was taken ill, and lived but a few hours thereafter.

Mrs. Johnson was buried from Shiloh Church on Monday the 14th inst., Rev. Chas. H. Thompson of Brooklyn, Rev. Benj. Lynch of this city, and Rev. H. H. Garnet, pastor of the church, officiating on the occasion. Her body now rests near the remains of her late pastor, Rev. Theo. S Wright. A vast concourse of persons, filling the church in very part, attended the funeral.

Stewart.—Died, in this city, on Thursday, the 10th inst., after a short illness, Alonzo A., son of Jeremiah and Frances Stewart, aged 4 years and 4 months.

Hodges.—In New York city, April 10th, of the scarlet fever, John V. Hodge, jr. aged 3 years 3 months and 17 days.

Sebra.—In Hartford, Ct. March 29th, Miss Catherine Sebra, aged 45 years.

Johnson.—In Williamsburg, suddenly on Monday, April 7th, Catharine Johnson wife of Wm. Johnson and sister of Saml. Johnson, aged 48 years.

Special Notices.

THE SIXTH
ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL,
of the
Young Men's Literary Association
OF THE THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
Will be given at the
CONTINENTAL HALL,
Eighth Avenue, corner of 34th street,
On Thursday Evening, April 24th, 1862.
For the purpose of Establishing
A LIBRARY.

The following distinguished Gentlemen, representing the Ecclesiastical, Professional and Literary classes, have been invited to address the Association.

Rev. H. H. Garnet, Rev. W. J. Alston. Rev. A. Crummell, Rev. H. M. Wilson, Rev. William Spelman, Rev. J. T. Raymond, Rev. J. D. S. Hall, Rev. David Stevens, Rev. R. H. Kane, Bk'n. Rev. R. Wilson, Rev. C. B. Ray, Prof. Wm. J. Wilson, Dr. J. M'Cune Smith, Dr. M. R. Delany, Judge J. S. Rock, Boston, Fred. Douglass, Esq., Wm. C. Nell, Esq., Boston, C. L. Remond, Esq., Salem, Ransom F. Wake, Esq., Prof. Chas. L. Reason, John Peterson, Esq., George T. Downing, Esq., William Rich, Esq., Troy, Rev. C. H. Thompson, Bk'n.

The evening will be enlivened by a series of Musical Exercises, Consisting of Solos, Duetts, Choruses etc., by a number of young Ladies and Gentlemen, who have kindly volunteered their services.

A NOVEL FESTIVAL.

A Grand Saloon will be opened, combining the Sportive with the Refreshment Department, under the superintendance of the following named Ladies:

Mrs. P. S. Porter, Mrs. Eliza Odell, Mrs. Harriet Roberts, Mrs. M. A. Johnson, Mrs. Ellen W. Anderson, Mrs. Ellen P. Anderson, Mrs Rachel Maxey, Mrs. Harriet Harper, Mrs. T. S. W. Titus, Mrs. Ann R. Mills, Mrs. Robert Thompson, Mrs. Rachel Merrit, Miss Catherine Lyons, Miss Georgiana Freeman, Miss Mary A. Geers, Miss H. A. Hollingsworth, Miss Catherine Rome, Miss M. Highland Garnet, Miss Jane Merritt, Miss Margaret Fuller, Miss Elizabeth J. Baldwin, Miss Mary Williams, Miss Eliza Forster, Miss Hannah Colter, Miss Matilda Higgins, Miss Margaret O. Powers, Miss R. Mills, Miss Georgiana Harris.

Tickets may be had of the following Ladies and Gentlemen, and also of the Ladies of the Committee of Superintendence.

Mr. T. S. W. Titus, 272 Thompson st. Mr. Robert Thompson, 154 Sullivan st. Mr. Jeremiah Powers, 18 Greene st., Mr. Peter S. Porter, 170 West 20th st., Mr. Abraham Roberts, 120 Clinton Place, Miss Serena Rock, 134 West 29th st., Mrs. Levin Polk, 6 Morton st., Mr. James Hawkins, Everett House, Mr. James P. Miller, 95 West 32d st.

Tickets 15 cents.

Doors open at 7 o'clock, Exercises to mence at 8.

John W. Williams, President.
Lewis W. Green, V. Pres.
Abraham W. Larkin, Secretary.
Peter S. Porter, Treasurer.

No Bills received at the door. No postponement on account of the weather.

ARRIVALS

At Mrs. PLANT'S Boarding House.

Mr. Timothy Washington, of Washington, D. C.
— Wilson, of Philadelphia.
— Walter Peterson, of North Hempstead, L. I.
— Black, of Sweden.

THE FUTURE OF AFRICA;

BY Rev. Alexander Crummell, is NOW READY. Copies may be obtained of Chas. Scribner, Grand street, between Broadway and Crosby street. Price one dollar.

APARTMENTS TO LET, with water and waste pipe on the same floor: Apply at 207 Wooster st.

TO LET. The dwelling part of house 55 West Broadway, either the whole or by apartments. Inquire in the Drug Store on the premises

MATRIMONIAL.

A Young man, aged 22 years, wishes to find a Young Lady who has got a disposition as sweet as his own, with the view to matrimony. A young widow with one child under 5 years preferred.

Address with candor, Wm. Thomas, Station A, Spring street, New York.

38 1t

I. O. OF G. S. AND D. OF S.

Notice is hereby given that Sophia Proctor has been expelled from Purity Lodge No. 3 D. of S. for defrauding said Lodge out of the sum of forty dollars.

By order of said Lodge,
Margarett Allen, W. P. D.
Ailcy Ann Zabriskie.
New York, April 14.

GRAND CONCERT.

The Young Folks of Brooklyn will give a Grand Concert in aid of the Ladies' Union Bazaar, for the Colored Orphan Asylum, on Tuesday evening, April 22d, in the Congregational Church, cor. South 3d and 11th sts., Williamsburg.

Doors open at 6½ o'clock. Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock. Admission 15 cents.

A. T. HARDY,
MUSICIAN,
109 Thompson street, (near Prince) New York.

NEW HAVEN AGENCY.

Orders or advertisements for this paper left with Rev. J. G. Smith, No. 5 Rose street, will be promptly attended to.

The African Civilization Society stands adjourned to meet in the 7th Avenue Presbyterian Church, on Monday, April 21st, at 8 o'clock P. M.

Henry M. Wilson,
Secretary.

THE GREAT AFRICAN MAGICIAN AND WIZARD, MONS. KELLIES.

Begs leave to announce his appearance in a series of Grand Drawing Room Entertainments, consisting of astounding transformations and illusions, as presented before Queen Victoria and the Court at Balmoral Castle, Scotland, to be given at

The Metropolitan Rooms,
178 Prince st., on Thursday and
Friday Evenings, April 17th, and
18th, 1862.

These Entertainments have been extensively patronised by distinguished clergymen of all denominations, and are universally pronounced by the public and the press to be unequalled.

Mons. Kellies will give selections from the most *recherche* of his experiments, many of which are entirely new. The whole will be illustrated by new and gorgeous paraphernalia, manufactured expressly for him in London and Paris.

Tickets of admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years, 13 cents.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances to begin at 8. ☞No postponement on account of the weather.

For further particulars see small bills.

HELP WANTED.

AT Tilmon's Agency, 70 East 13th st. one door east of 4th Avenue. Farmers and Gardeners with their wives for the country; and young men and boys as waiters and cooks, chambermaids, laundresses, house-workers for city and country.

Also immediately,—a head and second waiter; a head and second cook, and pantry maid for a summer house.—Wages good.

37 tf.

LADIES' UNION BAZAAR,

For the Benefit of the
COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

In consideration of the many pressing wants of the Asylum, and the great and constant need of funds to supply those wants the Ladies of New York and Brooklyn have consented to hold a Bazaar, to aid the Managers in their labors of love and charity for the Orphans under their charge.

The object is one which speaks for itself we therefore deem any further appeal to the sympathies of the people wholly unnecessary.

The Ladies most earnestly solicit the aid of the community in donations of money or goods of any kind.

Contributsons may be sent to the directress, Mrs. E. Bastien, or to any of the committee.

OFFICERS.

Mrs. Emeline Bastien, Directress, 189 Thompson st. N. Y. Mrs. Ransom F. Wake, Assistant, 99 Thompson st. N. Y., Mrs. Rev. J. N. Gloucester, Assistant Bridge st., Brooklyn, Mrs. D. Roselle, Assistant, South Second st., Brooklyn, Mrs. Mrs. J. H. Jackson, Assistant, Sullivan st., N. Y., Miss. F. Tompkins, Secretary, 52 Laurens st., N. Y., Mrs. C. Graham, Asst., Broome st., N. Y. Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Asst., Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, Mrs. C. L. Reason, Treasurer, 118 Laurens st., N. Y.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. C. Robinson, N.Y.
" Rev. P. Williams, "
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" R. Jackson, Br'klyn
" M. Van Stay, "
" Hall, "
" J. C. Morell, "
" Tompkins, "

A GRAND MENTAL FEAST.

The ladies of the Zion Baptist Church intend giving a Grand Mental Feast, commencing on [illegible]day, April 20th, and continuing [illegible] 23d, for the benefit of the Church. Doors open at 4 o'clock P. M. Admission 10 cents; children, 5 cents.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Wm. R. De Cordova, 419 South 7th st. is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the Anglo-African. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER. A Printing Office for $10. LOWE'S Improved Printing Presses are the *Best, Cheapest,* most *Durable* portable Card and Job Presses ever made, and have been awarded Diplomas and silver medals. You will find a press a source of pleasure and profit, by printing for yourself or your neighbors. Many persons are saving and making money by using one at their houses or places of business. A comfortable living may be obtained in any city, town or village, with a small outlay for press and types. The press costs but one-tenth as much as a common Job press, and is so simple a boy or girl of twelve can do common and fancy printing with ease. Cards, Bill-Heads, Labels, Receipts, Circulars, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense.

Price of Presses—No. 1, $5; No. 2, $10; No. 3, $15; No. 4, $20. Price of Printing Offices, including press—No. 1, $10; No. 2, $20; No. 3, $30; No. 4, $40. Send for a Circular to the

LOWE PRESS COMPANY,
13 Water street, Boston.

24ts

A. ROBERTS,

120 Clinton Court, 8th st, New York, agent for the Weekly Anglo-African. Copies may be had of him at an early hour after its publication.

APARTMENTS to let No. 217 Sullivan street. Inquire on the premises of

E V CLARK

25 4t.

ZION CONFERENCE.

☞ Notice is hereby given to the Members of the Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion, that the Annual Conference of the New York District will meet in Zion Church, corner of Church and Leonard streets, New York city, on the Third Saturday in May, 1862.

WM. H. BISHOP,
Superintendent of the 1st Dist. of the A. M. E Zion Connexion.

NEWARK AGENCY.

Mr. Isaac Tembrook, 143 Newark street, is the regular agent for the "Anglo-African" for the above named city. All orders for the paper left with him will be faithfully attended to.

STONE SQUARE LODGE NO. 6, A. Y. M. under the jurisdiction of the M W. United Grand Lodge of the State of New York, meet every Friday Evening at 8 o'clock, at their Hall 309 Grand st., Williamsburg, Brooklyn, E. D.

J. H. DAVIS, Sec'ry.

CHURCH DIRECTORY FOR NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

SHILOH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, REV. H. H. GARNET, MINISTER.

New York—corner of Prince and Marion street near Broadway.

Hours of Worship;—
Prayer-meeting, 10½ A. M.
3 P. M.
7½ P. M.

Prayer-meeting Tuesday Evenings 7½ o'clock, Lecture Friday Evenings, 7½ o'clock. Minister's Residence 174 W. 30th st. near the 8th Avenue.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,

(PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.)

Wesley Place, between Bleecker and Houston Streets.

Rev. Wm. J. Alston, Pastor. Residence—70 Sullivan St.

R. C. Shiles, Sexton. Residence—75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1 2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . P. M.

Lecture every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2.

Applications for interments in S. P. C. Burial Ground, Cypress Hills, to be made 55 West Broadway.

Persons wishing to purchase burial plots, apply as above.

BRIDGE ST. A. M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Richard H. Cain Pastor, Bridge St., between Myrtle Av. and Johnson St., Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:—
10½ . . . . . A. M.
3 . . . . . P. M.
7½ . . . . . P. M.

Wednesday evenings, regular lectures on various subjects.

Residence of Pastor, No. 7 Fair St., Brooklyn.

13-1y.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

DeKalb, corner of Hudson Avenue.

Rev. Eli N. Hall, Pastor. Residence—160 Degraw St., bet. Hoyt St. and Bond, Brooklyn.

Hours of worship:
10½ o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . P. M.
7½ " . . . . . P. M.

10 4t

AFRICAN UNION CHURCH,

28th Street, near 8th Avenue; Rev. John Frisby, Pastor Residence: 69 Madison Avenue.

HOURS OF WORSHIP:
10 1-2 o clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . P. M.
7½ " . . . . . P. M.

12-1y.

SILOAM CHURCH,

Brooklyn—Prince Street, near Myrtle Avenue

Hours of worship:—
3 o'clock, ... P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . . P. M.

Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

LECTURE every Wednesday evening.

Rev. Chas. H. Thompson, Pastor. Residence, 148 Jay Street.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

Second Street, between Avenues B and C

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . P. M.
7½ " . . . . . P. M.

Rev. J. D. S. Hall, Pastor. Residence—223 Second St.

ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sullivan St., near Houston.

Rev. John T. Raymond, Pastor. Residence—No. 75 Thompson St.

HOURS OF WORSHIP.
10 1-2 o'clock, ... A. M.
3 " . . . . . P. M.
7 1-2 " . . . . . P. M.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.

Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.

Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Agent for Washington.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson will be promptly forwarded.

Troy Agency.—Mr. Henry Barke, 36 Fulton St., Troy, is the regular agent for that city and vicinity. Subscriptions and advertisements for the paper left with him, will be promptly forwarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. ELIZA LEWIS' SALVE,
ANDERSON'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,
(New London,)
SPANISH OIL, (For the Hair,)
WHITE'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT,
BRANDRETH'S SUGAR COATED PILLS,
For Sale at the
Drug Store 55 West Broadway
tf-47

GLASS, CHINA, AND EARTHEN-WARE MENDED,
BY A. ROBERTS,
120 Clinton-Court, 8th st. New York.

A Supply of the EGYPTIAN CEMENT, for the above purpose constantly on hand. Price 25 cents per bottle.

29tf.

JAMES R. W. LEONARD,
CARD AND JOB PRINTER
219 Centre Street New York.

LODGINGS. Four Gentlemen can obtain comfortable lodgings by applying to Mrs. Ellen Anderson No. 150 W. 29th street, between 7th and 8th avenues. The house is in a very pleasant part of the city and within half a block of cars and stages.

25 5t.

NOW IS THE TIME
To Use Dr. CLARKE'S
SHERRY WINE
BITTERS!!

Composed of

Dock Root,	Wild Cherry,
Sarsaparilla,	Prickly Ash,
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Rock Rose,	Rhubarb,
Wintergreen,	Dandelion,

&c. &c.

For Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Sour Stomach, Jaundice, Headache, Piles of long standing, Humors,

And all Diseases which arise from an unhealthy state of the Stomach, Bowels, and Blood.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE!

For Sale at the office of the Anglo-African, 48 Beekman street.

TO LET.—Two furnished Rooms in Mrs. Plant's Boarding House suitable for a gentleman and wife, or for single gentlemen or ladies. Apply on the premises.

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MRS. CHURCH, PROPRIETRESS,
105 *Park Street, near Mott,*
NEW YORK.

This is the oldest Colored Boarding-House in the city, having been

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It is centrally located, being within fifteen minutes' walk of the steamboat landings, and of al the principal colored Churches.

19 26t

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Gentlemen it you want a Nice, Fashionable, well-fitted Garment at a much Lower Price than can be bought at any other establishment in this in any other city, please call at the Mercha Tailor Establishment,

168 EWEN STREET,
BET. STAGG & WYCKOFF STS., WILLIAMSBURG

Where you will find a splendid assortment o seasonable goods, as

BROADCLOTHS,
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of every description. Also constantly on hand well-selected stock of Ready-Made

MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING.

Don't Forget,
168 EWEN ST.,
Williamsburg

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MASONIC HEAD QUARTERS,
EMPIRE STATE HOTEL
AND
UNION HOUSE,
541 BROOME STREET
Between Sullivan & Varick Sts., N.Y.,

On an improved plan, by widow T.L. JINNINGS successor to Mrs. Ramsey.

Board by the Day, Week, or Month, on moderate terms.

Please call and see for yourselves.

AGENTS WANTED.

SOMETHING NEW—WANTED IN EVERY family.—Patriotic Thermometer, Electric Barometer, or Storm Indicator; Unrivalled Coffee Strainer, or Ladies' Friend; Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Hemmer and Shield, for hand sewing; Transparent Cones, for Kerosene and coal oil lamps; Egyptian Cement, for mending furniture, crockery, &c.; Patent Match Safe, for vest pocket. Samples 25 cents each. Satisfaction given or money returned. For terms and circulars (inclose stamp) P. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.

19 13t

MRS. M. E. EDY,
EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE.
Residence—134 Christie Street, N. Y.
26 26t

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and Musical Boxes carefully Repaired by Wm. C. H. Curtis, No. 153 Thompson St., N. Y. Silver Plating and Fine Gilding.

8 tf

NEW SAILOR'S HOME. CHARLES M. Foster, has opened a pleasant home for Seamen, at 199 South Street, N.Y., Seamen will find this a very desirable house, as it is in a central location, and every provision made for their comfort.

Boarding by the day or week. Terms moderate.

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HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS
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Shipping Furs Bought.
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BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class Boarding and Lodging House at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within 5 minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, makes it a very desirable and convenient place.

MRS E. LEONARD,
FASHIONABLE
DRESS MAKER,
25 Sullivan Street, New York.
Receives monthly the latest Paris Fashions.

BOARDING AND LODGING

By Mrs. Mary Johnson, 120 West 30th Street, New York. This house is very pleasantly situated in a very healthy and convenient part of the city.

Boarding for Ladies . . . [illegible]
" " Gents. . . . [illegible]
Lodging per week, . . . [illegible]

MRS. SARAH A. TILMAN,
FANCY HAIR BRAIDER.
In all its branches—such as
BRACELETS, EAR-RINGS, WATCH GUARDS, FINGER RINGS, CHAINS, ETC.
Residence—120th St., between 3d and 4th Avenues, Harlem.
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HATS CAPS & [illegible]
In great variety.
First Premium for [illegible]
HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' RIDING [illegible]
The Clergy supplied at a discount.
KELLOGG, 331 Canal St., N. Y.
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THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS,
MELODEONS, ALEXANDRE ORGANS,
T. Gilbert & Co's. Celebrated [illegible] Pianos,

are the finest instruments for Parlors and Churches now in use. A large assortment may be seen at the new Warerooms 481 Broadway, between Grand and Broome streets, which will be sold at extremely low prices. Pianos and Melodeons from [illegible] makers, new and second hand, to let, and rent allowed if purchased, as per agreement. Monthly payments received for the same. Also, second-hand pianos at great bargains, prices from $25 to $100. Sheet Music, Music Books, and all kinds of Music merchandise at war prices. A Pianist in attendance will try new music.

HORACE WATERS, Agent.

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GEORGE OTON'S
QUADRILLE BAND
BALLS, PARTIES, &c., furnished with MUSIC at the shortest notice.

MR. GEORGE OTON,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Would respectfully inform Ladies and Gentlemen that he is now ready to furnish his patrons with all the latest and most fashionable Music, and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a share of the public patronage, by furnishing any number of Instruments.

N. B.—Sociables supplied with the Harp and Violin, at a moderate price.

G. OTON,
45 Elizabeth St., Room 20.

Orders may be left with Samuel Flow, 15 St. John's Lane; J. T. Douglass, 251 Elizabeth St.; T. Snyder, 121 Broome St., and with G. Oton.

18tf

TO LET.—Furnished rooms for gentlemen, with or without board, at 68 Sullivan st.

JOHN H. JACKSON

TO LET in Williamsburgh to a small family, the upper part of No. 64 South 8th st., containing all the modern improvements, within three minutes walk of all the ferries.

For particulars inquire as above Possession given immediately.

WORLD'S FAIR AGENCY.—The undersigned are acting as Agents for Merchants and Manufacturers to Exhibit at World's Fair, and to introduce into England, France and other European countries, articles of American Invention, Procuring Patents, making Sales, or in any way promoting their interests.

DEXTER & CO. 17 Spruce st. N. Y.; 86 Milk street, Boston; 149 S. Fourth st., Philad

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HELP WANTED

At Tilmon's Agency, No. 70 East 13th st., one door East of the 4th Avenue. Spring is here and now is the time. Never was there a greater demand for all first class colored help than now. Remember that this is the oldest and most responsible office in the city for colored help. Situations constantly on hand for both city and country. Terms cash and strict attention paid to business. All persons coming to this city and wishing to save board will do well to call during Office hours, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

31tf L. Tilmon, Proprietor.

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GENERAL AGENT FOR
HOUSE LETTING,
170 WEST 29TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Colored Families furnished with apartments in suits of Rooms or whole Houses, in different parts of the City.

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PLANE St. SELECT SCHOOL.
195 PLANE ST., NEWARK, N. J.
MRS. HARRIET E. ROGERS, PRINCIPAL.

The branches taught are Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography and History. Plain Sewing. Ornamental Needlework, Worsted Embroidery and Fancy Knitting.

Piano Forte, Melodeon, and Vocal Music by Prof. John H. O'Fake.

A limited number of Misses between the ages of ten and fourteen may be boarded in the house on moderate terms. Healthy location, with a fine yard for exercise.

REFERENCES.

NEWARK, N.J.

Rev. E. J. Adams, [illegible]

Adam Ray, [illegible]

BROOKLYN.

Rev. J. N. Gloucester.

NEW YORK.

Rev. H. M. Wilson, Rev. H. H. Garnet.

All letters may be addressed to Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, 194 Plane st. Newark N. J.

Elizabeth City, N. J. Feb. [illegible], 1862.

This is to certify that I heartily approve of the Select School for young misses. I have been acquainted with her for over twenty-five years [illegible] I am happy to recommend her [illegible] to the patronage of the public in general.

DANIEL H. VENDERVEER,

Pastor of the 1st Colored Pres. Church [illegible]

WASHBOARDS! WASHBOARDS! WASHBOARDS!!!—of the celebrated [illegible] Patent, equalling in durability [illegible] three of the old style boards, for sale at the Office of the "Anglo-African" [illegible] cents. Give them a trial.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Poetry.

From the Independent.

"LET MY PEOPLE GO."—THE SONG OF THE SLAVES' HOPE.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

A murmur in the midnight! Hark!
The whisper of a tremulous hope
That battle's earthquake tramp may ope
The bondman's dungeon, deep and dark!
Old smothered heart-beats leaping out
Almost to utterance, old despair
Catching new breath in quickened air—
The indrawn breath of Freedom's shout!

A quick thought gleaming in the night,—
Orion's sword by daylight sheathed!—
A voice to morning never breathed.
The lark song of an inward light!
Long ere this glow of lurid dawn,
One sleepless eye, one listening ear,
In gloom could see, in silence hear,
The whisper'd hope and sword undrawn

By broad Missouri's winding wave,
By slow Savannah's heavy flood,
On fair Potomac dash'd with blood,
Sings low the long-enduring slave
Old songs, the heir-looms of old time,
The awful words that smote erewhile,
The crested dragon of the Nile,
Preluding Israel's march sublime.

In plagues, the tenfold scourge of God,
Vermin and blight—all loathsome things
Commission'd by the King of kings—
Obedient to the prophet's rod,—
With blood and hail, and lightning-glow,
And darkness deeper than the tomb,
Came down the trumpet voice of doom,
"Proud monarch! let my people go!"

Not till the robber's land was shorn
Of all her glory and her power,
And judgment rang its final hour
In death groans of the earliest born;
Nor till the Red Sea's refluent wave
Rolled in eternal overthrow
The pomp and pride of Pharaoh,—
Came full deliverance to the slave.

The fire and blood and reptile swarm
Are on the land of bondage now,
The Judgment angel's lowering brow
Portends the final thunder-storm;
While mutters in the sulphurous cloud
The summons "Let my people go!"
Slaves in their cabin chant it low,
And red-mouthed cannon shout it loud.

How long, avenging God! how long
Must rise the old predictive wail,
Must fall the lightning and the hail,
Ere dance the Freed to Miriam's song?
The murmur deepens to a cry,
Thought leaps to utterance like a sword
Of fire unsheathing for the Lord,
And Freedom calls to do or die!

The slave has hope! then hope my soul,
No steed to slaughter drives amain
But where God holds the bridle-rein:
He calls from battle's thunder roll,
'Ere all the firstborn feel the blow,
And war's Red Sea for ever whelms
The glory of your banded realms,
Arise! and let my people go!"

From The Washington Republican, April 7.

ATTEMPTED KIDNAPPING IN WASHINGTON.

THE KIDNAPPERS CAUGHT AND LOCKED UP.

On Saturday, the camps of the 7th New York and 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry, on the Seventh street road, beyond the Park Hotel, were scenes of the wildest excitement, caused by an attempt on the part of two county constables named John H. Wise (late jailor) and Chas. Kemble, to arrest a free negro man on suspicion of being a run away slave The colored man whose arrest was attempted is named Edward Sam He is a native of the Island of Trinidad, and has free papers, which are certified to by the United States consul at that port, and also by the British consul in this city. We paid a visit to both of the camps yesterday, and gleaned the following particulars of the affair:

Early on Saturday afternoon a hack containing three persons was seen to stop on the Seventh street road, about a half a mile beyond the Park Hotel. At that point one of the men (a former sergeant of the 7th New York Cavalry) got out and stood in the road. The hack passed on a short distance and stopped again in front of the camp of the 7th New York. The two men there got out, and at a given signal from the soldier standing in the road, pounced upon and seized a negro man who was within the lines. The man arrested inquired the reason of such proceeding, when he was informed by one of the kidnappers that they were going to take him to his master, as he was a runaway slave. The colored man told them that he had no master, that he was as free as they were, and that he had his free papers, which he offered to produce if they would release him and give him time to go after them. This the kidnappers refused to do, and began to drag him to the hack, the colored man all the while protesting that he was free, and crying lustily for help. His cries attracted the attention of a sentinel named Michael Hickey, a member of Company M. 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry, (a squad of whom were engaged in guarding some Government property near by) who rushed to his rescue and demanded of the kidnappers the cause of the colored man's arrest.

He was told by Kemble that the man was his slave, and that he had come to take him into custody. The sentinel, who knew the colored man to be free, told him that if they did not release him immediately, he would run them through with his saber, at the same time drawing his weapon. The kidnappers did not mind his threat, and again attempted to drag their victim to the carriage, but were soon stopped by the soldier, who made a thrust at one of them with his saber. Wise asked the soldier if he knew what he was about, and if he intended to place himself between them and the law, to which he replied that he would place himself between them and h—l sooner than they should carry a free man into Slavery. The kidnappers professed to have an order from Provost-Marshal Porter giving them permission to search any of the camps around the city for runaways, which, upon being asked to exhibit, they could not do.

By this time a large of crowd soldiers from the surrounding camps had collected around the kidnappers, who got into the carraiage and ordered the driver to take them into town, vowing vengeance against the sentinel, who had interfered with them "while in discharge of their duty." The sentinel, who was not to be bamboozled in that way, however, ordered the driver to halt, and the "kids" to get out of the carriage and accompany him to his colonel's tent. The two men refusing to accede to the modest request of the sentinel, he drew his pistol with one hand, and, with the other, jerked them out of the vehicle, threatening, if they made the least resistance, to blow their brains out. This proceeding had the effect of persuading the gallant "kids" that it was best for them to obey the sentinel's command, and to follow him to the colonel's tent.

The crowd by this time had further increased, and as the men were taken from the carriage a scene of the wildest excitement ensued. From the throats of between 300 and 400 enraged men came loud demands of "Hang the d—d kidnappers!" "Run them through!" "Shoot the nigger catchers!" "Stone them to death!" "Get a rope!" and like cries very unpleasant to men in the position of the "kids." It was with great difficulty that the officers of the 7th New York could prevent their men from executing summary vengeance upon the constables, who were being conveyed to the camp of the 4th Pennsylvania, about a hundred rods beyond that of the 7th New York. Arriving at the camp of the 4th, the "kids" were taken before Col. Childs, who, after hearing the evidence, ordered them to be sent into town to the Provost Marshall's office. They were immediately placed upon a charger, and under the escort of about a dozen mounted men, proceeded on their journey townwards. The escort was accompanied by Quartermaster Light, and Capt. C. D. Rosseau of the 7th New York Cavalry.

The cortege passed down Seventh street, followed until below the Park Hotel by an immense crowd, who kept up a continual hooting and jeering, interspersed with threats of lynching, which so scared the poor "kids" that they were pale with fear, each of them now and then turning his head around to see if there was any immediate prospect of the threats being put into execution. As the party proceeded still farther along Seventh street, the boys, seeing that something was loose, began to follow, and by the time the procession reached the Provost Marshal's office, on the corner of Nineteenth and I streets, two or three hundred boys had collected around, some shouting with all their might "Secessson nigger thieves!" "Kidnappers!" "Nigger stealers!" "Got you this time, old fellows!" "How do you like nigger stealing now?" and similar cries.

At the Provost Marshal's office the "kids" were ordered to dismount, and were then taken before Gen Wadsworth, who asked them to show him the warrant upon which they attempted to arrest the colored man. They informed him that they had no warrant, and did not need any to arrest a slave, or even a supposed runaway. Their explanation, however, did not suit the General, who ordered them to the Central Guard-House, there to be confined until further examination can be had.

They were then paraded down to the Guard-House, where they still are, and where we hope and trust they may remain until they are entirely cured of their mania for arresting negroes on suspicion of being runaways.

The man who gave the Coustables the information that a runaway slave was in the camp of the 7th New York Cavalry is named Albert K. McMurray, of Lansingburg, N. Y. He was formerly a Sergeant in that corps, but was degraded from his rank and dismissed from the regiment on account of gross misconduct. We were informed by a number of officers of the regiment that through information derived from him three other colored men have been arrested and carried off from the camp on suspicion of being slaves, and since then no tidings have been received of them. We are requested to state by the officers and men of the regiment, that he is universally hated and despised by the whole corps.

The negro man whose arrest was attempted is engaged as cook to the Adjutant of the regiment, and was previously employed as officers' servant in the 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry, which regiment he left to join the 7th New York. He seems to be a very intelligent man, and is universally esteemed by all who know him in both regiments. He says that he was born and raised in Trinidad, and has always been a free man. He is consequently a British subject. He was brought by one of the Captains of the 7th from the State of New York. The officers of both regiments expres themselves determined to ferret out the whole transaction—other persons being, it is supposed, behind the scenes—and to have the guilty parties punished.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have received a communication from an eye-witness to the transaction, fully corroborating the above statement, with the following addition: In reference to the arrest, the writer says: "Soon a negro left the camp for the spring, to get a bucket of water. The constables went to the negro and asked him if the water was good, and if he would give them a drink! While he was in the act of giving them a drink, one of them knocked the water and pail out of his hand, at the same time both of them seizing him by the collar and dragging him along toward the carriage He halloed as no human being ever halloed before." The writer concludes: "They were soon mounted on horses, and under a strong guard, amid hisses and groans and showers of mud, brought to the city."

Double Assassination.—A shocking tragedy has just come to light in Cuba. A slaveholder named Linares disappeared recently, who, it seems had incurred the vengeance of one Arango, who having sold him some negroes just arrived from Africa, was by him cheated in the payment thereof. Arango hired two noted robbers, known as Los Asturianos, and a mulatto, Bello by name. He went to Linares plantation, pretended to have forgotten the past and stated that he had some negroes to sell from an expedition just arrived at San Juan de los Remedios, which he would dispose of cheap for cash down.—Peraza, a fellow dealer, being with him, they agreed to start at once After spending the night at Remedios, they started for a tobacco plantation called the Hoye, belonging to the mulatto Bello's father, and there after stunning Linares and Peraza with a blow on the head of each, strangled them, and digging a hole, threw the bodies in. To avoid detection by smell, they killed a horse and dragged him over to the spot. It seems a woman gave the indications for the finding of the bodies.—Sixty-two persons were arrested, and among them the four culprits, and they have confessed.

THE UNION VOCALISTS.

In a late number of the Kingston (N. Y.) Argus appears the following highly complimentary notice of the performances of the talented troupe of singers under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Johnson of Rhinebeck. We are pleased to state that this company purpose giving a series of concerts in this city and vicinity at an early day.

The Union Vocalists.—Mr. Wm. Johnson's troupe of singers, who have assumed the above title, gave one of their entertainments at the Court House, on Thursday evening last. Although a small number were in attendance, still it did not detract from the merit of the singing, which we pronounce superior to anything heard in these parts for years. The "Star Spangled Banner" was repeatedly encored, and at each time it was but the same outburst of harmonious melody, in which the audience involuntarily joined in the chorus. Perhaps the color of these individuals may prove a disadvantage to them in some cases in the way of securing patronage; but we can assure all who wish a rare treat in the way of singing, that they will find it in the combined voices of the Union Vocalists. We would suggest to Mr. Johnson that he cultivates with his troupe a slight modulation of tone corresponding to the sentiments expressed in some of his selections, and there is no impediment in the way to render this corps the most popular now traveling.—Kingston Argus.

PERSONAL.

A writer in the N. Y. Leader furnishing a series of papers on the City Hospital makes the following notice of the celebrated nurse, Mrs. Catherine Robinson:

But by what I hear from the doctors in the Hospital, no sketch of that establishment could be fair unless it put in a word about Aunty Robinson, a colored nurse, who has officiated there in that capacity for over twenty yenrs. This good creature has all the appearance of one of the most favorable samples of the Southern mammy, or house nurse, in the families of the high old Carolina and Virginia planters. She has big old-fashioned gold ear-rings in her ears, and wears a clean, bright red and yellow blue handkerchief around her head, and such an expression on her face, that I at once made up my mind, if ever I should be unfortunate enough to go to the Hospital as a patient, I should want to be nursed by Aunty Robinson.

A Lecture that Didn't Come Off.—A report having been started in George town a day or two since, and extensively circulated, to the effect that Rev. Chas. W. Denison had delivered a lecture to the colored people on Sunday last, and would address them on political affairs, Wednesday (last) night, at the Ebenezer (colored) Church, considerable excitement resulted. Threats were made to lynch the lecturer, and the affair assumed such a serious aspect that Sergeant Newman, of the Metropolitan Police, yesterday morning notified the Superintendent of Police of the fact that trouble might be expected, unless preventive measures were taken. The church was lighted last evening, and shortly after eight o'clock, a number of colored people had assembled inside, and there was a large gathering of white citizens—mostly young men and boys—on a corner in the vicinity. Things remained in *statu quo* for about an hour, the church slowly filling up meanwhile, and the outside crowd augmenting. Shortly after nine o'clock, the colored people left the church, and the crowd on the corner slowly dispersed. No demonstration was made.

It is stated that many of the better class of colored people were opposed to opening the church for the proposed lecture, while others were in favor of it.

If such a lecture was to have been delivered—we have no means of ascertaining the origin or truthfulness of the report—much as we deprecate any disturbance of the relation of master and slave in this District, except by lawful and constitutional means; we deprecate much more any evocation of the mob spirit in this community, to deal with a question which should be decided by rational argument, and not by heated and prejudiced appeals pro and con. Nothing good can come of mob violence, no matter how earnest the actors may be in their convictions of right.—Washington Star, April 3d.

Sad Accident.—While a colored man by the name of Spencer was engaged, with six others, in felling trees on the farm of James McMullen, Esq, in the township of Harwich, on Tuesday last, an accident occurred of a serious nature, and which—from injuries received by said Spencer—will terminate in the death of this unfortunate man. It appears that Spencer was engaged in chopping a tree partly off, while two other men were cutting a tree a short distance from the one at which Spencer was to work for the purpose of falling the one against the other. Spencer, it appears, not being aware of the falling of the tree until it was too late, endeavored, but in vain, to evade its branches, but the main limb of the tree struck him upon the shoulders, crushing him to the ground. Some time afterwards the unfortunate man was conveyed to his home, a distance of about three miles, where he was when our informant left.—Chatham, C. W., Planet, April 10.

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

Baltimore, April 10, '62.

Dear Anglo: We again sit down to drop you a few lines in regard to some of the doings of our city. Since we last wrote, the Rev. Alex. Crummell, of Liberia, has spent some time in our city lecturing, preaching, and obtaining subscribers for a work which he has published entitled the "Future of Africa." He has now left here for Philadelphia. After spending some time here, Bishop Payne has gone on to Washington to attend Conference, which is to sit on the 17th inst. On the 24th ult. a young colored man, whilst driving a wagon up Baltimore street, was seen to fall apparently lifeless in the wagon, and was taken to the station house where medical aid was called in, and he was found to have been struck by paralysis. An old colored woman named Priscilla Gault died here last month at the advanced age of 115 years, she having been born in 1746. The Young Folks Musical Association, a new organization, gave their first concert on the 24th ult., which was well patronised. The singers are all young persons, and sang very creditably, several pieces being encored. On Sunday evening, the 23d ult., whilst Bethel congregation were coming out of church, two white fellows passed through the crowd rudely jostling the people; on being expostulated with, one of them drew a dirk and cut one of the bystanders slightly about the face and neck, who promptly knocked him down, whilst a friend, with equal good will, loaned a "plumper" to the other. Regaining his feet he flourished around with his knife in the crowd for a few minutes, carefully abstaining from striking any one else, and then passed on up the street; after which several "guardians of the night" came up from the station house, which is the enormous distance of about 20 yards from the church. We have to record the deaths of two estimable young men of our city, Abraham Dorsey on the 22d, and Henry Brisco on the 25th ult., both of consumption.

On the evening of the 1st inst., a committee of ladies publicly presented the King Solomon Lyceum with several valuable books. There were several addresses and a debate upon the occasion; but the crowning glory was the presentation address by Miss Henrietta E. Cornish, and the response by Mr. Jas. T. Bradford. Seldom has it been our privilege to listen to an address so perfect in language, eloquence and length as was that of Miss Cornish, and round after round of applause burst from the audience, who scarcely breathed whilst she spoke. Like honors were bestowed upon Mr. Bradford, the respondent; both were excellent in every respect.

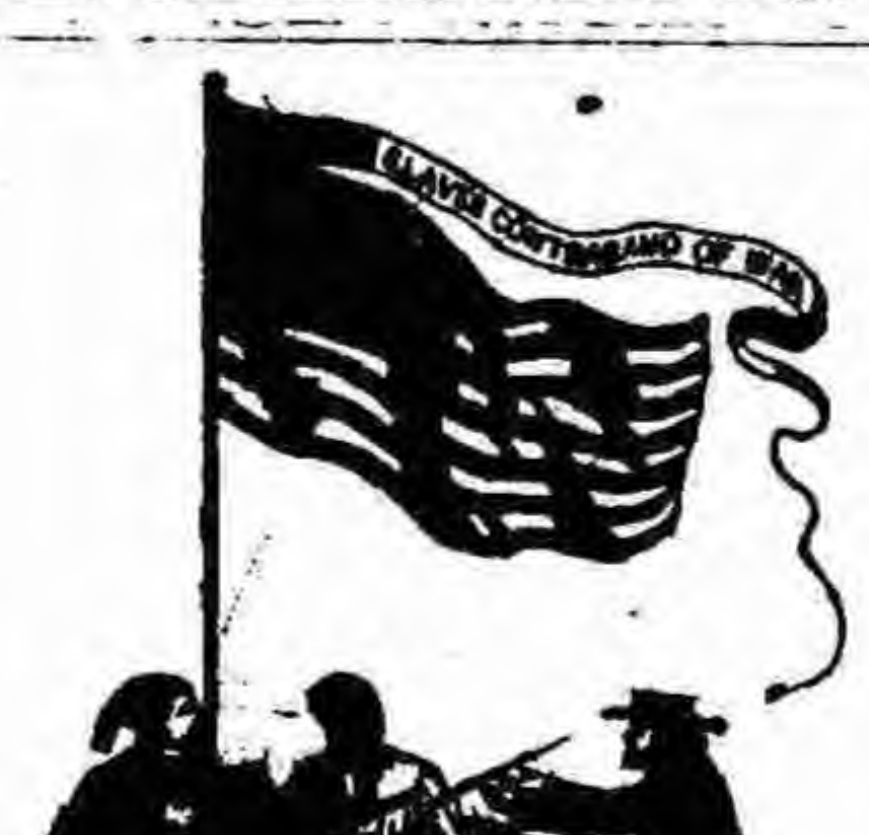
The congregation of Rev. Henry M. Turner having failed to minister unto their minister's temporal wants, a concert was given for his benefit, at Bethel Church, on the 10th inst., and addresses were delivered by Revs. Tanner and Lynch, from Washington. During his remarks, Mr. Lynch introduced the anecdote of the Irishman who induced the post-office clerk to read his letter to him, and then refused to pay for it, as he had got all that he wanted out of it. The application is too obvious for further comment.

Thinking of Washington, I have frequently been asked what has become of you Washington correspondent? Is his "Box" empty, or is it filled, nailed up, and stored away? Whenever it is we would like to know, as news from Washington is always acceptable in Baltimore.

Mr. Solomon G. Brown, of Washington, D. C., the presenter of the minerals, specimens, &c., mentioned in a former letter, will lecture before the Galbreath Lyceum upon "Geology," on Tuesday, 22d inst. We had the pleasure of witnessing on Tuesday evening, 8th inst., the marriage of Mr. L. J. Hudson to Mrs. Mary J. Jenkins, both well known here, by Rev. A. W. Wayman. Notwithstanding the prevalence of a storm, every available spot in the house for standing or sitting was occupied. We wish them all prosperity. **Major**

"Do you believe in fore-runners?" asked a lady of Deacon L——. "Yes ma'am," replied the deacon, fixing his eyes with a solemn stare on a dark corner of the room, "I see one now!" "Mercy on me!" shrieked the lady where?" "There, there!" said the deacon, pointing to where his eyes were directed. "That cat, ma'am, may be called a fore-runner, for she runs on all fours."

MISCELLANEOUS.



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MEDICAL.

PAIN-KILLER.

We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, Diptheria and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent linament for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a linament.

Dr. Walton writes from Coschocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, Diptheria, *or Sore Throat*, that is so alarmingly prevalent here; and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

Rev. H. L. Van Meter, writing from Burmah says: "The *Pain-Killer* has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

Rev. Jabez Swan says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy."

Rev. A. W. Curtis: "By its use I entirely cured a felon in a few days."

The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

The New York Examiner says, "We have used the Pain-Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the family medicine box."

The N. Y. Independent says, "We have used it, and it proves to be all it professes."

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CHEMICAL ERASIVE SOAP,

Made and improved by the Original Inventor of the German and Austrian Chemical Erasive or Detersive Soap, of which the *real* and *genuine article* has, since its first introduction to the American public, been most favorably known, as the *Best* and *Cheapest* Washing Soap in the market, and with the present improvement, which is not known to any other manufacturer, we Challenge the World to produce a better article.

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Christ the God, is Christ the Man!

H. BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XL.

AMERICAN TYRANNY—OPPRESSION OF THE NEGROES.

The severe ordeal through which the rebel party had recently passed, tended only to awaken in them against the blacks feelings of the bitterest resentment. Smarting as they were by the wound still bleeding from the disappointment lately received under trying circumstances, they determined on taking a stand in which, could they not succeed in attaining political equality with the Castilians, at least would enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that they stood above the negroes. This superiority they were satisfied was not to be attained by the elevation of themselves, but by putting the negroes down.

For weeks subsequent to the evening of the last King's Day, the blacks had to withstand the most trying difficulties. Every place of public entertainment, saloon, hotel, coach, cabin passage or what not—the greater part of which being controlled by Americans—were closed against negroes and mulattoes.

On entering the public market, did a white but appear at a shamble or a stand, though the black was first, he must await the serving of the white, and at his or her bidding, stand back at a 'respectful' distance; and on passing along the side walk, at the command of a white, every black man was compelled to uncover his head, and leave the pavement for the street. The rule as applied to the side walks was afterwards restricted upon both sexes. On entering shops and storehouses their hats had always to be raised, and females on entering such places were subject to the coarsest of treatment.

Every day brought to the ears of the unhappy blacks fresh news of some new outrage, but as yet this had not been extended to the better class among them. They were doomed, however, to enjoy but a short respite of this kind, as one evening the whole population was thrown into a ferment of feverish consternation.

Placido, in passing along one of the principal thoroughfares, stepped into a book-dealer's establishment, the proprietor of which was an American, formerly of Baltimore, to whom the poet was, of course, unknown. He was known to have negro blood; it was enough to know that he was a mulatto. 'Take off your hat, sir,' abruptly ordered the bookseller.

The surprise came so suddenly that the poet stopped short in front of the counter in a kind of gaze of bewilderment. Before he could recover himself the man had leaped over the counter, knocked off his hat, kicking it into the street and seized him by the collar of the coat. Though physically weaker, the poet grappled with him, until nearly exhausted he let go his grasp.

As the dealer relinquished his hold, the sacred fire of Heaven which burnt divinely in the poet's soul, blazing as fearfully from his eyes as a lightning flash from a thunder cloud, he gave him a look of god-like defiance.

Do you look so at *me*, you black villain! Insulted are you—angry, hey! I'll please you!' The poet still said nothing, but kept his eye firmly fixed on him, terrible as wrath. 'Look pleased, sir,' indignantly continued he; 'look pleased, I say, laugh I bid you, you black rascal, laugh!'—when dealing him a well aimed blow he sent the bard of Cuba staggering prostrate upon the pavement in the street.*

A respectably dressed white man passing at the moment, supposing the person to have stumbled and fell accidentally, ran quickly to his relief; but on observing him to be colored, although stunned and bleeding upon the earth, he hurriedly passed along without extending a finger of assistance.

The wounded part immediately inflaming and swelling, became discolored and painful, accompanied with lightness of head and dimness of vision. Putting up his hand to the part, and feeling the extent of the brutal mutilation, the, left molar both being badly wounded, picking up his hat, with sacred eloquence in touching tones he exclaimed,

'How long, oh gracious God! how long
Shall power lord it over right?
The feeble trampled by the strong
Remain in Slavery's gloomy night!'

When walking feebly on, he turned into the first by-way, lest, ere he reached his humble abode he might meet with other summary corporeal abuse, and the majesty of heaven again be compelled to yield before the mandate of hell.

The divine aspirations escaping the poet's lips reached his oppressor's ears, and the wretch who with perfidy had just stricken him to the earth, was now touched with sympathy at the outrage perpetraed by his own hand.

'Listen, listen!' admonished he, 'he's a praying! he must be a negro preacher. I'm sorry I used him so badly. I'll try after this to be more careful. I knew several of them while doing business in Baltimore, and always found them good religious black men. They are good customers, always buying large and costly works on divinity, and other books whether or not they need them. They are indeed clever black fellows, and know their place. Which way did he go?' Going to the door he looked every way, but the sorrow-stricken poet was out of sight.

On entering his study, where sat in waiting Blake, Montego, Antonio, Blacus, and Gofer Gondolier, the mutilated and crippled bard exclaimed:

'At last has it come! at last has it come!' falling exhausted upon his couch.

'Good heavens! Placido, what is the matter?' cried Blacus, to which there was no reply.

'My God! What is the *matter?*' exclaimed Montego.

'Enough's the matter!', interposed Gondolier. 'These devils of 'Patriots' as they call themselves, have been murdering him as sure's you're born, just as they'll do the whole of us if we don't begin first.'

'Gondolier, I'm surprised!' replied Montego; 'and ———'

'So am I,' interrupted he. 'General, pardon me—but I do hate them reptiles so!'

'You are wrong, Gondolier. We should not 'hate' our fellow man; as God made us all,' admonished Montego.

'I don't care if he did, General; they hate us, an' I'll do them as they do us. They don't care if God did make us: they don't treat us any better on that account,' rejoined Gondolier.

'They don't all hate us; there are some good ones among them, as well as other people.'

'Good *ones*, hey! I don't know where you'd find them; I'm sure it wouldn't be among the whites of Cuba. But we're neglecting our murdered brother there, disputing about them serpents which the Scriptures told us long ago should have their heads mashed,' said Gondolier.

'Never mind, he dozes now,' admonished Montego in a whisper, looking round at the couch where lay the bleeding poet.

'We must know something more about this,' said Gondolier; 'find out who these devils is that have been beating out his brains.'

Justin Pampo, the black surgeon, was called in, who, on examination, pronounced a serious contusion of the cheek, with slight concussion of the brain. On recovering sufficiently to relate his grievances, a thrill of terror and almost irrepressible indignation were manifestly felt.

'This is certainly a serious state of affairs, and that, too, without a medium of redress,' said the surgeon.

'Yes,' replied Gondolier; 'and we ought to by this time be able to redress our grievances. Some men are born to command and others to obey; and it is well that this is the case, else I might be a commander; and of I was, I might command when orders should not be given.'

'This is you failing, Gondolier,' said Montego; 'and one good reason why you should not hold command. I want no better under-officer, as orders received would be strictly executed.''

'Yes, General, I know my 'failing,' and it's useless to talk to me about 'policy' and nonsense when a blood-hound is tearing out my vitals. 'Discretion' at such a time. Give me a revolver, knife, club, brickbat, or anything with which to defend myself, and I'll put a varment to flight. If a tiger, hyena, or any other wild beast should attack you, ought you to take its life immediately, or stop to argue the best method of getting rid *of danger?* Self preservation is nature's first law;' an old truth my grandmammy taught me many years ago when a child sitting in the chimbly corner. I haven't forgot it yet,' rejoined Gondolier starting from his seat toward the door.

'I am now satisfied that we must do something,' concluded Montego.

Placido was removed to the residence of Carmino, the architect and civil engineer, when a council of the Seclusion was ordered to be held.

The consternation succeeding the spread of this intelligence was indescribable. Females who heretofore held up their heads as ladies of the first rank in society, lost their personal pride and seemingly self-respect, and might thenceforth be seen with dejected spirits, down cast countenances, shying along, giving the entire sidewalk at the approach of every white, frequently going into the street. Men of position and means had also begun to lose their spirits, and children cowered at the sight of a white child.

Among the restrictions in the new negro laws, the blacks, without regard to age or sex, were compelled to salute all white children, by the appellation of 'master' and 'mistress.' Though the people generally despaired, their leaders were firm; and the maltreatment of one of the ablest and best men among them had well nigh cost the whites in exchange for the proud edifices of their extensive city, a smouldering heap of ruins. Succeeding this despair there was a reaction. A new vigor seemed ever to actuate, and a new impulse given to these faithful men and women determined to be free.

'I will never submit—I will never submit to the base and degrading restrictions! I'll die first!' indignantly exclaimed Madam Montego as she sat with other ladies at the bedside of the disabled and suffering Placido.

We will not,' replied Madam Carmino; 'we are Creoles, and take our people generally, are the most numerous part of the population. I don't see why we should be put down by a set of intruders.'

'We will not submit!' added Carolus Blacus; 'this, ladies, you may depend upon.'

'Thank God,' exclaimed Madam Montego, 'there is yet some hope!'

Blake during the whole of these scenes was grave and sober, having nothing to say; Montego was thoughtless with determined look, while Gondolier occasionally gave his head a significant nod to one side which all present comprehended.

That evening the seclusion met in Council against the most intense sensation. The bedside of Placido was visited by every member again and again, with sighs, tears, prayers and expressions of vengeance by Gofer Gondolier who had no scruples in [assuming to himself this particular duty of political dispensation. The Council sat the whole evening, the members dispersing after daylight the next morning.

That day early in the afternoon Ambrosina Cordora the daughter of Madame Montego, and Seraphina Blacus took a promenade through a portion of the Almeda. When in a thronged part of the thoroughfare, Ambrosina accidently came against a lady with whom there was a gentleman. Politely bowing she made acknowledgements for the baulk which the lady acknowledged with a bow and passed on. The man however gave her a rude push with an oath and other hard language.

On returing she passed by a store (a fancy dry goods shop) in which sat the man whom she had encountered with the lady, who proved to be the proprietor of the shop. Snatching up a horsewhip, which seems to have been secured for the purpose, running out and seizing her by the breast of the dress rending it in tatters, he dealt upon her person over the arms, neck, head and face, the most cruel punishment, to the sad disfiguring of her features for the time. Her cries brought no white persons to her relief—the blacks dared not have attempted it.

With the clothes half torn from her person, the distressed young woman made as hasty retreat as possible to her home, rushing into the house, falling upon the neck of her mother with a screech, as that lady sat in the drawing room in conversation with a number of others, just then recounting their sufferings as a class.

'Oh! my God, my God!' screamed the mother, 'what does all this mean?'

'I see it! I see!' exclaimed Madame Sebastian, 'tis but a continuance of the outrages commenced *on Placido*. Oh gracious Heaven's is there no remedy for this!'

'If this is the way we are to be treated,' said Maggie Blake who was then residing in the Montego family; 'for my own part I would rather be dead at once! oh, must I again become a slave! Is there no mercy in Heaven for us!'

'Oh! this is dreadful, dreadful!' exclaimed Madame Blacus wife of Carolus; 'in God's name what's to become of us!'

'God only knows!' responded Madame Barbosa, throwing herself carelessly upon a sofa.

'Lord have mercy on us!' implored Abyssa Gondolier, clasping her hands, the tears streaming down her cheeks as she looked upon the tattered, torn and abused beautiful girl, still clinging to the neck of her distressed mother. 'Have mercy on'—

'If He dont I will!' interupted Gondolier who just entered in time to catch the exclamation of his wife, he having learned of the outrage previously in the streets.

'I wish I was dead, so I do!' sobbed the poor girl, amidst the most distressing weeping.

'God!'——

'Stop Gondolier, dont blaspheme! Remember upon whom we depend for aid;' interrupted Madame Montego as he stood with eyes fixed upon her maltreated child; 'Offend not Him who gave us being.'

'Thank you Madame for the advice; I wont! All honor and praise be to God! But we have a race of devils to deal with that would make an angel swear. Educated devils that's capable of every thing hellish under the name of religion, law politics social regulations, and the higher civilization; so that the helpless victim be of the black race. Curse them! I hate 'em! Let me into the streets and give me but half a chance and I'll unjoint them faster than ever I did a roast pig for the palace dinner table.'

'Yes, Gondolier, I know your desires; but we must be prudent and use no rashness at such a time as this especially, 'He that killeth with the sword, will be slain with the sword,' remember,' admonished madam Montego.

'Madam Montego, your gospel talking is very good,' replied Gondolier, 'but the same book tells me, 'whosoever sheds man's blood shall his blood be shed.' As they shed the blood of our brother two days ago by dashing him on the pavement, and the blood of our sister here to-day by a horsewhip, I would like to shed theirs with a knife,' replied he.

'We must not exasperate, nor even aggravate the whites,' signor Gondolier,' remarked Madame Barbosa, 'as we must guard against making bad worse.'

'I wish I was a man, I'd lay the city in ashes this night, so I would,' retorted Ambrosina.

'Stop, my child,' admonished the mother, 'if you were a man suited to such an undertaking, you would have better sense than to attempt it at an improper time.'

'Yes, yes, *my child, you must think of* these things and not desire that which would only precipitate us into more trouble,' added Madame Blacus.

'One thing I do know, if our men do not soon decide on something in our favor, they will soon be called to look upon us in a state of concubinage; for such treatment as this will force every weak minded woman to place herself under the care of those who are able to protect them from personal abuse. If they have no men of their associations who can, they must find those who will!—Oh, my God, the thought is enough to drive me distracted,—I'll destroy myself first!' said Ambrosina, startling every person present.

'You speak rationally, my child, regarding yourself, that is just what white men desire to do, drive colored women as a necessity to seek their protection that they may become the subjects of their lust. Do you die first before thinking of such a thing: and let what *might come*, before yielding to such degradation as that I would be one of the first to aid in laying the city in ashes!' replied the mother.

'What say you to this, General?' exclaimed Gondolier, pointing at the girl, who renewed her lamentations with those of her mother, as Montego, who hearing of the circumstance had hastened to the mansion and just entered the room.

'By yonder blue heavens, I'll avenge this outrage!' said Montego, embracing the mother and daughter as they sat wailing.

'I thank God, then there is still some hope! My lot is cast with that of my race, whether for weal or woe;' exclaimed Ambrosina, with brightened countenance; when Gondolier, rejoicing as he left the room to spread among the blacks an authentic statement of the outrage:

'Woe be unto those devils of whites, I say!'

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* A similar circumstance really transpired in Wheeling, Va., between a white man called a "gentleman" and a black man.

GERRIT SMITH TO MONTGOMERY BLAIR.

"OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS." OF EQUAL RIGHTS ALL RACES. "HONOR ALL MEN."

PETERBORO, April 5th, 1862.

HON. M. BLAIR, Postmaster General—Dear Sir: I have read the letter which you sent to the great anti-slavery meeting held in New York 6th last month; and I have read it with the respect due to its distinguished author, and with my ever deep interest in the subjects of which it treats.

You evidently foresee the speedy death of American slavery. It will be as sure as speedy. The nation will not let it live to become the cause of another war. One such reckoning-day for the crime of slaveholding as is this day or horrors will cure us of all disposition to repeat the crime. The punishment which the guilty South and no less guilty North are suffering cannot be forgotten by either. And was there ever a punishment more justly allotted!—more righteously retributive? It falls just where it should, and only where it should. The whites of the two sections are plundering and slaughtering each other; and in neither are the blacks harmed. The South is not aggravating the sorrows of the blacks. The North has ceased to send them into slavery, and is becoming kind to them. The slaves are getting their freedom without fighting for it. The blood of their oppressors, Northern and Southern, instead of their own blood, is purchasing it.

And however expedient it might be, it nevertheless will not be indispensable to build up barriers, statutory, constitutional or other against the return of slavery. It will never come back to curse us. The nation that has tried slavery and abolished it, never recalls it. As they who have had the small-pox do not have it again, so, too, the nation that has had the infinitely more loathsome disease of slavery does not have it again. The British West India planters, although they grumbled at some of the workings of emancipation, had nevertheless no desire for the restoration of slavery.

You are "morally certain" that if the slaves shall be unconditionally freed, they will be massacred. I am greatly astonished that you are. My more favorable views of human nature would not allow the slightest suspicion of such diabolism. And no less astonished am I that your only preventive of the unparalleled crime is for government to fall in with the claims of the guilty and to yield up the rights of the innocent. How unlike are your views of the office of government to those expressed by the noble and lovely Paul! He would have it "a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well." But you would have it take sides with the guilty against the innocent. A true government goes for the innocent at whatever expense to the guilty. A true government stands by the least black baby at whatever cost to the millions of men who would wrong it. A true government goes for justice without compromise. But your best proposition is to leave undisturbed the monsters who are whetting their knives, and to save millions of men from those knives only by tearing them from their homes and driving them out of their country. I acknowledge your hope that these millions will go voluntarily. But if it is not your plan that they must go, then I know not why you should have written your letter. The most radical Abolitionists admit, aye, and claim, that they may go. Moreover, you would probably (I would not) call it a voluntary going, however much it might have been induced by their disabilities, deprivations and oppressions at the hands of government.

Government is now, and ever has been, the heaviest curse of earth. But it will be transmuted into its greatest blessing when it shall be driven back from its manifold usurpations *to its sole legitimate office of* protection. Then it will meddle with the rights of none; but will simply hold a sure and steady shield over the rights of all. Then beneath that shield will the right of all to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" be equally sacred. Then government will have no part in assorting, domesticating or colonizing its subjects; but will leave them to dispose of such matters after their own free choice.

The colonizing of the blacks may be highly expedient; but government has no more to do with it than with their dress or food. If the blacks have an insurmountable dislike of their white neighbors, or of the climate, or government, then let them leave us to go where they please. Hayti, Central America and other countries will invite them and pay much of the expense of their emigration. Their white neighbors will very probably prize the labor of the blacks too highly to consent to pay anything to get rid of them. You and I and other speculatists may have our theories about collecting the whites into the temperate and the blacks into the tropical regions. I confess that I am among those who believe that, were government to allow free play to the laws of nature, the blacks would move toward and the whites from the Equator. But government is not to act upon, nor so much as to take knowledge of these theories. Its one work is to protect those who, for the time being, are its subjects. It is to have no choice of subjects. Whether they become more or less white, red or black, *is nothing to it.* Should the white men of this nation visit other nations and bring back for their wives negresses and squaws, there would be no power in the government to stop it and no modification of its duties resulting from it

You would have government colonize the blacks to prevent their being murdered by the whites. I apprehend that your assumption of this illegitimate power for government is not your only fault at this point. You would not have the power wielded impartially. Were the case reversed and the blacks to threaten the murder of the whites, not the colonisation of the whites, but the slaughter, if need be, of every black would be your remedy. I much fear that your highest ideal of government is a white man's government. But that is no better than a black man's government. And neither is good for anything. For whether it be the government or the individual that, instead of being ennobled with the soul of manhood, is shrivelled with the spirit of caste, humanity has nothing to hope for from the miserable counterfeit.

You have much to say of the difference of races; and you hold that out of this difference have grown difficult problems for our government to solve. What I have already said shows that, in my opinion, government has nothing to do with such problems. I add, that the less individuals have to do with them the better. The bare entertainment of them begets conceit, arrogance and oppression. What is more, they are not real problems. There is in *them nothing to solve—nothing* to tax the ingenuity of either government or individuals. What we shall do about the difference between two races is no more a problem than what we shall do about the difference between two stars or two mountains. We are simply to accept the difference and to pass on. An owlish philosophic inquiry into what we shall do about the difference God has made in the skins of different men is not less impertinent than would be such an inquiry into what we shall do about the difference He has ordained between the complexion of the sun and moon. Moreover, that one portion of the human family is essentially inferior to another is probably nothing better than a prejudice. Englishmen were not essentially inferior to Irishmen when long ago Irishmen bought and sold them; and Irishmen are not essentially inferior to Englishmen when now they are oppressed by Englishmen. Changes of circumstances, along with other causes, alternately lift up and depress a people. But their inherent, inborn faculties are neither multiplied nor diminished because developed in one age and undeveloped in another. Africa has contained the pre-eminent seats of learning and power; and in the endless revolutions in human affairs she may again and again contain and cease to contain them. The sooner government shall stop its war upon nature the sooner will these fluctuations become less, and the sooner will the nations begin to approach the same permanent level.

In your eyes the special action of government where there are "two different races in the same community" is a duty. It is its duty, you mean, to prefer one to the other. I would that you could see such special action and such preference to be a crime—and a crime for which God has desolated many nations and is now desolating this.

You justify the "jealousy of caste"—the "jealousy of races," and your proof that it is the product of "the highest wisdom" is that "we conquer and hold our conquests by it." But what is to you proof of its good is to me proof of its bad character. And you commend this jealousy because it protects a superior race from social intercourse with an inferior one. Better such intercourse, however, than to fortify ourselves against it by hatred. At the risk of whatever consequences, we are to love all men and to rejoice at their rising in the social scale! And whilst I dare not admit that to refuse intercourse with any portion of our Common Father's children is sinless, I dare affirm that such intercourse is not to be avoided if it can be avoided only at the expense of ignoring the claims of the human brotherhood and of withholding our love from a portion of it. Whatever else you have learned in the school of Christ, I cannot believe that you learned this jealousy there. Much as you hate slavery, I feel confident that it is to its teachings and influences you are indebted for this jealousy. It is a sad fact that slavery has been a successful teacher of our whole people, and that the damaged characters of even those who hate it prove the universality of its baleful influences. Our hatred of the blacks, notwithstanding you so strangely construe it into an expression of our hatred of slavery, comes, nevertheless, from the teachings and largely also from our love of slavery. In the nature of things, the unrighteousness of hating men cannot stand in connection with the righteousness of hating oppression. Go the world over, and you will no more find the haters of men hating oppression than you find the lovers of men loving it. I confess that the mass of the Southern whites (and there is a great deal of such malignity at the North also) hate the blacks, and I affirm that it is because they hate them that they love to see them sunk in slavery.

Your remark that "the blacks have quickly disappeared when emancipated" can be accounted for only on the supposition that at the moment of making it you inadvertently confounded them with the Indians. All writers are liable to such confusion. It is very true that the Indians diminish rapidly. But it is as true that the negroes do not diminish at all. Whether bond or free, they increase everywhere, if we except instances where, as on sugar plantations, they are from purpose and policy worked to death. They increase in the West India Islands, and in the rigorous climate of Canada. And even in the Northern States, where, by force of cruel laws, both civil and social, they are shut out of respectable employments, places and associations; degraded; driven into the narrowest straits of poverty, and driven into the most waisting vices—they almost everywhere keep up their numbers. And this, *too*, notwithstanding that at every Census many, under that "bleaching process" which goes steadily on, pass from the black to the white class. I must believe that were the Northern blacks, instead of being crowded into the unhealthiest tenements of our towns, scattered through the rural districts in as large proportion as are the whites, their increase would, in spite of all their disadvantages, fall little short of that of the whites. I would say in this connection that they who argue that the negro's habits of improvidence in slavery hinder his thrift in freedom, argue not against setting him free but in favor of hurrying him out of slavery.

You assume quite too much when you say that the whites hold the lands of the South by title from the Creator. If you mean only that the climate of these lands is more favorable to the whites (though for pro slavery ends the reverse is often insisted on), I am willing to let the assumption pass for what it is worth. But the title to a country growing out of considerations of climate is very far from being the only one. Occupation is a ground of title; and the title is none the weaker if the occupation be compulsory instead of voluntary. The earned title is another; and by this most emphatically does the South belong to the sweat-and-tear and blood-drenched slave. Moreover, there is such a thing as the forfeiture of title to a country; and in all their generations the Southern oppressors have, by turning a free country into a prison and its blessings into curses, repeated their forfeiture of all possible title to it.

Do you ask what is to become of the lands of the South when the war is ended and slavery abolished? I would that these, as well as lands elsewhere, could be disposed of on those great and precious land reform principles, which teach that the right of all to the soil is as equal and sacred as to the light and air. But few, even of the good and intelligent, are as yet up to the level of these principles. The lands of the South will, in the main, continue to be held by the families that now hold them. It will be said that wives and children should not, because their husbands and fathers were rebels, be made homeless. And even the rebels themselves, although they have forfeited both lands and lives, we shall be slow to drive from their homes when we remember our own share of the reponsibility for the rebellion. Parents, who give wine to their children until they are so intoxicated as to kick the table over, are hardly the right persons to punish them for their uncontrollable feet. And we, who have fostered slavery, until slaveholders could no longer contain themselves, are in hardly a suitable relation to punish them very severely for their outbreaking insanity. [illegible] rebellion we must put down. But all the time we are putting it down we should be holding ourselves largely responsible for it and condemning ourselves quite as emphatically as we condemn the traitors. Slavery made them traitors; and we were so [illegible] and cruel as to sustain slavery. [illegible] believe that anything else than slavery [illegible] or did or could prompt the rebellion is evidence of the last degree of prejudice and foolishness. No free States [illegible] and every slave State [illegible] excepted, would have [illegible] fear of free States [illegible] the avowed purpose of [illegible] make slavery the corner-stone [illegible] nation. And what [illegible] that nothing short of the [illegible] erance, imperiousness and [illegible] generated in an [illegible] slaveholding could have sufficed to urge the men to the point of this wild and guilty rebellion.

I said that we must put down this rebellion. God teach our rulers how to do it! They are impoverishing the nation, and sacrificing scores of thousands of lives, [illegible] but too probably, all in vain. Very [illegible] and very easy is the way to put it down, and, to put it *down surely, and so that* it will stay down. Very plain is it too, [illegible] our rulers are as yet too blind to see it. Simply take slavery from the hands of the rebels, and the rebellion is ended [illegible] entirely and forever. It is, however, immeasurably important both to them and to us, that it be taken in the right spirit. It must be taken, not vindictively, not with self-complacency and with pharisaical righteousness, but in penitence and pity. We are to take slavery from the hands of the rebels as the reasonable parent takes the knife which, with false indulgence, he had given to his child. He is more disposed to blame himself than to punish the child for the cutting of the furniture and fingers. Conquered the rebels must be in mercy to themselves. Conquered they must be that the country may be saved. Conquered they must be that a rebellion, which is the most horrible pro-slavery piracy, may be adequately abhorred, and that civil government may be adequately vindicated and honored. But it is not for us to magnify their crime and invoke its severest punishment. Their pro-slavery is not half so guilty as ours. Theirs falls in with their education. Our education forbids ours. Theirs comes of mighty temptation. Ours has nothing better to feed on than the poor scraps which pro-slavery merchants and manufacturers, politicians and priests, throw out to it. There are many among us who are wont to say that we cannot forgive such men as Davis, and Stephens, and Mason, and Slidell. Punished they should be—though not excessively. But when we come to the point of forgiveness, the question which should most engage us is, what we, the great sinners, shall do in order that we may be able to forgive ourselves. There is one thing, and only one thing, to do, to this end,—and that is, to take from the hands of the slaveholders the slavery which we have strengthened in their hands. This done—this mercy rendered to the slaveholders, the slaves and ourselves—and we shall then be at peace with ourselves, or, in other words, shall have forgiven ourselves. Talk of our inability to forgive rebels! Why, every Northern editor who continues to cry against the Abolitionists, or, in other words, to cry for slavery, and every Northern preacher who preaches prudence on the slavery question, and every Northern member of Congress who stands in the way of making an instant and clean sweep of slavery, is in important respects, a far guiltier upholder of the rebellion than is the worst rebel who was born and bred under Southern influences.

Could I have my wish, [illegible]

[illegible]

though with damage here and there from its bolts, is nevertheless a messenger of health, so will the war, in purifying the moral and political atmosphere, bring us some recompense for our frightful sacrifices in it.

Will the illiterate and ignorant blacks of the South be allowed to vote? Not unless the illiterate and ignorant whites are. There will be no bounty on a black skin. Qualifications for voting, and in short for all political and civil rights will, I trust, be at the South as in the British West Indies, entirely irrespective of complexion.

Alas, that the question was ever raised: "What shall government do with the blacks at the close of the war?" Because of our ignorance and prejudice we have entertained it, and been embarrassed by it. Nothing so much as this *question* has kept and still keeps us from prosecuting the war unconditionally and thoroughly, and therefore to a speedy and triumphant result. I admit that our leading men are concerned to have the rebellion put down. Far greater, however, is the concern of a large share of them to have the slaves continued in their chains or *colonized*. To these the ending of the rebellion, if it is to be also the lifting up of five millions of blacks into fellow-citizens, would be no joyful prospect.

Pardon me, dear sir, for expressing regret that you sent such a letter to the New York meeting. I readily admit that most of our statesmen would not have written a better one. They would have written a worse one at some points. But I believed that you would be able to rise in this crisis above vulgar statesmanship, and contrast yourself honorably and beautifully with its prejudice, narrowness and superstition. I did not suspect that, in answer to the thunder calls for the abolition of the crime of crimes, you, too, would be found proposing conditions. I had counted confidently on your readiness to have slavery struck down by the war power. I should even have hoped that, for a piracy, and that too the superlative one, you would be found to hold that there is no law, and can be no law. I could not doubt that, in your eyes, no race of men is "common or unclean"; and that even in the one which has been more bruised and battered than any other by its unnatural brethren, you would discern, aye, and gratefully and joyfully, the image of the Common Father.

I am disappointed in you. I am disappointed in many. Nevertheless, I do not despair of the nation. It will come out of the "seven times more heated" furnace of this war freed from much dross. It will come out of it not to be still shamed by the world for a sham and pro slavery democracy, but to win the world's admiration of the beautiful and glorious first fruits of a genuine and anti-slavery democracy. Degraded and trampled-on men will be lifted up by this war, and will for the first time be invested with sacredness and held in honor. Their better-conditioned brethren will receive them into fellowship, and will henceforth talk less about inferier races and be less disposed to argue an essential and permanent inferiority from a circumstantial and transient one.

"It's comin yet for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Men will yet consent to dwell with men. Preposterous is the hope that, before they do, "The Tabernacle of God shall be with men and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God." That men consent to dwell with men will ever be the highest proof that God dwells with them. As the harmony of mankind is the most persuasive prayer for the descent of the Spirit, so is it also the surest evidence that the prayer is heard, and that the Spirit has descended. As the recognition of their entire brotherhood is what God most loves in His children, so is the recognition the surest evidence that He dwells with them and in them.

I do not choose words too strong to express my emotions when I say I am alarmed and distressed at the multiplying indications that a political Caste-Colonization Party is in process of organization, and that gentlemen of the high standing and anti slavery antecedents of yourself and Senator Doolittle are favoring it. It will, from the first, act in concert with, and will probably soon become openly one with, that portion of the Democratic party which its pro-slavery leaders are now at work to rally. Such a colonization party is distinguishable in name only, and not at all in effect, from an open pro-slavery party. The unconditional patriots in the Democratic as well as the Republican party feel that the present is emphatically no time for such work. Until the war which threatens the life of the country is ended, they will have no part in building up the *Democratic or Republican* or any other party. Until then their one work will be to save the country.

I deprecate this nascent colonization party, not because I fear its success. When slavery shall be abolished (and we are on the eve of its abolition), the party will die. Hatred of the blacks, which is the pabulum and *soul* of the party, gets all its life and virus from slavery. Slavery dead, and the desire to colonize the blacks would also be dead. You and Senator Doolittle would find no more sympathy with your scheme. Nay, you would yourselves have no more sympathy with it. And if slavery shall live, even the slaveholders will not consent on any terms to the colonization of the mass of the blacks, either those in or those out of slavery. They will, as were the slaveholders of Maryland, be found valuing the labor of black men too highly to consent to their expulsion from the country. Nor do I deprecate the party because the first actual attempt to drive five millions of useful innocent people out of the nation would begin a war of races in which the dozen millions of blacks in this hemisphere and the whole civilized world in addition would be against us. For there will never be this first actual attempt. When the time for it shall have come the daring and the disposition will both be lacking.

It is for other reasons that I deprecate this colonization movement. Its tendency will be to hold back the government from striking at the cause of the war; and to produce hesitation, diversion, compromise, at a moment when the salvation of the country calls for blows, immediate, united, and where, at whatever damage to whatever other interest, they will fall most effectively. Not its least lamentable tendency is to foster in the American people that mean pride of race and that murderous spirit of caste by which they have outraged and crushed so many millions, and for which they are now, in the righteous providence of God, called to an account so appalling.

I am, dear sir, respectfully yours,

GERRIT SMITH.

The Weekly Anglo-African.

NEW YORK, APRIL 26, 1862.

☞ *Advertisements for this paper must be accompanied by the cash.*

☞ *Copies of this paper can be purchased of the news-dealers everywhere.*

COLORED INVENTORS, ARTISTS, MECHANICS, ETC. are earnestly requested to lose no time in getting their articles ready for the NATIONAL EXHIBITION of ANGLO-AFRICAN INDUSTRY and ART, which will positively be held in this city or Brooklyn in the early part of the ensuing fall.—All communications in relation to said Exhibition may be addressed for the present to this office.

GERRIT SMITH'S LETTER.

We trust that none of our friends will fail to read the letter of Gerrit Smith to Postmaster General Blair, which we publish in this issue. It will bear a careful and studious perusal: it is full of good things, well said, and most pertinent to the present state of the public mind. The revolution in public opinion is advancing more rapidly than our arms in the field, yet this revolution requires, under God, the careful, earnest and skilful direction of the best minds in the country—minds which will not knock at the door of the present, for gold lace and plumes and batons, but which will be decorated in the good time coming with the deathless laurels ever due to those true to humanity and to sweet human brotherhood.

Of the two great revolutions in this land, that of '76 tried men's bodies, the present tries men's souls. To-day lays its hand upon a man, and in a twinkling he stands bared, that all may see what manner of man he is. Such sharply defined developments of character stand out in the noon day's sun as the ken of mortal never discovered before. There stand Lincoln, McClellan and Stone and Banks and Seward and Blair and Halleck and Davis and Beauregard, so cleanly cut that all men know them well and thoroughly, and they may be said to enjoy while living the very sight of their post-humous character. They are like men *looking at their own ghosts. If there be* anything in a man these times bring it out: if men have had reputations beyond their deserts, the cheat is exposed at once and promptly. We have thus far in the present revolution no great man in the field, and but two, perhaps, only one, in the nation — Gerrit Smith or Abraham Lincoln, which?

Of the prominent friends of freedom, Garrison does not seem rightly to get the hang of things; like Grant at Pittsburgh Landing, of undoubted bravery and pluck he is taken by surprise. Wendell Phillips turns up a brilliant cavalry officer, a very Murat in the thickest of the fight, his white plume waving wherever the fight is thickest, a host in himself, charging through and through the foe—he startles and astonishes with his brilliant daring, but he lacks the commanding mind in the present struggle.

The glance of Gerrit Smith flashes over the whole field of conflict, sees everything, knows everything, and from the quiet of his closet in Petersboro' marshalls the hosts.

"Strengthening the weak and trampling on the strong;"

with a lordly power which we, of to-day, scarcely understand. Long years of deep and ardent study, long habits of closely Bible-ward reflection, a heart full of instructive nobility and of human love, and a habit of trying events and opinions by certain thoroughly thought out general principles, together with a wonderful alertness of faculty, have prepared him for just such a crisis. A year and more before this speck of rebellion had dotted the clear sky, he said, with prophetic foreboding, "I am sad to think that slavery must go down in blood." And when the rebellion came, and when the great uprising occurred, and the nation veered Anti-Slavery-ward: when Garrison and Phillips recanted their long avowed disunion sentiments, Gerrit Smith had no sentiment to disavow, his principles, more deeply founded, were adequate for this unlooked for occasion. Keenly perceiving at once the real character of Lincoln he avowed confidence in him, and lent him—worthily as it now seems—the aid and comfort of his great name and pure character. In some of the early letters, on the rebellion, *written by Mr. Smith, there were* some things said, which we doubted, some hopes uttered, in which we could not participate. We now frankly admit that in all these things, or nearly all, his vision was correct, and we therefore feel a confident joy in some of the jubilant announcements contained in the letter which we copy to-day.

The most remarkable matter in this letter is a certain radical democracy—a democracy of the peoples—which in the coming time will be appealed to and relied upon as the sayings of Thomas Jefferson have been respected during the last half century. And this democracy is as much nobler and purer than Jefferson's as the character of the man of Peterboro' is nobler and purer than that of the Sage of Monticello. The letter is especially rich in those views of the nature of Civil Government to which Gerrit Smith has given so much consideration, and on which will mostly rest his fame. We especially honor this letter for its very thorough uprooting of the foundations on which emigration, colonization and a certain "nationality" purport to rest. He says:

"I much fear that your highest ideal of government is a white man's government. But that is no better than a black man's government. And neither is good for anything. For whether it be the government or the individual that, instead of being ennobled with the soul of manhood, is shrivelled with the spirit of caste, humanity has nothing to hope from the miserable counterfeit."

To which we say, a thousand times, "AMEN!"

Again, hear Gerret Smith:

"You have much to say of the difference of races: and you hold that out of this difference have grown difficult problems for our government to solve. What I have already said shows that, in my opinion, government has nothing to do with such problems. I add that the less individuals have to do with them the better. The bare entertainment of them begets conceit, arrogance and oppression."

While we shout Amen! to this also we call especial attention to both sentiments on the part of the General Agent of the Haytian Bureau, and of the Commissioners and coming President of Liberia, who are bent on the un-heavenly mission of pampering our national caste-hate (of course they are too disinterested to be governed by the dollar view of the question) by proposing, on favorable terms, to aid in the expatriation of American citizens for no crime but color. We have heard it whispered that some of our brethren of the weaker sort have in view the project of a public welcome to President Benson, of Liberia: we recommend them to include in the ceremonies a welcome of R. R. Gurley, Mr. Latrobe, Mr. Pinney, and—a bust of Henry Clay: for if "colonization," as we understand it, be cruel and unrighteous in principle, it cannot be made innocent and hallowed, by the mere advocacy of black men.

We have not room for further comment on this letter. There is one sentiment in it which we advise our young men to commit to memory. It contains a noble principle, one which will warm and inspirit them in whatever struggles against oppression it may be their lot to bear: it contains also a glorious prophecy which they will live to see fulfilled. Hear it—remember it.

"Men will yet consent to dwell with men. Preposterous is the hope that before they do, "The tabernacle of God shall be with men and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God." That men consent to dwell with men will ever be the highest proof that God dwells with them. As the harmony of mankind is the most persuasive prayer for the descent of his Spirit, so is it also the surest evidence that the prayer is heard, and that the Spirit has descended. As the recognition of the entire brotherhood is what God most loves in His children, so is the recognition the surest evidence that He dwells with them and in them."

THE LESSON OF PITTSBURGH LANDING.—The shameful surprise and almost defeat of our troops at Pittsburgh Landing is the best and bitterest comment on General Halleck's order to exclude, drive out from, and forbid the admission of fugitive slaves within the federal lines. Had the black loyalists had free access to the Union lines they would have given such early and positive information of the advance of Beauregard and Johnson as would have given another issue to the fight on the first day, and would have crushed out rebellion in the Southwest.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HOOKER'S DIVISION,
Before Yorktown, April
19th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: On the 17th inst. our division was thrown out to the extreme front and within pistol shot of Gen. McClellan's headquarters. We keep the rebels in continual alarm. They dare scarcely show themselves above the ramparts of their entrenchments. The preparations of Gen. McClellan are progressing with marvelous rapidity. On the 17th about 5 o'clock in the afternoon the enemy threw a shell into our lines while Lieut. Wagner of the Engineer corps was just finishing a sketch of their works, which exploded with terrible effect, killing private Barrier of the 57th Penn. Volunteers; fatally wounding Jerry Luther of the 2nd. Rhode Island; shattering the left arm of Lieut. Wagner, and slightly wounding three others. The chart was spread out upon a table, the group standing around. When Dr. Mintzer rode over to the Lieut. he politely waived his right hand and facetiously remarked "Doctor, I have met with a little accident," and conversed with the officers until his arm was amputated which was skillfully done by Dr. Judson of Gen. Nagel's staff and Mintzer of 26th Penn. Vols. Lieut. Wagner says he is willing to use the other arm in the service of his country*. Luther still lives. When the Doctor asked him whether he had any message to send to his mother, he gave a comrade a peice of shell which he himself had taken from his own bowels to be sent to her, and requesting that his dead body be forwarded to her. The Doctor asked him whether he was married—he answered "Nary time." His left arm was amputated this morning by Dr. Mintzer.

We took a walk out to the extreme outposts yesterday afternoon to see our artillerymen stir the rebels up. They threw sundry shell after them scattering them like frightened sheep. They returned the compliment. Their skirmishes drove us away, which turned out to be quite fortunate for our physical comfort for the rebels had just got our range and sent an iron missile which struck the very spot where we stood but a minute before. At the time it struck Genl. Nagel and his aid were riding within fifteen paces of that spot.

We heard heavy firing on our left last evening; I could not learn the particulars of it. It is supposed that the rebels attempted a sortie upon our approaches. *In less time than I have occupied in penning* these three lines this vast army was under arms and ready for mortal combat.

G. E. S.

* Lieut. Wagner has since died of his wounds. [Ed.]

LETTER FROM REV. M. FRENCH.

BEAUFORT, S. C., March 31, '62.

MR. HAMILTON—Dear Sir: The ladies desire me to say, through you, to the friends in New York, who, by a festival, raised means to send so valuable a box of unmade goods, as well as many garments, valued at about *two* hundred and thirty dollars, to their colored friends here now so much in want of these things, that they have distributed the garments to the needy, and the unmade goods are being manufactured in the Industrial School, which now numbers between seventy and eighty. The address of the donors was read to the members of the school, which is under the care ef Miss Curtis, of New York, and Mrs. Hale, of Boston. It was cheering indeed to these afflicted and crushed ones to find such sympathy and substantial aid from those of their own race. We have spared no pains to relieve them, to instruct them, to inspire them with a holy, undying zeal and determination, to elevate and qualify themselves for freedom and self-support. All our efforts seem to be appreciated, and improvement is manifest in many respects. We fully believe God stands between them and future servitude. We are introducing all possible reforms and improvements. The military co-operate with us. Sunlight seems to have broken in upon this thick darkness, and at some future day their children or childrens' children will see meridian day.

A thousand laborers could find work in this field. The ladies who came with me (eighteen) are all at work. Their mission is of vast importance to the housekeepers, the wives, mothers and daughters. I trust the day is not far distant when the last bond will be broken, the last captive set free. It is a marvel to me that so many, even of God's own children, eminent for holy communion with him, should have been permitted to suffer on so long and so intensely. But the revelations of this iron system will now be made to its own destruction. I trust the friends of this people, everywhere, will now work while God gives them opportunity.

Some two hundred plantations are now superintended, and a thousand or more men, women and children are now being taught *in our schools*.

Yours truly, M. FRENCH,
Agent National Freedmens' Rel. Asso.

P. S.—The box of goods from the ladies of the 15th Street Church was carefully distributed by Mrs. Nicholson. M. F.

EMANCIPATION IN WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune writing from Washington under date of April 13th states:

"In anticipation of the liberty-day that seems so near to them, the slaves all over the city, and the free negroes, who are connected with them by the ties of kindred and sympathy, are dressed in their best to-day (many of them in their seedy best, to be sure), and are assembled to celebrate this Sabbath as a day of praise and thanksgiving. I have talked with several "candidates" this evening, from whom I gather that this "Thanksgiving Day" has been kept joyously in nearly all of their seventeen churches. There seems to have been preconcert among them, and the afternoon was devoted to love feasts.

I attended the Bethel Church, near the Capitol, this morning. The black clergyman preached a very good sermon from the text, 'If God be for us, who can be against *us?' to an audience of 200 or 300 of his* own people.

He spoke of the deliverance of Moses and the children of Israel from bondage; and by a natural transition, referred to the condition of the slaves in America, and especially in this District. He thanked the Lord most fervently that he had been permitted to live to see this day; 43 years ago he was tarred and feathered in Washington because he would preach the Lord Jesus as he understood it! 'but now,' shouted the sable speaker, 'let Ethiopia lift up her hands to God, for a great good is coming out of this war!—a good for me, for us, and for our people whom every nation has set its heel upon!' His audience was boisterously joyous, from the beginning to the end of the discourse. Of course, the expressions and demonstrations were extravagant—true to the quick fancy and fervent hearts of the race. Some rubbed their hands in glee, some laughed outright, some leaped up in the air or twisted themselves into grotesque attitudes, as if their joy was too intense to be entertained at a staid perpendicular; many shouted 'Glory to God!' 'Hallelulah!' 'Amen!' 'The blessed day has come!' &c; while nearly all were in tears. When the speaker thanked the Lord that the slaves were to be free, the jubilee became utterly indescribable. What a Babel of triumphant voices! An old 'aunt,' off in the right hand upper corner, shouted and wept persistently. Probably she had a reason for it, I thought—perhaps two or three of them, helpless, and in the hands of the kidnappers. 'Glory to God!' said the preacher, solemnly and slowly. 'Glory to Lovejoy!' yelled a voice at the right that belonged to a strongly built mulatto. 'No,' commanded the speaker instantly, 'I tell you glory to God!' for he seemed determined from the first word that God should have the undivided praise, refusing to give a moiety to the President or Congress. A pair of hands clenched spasmodically the top of the seat in which I was sitting. I looked back and the man was hopping up and down, as if he had just caught a glimpse of heaven, and presently interrupted the speaker by trying to sing, 'I am bound for the land of Canaan.' His face bore a deep scar across the nose, and tears were streaming from the long furrows of his cheeks. He had seen [illegible] years, perhaps, and the light gray rags that he [illegible]ered about him *told me that he had* 'come out of the house of bondage.' Most of the hearers were partly white; many were mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons—and one or two women, I imagined, would attract attention, for their good looks, in Broadway. But what a day of sunshine it was to the stricken souls! They seemed to think little of the kidnapper; they were full of hope and looked ahead. Such a chorus of exultation I never heard before; such joyful gestures I never beheld—it was a spectacle for men and angels.

God grant that the hour of deliverance be near. W. A. C.

A SUPPOSED FULFILMENT OF THE APOCALYPSE.

It is generally believed that that book, of the New Testament, called Revelation, or Apocalypse, contains a prophetic history of the great events, which would transpire in the church, and in the World, from the Apostolic times, until 'the consummation of all things'. Now if this be so, it is more than probable that the remarkable occurrences, now taking place, in this country, are recorded in this wonderful book.

I make no pretensions to theological lore, yet, I think, we have evidence to conclude, that the history of these times, is contained in the eighteenth chapter; and, in order to trace the resemblance, it will be necessary to transcribe a portion of it. The language is highly figurative; and although "Babylon" is generally thought, by commentators, to signify Papal Rome, any other gigantic system of iniquity, may likewise be signified.

The chapter begins as follows:—"And after these things, I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power, and the earth was lightened with his glory. And he cried mightily, with a strong voice, saying Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." Now, this appears to be a vivid picture of the Southern States at the present time. And might not the system of slavery be represented under the figure of Babylon the great, the mother of Harlots? The tree is known by its fruit. Slavery is a system of harlotry! the sanctity of the marriage relation is entirely ignored; and it is no unfrequent occurrence, for slaveholders to sell their own children! At an anti-slavery anniversary, held in the City of New York, more than twenty years ago, I heard a talented young man, from Lane Seminary,—who was raised in one of the slave States, and the son of a slaveholder—make a statement, to the effect, that "every slave kitchen was a brothel."

But, let us pass on to the 11th verse, where we will find other features of resemblance:—"And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buyeth their merchandise any more;" (How many merchants are now weeping and howling for lack of Southern Trade) "the merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple and silk, and scarlet, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men." (Now, are not these recognized as articles of traffic in the Southern market?) "And the fruits that thy soul lusted after, are departed from thee, and thou shalt find no more at all. The merchants, of these things, which were made rich by her, *shall stand afar off* for the fear of her torment, weeping and wailing, and saying Alas! alas, ! for in one hour so great riches is come to naught." (How rapidly is the wealth of the slaveholders vanishing away!) "And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off." (Does not this signify the blockading of the ports!) verse 21st. "And a mighty angel took up a stone, like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying 'Thus with violence, shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all.'" So may this monstrous system of iniquity perish! and let all the friends of humanity say Amen.

GONE HOME.

We are pleased to announce that our friend Jos. C. Bustill, of Pennsylvania, has returned to his home. Our readers will recollect this gentleman was to have headed a colony from Harrisburgh to Hayti, this spring, but Mr. Edmund C. Molson, from Hayti, having arrived in Harrisburgh in time to scatter the "regiment of coffee growers" which "Col." Bustill was to command, that gentleman concluded to "go it" alone; but after reaching this city and gaining certain information he very wisely determined to stay at home. So much for the "Colonel's" reconnoisance of the "Bureau." Let other commanders follow his example.

A MERRIMAC AMONG THE EMIGRATIONISTS.—We announced several weeks ago, the return of Mr. Edward B. Molson of Lewistown Pa. from Hayti. On his arrival at home he immediately set himself to work informing parties purposing *going to* that country of the true state of affairs there, and in a few hours he was so successful in turning the tide that scarcely a solitary individual could be found but that had come to the conclusion to remain at home. In the language of oun informant "he has completely killed the movement in Pennsylvania."

RETURNING FROM HAYTI.

The brig King Brothers arrived here last Tuesday from Port au Prince. She brought as passengers Mrs. Ann S. Scantlen, Moses Jones, J. P. Williams and M. Alexander. Mr. Williams left Marysville, Cal., in company with his wife, last fall, for Hayti, reaching there at a cost of over seven hundred dollars, and where subsequently Mrs. Williams died. Elsewhere in our columns will be found a communication of Mr. Williams to his friends in California. Mr. Jones is of the neighborhood of Towanda, Penn., and left this city last November with the Oberlin colony, of which Mr. N. B. Harris was leader. He reports much suffering among that colony, and names among the survivors who are desirous of returning to this country, but cannot until they purchase their freedom of the Haytian Government, Messrs. N. B. Harris, Armstrong, K. W. Simmons and family, Fras. Cordin and family, and the family of Zech. Cordin, who reached here several weeks ago. Mr. Jones gave the name also of Mr. Jos. Purvis, of Philadelphia. He charges the Haytian Government with extorting from him an extravagant board bill for miserable fare, and says he was unfairly dealt by on his passage out.

Mr. Jones returned to his friends in Pennsylvania last Friday determined to do all that he could to break down the damnable scheme.

MR. J. P. WILLIAMS TO HIS CALIFORNIA FRIENDS.

DEAR FRIENDS.—On my departure from California for Hayti, I promised that I would furnish you with all the information that I could gather in regard to that country and keep you advised of the working of the emigration scheme, then, apparently, going on smoothly. Owing to the great difficulty in transmitting letters to points much nearer than California, I made up my mind that it would be useless to attempt a correspondence with you, consequently my promise was not fulfilled. However, I will now endeavor to make amends for my delinquency by furnishing you with a brief statement of my experience in that island, although it may come too late to reach some who had determined to go there, and perhaps have already gone.

I left, with my wife, San Francisco for Panama, arriving there Oct. 21st, crossed the Isthmus to Aspinwall, from which place I started for St. Thomas, Oct. 22d. After spending a short time there, we left for Kingston, Jamaica, remaining in that city about three weeks. From Kingston we again sailed for Port au Prince, arriving there Dec. 19th. On our arrival in said city, we took board with a private family, but after being there a short time my wife discovered among the occupants of the emigrant house a number of persons with whom she was acquainted when in America, and who prevailed on her to change our quarters. On the 30th of Jan., I was attacked with the fever, as was my wife a few days subsequent. After an illness of thirteen days she died, Feb, 14th, and so sick was I at the time, that I was not cognizant of the hour she expired, although lying alongside of her. I continued ill, but recovered sufficiently to take passage in a vessel for New York, leaving Port au Prince on the 3d of April, arriving here on the 18th inst., much shattered physically and pecuniarily.

My opinion in regard to the country is that it is not the place for the colored American to emigrate to, for many reasons: the danger attending the acclimating process; the difficulty in cultivating the land from the want of water; the distasteful and disgusting habits of the people; the opposition of the Haytian laboring classes to immigration from this country, are a few of them. It is said by many that the fever has no terror if the laws of health are strictly attended to; this may be the rule, but to it I saw many exceptions. Many have thought that the wrong course in regard to labor has been pursued. While there I saw three colored men from Canada, Messrs. Geo. Cary, Morris and Brady, who had gone to Hayti for the purpose of showing the other emigrants what could be done by industry and good management. They succeeded in getting employment at cutting cane on the Presidents' plantation for which labor they wanted fifty cents a day but were given so much per task. After laboring three weeks during which period, Cary died, the surviving two received as compensation for the whole labor performed, forty six Haytien dollars or about three and a half dollars in our currency. These men when I left were watching an opportunity to escape from the Island, as were hundreds of others.

When space and time allows you shall hear further from me on this subject.

J. P. WILLIAMS.

THE ARTIST MR. WM. H. DORSEY.

MR. EDITOR.—Merit should always receive applause and commendation. So acting on this principle I shall not refrain from carrying it out as far as concerns Mr. William H. Dorsey, of Philadelphia. Mr. Dorsey seems peculiarly happy in having chosen as his department of art, painting in water colors—a department of art requiring not only an inventive genius, but an acute perception of nature in all her varied beauty I have before me now, as I write, two most [illegible] gems of his production; one a winter scene in Germany, the other a landscape showing a portion of a temple in ruins ([illegible].) In the beauty of landscape and minute description of natural reality they are undisputed triumphs.

One who has begun a career so brilliantly, who when young excels in so eminent a degree, will not, most assuredly, disappoint any expectations we may form of his future excellence.

In all his paintings he has mastered with surprising ability that greatest difficulty of landscape painting, viz: a true representation of the skies. Success to one who has so great an ability to achieve a brilliant renown and an uneviable enjoyment of that renown when obtained. CRITIC.

Washington, D. C., April 18th, 1862.

RELIGIOUS REJOICING OVER THE EMANCIPATION ACT AT SHILOH CHURCH.

A crowded audience was assembled at Shiloh Church on Sunday evening last, to participate in thanksgiving exercises for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The Rev. Henry Highland Garnet took his text from 1Sam. iii, 3. After a brief scriptural elucidation, the providential dispensations within our present political difficulties, were considered. The forced contact of our northern men with southern rebels was fast educating them to abolition principles. But shortly since, regiments of men representing the most rabid pro-slavery sentiment, passed through our streets to the seat of war. Their experience in the tobacco manufactories wonderfully changed their sentiments and made of them the most ultra emancipationists.

Considering the colonization clause of the Emancipation Act, he pronounced it the most ridiculous idea of the times to suppose that men who had watered their native soil with the sweat of their unpaid labor should not cling to its beauties and taste its benefits when freedom came.

A beautiful peroration was delivered to the apostles of liberty, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Theo. S. Wright, David Ruggles, and John Brown, which, although on the Sabbath, elicited uncontrollable applause.

The pulpit was draped in the ample folds of an American flag, as was also the choir. At the close of the exercises Mr. Garnet recommended the erection of a flagstaff and flag upon the church, which suggestion, we learn, the ladies of the church have already commenced acting upon.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE ENTERTAINMENT which was given in Zion Church, as per announcement, on the evening of the 17th inst., was the occasion of a very agreeable reunion. The greatest good feeling and satisfaction seemed to pervade the large company, which was heightened by the excellence of the refreshments provided for the occasion by the efficient committee of ladies having the matter in charge. The pecuniary result of the effort will be found acknowledged elsewhere over the signature of Rev. Moses Manning, pastor of said church, for whose special benefit the entertainment was gotten up.

THE PERFORMANCES OF PROF. KELLIES, THE CELEBRATED AFRICAN WIZARD AND MAGICIAN.—This gentleman gave a series of performances to appreciative audiences on the evenings of the 17th and 18th inst., at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, and we feel proud to say that the affair, so far as the exercises were concerned, was a perfect success; and as he will shortly appear again we feel confident that large and admiring audiences will greet him. We will not enter into a general description of the performances, but will note one or two of the principal features of the exercises. We heard many commiserative expressions from different persons in the audience when the young lady who had so kindly loaned her bonnet to the Professor for the exercise of his magic powers, had the mortification of seeing him and his aid tear the bonnet into fragments, light it, burn it up, and throwing part of the ashes in the stove, put the remainder in a small tin can—we shall not attempt to describe the slight of hand movements gone through with by the Professor—but suffice it to say that, after having fired off a pistol in the direction of the tin can, he opened a black wooden box, which had previously contained nothing, to all appearance, and caused a cloud of joy to overspread the countenance of the lady, and a universal feeling of surprise and astonishment to pervade the audience, many of whom had prophesied that "she would have to go home bareheaded," by restoring the identical hat to its owner! We will pass over the wondrous feats performed by the Professor, including the manufacture of "magic ice cream," the hatching of "magic eggs," &c. &c., to the "ribbon manufacture," which together with the treatment the Professor subjected his juvenile aids to, threw the highly delighted audience into ecstacies, until cheer succeeded cheer and roar succeeded roar of laughter. In conclusion, we would say that the audiences who witnessed his two nights performances became thoroughly convinced that Prof. Kellies is all that he professes to be, and that he can do all that he says he can do; and as he intends repeating the exhibition, by the urgent request of many of the persons who had the pleasure of seeing his performances, we bespeak for him an overwhelming audience.

A SURPRISE

On Monday evening last, about fifty ladies and gentlemen, regardless of a raging storm, met in the basement of St. Philip's Church to enjoy the pleasure of a surprise. Invitations had been extended to some of our distinguished clergymen, but the Rev. J. T. Raymond was the only one in attendance. Some of the company had made collections from friends; while others came with their own donations. About 11 o'clock, when everything was in order, a gentleman was dispatched to the residence of the Pastor, Rev. Wm. J. Alston, to secure his presence at the church. The rev. gentleman demurred to going to see the vestrymen on business at that hour, or going at all, as he thought that they could settle their own affairs; but the gentleman would not go without him. Our readers can judge of his surprise when, on entering the room, instead of finding the vestrymen in a business snarl, he found so large a company, whose countenances were radiant with smiles, and whose eyes were beaming with the pleasure which the occasion afforded them.

The speakers appointed by the company were John Peterson, Esq., who made the presentation, and the Rev. John T. Raymond. To say that these gentlemen fulfilled the desires of the assembly in the performance of the parts assigned them, is superfluous. The Rev. Mr. Alston attempted a reply, but we must say that he was not very eloquent in words; whether his tears were any more so we leave our readers to judge. Mr. Alston's wife has been extremely ill, he fearing at one time that he would loose her; he has also been sick. This had exhausted his means, which fact he alluded to in his remarks, and thanked God that He had put it into their hearts to administer to his wants in this the hour of his necessities.

The contributions amounted to $92 in money, a silver cup presented to Mr. A.'s child by a gentleman, and a few groceries.

LETTER FROM NEW HAVEN.

New Haven, Con., April 14th, 1862.

Mr. Editor.—The passage of the bill by Congress abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia has been hailed with no small degree of gladness among our people here; they view it as the raising of one corner of the black mantle of misery that has for many years enveloped the whole country. But at last (thank God, through the noble exertions of those men who feel to do right,) one corner has been detached from its fastenings, and the glorious sunbeams of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness begin to peer in upon a few of the down-trodden sons of Africa. Folks look pleasant once more around here, and are preparing to have a time of rejoicing.

By the way this is not all that they are preparing for. They feel that they have an opportunity to act a noble part toward the freedmen in the South, and through a little exertion have got a committee nearly in working order, and I hope your next issue will contain a full report of the whole organization.

I am also pleased to inform you that our white friends have a committee, working, as I learn, very favorably to the cause, therefore we feel that as men we have a right to work too, as the present state of affairs seems to indicate a great need of all the assistance possible for us to render.

J. G. S.

THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN ALDRIDGE.

The following from a late London paper will no doubt be read with much interest by our readers:

Mr. Ira Aldridge.—We have received further intelligence of the progress of this distinguished actor. Having been successful in Odessa, he fulfilled an engagement at Keshenoff, in Bessarabia, where his reception was of the most enthusiastic character. Mr. Aldridge was feted by the Governor-General, the houses were filled to overflowing at double prices of admission, Mr. Aldridge has been inscribed a life member of the assembly of nobles, and has been presented with a magnificent gold crown of wreath, the names of the donors being inscribed on each leaf. We extract the following tribute from the "Bessarabian Gazette" of the 18th of January last;—At the present moment, at Keshenoff, the undivided attention of the public is directed to Mr. Ira Aldridge and his performances. Every time he performs our theatre is full (at double prices). The public attention is so absorbed by the artist, that they requested him to give a few more performances, and amongst them "King Lear," to which he consented. The Keshenoff public are fully sensible of this favour, and endeavour to show it in every way in their power, by expressing to the talented artist their admiration, love, and consideration. A dinner was given on the 31st December, in the ball room of the assembly of nobles, in honour of Mr. Aldridge; 50 persons assisted at this dinner, amongst them a few artists of our theatre. The dinner was not one distinguished by luxury, but for its hospitable reception of the artist; it was, in fact, more like an agreeable meeting, in which much real sympathy was expressed on both sides. Mr. Aldridge was surrounded by friends met to express with one voice their sympathy and friendship for the greatest talent as an artist that his race ever produced. One of the company, in proposing the health of our valued guest, expressed in a few words all the pleasure, the wonder experienced, on assisting at his performances, and the wish of the whole assembly to show him hospitality, and to divide their bread and salt with him; also the desire of the assembled nobles and others, to commemorate this event by inscribing Mr. Aldridge's name as an honorary life member of the society in assembly. (The next day a letter in due form was received by Mr. Aldridge to the above effect.) He then thanked [illegible] to Mr. Aldridge and expressed a wish that all his race might enjoy freedom and all the rights of a free people. Mr. Aldridge, [illegible] and was deeply affected when reference was made to his race so long oppressed, and the wish expressed that they might enjoy all the privileges of freemen. Tears stopped his utterance when expressing his thanks for this wish, so sincerely expressed in so distant a part of the world.

Mr. Aldridge several times expressed his warm thanks to all around him, and to the directors of the theatre in particular, saying that his visit to Keshenoff will ever remain impressed on his mind as one of the most agreeable events of his life. In conclusion, Mr. Aldridge begged to propose the health of the ladies of Keshenoff, whose bright eyes, directed toward him, had so much contributed to reduce his exertions, consequently to his success, and that it was not possible to refuse their request to play Macbeth again. The dinner given to Mr. Aldridge was remarkable for its simplicity and unostentatiousness; there every class of our society was represented. Many of the Jewish nation, occupying various positions in our town, expressed their warmest sympathy for the illustrious artist. We were much amused by the manner of one of our good citizens, who, not able to speak to Mr. Aldridge to be understood, begged to express his feelings and that of the society by kissing him. In the evening Mr. Aldridge was invited, in the name of the nobles, to assist at a ball at the English Club, where the governor and all of our chief persons were assembled, and, according to custom, they welcomed the new year by drinking each others health in a goblet of champagne.

Grand Emancipation Celebration at the Cooper Institute.—We are pleased to announce that great preparations are now being made for a grand union meeting of the colored people of New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City, Newark, Elizabethtown, Jamaica, Flushing, Harlem, Paterson, and all other towns in this vicinity, to celebrate appropriately, the emancipation of the capital of our country. All churches headed by their Pastors, and all Lodges, and societies, are to be invited to attend.

Small Pox in Hayti.—Recent letters from that island state that the small pox is raging fearfully among the American emigrants there. It made its appearance first at St. Marks.

The Augsberg Gazette asserts, on reliable authority, that England has succeeded in bringing Spain to her side in the Mexican question, by a promise not to object should Spain take possession of Hayti.

More Trouble Brewing for Hayti.—In the Havana correspondence of the N. Y. Herald we find the following item:

By the last news from St. Domingo it would appear there is trouble brewing between the Spaniards and Haytiens. The former allege that the latter have possession of a portion of frontier territory which does not belong to them, and what follows can easily be divined. The Spaniards have collected a force of about 4,000 men at Azua, who were ready to move forward if the Haytiens did not immediately give up the contested ground. For further particulars see the story of the wolf and the lamb.

Acknowledgement.—The undersigned takes this method of expressing his gratitude to the committee engaged in getting up the entertainment for his especial benefit at Zion Church Williamsburg, on the evening of the 17th inst. and to the public, for the liberality shown on that occasion, manifested in a contribution of forty two dollars in cash.

Rev. Moses Manning,
Pastor of Zion Church, Williamsburg.

Emancipation Rejoicing in Providence.—The people of Providence were jubilant Thursday 17th inst. over the glorious news of Emancipation in the District of Columbia. One hundred guns were fired in honor of the event.

Obituary.—Died, in Waverly, N. Y., at the residence of her mother, April 15th, Miss Elizabeth Holland, of consumption, aged 25 years 9 months and 6 days. Her father and an only brother had passed on some time before her. She alone was left to her widowed mother. She was a young lady of more than ordinary talent and genius; she early exhibited talent and an ambition to acquire an education, in pursuit of which she made rapid advancement. She entered a school for young ladies at Waverly while in pursuit of her education, but was, by a vote of the school, compelled to leave on account of her complexion. After a time her case was again considered, and she was received again into the school, where she made rapid progress in her studies, excelling her class. She ultimately won largely upon the respect of her teachers and class-mates. She subsequently became an agent for the "Pine and Palm," for which her labors were efficient, and she gained much respect. She was also a correspondent of the "Anglo-African;" and has been engaged in lecturing for the improvement, redemption and amelioration of her race, for several years. She leaves a large circle of dear and warm friends who will ever fondly remember her name and labors. It seemed hard for her to leave a lone widowed mother, to struggle on with life's uneven ways; but her confidence was unwavering in the goodness and purposes of an over-ruling, intelligent power that controlls all things for the good of all; and quietly passed away like one who wraps his drapery around him, and then lies quietly down to pleasant dreams, and sleeps the sleep of rest.

Thus has passed away one of Ethiopia's beautiful flowers.

Communicated.

Died.—In this city, of congestion of the bowels, Ida, infant daughter of Wm. M. and [illegible], aged 8 months and 3 days.

[illegible]

Special Notices.

Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful!

A GREAT GALA NIGHT OF MAGIC!

PROF. KELLIES,

The unrivalled, and only Anglo-African Magician in the World, begs most respectfully to announce a

Grand Drawing Room Entertainment

of Astonishing Transformations and Illusions, (as presented before QUEEN VICTORIA and the Court at Balmoral Castle, Scotland,)

On Monday Evening, April 28th, at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, 178 Prince st.

These Entertainments have been extensively patronized by distinguished Clergymen of all denominations, and universally pronounced by the public and the press to be unequalled. Prof. Kellies will make selections from the most recherche of his experiments, many of which are ENTIRELY NEW. The whole illustrated by novel and gorgeous paraphernalia, manufactured expressly in London and Paris.

Come listen my friends to the truth I impart,
Concerning a Wizard of Wonderful art,
Who plays tricks with spirits, and jokes with
young fellows;
And is known o'er the world as the wonderful
KELLIES.

The Extraordinary, Inexplicable,

MYSTIC, MAGIC PROGRAMME,

Will contain a variety of incredible Feats in the Art Magique, among which will be

The Astonishing Handkerchief Feat,
Hydraulic Fountain, or Fun for the little ones,
The Magic Egg Bag, or Novel Egg Hatching,
Enchanted Goblet, or seeing not always believing,
The Sybil Coins,
Wonderful Bottle Delusion, or Brazilian Gold Fish,
Magic Breakfast, or Hot Punch for the million,
The Goblet of Fortune Telling,
Delicious Ice Cream, made as if by Magic,—all FREE.

These feats will appear incredible to the senses, impossible to the eye, and improbable to the imagination. They bewilder the one, delude the other, and defy the whole.

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of an infinity of objects belonging to the company combining rapidity of motion and its imperceptible effects on the observer,—illustrating the Arts and Mysteries of the Ancient Magicians, Hindoo and Brahmin Astrologers, Egyptian Sorcerers, India Jugglers, and the marvels of the Eastern Magi of old.

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Enchanted Glove,
The Ribbon Manufacture,
The Rising Cards,
Enchanted Handkerchief,
The Wonderful Diamond Ball of Worsted.

The whole to conclude with the astonishing feat of the enchanted, or

WYMAN'S GUN TRICK.

Prof. Kellies will allow any person in the audience to load the gun and shoot at him, and he will catch the ball in a mysterious manner.

Doors open at 7 o'clock, Performance to commence at 8.

Admission 15 Cents,

To be had at the door on the evening of the performance.

No postponement on account of the weather.

The African Civilization Society stands adjourned to meet in the 7th Avenue Presbyterian Church, on Monday, April 28, at 8 o'clock P. M.

Henry M. Wilson,
Secretary.

The Third Monthly and Closing

SOIREE AND MUSICAL FESTIVAL

of the

Chelsea Musical Club, on Tuesday Evening, April 29, 1862,

AT CONTINENTAL HALL,

Eighth Avenue, Corner of Thirty-fourth street.

The Orchestra on this occasion will be composed as follows:—Professors A. T. Hardy, 1st Violin, S. Flew, 2d do.—T. Snyder, Contra Basso, R. H. Brown, Cornet.

Admittance 25 Cents.

Jas. H. Woodbrook, Pres.
Jas. E. Seaman, V. Pres.
M. A. Edwards, Sec.
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The Ball is up!

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SKATING & DANCING SCHOOL,

BY PROF. HARDY & CO.,

Who beg leave to inform their friends and the public, that they have opened the above School for the accommodation of all who desire to learn the Art of Skating, and enjoy its pleasures [illegible].

A Quadrille band is engaged, and the School will be open every Tuesday Evening during the season. The strictest decorum will be observed.

Admission 20 Cents.

Skating from 8 to 10.—Dancing from 10 to 1.

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SKATING SCHOOL, AND FANCY AND CIVIC BALL

Will come off at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, No. 178 Prince street, on

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 8, 1862.

Mr. A. T. Hardy wishes to inform his friends and patrons that it is his intention to try to make this the gala ball of the season.

Gentlemen will please to understand that no hats or coats will be allowed to lay around the ball room.

Committee of Arrangements—Messrs. Augustus Saunders, Jacob Butler, John Gray, James McQuay, T. Janeway and G. Ball.

Floor Manager, Mr. Benjamin Myers, assisted by competent gentlemen.

Leader of the Orchestra, Mr. A. T. Hardy.

N. B.—Ladies dressing-room is in charge of competent persons.

The bar will be furnished with the best liquors and segars, and the supper-room will be in charge of a well known caterer.

Admission, 25 cents.

The Sunday School Teachers' Union of New York City,

Will hold a FESTIVAL on Monday Evening, April 28th, in the Lecture Room of the Seventh Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Admittance 10 cents.—Children belonging to the School free.

All refreshments for sale.

Short addresses may be expected from Dr. Holton the Pastor, and others. The School will sing some favorite pieces under the direction of Thos. R. Williams, Esq. the teacher.

Benj. F. Fisher, } Superintendents,
Danl. H. Riley, }
Mrs. Charlotte Housman, Directress.

This effort, I believe has the entire confidence of the church and congregation, and we hope that it may be well attended.

H. M. WILSON, Pastor.

LADIES' UNION BAZAAR,

For the Benefit of the

COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

In consideration of the many pressing wants of the Asylum, and the great and constant need of funds to supply those wants the Ladies of New York and Brooklyn have consented to hold a Bazaar, to aid the Managers in their labors of love and charity for the Orphans under their charge.

The object is one which speaks for itself, we therefore deem any further appeal to the sympathies of the people wholly unnecessary.

The Ladies most earnestly solicit the aid of the community in donations of money or goods of any kind.

Contributions may be sent to the directress, Mrs. E. Bastian, or to any of the committee.

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Also immediately,—a head and second waiter; a head and second cook, and pantry maid for a summer house.—Wages good.

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12-1y.

SILOAM CHURCH,

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Prayer and Conference meeting, 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

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HOURS OF WORSHIP.

10 1-2 o'clock,	A. M.
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Lecture meeting every Thursday evening.
Applicants for the use of the Church will apply to the Pastor.

Agent for Washington.—Mrs. Caroline E. Jackson, 183 F street, has accepted the agency for Washington City. All subscriptions or advertisements for the paper left with Mrs. Jackson, will be promptly forwarded.

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1m3ap.

HELP WANTED

At Tilmon's Agency, No. 70 East 13th st., one door East of the 4th Avenue. Spring is here and now is the time. Never was there a greater demand for all first class colored help than now. Remember that this is the oldest and most responsible office in the city for colored help. Situations constantly on hand for both city and country. Terms cash and strict attention paid to business. All persons coming to this city and wishing to save board will do well to call during Office hours, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

31tf L. Tilmon, Proprietor.

PETER S. PORTER,
GENERAL AGENT FOR
HOUSE LETTING,
170 WEST 29TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Colored Families furnished with apartments in suits of Rooms or whole Houses, in different parts of the City. 17 12t

PLANE St. SELECT SCHOOL.

195 PLANE ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, Principal.

The branches taught are Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography and History, Plain Sewing, Ornamental Needlework, Worsted Embroidery and Fancy Knitting.

Piano Forte, Melodeon, and Vocal Music by Prof. John H. O'Fake.

A limited number of Misses between the age of ten and fourteen may be boarded in the house on moderate terms. Healthy location, and a fine yard for exercise.

REFERENCES.

Newark, N. J.

Rev. E. J. Adams, Jefferson [illegible]
Adam Ray, Abner T. [illegible]

Brooklyn.

Rev. J. N. Gloucester.

New York.

Rev. H. M. Wilson, Rev. H. H. Garnet.

All letters may be addressed to Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers, 194 Plane st. Newark N. J.

27 6t.

Elizabeth City, N. J. Feb. 8, 18[illegible]

This is to certify that I heartily approve of the effort of Mrs. Harriet E. Rogers to establish a Select School for young misses. I have been acquainted with her for over twenty-five years and am happy to recommend her and her [illegible] to the patronage of the public in general.

DANIEL H. VANDERVEER,
Pastor of the 1st Colored Pres. Church, [illegible]

WASHBOARDS! WASHBOARDS!! WASHBOARDS!!!—of the celebrated "[illegible] Patent," equalling in durability [illegible] three of the old style boards, for [illegible] Office of the "Anglo-African," [illegible] cents. Give them a trial.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY [illegible] Agency, 70 East 13th, [illegible] of the 4th Avenue, [illegible] wives, as farmers and gardeners, [illegible] given. [illegible] one required.

26 tf.

APARTMENTS TO LET, [illegible]

[illegible] Avenue, (Harlem) [illegible]

at No. 70 [illegible]

20 4t.

BOARDING [illegible]

[illegible]

Poetry.

CHILDREN.

O how lovely look the children,
As they near my window play;
When I hear their joyous voices,
All my sorrows flit away.
And amidst this smoky city
Sweet refreshing visions come
Of the sky-lark and the sunshine,
And my childhood's happy home.

Toiling, toiling, ever toiling,
'Mid the city's smoke and din,
Long ago my heart has failed me,
Weary of this world of sin;
But the sweet ways of the children,
All their innocence and love,
Bear my thoughts from crafts of worldlings
To the angel choirs above.

For I think how in the old time,
I, who now am all alone,
Since the friends I made in summer
With the summer birds have flown,
Once was, as those joyous children,
With the friends who loved me best,
Press'd unto a mother's bosom,
By a father's hand caress'd.

While these memories crowd upon me,
Like a shower of summer rain,
I exclaim, in silent sorrow—
"Would I were a child again."
And it seems so vain thus wishing,
But a voice within replies—
We shall all again be children
With our Father in the skies.

Let us never handle rudely
Children and their simple mirth,
Lest we break before they blossom
These the golden buds of earth;
For our Lord who so loved children—
He, the gentle and the mild—
Said that they who dwell in heaven
Must be simple as a child.

—J. J. K. in Dublin Nation.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Budd's Ferry Md. April 5th, 1862.

Mr. Editor.—After weeks and months of tedious rest and painful suspense we find ourselves at last on the march to meet the enemy. We do not wish to make your readers think that we are anxious to meet death on the battle field that we are pawing here in the muddy vallies of Maryland smelling the battle afar off, or to use the language of a cotemporary, "go out as gaily to meet death as to our bridal," but we came here to brave danger, and even before we united our destinies with the Union cause we counted the cost. Fancy pictured to us all the dangers, all the horrors of bloody war. We felt that we were but unknown and insignificant; that thousands like us might be swept away in the ensanguined flood, unwept, unhonored, and unsung. Although we loved our country, "Our own our native land," and revered her flag, we left behind us dear relations and cherished friends and all the comforts and pleasures of home. But what are all these when liberty is imperilled; when this corner-stone of progressive civilization is threatened with an upheaval? Although we rushed with ready hands and willing hearts to the defence of that liberty, we were told to stand back!

Denied the privilege of taking up arms against traitors and assassins, or to defend our country, which stood on the very brink of the yawning gulf of anarchical ruin. But there is a logic in this denial; the enfranchised man seems to tell us, "Negro, you have endured and suffered enough. Burnings, tortures and death have been meted out to you with a fiendish lavishness;—the cup of your misery is filled to overflowing. Stand aside while we take our draught of the poisoned chalice." Every tear shed by the bereaved widow and orphan, every sigh for the departed brave, form the sad and mournful atonement and portion, and are sanctifying the motto "Liberty and Union"—soon to adorn our flag. Thus the blood and the tortures of the slave blending with the blood and the tears of the free, promise eventually to insure universal freedom and a peaceful and united country.

But the strangest thing of all is that although all the power of the nation (those in authority) have signally failed, and in spite of that power the negro has and is playing his part in the bloody arena. He is the spy in every household of the enemy. He conveys from every point the information without which the military operations of the United States would be ineffective. When the Union soldier meets the negro in the enemy's country he knows him as a friend and asks him to strive for freedom in spite of fugitive-slave laws, proclamations and orders. He must play his part in spite of men and devils. He is a power that cannot be ignored. Yesterday afternoon Gen. Nagel issued an order that no colored man from a southern state should accompany the officers in the capacity of servant, that there were several hundred of Maryland slaves in the camps, and every officer who did take one such would be guilty of pillage! What folly to waste paper writing such orders. How many northern colored men could be found to risk their lives for nothing? They are bound to take these men, and who will Gen. Nagel get to prevent them? The thing works very nicely; they stay long enough to get a start and then they make tracks to more congenial regions, and others take their place. So the regenerating process goes on.

There is one thing to which the attention of the authorities at Washington should be called. There are about 350 freedmen here. They have received no pay from the government, although they have done all the shipping and unshipping of goods at Liverpool Point—some of them for the past six months. They have no one to instruct them, and seldom do any of the Lord's shepherds hereabouts trouble themselves about them. I rode over again to Liverpool Point the other day, to see Mr. James Lawson, the negro scout, but he had gone over into Virginia, in company with some twelve or fifteen freedmen, and Gen. Sickes and some part of his command. Cornelius, his comrade, whom James reported dead, returned some time ago, safe and sound. He successfully accomplished the mission on which he was sent, bringing back papers and valuable information. He has pluck, and had he not greeted the rebel pickets with a shot the whole party would have been taken. Jim's story about the picket's firing at Cornelius seems to have been forced on the imagination by excitement. Cornelius kept on, and made a successful reconnoisance to Fredericksburg, and has been highly complimented by Gen. Hooker. The fugitives still continue to flock in, and I think they should be looked after. There is one remarkable fact that has come under my observation: it is the dissimilarity between the slaves of Virginia and those of Maryland. The people of the latter are stupid, careless, and shiftless, while those of the former are intelligent, cleanly, and are able to talk on political matters with as much judgment as ordinary people in the free states. I account for this in this way; those who brave death are those who have obtained light, and consequently value liberty, and willingly dare to brave death for the sake of it, while the best of the latter have already left for the North and the debris is left behind.

Some of the most stirring tales of adventure are told by these people, of suffering of hair-breadth escapes. The man who crossed the river for his wife and family is the First Lieutenant of the freedmen at Liverpool Point. His name is Dennis Bland. His elder brother is the captain. When he brought his wife and two little children he also brought two young girls and a man. His noble and heroic wife gave a little idea of her trials after her husband came away. She said the moment her husband made his escape she commenced to plan her own. She, with a female companion hired two slave men to build a boat, promising to give him a passage. She and her comrade carried over four miles the boards to build the boat down to the river side. They labored in the night, so that they could not be found out. When the boat was put together they took their scissors, after buying tar and hemp, and caulked it. They fixed a night for the hegira, they gathered all the children and a little provisions and started. They passed the pickets and safely reached the appointed spot—when, Heavens, the boat was gone! The men they had paid to build it had stolen it and made their escape. Back that unfortunate night to their houses they had to travel. When she got home she was overcome by excitement and fatigue, and relieved her almost broken heart with soothing tears. Some one ran in and told her that Dennis was there!—She lived again, for she knew he came to rescue her. That night Dennis brought off his charges safely, wading waist deep out in the river on a December night, carrying that wife and those children he loved so well. She said, "I did not get angry when I found the boat was gone, but I prayed to the good Lord. I knew he saw my struggles and knew my desires, and I felt that he could not desert me in the trying hour." Such faith as this will remove a mountain of difficulty.

A court-martial has been assembled in the 11th Massachusetts' Regt. for the trial of Col. Wm. F. Small, 26th Regt. Pennsylvania Volunteers.

G. E. S.

TREATMENT OF NATIVES ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

A correspondence has been placed in our hands, the parties to which are the Rev. Alexander Innes, a Baptist Missionary, recently from the Cameroons, and the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society. We do not wish to discuss, and we shall strive to keep clear of the personal question which this series of letters discloses, as existing between the parties named and the Rev. Mr. Saker, now at the Cameroons Mission; but we may legitimately assume there is truth in the statements Mr. Innes makes, when he brings forward specific cases of cruelty witnessed by himself, and the matter is a fit one for inquiry. We believe that no member of the Baptist Missionary Board would knowingly permit wanton cruelties to be perpetrated upon the natives under their charge; and the question is, how to render amenable to justice the parties alleged to be guilty of committing them. The first step appears to be to give publicity to the allegations. The following is one of the statements made by the Rev. A. Innes, and we ask, "Can such things be?"

"Among the traders, great cruelties are perpetrated in the name of some parties who stand high in this country, the very recital of which is enough to make the blood run cold in one's veins. The 'credit system' is much pactised there, and if the natives fall behind in their payments, they are pounced upon by the agents, taken on board the hulks or vessels, and subjected to the most cruel treatment. A heavy chain is placed round the neck and locked with a heavy padlock; they are then chained to the mast, down among the wet salt in the bottom of the vessel. There they are confined for weeks, lying naked in the wet salt, until their bodies are swollen to a fearful extent. It is a wonder how any of them ever survive: were they not endowed with almost miraculous powers of endurance they never could recover after such treatment.

"While I was at the Cameroons I went on board of Horsfall's hulk, again and again, to plead for the liberation of one poor man, a converted native, who was detained for several weeks chained to the mast in the salt, and was very near death: his debt was but a trifling balance, which was promised as soon as he could collect it from his customers in the country to whom he had given credit. The agent said that he was acting under instructions from his employers, and it was not till I threatened to report the case in England that the poor man was released from his horrible prison.

"From the same hulk a poor man jumped overboard in desperation. He had been once flogged, and was to be flogged a second time, when, in desperation, he jumped overboard. It was on Saturday night; no boat was lowered down to try to save him: he was in the water all night, all next day, Sunday, all day Monday, and on Tuesday he was picked up by a fishing canoe about fifteen miles below the place. Life, wonderful to state, was still in him, and with care he was brought round.

"I could fill a volume with such statements as these, but I give these as a specimen of what came under my own personal observation. The cheif articles of commerce are rum, gunpowder, and muskets; yet surprise is expressed at the slow progress of African civilization."

The comparatively recent massacre at Porto Nuova prepares us to learn, without surprise, from Mr. Innes, that the late Consul Foote's exploit had a precedent. He writes to us as follows:

"While in conversation with Mr.——, there was a subject alluded to which he thought of great importance, and he regretted that he had not heard of it sooner. It referred to the conduct of Consul Hutchinson to King Aqua, in bringing over a Spanish gunboat from Fernando Po, and bombarding Aqua Town, merely because King Aqua would not sign a paper which he considered he had no right to sign. About fifty shot were fired at his house, which demolished it, and destroyed all his furniture, looking-glasses, earthenware, &c.: all was smashed, and one man killed. The reason for such a brutal outrage upon an unoffending man was this:

"About forty years ago an agreement was entered into between the British Consul at Fernando Po, and all the native chiefs in that district, that they should give up the practice of offering human sacrifices on the death of a chief. Shortly before my arrival a chief named King Bell died. While I was there his son beheaded two men as a sacrifice for his father. When he was charged with the offence, and was told that he had violated the agreement, he pleaded ignorance of the existence of such a treaty. To prevent a similar mistake, Consul Hutchinson drew up a fresh agreement, and called upon all the chiefs to sign it. King Aqua, the head chief, declined to sign it. He said he had never broken the original agreement, and for him to sign a fresh agreement would be an acknowledgment that he had broken the first, which he had not done. He said: 'When my father died, I did not kill any man; when my elder brother died, I did not kill any man; when my other two brothers died, I did not kill any man. If King Bell, or any other chief, break their agreements with England, that is their palaver, not mine: go to King Bell and settle it; I have nothing whatever to do with it.'

"This was the man's argument, and a very sound argument it was; but Hutchinson would not listen to it, but did as I have stated. The poor man came to me and asked, 'What harm have I done that they should break down my house? Will you speak to the Queen for me?'

"I wrote a letter to Lord John Russell on the subject, and gave an explanation of the facts of the case. I enclose his reply. What the nature of 'Mr. Consul Hutchinson's report' was I know not. The facts are as I have stated. King Aqua had nothing more to do with the affair than you or I.

"The accompanying extract, which I took from a Liverpool newspaper, which was sent out to me, shows how facts are misrepresented:

"'There was no dispute whatever be- "King Bell and the King of Aqua," consequently the "English subjects and property were placed in no peril." It is a fabrication. I read this paragraph from the newspapers to King Aqua, from which he saw how the English people were imposed upon by false reports."

The following is the extract dated September 1859:

"The 'Madrid Gazette' of the 24th has the following: The Governor of Fernando Po writes, under date the 28th July, that, at the request of the English Consul at Rio Camerones, he had sent the schooner Santa Teresa to protect the English subjects and property placed in peril by dissension between King Bell and the King of Aqua. The schooner opened fire on the palace of the King of Aqua, and she afterwards sent on shore a small detachment under the orders of midshipman Martinez, which, protected by the guns of the schooner, carried off a flag hoisted by the blacks. The King of Aqua subsequently made known that he was disposed to sign a treaty with King Bell. The English Consul thanked the Governor, in his own name and that of his Government, for the service rendered."

We believe the whole system of government on the West Coast of Africa, from one end of it to the other, where our Government has power, is a huge blunder, and requires thorough revision. We shall recur to this subject.—London Anti-Slavery Reporter.

EMIGRATION TO HAYTI—IMPORTANT FACTS.

To the Editors of the Journal of Commerce:

Perceiving from occasional articles in your Journal, as well as from various other papers, that the colored people, and many of their friends, are looking with increasing interest to Hayti, as a land promising them the homes and privileges of freemen, I feel it my duty to call attention to a few facts having an important bearing upon a question involving so greatly the welfare of a people entitled to our sympathy. In everything promising to improve their condition, I have ever taken a lively interest. Enjoying a most favorable acquaintance with American gentlemen who have for many years resided at Port-au-Prince as merchants, as well as with some who have dwelt there for a long time as Protestant missionaries, I have availed myself of the opportunities afforded by their frequent visits to this country, to ascertain whatever might exist to encourage emigration by the colored people from this country. Their views have been given with great candor, and though they have uniformly spoken in the highest terms of the President now administering the Government of Hayti, as an amiable, enlightened and liberal man, yet I have never been able to procure from this source such information as would assure me that it was advisable to encourage our colored people to resort to Hayti. On the contrary, I had strong misgivings. These misgivings, though not removed, were greatly modified, by interviews with several colored persons, highly intelligent, who had gone expressly to Hayti to acquire the fullest information. Among these was the Rev. Mr. Holly, a colored clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, an educated and energetic man, apparently ardently desirous of promoting the welfare of his people. Through his exertions, mainly, a company of colonists was gathered from Boston and New Haven, and the time designated for their embarkation from the latter place. With many of these colonists I was well acquainted, knowing them to be industrious, moral, and most of them sincerely religious. Feeling, from many considerations, a deep interest in their enterprise, and earnestly desiring their welfare, I consented to address them at a farewell meeting, held prior to their departure upon their voyage. They were present in strong force, and seemed to be animated by an ardent desire to find a home congenial to their aspirations for a home in a land where they might be, indeed, numbered among the free. The meeting was also addressed by Professor J. A. Porter, of Yale College. Many clergymen were present, and some of the leading citizens took a great interest in the occasion.

In the course of a few months, we were all deeply grieved in learning that the hopes of the colonists were all blighted. Disappointment and death spread desolation among them, and the survivors sighed to return. Accounts were sent us of their sufferings, and feeling some responsibility in the measure, we were very anxious to afford them some relief. I inquired how far the chartering of a vessel to bring back the survivors was practicable. This we found could not be accomplished, as the Government required that they should remain for three years, or reimburse it for the expenses incurred. Every account has brought us painful intelligence of want, sorrow, and death. Mr. Holly, who led the enterprise, has lost nearly all the members of his own family, and recent information gives but little hope of his own recovery.

From this experiment, and all the information I can procure, I am induced to dissuade our colored friends from any thought of going to Hayti. Besides the deplorable failure above referred to, I will suggest a few considerations:

1. All persons who become agents for the Haytian Government, and induce persons to emigrate, receive from that Government a premium on each person. This fact should lead to caution in receiving the statement of parties thus pecuniarily interested.

2. The Roman Catholic religion is the established religion, and though the President is a liberal man, and a measure of toleration exists, yet our colored people can scarcely bear the restrictions which exist.

3. It is a country threatened with constant revolutions; even the colonists are called upon to perform military duty, and are subject to all the inconvenient circumstances of such liability.

4. Whatever the Government pays for passage or settlement money must be refunded, or no colonist can leave until the expiration of three years.

5. Among the common prejudices of the country, one of a most virulent nature is the irreconcilable hatred shown towards all mulattoes by those of deeper color.

The disabilities of the colored people in our own country are numerous; yet in leaving it to go to Hayti, they will, I am assured, in no instance find improvement.

J. Kennady,
Pastor First Meth. Ep. Church New Haven, Conn.
New Haven, March 12, 1862.

—A doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ah," said he, "tears are useless, I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium, and water."

The celebrated John Wesley, with all his ministerial gravity, was addicted to joking once in a while. His servant, John Fenwick complained that his name never was mentioned in the published Journal. Wesley in the next number said, "I left Epworth with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hayrick."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ZOUAVE AND SLAVE ENVELOPE
Price per thousand $5; per hundred 60 cents; packages of 25 each, 20 cents.
Orders should be addressed
THOS. HAMILTON
48 Beekman Street, N. Y

MEDICAL.

PAIN-KILLER.

We can recommend on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, Diptheria and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Sweet says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent liniment for Rheumatism.

Dr. Nelson recommends it as a liniment.

Dr. Walton writes from Coschocton County, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1860: "Your Pain-Killer cures this new disease, Diptheria, or Sore Throat, that is so alarmingly prevalent here, and it has not been known to fail in any instance when used in time. This fact you should make known to the world." [It is used in this disease as a gargle and lotion as well as a tonic and stimulant.]

Rev. H. L. Van Meter, writing from Burmah says: "The *Pain-Killer* has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony of its virtues.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

Rev. Jabez Swan says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy."

Rev. A. W. Curtis: "By its use I entirely cured a felon in a few days."

The Salem Observer says, "It is a medicine every household should have at hand in case of accident or sudden attack of disease."

The New York Examiner says, "We have used the Pain-Killer, and consider it an indispensable article in the family medicine box."

The N. Y. Independent says, "We have used it, and it proves to be all it professes."

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors.

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TIME, MONEY, AND LABOR SAVED,
BY USING
B. T. BABBITT'S
SUPERIOR FRENCH
CHEMICAL ERASIVE SOAP,

Made and improved by the Original Inventor of the German and Austrian Chemical Erasive or Detersive Soap, of which the *real* and *genuine article* has, since its first introduction to the American public, been most favorably known, as the *Best* and *Cheapest* Washing Soap in the market, and with the present improvement, which is not known to any other manufacturer, we Challenge the World to produce a better article.

1. One pound of it will accomplish as much as three pounds of any other soap.
2. But one quarter the time and labor are required to do the same amount of washing, as with the best of family soap.
3. It does not injure the most delicate fabric will tend to set the colors, and wash cleaner than any other soap in use.
4. Clothes need no boiling, and but little rubbing with the hands, thus avoiding their wear upon the wash-board.
5. Paints, Grease, Tar, and stains of every description vanish as by magic, before its wonderful, searching, erasive powers.
6. It is invaluable to Machinists, Printers Painters, and all others using Inks, Oils, etc. or washing hands; it does not chap them (like other soaps,) but will cleanse and soften the skin.
7. It may be used in hard or soft water, and is adapted for use in all climates.

Put up in one pound bars, sixty bars in each Box.

For sale by the bar or box by
THOS. HAMILTON,
48 Beekman Street.

THE
PEOPLE'S MILITARY ALMANAC,

Containing besides the Calendar and Copious Astronomical Statistics, a History of the Great Rebellion, Biographical Sketches of the Prominent Military Officers, a Dictionary of Military Terms, very full information relative to military matters of interest to the people at large, National Hymns, Incidents, Anecdotes, &c., &c.

Published and for sale by DEXTER & Co., 17 Spruce street. Newsboys and others wanted to make sales.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HAIR!

For it is an ornament and protection; but how many suffer this crown of beauty to decay and fall off, when a sure remedy is at hand, perfectly safe and pleasant in its application.

We allude to

ANDERSON'S
RESTORATIVE & PRESERVATIVE;
—OR—
Great American Remedy for the Hair,
AND CURE FOR
NERVOUS HEADACHE,

Which has and is performing such wonders upon heads that have been, many of them, bald for years.

Wigs have been thrown aside, and handsome natural hair has taken their place.

Persons whose hair had not grown for years have, by using the Restorative, got it growing finely; and it will restore to the natural color all premature grey hair.

For cleaning the head from scurf and excess of dandruff, it is unsurpassed, and a sure cure for Nervous Headache, no matter of how long standing; and herein is the beauty of the Restorative—that it is perfectly safe for the infant or the oldest person, being free from all minerals, oils, high alcohol, sulphur, or anything injurious.

THE RESTORATIVE IS A PERFECTLY SCIENTIFIC BOTANICAL ARTICLE, approved and used by some of the best Chemists and Physicians in the world.

Hundreds of certificates can be shown, from different parts of the country, that have been sent to the proprietor by individuals that have been benefited by its use, including physicians, clergymen and other public men.

The few following certificates will show that it is a standard remedy, and will so remain long after experiments with high alcohol shall have been forgotten.

CERTIFICATES.

New York, March 28th, 1861.

Mr. William Anderson—Dear Sir: That wonderful Hair Restorative that you sold here a short time ago, has become a favorite with the people. I have repeated calls for it—and here let me say that Mr. R——, who has been entirely bald on the top of his head for some three or four years, has, by using one bottle of your Restorative, produced a fine growth of hair. Please forward me one dozen bottles.

Yours Respectfully,
Thos. R. Crocker,
Fulton Fish Market.

New York, May 30th, 1861.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Sir: You may send me one dozen bottles of your Hair Restorative, which I will pay for on delivery. The two bottles I purchased from you have been of great service to Mrs. Ingersol.

D. W. Ingersol,
(formerly in Pearl St.)

New York, May 12th, 1860.

Mr. Wm. Anderson—Dear Sir: Having lost my hair, I was recommended to try your Restorative, and have done so with great and good results. I have now a fine head of hair, when four months ago I was quite bald. I would say to those in the same predicament, that they should try your remedy, feeling satisfied that they will reap a benefit from so doing. Yours, &c.,

James Edwin Halsey,
193 Pearl St., N. Y.

I have used in my family "Anderson's Restorative for the Hair and cure for Nervous Headache," and found it valuable for the purpose specified and recommend it to all who want such an article.

[illegible]
29 Vandewater St., New York, Dec. 26th, [illegible]

The article may be found at Dr. Smith's, [illegible] Broadway; [illegible] Chas. H. Ring's, 192 Fulton St.; [illegible] 48 Beekman St., or of the Proprietor,

WM. ANDERSON, New London, Ct.

Retail price, 50 and 25 cents per bottle, [illegible]

THE BEST MEDICINES IN THE WORLD!!!

The following invaluable medicines may be obtained of
THOMAS HAMILTON, 48 Beekman St.

DR. CLARKE'S VEGETABLE SHERRY-WINE BITTERS

Are composed of Sarsaparilla, Dock-root, [illegible], Thoroughwort, Dandelion, Prickly Ash, Bark, &c. They should be taken not only in the Spring, but at all seasons of the year, as they operate directly on the liver, removing from it all feeling of morbid matter, and restoring it to its normal action; also opening the bile ducts, causing the requisite flow of bile so essential to good health. Their influence upon the kidneys, also, is advantageously felt; at the same time they operate upon the blood, cleansing it from all impurity or taint of any kind. Humors of long standing are eradicated from the blood, thereby speedily curing jaundice, headache, weak stomachs, sore eyes, nervousness, and other chronic diseases, arising from impurity of the blood.

The palatableness of these bitters renders them agreeable to every one, and being composed entirely of vegetables, they may be used by all classes of people with safety.

Sold for the low price of 25 cents per pint bottle.

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